Lord of Mysteries
5
Red Priest
Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

Lord of Mysteries

AUTHOR:

Cuttlefish That Loves Diving (爱潜水的乌贼)

PUBLISHER:

Qidian

TRANSLATION:

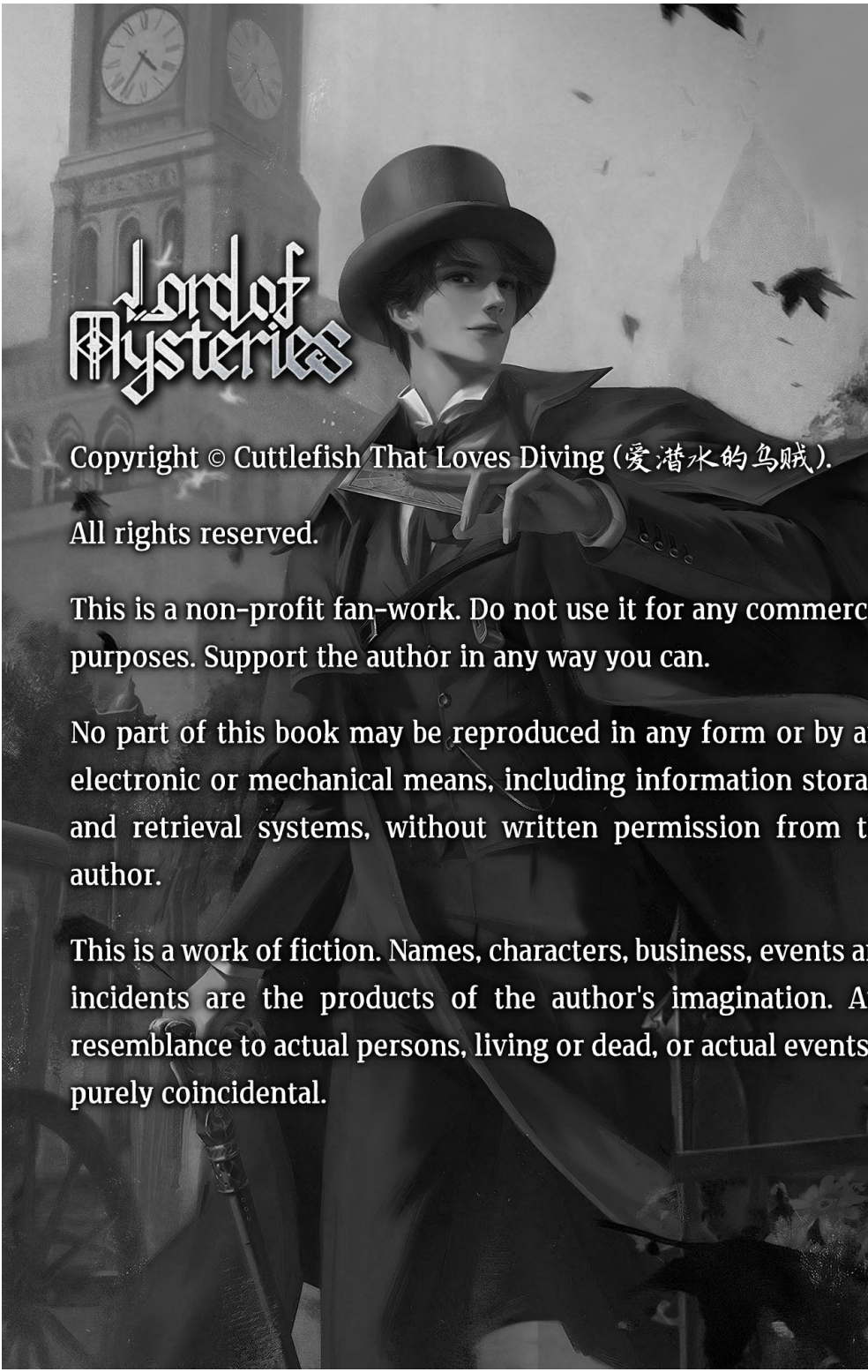
CKTalon (Atlas Studios) [Webnovel]

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Official Weibo of Loll, 叁乔居, Ghon3, 溯憾空城

COMPILING/EDITING/DESIGN:

SooYouna



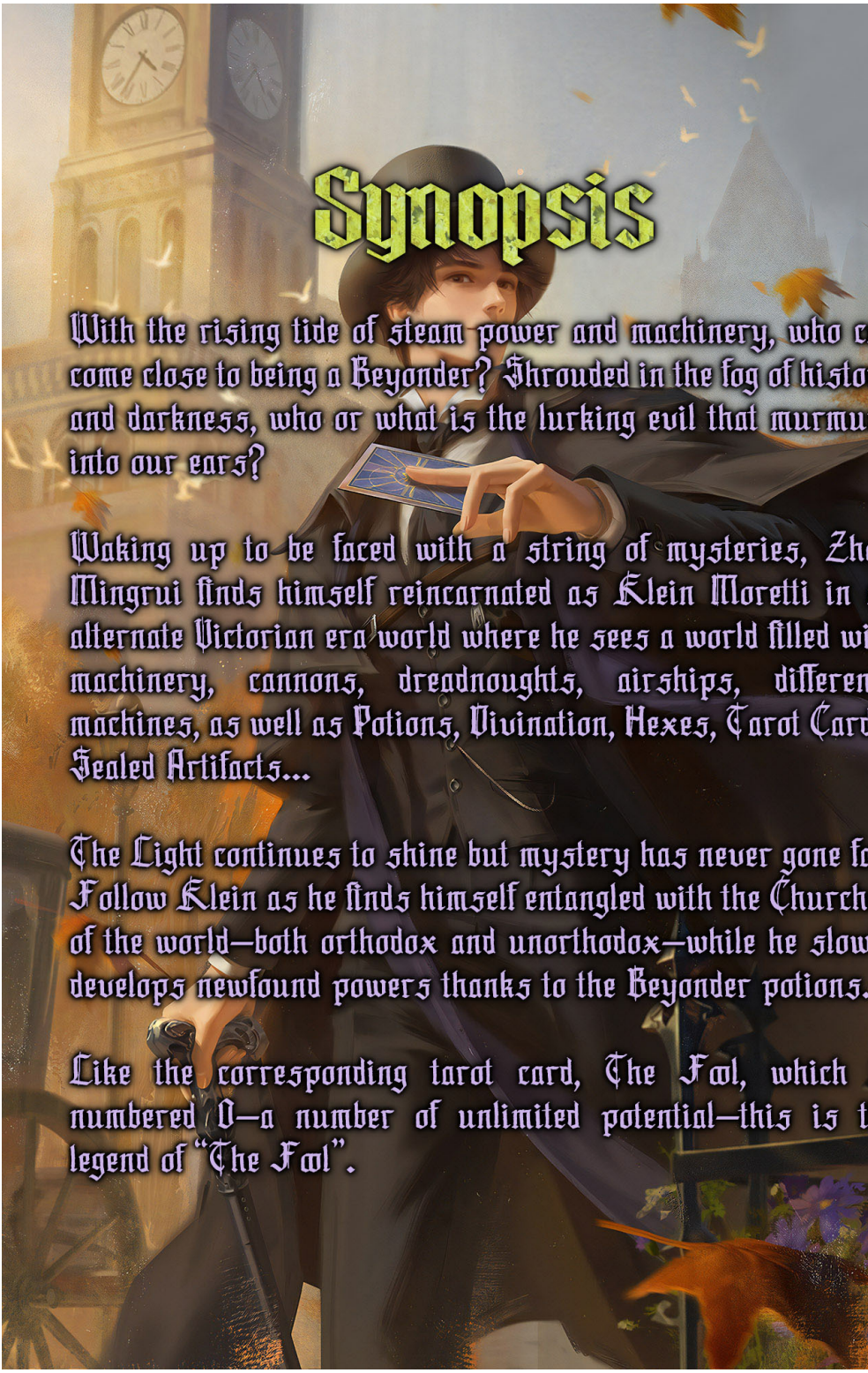
Copyright © Cuttlefish That Loves Diving (爱潜水的乌贼).

All rights reserved.

This is a non-profit fan-work. Do not use it for any commerc purposes. Support the author in any way you can.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by a electronic or mechanical means, including information stora and retrieval systems, without written permission from t author.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events a incidents are the products of the author's imagination. A resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events purely coincidental.



Synopsis

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who c
come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of histo
and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmu
into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zh
Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in
alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled wi
machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, differen
machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Card
Sealed Artifacts...

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone fa
Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Church
of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slow
develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which
numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is t
legend of "The Fool".

Table of Contents

FRONT COVER

FULL COVER

VOLUME 5: RED PRIEST

COPYRIGHT

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER 947: HOUSE CALL

CHAPTER 948: MEANING OF EXISTENCE

CHAPTER 949: DIRECTION OF INVESTIGATIONS

CHAPTER 950: KEEPING SECRETS

CHAPTER 951: DRAWING A CARD

CHAPTER 952: WHAT A SMALL WORLD

CHAPTER 953: PROPHECY

CHAPTER 954: STRANGE ANCIENT CASTLE

CHAPTER 955: ANCIENT WRAITH

CHAPTER 956: THE THINGS BEHIND THE DOOR

CHAPTER 957: GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER

CHAPTER 958: LABELING

CHAPTER 959: EVEN NEWCOMERS ARE DIFFERENT AMONGST THEMSELVES

CHAPTER 960: THE FOOL'S SIGH

CHAPTER 961: WARNING BY INFORMING

CHAPTER 962: BEING KNOWN

CHAPTER 963: PROBLEM WITH INTELLIGENCE

CHAPTER 964: MEDICI'S CAUSE OF DEATH

CHAPTER 965: BRIEF CRISIS

CHAPTER 966: TRAIN

CHAPTER 967: "REVELATION"

CHAPTER 968: "DESCENDING" SAINT

CHAPTER 969: DUKE

CHAPTER 970: TALENT AT SOLICITING DONATIONS

CHAPTER 971: RESTRAINT

CHAPTER 972: NAST'S MEMORIES

CHAPTER 973: NEW "ANGEL"

CHAPTER 974: MIND WORLD

CHAPTER 975: A FAMILIAR FEELING

CHAPTER 976: ZEALOT

CHAPTER 977: FIRST SERMON

CHAPTER 978: GIFT

CHAPTER 979: JOY OF LIFE

CHAPTER 980: CHOICE OF PARASITIC TARGET

CHAPTER 981: HAZEL'S DECISION

CHAPTER 982: BIZARRO SORCERER VS PARASITE

CHAPTER 983: IN YOUR NAME

CHAPTER 984: ACTIVE RESPONSE

CHAPTER 985: BLESSED OF CONCEALMENT

CHAPTER 986: THE “INFECTIOUSNESS” OF PARASITIZING

CHAPTER 987: “WAREHOUSE CLEARANCE”

CHAPTER 988: JOINT OPERATION

CHAPTER 989: MENTOR ALGER

CHAPTER 990: INNER FEARS

CHAPTER 991: A RITUAL WITHOUT A “REPLY”

CHAPTER 992: ARRODES’S CONGRATULATIONS

CHAPTER 993: ANOTHER POSSIBILITY

CHAPTER 994: PRELUDE

CHAPTER 995: “CONJOINED PERSON”

CHAPTER 996: CARD GAME

CHAPTER 997: “GAMBLING GOD” DWAYNE

CHAPTER 998: ESTABLISHING RELATIONS

CHAPTER 999: INSTIGATION

CHAPTER 1000: PRELUDE

CHAPTER 1001: FIRST MOVEMENT

CHAPTER 1002: SECOND MOVEMENT

CHAPTER 1003: RITORNELLO

CHAPTER 1004: THIRD MOVEMENT

CHAPTER 1005: FOURTH MOVEMENT

CHAPTER 1006: FINALE AND ENDING

CHAPTER 1007: DEALING WITH THE AFTERMATH

CHAPTER 1008: SPLITTING

CHAPTER 1009: PAYMENT IS ALWAYS EXACTED FOR WHAT'S BESTOWED

CHAPTER 1010: CONSULTANT FEE

CHAPTER 1011: ROSELLE'S OTHER WARNING

CHAPTER 1012: FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER

CHAPTER 1013: INDIVIDUAL GROWTH

CHAPTER 1014: THE GROWING GROUP

CHAPTER 1015: MARCH OF WAR

CHAPTER 1016: NEWS FROM THE NUMINOUS EPISCOPATE

CHAPTER 1017: MAYGUR MANOR

CHAPTER 1018: UNEXPECTED

CHAPTER 1019: PATIENCE

CHAPTER 1020: MEANS OF A DEMONESS

CHAPTER 1021: CROSS

CHAPTER 1022: ANSWER

CHAPTER 1023: MASON DERE'S DEATH

CHAPTER 1024: TRADITIONAL SKILLS

CHAPTER 1025: RANDOM ANOMALIES

CHAPTER 1026: TWO RESTRICTIONS

CHAPTER 1027: DECEIT

CHAPTER 1028: SAVING HIMSELF

CHAPTER 1029: RUINS NO. 1

CHAPTER 1030: JOINT OPERATIONS

CHAPTER 1031: POSSIBILITY

CHAPTER 1032: FORCEFUL PURIFIER

CHAPTER 1033: LET THERE BE LIGHT

CHAPTER 1034: GAINS

CHAPTER 1035: DIARY PAGE IN ADVANCE

CHAPTER 1036: “EXPECTED” DEVELOPMENT

CHAPTER 1037: GEHRMAN’S PROBLEM

CHAPTER 1038: NAME LIST

CHAPTER 1039: HOPE

CHAPTER 1040: THE TRANQUIL SURFACE OF THE SEA

CHAPTER 1041: KING’S DAUGHTER

CHAPTER 1042: PLAN FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE

CHAPTER 1043: EACH HAVING THEIR OWN PLANS

CHAPTER 1044: PLACING HERSELF IN THE TIDES

CHAPTER 1045: DREAMWALKER

CHAPTER 1046: A “TEST”

CHAPTER 1047: BRAINSTORM

CHAPTER 1048: REAL AND FAKE “SPY”

CHAPTER 1049: SPECTATOR’S INTUITION

CHAPTER 1050: GOOD AT USING HYPNOSIS

CHAPTER 1051: DIFFERENT STYLES OF DIFFERENT PATHWAYS

CHAPTER 1052: 3V1

CHAPTER 1053: PRESIDENT

CHAPTER 1054: TAILORED-MADE RITUAL

CHAPTER 1055: TRAIN OF THOUGHT

CHAPTER 1056: THE REAL "DEVIL"

CHAPTER 1057: THE EXTRAORDINARY AND THE ORDINARY

CHAPTER 1058: A TOOL

CHAPTER 1059: THE AUTHORITY OF THE MOON

CHAPTER 1060: COVERED-UP SECRET

CHAPTER 1061: WHOSE DREAM

CHAPTER 1062: "TEACHING" ONLINE

CHAPTER 1063: THE LORD'S LEFT-HAND

CHAPTER 1064: DRAWING CLOSER

CHAPTER 1065: COSMOS WANDERER

CHAPTER 1066: FAMILIAR NAME

CHAPTER 1067: THE ELVEN VERSION OF HISTORY

CHAPTER 1068: ILLOGICAL DETAILS

CHAPTER 1069: "UNDER THE SEA"

CHAPTER 1070: MAYBE IT'S REAL

CHAPTER 1071: HALL OF TRUTH

CHAPTER 1072: THE CALL FROM BEHIND THE DOOR

CHAPTER 1073: THREE POSSIBILITIES

CHAPTER 1074: THE ANSWER TO QUESTIONS

CHAPTER 1075: NO RESPONSE

CHAPTER 1076: DORIAN'S REQUEST

CHAPTER 1077: FOUR CHOICES

CHAPTER 1078: THE HIDDEN SECRET

CHAPTER 1079: THE HARDWORKING GARDENERS

CHAPTER 1080: THE LINE OF THINKING FOR ACTING

CHAPTER 1081: THE RETURNEE

CHAPTER 1082: SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS

CHAPTER 1083: BACKLUND IN CHAOS

CHAPTER 1084: THE PEOPLE IN WAR

CHAPTER 1085: SCRUTINIZING THE SITUATION

CHAPTER 1086: A SIMPLE INFERENCE

CHAPTER 1087: THE DEITIES' ATTITUDES

CHAPTER 1088: HIDING IN SECRET

CHAPTER 1089: A DIFFICULT DECISION

CHAPTER 1090: HAUNTED TALES

CHAPTER 1091: ASKING HIMSELF

CHAPTER 1092: RIDICULOUS PEOPLE

CHAPTER 1093: THE ANGELS OF THE FOOL

CHAPTER 1094: BREAKTHROUGH POINT

CHAPTER 1095: ACTING AS HIMSELF

CHAPTER 1096: COOPERATION

CHAPTER 1097: DIFFERENT CONUNDRUM

CHAPTER 1098: CONTRIBUTION ACCUMULATION

CHAPTER 1099: 1368

CHAPTER 1100: ONE BOOK

CHAPTER 1101: SPECIAL REWARD

CHAPTER 1102: ENGAGING TIGERS TO HUNT WOLVES

CHAPTER 1103: HINT

CHAPTER 1104: CONTRADICTION

CHAPTER 1105: THE KEY DIARY ENTRY

CHAPTER 1106: MAKING CONTACT

CHAPTER 1107: RELAX

CHAPTER 1108: MESSED UP FAMILY

CHAPTER 1109: PATIENCE

CHAPTER 1110: “SPIRIT” CHANNELING

CHAPTER 1111: “POKER EXPERT”

CHAPTER 1112: TRAVELING NOTEBOOK

CHAPTER 1113: POWERFUL GUARDIAN

CHAPTER 1114: THE REMNANT WILL

CHAPTER 1115: INSIDE THE KING’S COURT

CHAPTER 1116: FAMILIAR GAZE

CHAPTER 1117: THE STRONGEST ORGANIZATION

CHAPTER 1118: KLEIN’S FEAR

CHAPTER 1119: TACIT COOPERATION

CHAPTER 1120: COURT CHASER

CHAPTER 1121: WEAKNESS

CHAPTER 1122: THE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE FOOL

CHAPTER 1123: AFTER THE EXPEDITION

CHAPTER 1124: ENHANCED TEAMMATES

CHAPTER 1125: OPPORTUNITY

CHAPTER 1126: “UNEXPECTED”

CHAPTER 1127: SEFIRAH CASTLE

CHAPTER 1128: FINALLY AN OUTCOME

CHAPTER 1129: PRESSURE

CHAPTER 1130: NEWS STORM

CHAPTER 1131: AN INDESCRIBABLE TRANSACTION

CHAPTER 1132: INTERLUDE

CHAPTER 1133: CHANT

CHAPTER 1134: MR. DOOR

CHAPTER 1135: FRAGRANT

CHAPTER 1136: RUMORS FROM ANCIENT TIMES

CHAPTER 1137: AMIDST HISTORY

CHAPTER 1138: “SCHOLAR OF YORE”

CHAPTER 1139: A DIFFERENT FORM OF COMPANIONSHIP

CHAPTER 1140: PLANS

CHAPTER 1141: DEEP WINTER

CHAPTER 1142: WARNING

CHAPTER 1143: REASONABLE DEVELOPMENT

CHAPTER 1144: NARROWLY

CHAPTER 1145: THREE ARROWS AT THE SAME TIME

CHAPTER 1146: A REAL CHARLATAN

CHAPTER 1147: CHAOS

CHAPTER 1148: NOT LATE

CHAPTER 1149: ESCAPE

CHAPTER 1150: MAD DASH

END OF VOLUME 5

PATHWAYS GUIDE

IMAGE GALLERY

CHARACTERS

LOCATION

MAP OF THE LORD OF MYSTERIES WORLD

TO BE CONTINUED IN...

BACK COVER

Chapter 947: House Call

Backlund, East Borough, in a two-room apartment.

A few policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms opened the door and entered. All of them reached out to cover their mouths.

There was a strong stench of blood inside!

“Officer, I’ve no idea what happened. Other tenants said that it seems like there’s plenty of blood here that they can even smell it from next door.” The landlord with a silk top hat looked around in fear, unwilling to stay in the room for another second.

A black-haired, blue-eyed police officer with an inspector epaulet waved his hand and said, “Wait by the door. We still have questions for you.”

As he spoke, he wore his white gloves and cast his gaze towards the wooden door of the bedroom.

However, he wasn’t in a rush to enter. He slowly surveyed the area and visually took in the surroundings-a pile of coal, a cupboard with cutlery and food, a small stove, a cleanly washed iron pot, a somewhat greasy table, two collapsed circular stools, two slanted chairs, a few glass bottles with unknown powders, and a stack of scattered tarot cards.

“A mysticism enthusiast with an ordinary financial situation?” The black-haired, blue-eyed inspector nodded gently as he made a judgment. Then, he signaled for a subordinate to open the

bedroom door.

With a creak, a stronger smell of blood gushed out.

The constable who opened the door looked in and let out a short exclamation as he repeatedly retreated.

The inspector frowned. He pressed the retreating constable's shoulders, circled around him, and approached the bedroom.

When he swept his gaze, his expression immediately changed.

In the bedroom, on a wooden bed, there was a man lying there. His hands were tied to the bedpost.

He was naked with deep and shallow marks on his body. His blood had long been drained, dyeing the bedsheet and blanket beside him dark red.

On a cursory glance, the deceased had apparently been bound by metal wire, cutting into his skin and flesh, right into his bones.

This scene still affected the policemen who had seen many murder scenes. Furthermore, it had a diabolical feeling like it was a ritual.

As the inspector was about to say something, two people rushed into the room. One of them attempted to take photos while the other bombarded him with questions.

"Another murder case?

“Hasn’t there been many murder cases in East Borough recently?

“Officer, do you think it’s a serial murder?”

The black-haired, blue-eyed inspector frowned and waved his hand.

“Do not interfere with the scene; otherwise, we will view you as the criminal’s accomplice.”

He then said to the constable from before, “Khazix, please escort the two reporters away. Tell them that if they have any questions, ask the news department of Sivellaus Yard.”

After the reporters were escorted out of the crime scene, the inspector let out a long sigh.

“I’m going on the newspapers again. Damn it!”

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

“Another murder in East Borough. The victim is suspected to have been abused before being killed…” Having had dinner, Audrey was in the activity room casually reading the Backlund Evening News.

Upon hearing his daughter’s soft muttering, Earl Hall shook his head and sighed.

“This isn’t new in East Borough. The statistics show that there are people dying every day in there. It’s far from one person.”

Audrey didn't pay too much attention to the matter. After a casual chat with her parents and brother, she returned to her room with her golden retriever, Susie.

The human and dog could read each other's minds without any exchanging of words. The latter stood by the door as a guard while Audrey locked the door. She sat by her bed and chanted Mr. Fool's honorific name.

After a few seconds, she saw a dark red beam of light surge and drown everything.

Audrey arrived above the gray fog, coming inside the magnificent and ancient palace.

She then saw a small room to the side. The mottled door was ajar.

It's much better than the old confessional from before... However, this doesn't match Mr. World's character. Did something happen to his state of mind? In thought, Audrey entered the room and closed the mottled door.

She had previously had a follow-up appointment with The World Gehrman Sparrow and concluded that he had fully recovered. To her surprise, she received a request from him for another treatment.

This left her puzzled as she felt a little intrigued.

In the rather spacious dark room, Audrey leaned against the wall that obviously had another person behind it. Her body slowly slid down as she knelt down with her legs placed diagonally.

In the calm and serene atmosphere, she adjusted her state of mind and said with a brisk tone, “Good evening, Mr. World~”

Just as she said that, Audrey’s spiritual intuition already knew the situation with his Body of Heart and Mind, or in common parlance, his emotions or mood.

Gloomy, disheartened, confused, depressed, and having no interest in anything… Mr. World’s current problem is completely different from the last one… What happened this time? Audrey gently bit her lip and calmly made a judgment and used a timely Placate.

This was the most useful power of a Psychiatrist. In ancient times, it was called Psychoanalysis.

The “dark clouds” behind the wall scattered significantly. Gehrman Sparrow finally hoarsely said, “Good evening, Miss Justice.”

Leaning against the wall, Audrey thought and canceled her original plan. She maintained her brisk tone and said, “I’m very curious about your recent experiences. It seems you have had too, too many encounters.

“There’s no need to think about anything else. Let’s have a chat first, just like we’re friends.

“If you’re interested in my life, I’m also willing to share with you some of the interesting matters.”

On the opposite side of the wall, Gehrman Sparrow fell silent for a moment. Without answering the question, he asked, “What

hopes do you have for the future?"

Audrey's eyes darted slightly to the side as she replied seriously, "To advance myself, to work hard to become a demigod so as to better protect my father, mother, and brothers.

"Oh, I've recently visited the applicants to the bursary foundation with the other staff of the foundation. Their living conditions are really worse than I imagined. Although I've read some reports and was mentally prepared, I still found it unsettling when I saw it with my own eyes. A girl who's just a few years younger than me was very short and skinny. She doesn't fill her stomach daily, and she only has two tattered dresses. When she said that she wishes to study, her eyes were extremely pure and filled with an earnest desire. I can't forget it to this day..."

As she spoke, Audrey acutely sensed the change in Gehrman Sparrow's mental state. It was no longer a completely still lake, and it was now rippling and undulating

After a short deliberation, this Psychiatrist continued as though she didn't seem to notice anything, "I once anticipated having a beautiful wedding, wishing that my 'prince' will appear like those popular novels. However, after becoming a Spectator, I realized that I might never be able to fulfill this dream. I can often read the true thoughts of those men and see through their lies. I'm able to confirm that many people aren't as nice as I imagined, and it has left me disappointed. Hmm, in a few more years, I might be able to appreciate people for their flaws, but it's really difficult to do so now..."

Noticing that Gehrman Sparrow, who had his back to her across the wall, having the emotions of laughter, Audrey did a timely Placate on him. Then, she heard him ask, "You once gathered information about dragons from The Sun. You should have some understanding of the Dragon of Imagination.

“If I were to tell you that your father, mother, and brothers are imagined by the Spectator pathway’s King of Angels and that they do not really exist, what would be your reaction?”

I’ll definitely collapse on the spot and directly lose control… Mr. World has a psychological problem because of his discovery that the thing that he has been anticipating-his ultimate goal—will never be fulfilled? Audrey was first alarmed by Gehrman Sparrow’s question before she realized the essence of the question.

She didn’t reply as she asked in a guiding manner, “You seem to have witnessed the destruction of hope.”

“Heh.” There was a self-deprecating scoff sounding from the wall behind Audrey. “Indeed, I once thought that I had family. Later, I realized that it was only an extravagant hope of mine.”

“Why do you say that?” Audrey asked like she was having a casual chat.

Gehrman Sparrow fell silent for a few seconds before saying, “Have you heard of those fairy tales that Emperor Roselle used for bringing up children?”

“Those are my childhood memories,” Audrey acknowledged.

At the same time, she discovered that Mr. World’s emotions were clearly stirred on the other side of the wall. Repressed pain was surging out. This time, Audrey didn’t use Placate. Her spiritual intuition and professional knowledge told her that he needed to vent it out.

“Then you should know of Sleeping Beauty and her prince,” Gehrman Sparrow said with a soft, hoarse voice. “There’s one such person who also entered a deep sleep until he suddenly woke up one day… He believes that his family is still around, and he works hard to improve himself, hoping that he can one day find them. This becomes his main driving force in life. Finally, he realized that he has slept for at least three hundred years, or even more than a thousand years, perhaps even longer. He can never find anything that he once had any more…”

The intense pain and sense of loss was extremely clear to Audrey. She came to a realization.

The gloomy, restrained, experienced, and ruthless Mr. World also has his own goals and reason for existing!

This is in line with his gentle heart… How pitiful… Although he was giving an example using a fairy tale, some of the emotions he felt when saying certain words reflect reality… When he mentioned “deep sleep,” “family,” “three hundred years,” “more than a thousand years,” “even longer,” “never find,” his pain clearly increased… This means that he’s from an ancient time and has lived to this day due to certain encounters? This matches the situation of Mr. Fool being an awakening ancient god. It’s no wonder he became his Blessed… Audrey quickly grasped the key to the matter.

She pursed her lips and pondered for a moment.

“Did his family say anything? Did they say what they wanted him to do when he wakes up?”

Chapter 948: Meaning of Existence

From Audrey's point of view, Mr. World's current situation wasn't him suffering from a mental illness, nor was it close to pushing him to the state of losing control. It was because his goal in life and the meaning to his existence had been destroyed. It left him with a psychological barrier that just needed some guidance. Once she helped him set up a short-term goal, allowing him to find meaning in life, the problem would slowly be resolved.

In the serene and silent darkness, Audrey heard Gehrman Sparrow answer in a deep voice across the wall, "No."

As expected... Audrey wasn't surprised as she asked, "Then did he search for his family's last words? Did he search for their grave? Did he try to figure out the reason for the deep sleep?"

The Spirit Body behind the wall seemed to vanish for a few seconds as there wasn't a single sound. After a moment, the hoarse voice continued:

"No, not yet."

Not yet... That means that it's a possibility in the future? Audrey felt relieved as she clearly felt that Gehrman Sparrow's emotional state wasn't as heavy and gloomy as before, without any interest in anything. He had a certain level of drive and a tiny sense of urgency. He was just still in a state of confusion.

Taking this opportunity, Audrey cast Placate again. The effects were much better than before. At the very least, she believed that Mr. World had used this impetus to escape from the abyss of

gloominess and depression, returning to a normal person's disheartened state.

Following that, Audrey didn't press on regarding how he could find clues or investigate, because this could bring about some resistance. She nodded in the dark room in a natural manner and said, "Yes, there are many things to do, and many things that need amending! Perhaps you will have the chance of meeting someone from the same bloodline? Perhaps a family member of his hasn't died from age, or had ended up living to this day due to some reason? The reason why there's meaning to life is because of its infinite possibilities.

"In the process of searching, make sure to not miss out on your surroundings. Life isn't just a one-way street. There are many branches and alleys. If only the former exists, how boring would it be. You should know how to approach it, to broaden your horizons, and to discover..."

Trying hard to recall all the suitable words she read in books, Audrey suddenly thought of something as her voice softened significantly.

"Also, don't wear that thick mask."

The thinner and transparent ones don't matter because everyone wears a mask when interacting with others. No one likes to directly express one's relatively private secrets to others. It's both a way to protect oneself and also a way to respect others... When Mr. World has a certain number of friends, a new meaning in life will naturally be formed... Audrey added inwardly, but she ultimately didn't say it out loud. She believed that it might even backfire.

Unsurprisingly, Gehrman Sparrow fell silent again, seemingly still in confusion.

After a few seconds, a voice that wasn't that hoarse sounded again:

"Thank you for straightening me out, and for your treatment."

"No, this is all a result of the strength inside you," Audrey replied seriously.

She cast a final Placate to confirm that Mr. World's mental state was back to normal and that it wouldn't relapse.

She then heard Gehrman Sparrow say, "Let's end it here for today, okay?"

Audrey adjusted her tone and briskly replied, "Of course. It's not a serious problem. I can do another follow-up whenever you're free next week.

"Also, if it's possible, make some medicine to stabilize your mental state. Take it for seven consecutive days. The ingredients are 10 grams of chamomile powder, 5 grams of rosemary powder, 10 milliliters of lemon balm extract... During this period, don't reduce your consumption of desserts, and try to relax yourself in an appropriate manner..."

In the dark and silent room, she propped herself against the wall with her hands and slowly stood up.

At this moment, Gehrman Sparrow's voice passed through the wall:

"What's the consultation fee?"

Audrey held one hand to the wall and turned her head in thought.

“Wait till I get the potion formula for Sequence 5 of the Spectator pathway. I might need you to help me find the ingredients.

“If the Psychology Alchemists provides me with the ingredients, hmm…”

She curled the ends of her lips and said, “When you return from the Southern Continent to Backlund, remember to bring me some of the local produce as a

gift.”

A super luxurious and light transportation coffin that’s carried by eight people? On the other side of the wall, Klein had the inexplicable urge to lampoon. He then stood up while clinging to the wall and sent Miss Justice back to the real world.

With a wave of his hand, the room vanished. He returned to the seat of honor at the long bronze table and sat at the seat belonging to The Fool.

In front of him, there were the Black Emperor, Tyrant, and Red Priest Cards of Blasphemy on the right. On the left, there was the Creeping Hunger, which Leonard Mitchell had sent back via Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr.

“I owe Miss Messenger 10,000 gold coins again…” Klein retracted his gaze and raised his right hand to rub his temples.

To prevent Ince Zangwill from escaping through the spirit world, he had already communicated with Reinette Tinekerr before he made plans for the murder. She was in charge of chasing away all the spirit world creatures around Revival Square, in exchange for that very same 10,000 gold coins.

The only thing that caught him by surprise was that 0-08 was more terrifying than he imagined. With Ince Zangwill suffering from Deity's Curse, and with King of Angels Adam having drained it, its first attempt was able to "attract" an unknown creature which could pass through Reinette Tinekerr's seal. If not for Daly Simone's forceful spirit channeling and signing a pact, Ince Zangwill might very well have escaped.

Of course, while under Deity's Curse, even if Ince Zangwill were to successfully escape, there was a high chance of him encountering other misfortunes, such as being thrown by the unknown creature to somewhere more dangerous or having it directly cause him harm. However, that wasn't within Klein's control.

At the thought that he was 10,000 gold coins in debt again, Klein felt a headache, but his mental state was a lot better.

After seeing the cocoon above the gray cloud, and the door of light beyond the staircase of light, he had suffered a shock that was as though a river had broken through its banks. He felt that all his expectations had been shattered. His mature world view, outlook on life, and values had crumbled as a result, causing his entire being to fall into a turbid state, as though he were a walking zombie.

Thankfully, he still had the innate desire to live and had sought out his private psychiatrist, Miss Justice Audrey, in time for treatment.

Phew… Klein exhaled and forced himself to turn his thoughts towards the cocoons. And from the scene he saw, his first reaction was:

An extremely high-level existence or Sealed Artifact had used different means to grab a large group of people from Earth at the same moment in time. Here, there were people who used the luck enhancement ritual, others bought strange silver plates, or had their phones hit by some strange virus…

Then, these transmigrators had their souls sealed inside the cocoon and were left hanging above the door of light, awaiting a particular opportunity before being sent to the real world.

Based on Klein's observation, the door of light didn't have any intelligence. It was operating based on pure instinct. This also meant that as long as the conditions were met, it would catalyze a cocoon and deliver the soul inside to a specific target's body.

Based on the current circumstances, Klein guessed that there were probably two conditions that needed to be met.

First, there mustn't be any other transmigrators prior, or the transmigrator had already been deemed to have failed or died. Second, the "calling out" of a certain object, item, or ritual. For instance, Klein Moretti had followed the Antigonus family's notebook to perform that dark divination.

As for the rest, it's impossible to know. Unless I can find the corresponding content in Emperor Roselle's diary… Putting together everything that I know, my current theory should be very close to the truth. This will make it easy to explain why, despite being from the same era as the emperor on Earth with less than a year in between us, our entry into the real world was separated by slightly more than two hundred years… It's because we transmigrated at the same time, but we were "released" in

different eras! Before entering the real world, who knows how long we've been asleep for... A brother from next door? Klein leaned back into his chair as his eyes shimmered before turning gloomy again.

This was a hypothesis he came up with based on the conditions of the door of light, his situation, and the emperor's diary.

Of course, this didn't mean that there weren't other possibilities. At present, Klein was just unable to find evidence to support them. For example, a cocoon might represent the life of a transmigrator, but this was in contradiction with Klein's own recovery or the lack of change in his Spirit Body.

And if his hypothesis wasn't too different from the truth, it meant that he had left Earth, transmigrating over for at least two hundred years or even thousands of years. Even if he found the way and method to go back to Earth, he was unable to return to the place he called home.

Compared to the gap in distance, the barrier of time left him in greater despair.

This was the reason why it caused Klein's mental state to instantly collapse. "Returning home" was always his ultimate goal.

Miss Justice is right. There are still many questions to resolve and to probe... What's the meaning behind hanging so many transmigrators behind the door of light? What goal does it have? Who set up everything back then? How many people were pulled in here? Where has the other person gone to? The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth? Klein tried hard to engross himself in thinking, so as to find a new goal for the future.

Unfortunately, he was only able to approach the door of light and not touch it. He was unable to touch it, grasp it, or even carefully inspect it. He had no means to do any studies to receive any direct information.

I should consider finding clues from the real world... Also, since reaching Sequence 4 allows me to reach that gray cloud and see the door of light, will there be another qualitative change at Sequence 2? Will I be able to gain control over the door of light when that happens, allowing me to figure out the truth?

Heh heh, I was affected by the Seven Lights, the Goddess, and Arrodes's attitude. I almost imagined myself to be the real owner of the gray fog, and believe that I'm some great master above the spirit world. Now, from the looks of it, I'm just a "test subject" that was randomly thrown down. Once I fail, the next transmigrator will appear... Klein thought as he tapped the edge of the long bronze table.

He was rather curious of another point. Three broken "cocoons," with one representing himself, and another representing the emperor, so who was the third one?

Chapter 949: Direction of Investigations

Klein's first target of suspicion was undoubtedly Elf King Soniathrym.

This ancient god had created chopsticks, made blood cakes, enjoyed eating animal innards, and was good at using spices for cooking. "His" descendants had facial features, hair color, and eyes that resembled Asians on Earth. Not only did Klein suspect that "He" was a transmigrator, even Emperor Roselle shared his feelings.

Of course, after a deeper level of investigations, Roselle had ruled out that hypothesis from their language, symbols, traditional proverbs, and other facets. Klein believed that using chopsticks as cutlery, the preference for eating innards, and using spices wasn't an exclusive trait. To a species that enjoyed nature, it was possible for these to gradually appear in their daily life!

As for why elves who wielded the Sailor pathway were close to nature, Klein didn't know why. It was just something as described by the murals and texts they left behind.

I for one felt that the Elf King is unlikely to be a transmigrator, but after seeing the three shattered cocoons, I can't be too sure... Perhaps "He" might be a fellow countryman... Hmm, I can't rule out the possibility that this ancient god isn't a transmigrator but that one of the high-ranking elves around "Him" is one. This can also allow the tradition to pass down in the name of the Elf King... Klein tapped his fingers as he thought silently.

Almost at the same time, he had two directions for his investigation:

Groselle's Travels had Elven Songster, Siatas, who served Soniathrym's queen, Queen of Calamity Cohinem!

As long as I enter her sea of collective subconscious, I should be able to see or make contact with the elves and find memory fragments regarding the ancient god!

I can also use Hypnosis, directly allowing her subconscious to speak... But the problem is that I'm not good at such matters. The last time I attempted to delve into Groselle's subconscious, I felt quick-tempered and could hardly calm down. Although I'm already a demigod, it also becomes more pressing that I resist the inclination towards madness and losing control. And I won't be able to regulate my mental state for quite some time... Forcefully spirit channeling isn't suitable for such a situation and for such a target... Klein frowned slightly. He felt that he might need a mystical item that was of a relatively high-level Sequence in the Spectator pathway, or an assistant that was at least a Hypnotist.

He began seriously considering the possibility of getting Miss Justice's help.

There's no problem doing it. It's not impossible to leave by entering as a Spirit Body above the gray fog...

I don't have to worry that Miss Justice will pry into the secret of a transmigrator. As long as Siatas doesn't have any knowledge of this, her subconscious and collective subconscious wouldn't point towards such a conclusion. And I can find the desired clues in details so they don't pay any notice...

The biggest problem is that Miss Justice has no adventuring experience and she lacks it. Entering the sea of subconscious of an ancient figure is very dangerous to her. There might be the remnants of an ancient god in there at any time... Once I don't have the help of a Psychiatrist, I will also end up the same...

Even if I'm getting Miss Justice as support, I'll have to wait until she reaches Sequence 5 so that she can use her level to make up for her lack of experience. When that happens, we can first attempt to hypnotize Siatas and see what we can learn from her mouth. If there's nothing of value, we can consider entering her dream to delve deeper into her consciousness and step into that sea.

Yes, the Dream Charms I create now aren't potent enough. I might not be able to maintain such a long exploration. Sigh, the Goddess won't directly respond to such trivial matters. It's a fixed feedback based on a fixed ritual... The corresponding Beyonder characteristics have been returned to the Church... Don't tell me that I need to bring Leonard with me? I wonder if pulling someone at the Spirit Body level can avoid the notice of the grandpa inside him. I'll do some research over the next few days...

Klein reined in his thoughts and considered his second target of suspicion.

This person didn't seem too special in the past, nor did Klein believe that he was a transmigrator. But now that his mind calmed down, he began processing his thoughts and analyzing, Klein realized that many points that he viewed as common sense weren't that simple on careful thought. They contained an unspeakable sense of horror.

He suspected: the ancient sun god, the City of Silver's Creator!

The seven Church's separate bibles have similarities to Earth's Western religions... It is similarly the case for their Masses!

Based on Little Sun's description, from what Emperor Roselle saw from Adam's chapel, and the content of the murals in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, it's clear that the ancient sun god's main symbol is the cross!

"He" gave his children the names Adam and Amon…

The angels beneath "Him" all have wings of light. I've not seen that in the other pathways to date…

It's unknown how "He" rose up. "He" suddenly appeared late in the Second Epoch, killed several ancient gods, and took "Their" various authorities…

I never thought much about these details in the past. It's quite scary now that I think deeply of it. Klein drew a gasp as he began feeling more convinced that it was the ancient sun god instead of Elf King Soniathrym.

"His" experiences were just too legendary, more of a protagonist of an era than Emperor Roselle!

Of course, "His" outcome was rather tragic, becoming a feast for "His" Kings of Angels. Emperor Roselle was also tragic but in no way as terrible.

Doesn't this imply Amon's and Adam's attitude in a certain sense? "They" believe that the gray fog is related to "Their" father, but due to "Their" different pathways, they made different choices? Hmm, there's a certain chance that Adam can't see the gray fog. "He" isn't a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Fate, Marauder, Seer, and Apprentice pathways… Klein nodded slightly.

Based on these clues, he also had a direction of investigation that didn't require him to make contact with major figures at the angel level.

In Groselle's Travels lived Ascetic Snowman who survived the

Third Epoch and had served the ancient sun god!

The problem circles back to itself… There's nothing to doubt about the rest for the time being. Klein slowly exhaled, reached out his right hand, and picked up the newly obtained Card of Blasphemy: Red Priest card!

Infusing his spirituality into it, the card produced a blood-red light, forming a palm-sized illusory book.

The pages of the book flipped, presenting portraits of a lifelike Roselle Gustav. He was either wearing a hunter's attire, raising his middle finger, walking through a burning building, or standing behind a trap. He had all sorts of attires and was doing all kinds of things.

Sequence 9: Hunter… Sequence 8: Provoker… Sequence 7: Pyromaniac… Sequence 6: Conspirer… Sequence 5: Reaper… Sequence 4: Iron-blooded Knight… Sequence 3: War Bishop… Sequence 2: Weather Warlock… Sequence 1: Conqueror… Sequence 0: Red Priest… Klein's gaze swept past the different portraits on the tarot card and imprinted the content into his mind.

He wasn't surprised at this pathway's Sequence 0's ritual to become a god. This was because Hermes had once told Roselle that the "red" in Red Priest meant the red of war.

Therefore, when he saw "stirring up a war that sweeps an entire continent and gain victory," he wasn't stirred at all.

After flipping the Red Priest card, he began thinking about problems and felt his mental state improve. He rubbed his temples, finally feeling exhausted.

I should set a short-term goal and investigate the person behind the Great Smog of Backlund. This is something that I've yet to complete. Yes, I should continue the arms deal according to my original plans, and return to Backlund after receiving the money. Now, there are two clues. First, the captain of the royal guards, Viscount Stratford, and the other is MI9's deputy director, Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor... Klein tried to pull himself up and decided to occupy himself with something.

Before leaving the gray fog, he threw the mental medicine recipe that Miss Justice had given him to the crimson star representing The Moon Emlyn. He requested this vampire, who was good at making it, to make a week's worth at 1 pound a bottle.

...

Backlund, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White, who was waiting in the activity room, curled his lips and thought to himself, *A transaction that's just 7 pounds. I really don't want to do it... The World can concoct it himself if he's a little careful.*

He hadn't objected to The World's request, because after spending 5,000 pounds to buy the Sequence 5 Vampire Beyonder characteristic, he only had 730 pounds left.

At this moment, Cosmi walked over, looking like a middle-aged gentleman.

After exchanging a bow, the Sanguine Baron asked, "Emlyn, why are you suddenly here?"

Emlyn immediately felt a little guilty before recalling his previous experiences of conversing with The Hanged Man and The World. He tipped his chin slightly and answered in a seemingly casual manner, “I’ve received a Sequence 5 Scarlet Scholar Beyonder characteristic. I wonder when we can begin the ritual to make me a Viscount.”

Cosmi was taken aback as he asked in surprise, “You obtained a Scarlet Scholar Beyonder characteristic?”

Emlyn glanced at him and nodded with a faint smile.

“That’s right.”

He didn’t explain how he had obtained the Beyonder characteristic, as though Cosmi wasn’t worthy of knowing.

Cosmi turned agape as he fell silent. After a few seconds, he said, “Wait till the next full moon.”

He paused and said, “I happen to have something for you.

“My grandfather wishes to inform you that an important figure will be coming to Backlund. ‘He’ wishes to meet you.”

“*He*”*?* Emlyn’s pupils dilated instantly.

The ancient ones of the Sanguine that lived since the Second Epoch to this day, together with the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, all of those important existences at the angel level didn’t exceed five in number!

Chapter 950: Keeping Secrets

Emlyn fell silent for two seconds as he lowered his chin and asked, “Who… is it?”

To him, angels were naturally worthy of respect, but those who could truly make him bow his head were the important figures addressed as “He” by every Sanguine. “They” had witnessed and experienced the Sanguine’s long history, the source of his pride.

“I’m not sure. But in short, I’ll notify you when the time comes.” Cosmi Odora shook his head.

… The person is coming because of the Ancestor’s revelation? There are subsequent instructions? Why doesn’t the Ancestor directly give me a revelation? This will be better concealed. I’m “Her” chosen one! This is to avoid agitating Mr. Fool? Questions flashed past Emlyn’s mind as he answered them himself.

He didn’t speak further as he wore his top hat and left Odora’s villa.

When he arrived at the door, he looked at the thin clouds that could hardly block out the sun. Emlyn curled his lips in disdain, raised his hand to press down on his hat, and ran for a rental carriage at the end of the street as he inwardly mumbled, Such weather really isn’t suitable for heading out!

The medicine that The World wants isn’t rare. It can be concocted in fifteen minutes… Hmm, the ingredients I ordered previously should be in by today. I can carry out the transaction with Miss Magician that I’ve delayed for days…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors placed glass bottles on an altar and looked at the light blue and golden liquids, feeling the exhilaration from shopping. More enticing than a cocktail. I wonder what it tastes like. Putting some ice in might make it taste better... Seriously, what am I thinking? These are all medicine! Fors sputtered at herself and hurriedly cleaned up the room.

Upon receiving the medicine required for medical treatment, she finished her preparations for heading to the abandoned castle in Delaire Forest. She was just waiting for Xio to return!

After tidying up certain matters, Fors slumped onto the sofa and casually picked up a few newspaper copies and began planning her itinerary for the day.

Set off at dusk. Dinner will probably be when we arrive at the town bordering the forest...

Amidst her silent mumbling, Fors flipped to the copy of News At Sea.

Suddenly, her gaze froze as a familiar name was reflected in her eyes: “Gehrman Sparrow!”

This adventurer had appeared at sea again, boarding the Black Tulip with a middle-aged name known as “Death Consul.” He killed Admiral Hell Ludwell, changing the lineup of the seven pirate admirals again.

Fors subconsciously patted her chest, unsure what she was happy about.

At that instant, she had a baffling feeling that Gehrman Sparrow's experiences were sufficiently legendary, something that could definitely be written into a novel!

Unfortunately, he's not someone who's easy to get along with; otherwise, I can totally be a part-time biographer to write a book for him... Haha, if I were to write the book titled "Gehrman Sparrow," I'll definitely be targeted by the official Beyonders... Fors thought in amusement before hearing the lock turn.

She looked up and saw Xio pushing open the door and entering the living room.

"You're early?" Fors asked in surprise.

Xio ruffled the right side of her blonde hair and said, "I met with MI9 again and received a mission."

"What is it?" Fors sat up, asking out of curiosity.

Xio casually threw herself onto the single-seater.

"Investigate the background of the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow.

"Based on the information provided by MI9, he's a terrifying Beyonder, and the name he uses is fake. Even his identification documents are fake. He probably came from Backlund.

“They suspect that Gehrman Sparrow has another identity and partners here.”

Upon hearing the word “partners,” Fors couldn’t help but twitch the corners of her mouth. She had the urge to tell Xio that MI9’s guess was right. Gehrman Sparrow’s partner was sitting directly opposite her.

She coughed slightly and acted calm while she asked, “Why are you investigating Gehrman Sparrow’s background?

“What did he do this time?”

Xio glanced at the stack of newspapers beside Fors.

“Haven’t you read today’s News at Sea?

“Gehrman Sparrow killed Admiral Hell Ludwell and is now known as the strongest adventurer of the Five Seas.

“By the way, MI9 also told me that Gehrman Sparrow might very well believe in the secret existence known as The Fool. This is news that came from many different sources, including the Aurora Order and the Rose School of Thought.”

I can testify to that… They are right… Fors forced a smile and said, “Sounds rather dangerous.”

“Yeah.” Xio nodded. “I only plan on gathering the intel and not delving too deep into it.”

Fors didn't continue on this topic as she said, "I've already prepared the medicine. Shall we head to Delaire Forest today?"

Xio had already become a Sequence 7 Interrogator a few days ago, and she had mastered a rather useful power, Psychic Piercing.

"Alright." Xio stood up, showcasing how she was a woman of action. "Let's set off now."

"Ah? Let's wait a little longer. I was thinking dusk..." Fors replied, feeling a little resistant.

She often wished to procrastinate until the last moment.

Before long, she was pulled out of their rented apartment by Xio while bringing all kinds of items along. They got a rental carriage and headed for the metro.

Amidst the sonorous whistle of the steam engine, the massive steam locomotive hauled its meandering body and entered the platform. Under the illumination of the wall lamps on both sides, it stopped

Fors and Xio stood outside a carriage and waited patiently for the passengers to alight.

Suddenly, they saw two Red Gloves.

The owner of the Red Gloves was a man in his thirties. He wore a white shirt with a black trench coat. His collar was raised up high, covering his chin and mouth.

He had a pair of dark-green eyes with golden-brown sideburns. He held a silver chest that was big enough to put a tiny violin in it.

Fors and Xio exchanged looks as they lowered their gaze, staring at their toes.

As a high-ranking deacon of the Church of Evernight's Nighthawks, one of the twenty-two members of power in the Church, and one of the three bigwigs of the Red Gloves, Crestet Cesimir wasn't someone who cared about parading himself around. He enjoyed traveling alone, taking the transportation that commoners took, making him appear like an ordinary clergyman.

After transferring to another line, he eventually arrived in North Borough. He then took a rental carriage and headed straight for Saint Samuel Cathedral where he met Backlund diocese's archbishop, Saint Anthony Stevenson.

After greeting each other and praising the Goddess, Cesimir found a seat and said, "I'll be troubling you to provide me with some help for the next couple weeks."

The clean-shaved archbishop, Anthony, in his black robe with red accents sat down as well. He deliberated before asking, "Is it something to do with Ince Zangwill?"

"Yes." Cesimir nodded slightly. "The Holy See wishes that I inform you that another servant of the Goddess, the matron of the Evernight cloister, Ma'am Arianna, will be in Backlund not long from now."

This ascetic was ranked first among all the thirteen archbishops.

Without waiting for Saint Anthony's inquiry, he explained in detail, "Ma'am Ilya learned plenty of important information from Ince Zangwill's remnant spirit, including his mental problems that 0-08 used to escape, as well as the details of his cooperation with the royal family and the Demoness Sect...

"After machinating the Great Smog of Backlund, Ince Zangwill was betrayed by 0-08 and had ended up being possessed by the Red Angel evil spirit. He headed for the Southern Continent alone in an attempt to set up a trap to hunt Ma'am Ilya.

"An important point to take note of is, that in Ince Zangwill's memories, there is a very important underground ruin. It's in the northwestern outskirts of Backlund, an area just before the Tussock River flows in.

"My mission is to find that ruin."

Saint Anthony finished listening in silence before asking in thought, "Ince Zangwill doesn't know of the exact location?

"He has never been there before?"

Cesimir shook his head.

"He had entered, but he was led in there and didn't grasp the required key information."

Saint Anthony tersely acknowledged before asking, "Have you figured out which batch of people from the royal family that Ince Zangwill was working with?"

“No.” Crestet Cesimir paused and continued, “Based on normal logic, regardless of whether the partners donned disguises, if they meet, there should be the corresponding memory fragments, but inside Ince Zangwill’s Spirit Body, there were no traces of that. It was as though it never existed.”

“Perhaps it’s an influence of a deed. The source of the deed’s power that even a Sequence 4 demigod can’t resist is something worth paying attention to.” Saint Anthony nodded very slightly.

He thought and said, “The telegram didn’t include much. I do not know the exact sequence of events. Who exactly killed Ince Zangwill?”

Crestet Cesimir exhaled slowly and said, “A name you might never believe, Klein Moretti.”

“The Nighthawk who died in the line of duty during the Tingen incident?” Anthony’s wrinkles deepened.

“Yes, that’s what Ilya sent back. No one knows how Klein Moretti, who was only a Sequence 8, had resurrected, or how he could kill Ince Zangwill, a demigod wielding 0-08…” Upon saying this, Cesimir’s expression turned somewhat odd. “The Holy See requests us to strictly keep this intel confidential. We are not to divulge this to anyone who isn’t an archbishop or high-ranking deacon. Furthermore, we are not to pursue Klein Moretti, pretending as though he’s still in his grave.”

Saint Anthony fell silent for a few seconds as though he recalled something trivial. He nodded and said, “Perhaps, he’s a Blessed of the Goddess…”

Cesimir suddenly looked up at Saint Anthony as though he was a lunatic.

His lips quivered, but he ultimately didn't say a word.

Anthony didn't continue the topic as he looked at the door and said sternly, "Your mission might need plenty of investigations. This requires enough manpower. Hmm, Soest's team has completed their mission in the Southern Continent. I'll get them to return quickly and follow your instructions."

"Alright." Crestet Cesimir didn't put up any objections.

"Rest for the remainder of the day before returning to Backlund?" Leonard looked up at team captain, Soest.

Soest looked pitifully at Leonard, who had been silent for quite some time, and nodded.

"That's right."

After watching this Spirit Warlock leave his room, Leonard sighed and leaned against the wall.

At this moment, dark red light surged out from before his eyes, enveloping him completely without any prior warning.

Chapter 951: Drawing A Card

By the time Leonard reacted, he saw numerous towering stone pillars, as well as a towering palace that looked like a giant's residence above the endless grayish-white fog that was being propped up by these stone pillars.

His green eyes wore a blank look. After a second, Leonard found himself sitting on a high-back chair beside a long mottled bronze table at some point in time. Beside him and opposite him were high-back chairs that exuded solemnity.

And at the end of the long mottled table, where the seat of honor was, a figure was shrouded in thick gray fog. The figure was leaning into his seat leisurely, as though he was overlooking everything.

When this figure appeared in Leonard's eyes, he felt as though he was on a liner, seeing a bottomless abyss whose boundaries were nowhere to be seen. It also felt like he had left the city and was on the outskirts, looking up to see lofty mountains that tore through the clouds.

Instantly, many thoughts flashed through Leonard's mind. He had a rough guess as to what he was experiencing. As a Beyonder of the Church, a believer who knew that deities truly exist, he wasn't able to resist his feelings. He subconsciously wished to leave his seat and prostrate before the existence before him.

The might of a deity was boundless!

Just as Leonard stood up, he was pressed down by an invisible

force. A slow and calm voice resonated in his ears:

“There’s no need for such trouble.

“You can call me Mr. Fool.”

The Fool… Indeed… Leonard’s fear of the unknown had settled immediately. Although he was still worried about what would happen next, he wasn’t that perturbed any longer. He didn’t sit uneasily with a dry mouth and parched lips.

He got up halfway, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, why did you summon me here?”

As an experienced Nighthawk and a Red Glove who had participated in major cases, Leonard knew how dangerous it was to establish a connection with a secret existence. He knew that he had slid down the edge of the abyss and had no chance of redemption.

At that moment when he decided to chant The Fool’s honorific name, he was able to foresee his tragic end. But for revenge, he had made the choice regardless.

However, everyone had the instinct to survive. Recalling how Klein Moretti, who believed in The Fool, was still alive and had even become a demigod, Leonard couldn’t help but hold out some hope and expectations.

At this moment, he heard the fog-enshrouded Fool chuckle.

“Since you prayed to me for help, then based on the principle of equivalent exchange, you definitely need to pay the price.”

Leonard’s body trembled as he bowed his head lower.

“What is it you wish?”

After a brief pause, The Fool’s voice sounded again:

“There’s no rush. Perhaps there will be something that requires you to provide help to certain people.

“Have a seat.”

Leonard slowly calmed himself down and sat. He looked around and asked, “He… Klein Moretti… has been here like me?”

The Fool’s said with a calm tone, “In a different manner.”

Different manner… Indeed, Klein didn’t enter because he chanted the honorific name. He had been introduced by that Death Consul named Azik Eggers before becoming one of Mr. Fool’s faithful… Leonard couldn’t help but survey the area, and he discovered that there were a total of twenty-two high-back chairs around the long mottled table.

It corresponds to the twenty-two Beyonder pathways. There are also twenty-two tarot cards… The Fool… Just as Leonard came up with a theory, he heard Mr. Fool chuckle.

“Other than you, there are other living beings that have been

pulled in here for various reasons.

“They earnestly wished for me to convene a gathering to carry out the exchange of information and the transaction of materials and formulas. They also help each other. This allows them to rapidly advance, eventually becoming High-Sequence Beyonders.”

This is a little different from the secret organization represented by tarot cards I had imagined. It’s rather loosely organized… What motives does Mr. Fool have to agree to such a request? After coming to the ancient palace above the gray fog, Leonard felt high-strung, causing his thought processes to be a lot more agile than usual. He came up with all kinds of questions.

After successfully achieving revenge, he had been feeling low-spirited and empty for a moment, as though he had lost his goal in life. However, he quickly pulled himself together. This was because Daly’s death told him that he wasn’t strong enough. To reduce the number of casualties of his companions in future missions and so as to not lack the ability to save them, he needed to reach Sequence 4 at the very least. He needed to become a demigod.

Therefore, The Fool’s words had stirred his heart. He felt that it was an opportunity. Meanwhile, he also believed that by joining the gathering, he could deeply understand the situation of the secret organization. It helped in maximally averting the danger that resulted from establishing contact with The Fool.

After some deliberation, Leonard asked, “Klein Moretti is also a regular member of this gathering?

“Does he have a seat here?”

The Fool replied without much concern, “Yes.”

Leonard fell silent for a second as he asked, “Honorable Mr. Fool, can I join this regular gathering?”

Shrouded in the gray fog, The Fool said with a smile, “Sure.

“But when you return, remember to mention this to Pallez Zoroast about it. Do not attempt to hide it from ‘Him.”

“Him”... Old Man really is an angel! It’s no wonder the Luck Siphon charm is so magical... Although Leonard had already expected this, he still couldn’t help but be alarmed after receiving confirmation from Mr. Fool.

He hesitated for a moment and said, “Why must I tell Pallez Zoroast?”

Although he had a good relationship with Pallez Zoroast and had established a certain level of trust, he still felt wary. The reason why he had made the request to join Mr. Fool’s secret gathering was to balance the latent danger of the ancient Parasite.

He then heard Mr. Fool reply with a smile, “Many a time, striking fear is a lot more useful than conflict.”

Striking fear is a lot more useful than conflict... That’s right, forcefully creating a balance might agitate Old Man. Regardless, the final battlefield will be in my body, and it would be extremely disadvantageous to me. By striking fear into “Him,” I can get “Him” to recognize the situation. Even if “He” has ill intent, “He” will think of another solution and take another path... Leonard bowed his head in enlightenment.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, I have no more questions.”

At the end of the long bronze table, The Fool conjured a deck of tarot cards and lifted up his hand and pointed at them.

“They have each selected a tarot card to represent their code name. You can also choose one.

“The deck has the cards of their respective owners taken away.”

They do use tarot cards are as their code names… Leonard exhaled and couldn’t help but ask again, “Which card is Klein Moretti?”

“The World,” The Fool said casually. “It’s him, and also not him.”

What does that mean… Leonard didn’t dare to ask further. He extended his right hand and pulled out a card from the deck of tarot cards.

Flipping it over, he saw a goddess pouring holy water, with stars littering the background.

The Star card!

This didn’t match Leonard’s taste, but since he had already completed the ritual under Mr. Fool’s watch, he could only accept it.

“Return. The gathering happens every Monday at three in the afternoon, Backlund time.” Shrouded in the gray fog, The Fool

raised his hand and made Leonard, who was rushing to bow, vanish from the ancient palace.

The Fool Klein chuckled as he flipped all the tarot cards.

All of them had the same picture with the same sky-filled stars.

All of them were The Star cards!

After laughing for a while, Klein cast his gaze to the crimson star that represented Leonard.

While attempting to pull the poet above the gray fog, he had made some careful observation and had discovered that there was a blob of light hiding in Leonard Mitchell's body. It seemed to be made of countless ringed worms, hidden deep inside his Soul Body.

This made Klein confirm that Pallez Zoroast had only parasitized Leonard at a preliminary stage. "He" didn't control Leonard's Body of Heart and Mind, Astral Projection, Ether Body, and physical body. And after advancing to become a demigod, Klein had gained a deeper control over the mysterious space above the gray fog, allowing him to pull in anyone he wanted, without targeting the soul. He could make a selection.

Therefore, Klein decided to not touch Leonard's Soul Body, and only pulled his Astral Projection above the gray fog. This avoided agitating Pallez Zoroast or end up bringing "Him" into the mysterious space. Of course, it was almost certain that the Sequence 1 angel of the Marauder pathway would notice it.

And the ability to enter the dreams of others stemmed from the

Astral Projection of Beyonders of the Evernight pathway, so it didn't affect Leonard's ability to do what he was good at in this mysterious space.

Let's hope that he can escape from Pallez Zoroast's parasitizing bit by bit... Klein suddenly sighed.

The reason why he made Leonard join the tarot club was because he wished to help this former teammate grow stronger, allowing him to escape the claws of Pallez Zoroast.

If that Marauder pathway angel didn't have any ill intent, he could get Leonard to help "Him" hide from Amon and aid "His" recovery. This would speed up "His" switching of parasitic targets.

Retracting in his gaze, Klein thought for a moment. He threw the Hunter pathway's Sequence 6 Conspirer potion formula to the point of light representing Danitz. He then instructed him to leave the Southern Continent and return to the Golden Dream.

Black Hunting Spider's composite eye, sphinx's brain... Danitz recalled the content he had just "seen" in a daze as he stood up in delight.

He planned to immediately bid farewell to Anderson and leave the dangerous Southern Continent.

After coming to the door of the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter, he knocked on the wooden door, only to see it open.

Anderson hadn't locked the door!

Danitz was puzzled as he cast his gaze inside and saw Anderson holding a knife and sliding it against his abdomen.

Chapter 952: What a Small World

Danitz jumped in fright as he blurted out, “Sorry, I didn’t see anything…” Before he could finish his sentence, he had already pulled the door handle towards him.

Bang!

The door closed, emitting a sound that echoed through the corridor.

At this point, Danitz finally came to a realization.

What was I doing just now…

What is Anderson doing?

He instinctively removed the black boxing glove and thought bitterly with a frown. Finally, he decided to return to his room, pack his luggage, and leave.

As for what Anderson was trying to do, he felt that something was amiss despite his curiosity. He had no plans on getting himself involved in it, lest he fell into a trap.

Captain said that I should maintain fear and respect towards the unknown. So, I should distance myself from this… Just as Danitz turned around, he suddenly heard the door unlock before being opened.

Anderson, whose buttons on the lower part of his shirt weren't buttoned up, walked out with a dull, pitch-black knife. He looked at Danitz with a mixed expression.

"Aren't you going to try to stop me?"

Danitz acutely noticed the chance to mock him as he sniggered.

"That's your freedom.

"If you didn't leave a will, I'll be rich!"

Anderson rubbed his cheeks.

"Aren't you curious about what I encountered?"

Danitz glanced at him suspiciously.

"I keep feeling as though you're up to something."

Anderson roared with laughter.

"Well, I had been captured some time ago and was soaked in strange blood with all kinds of ingredients. I was corroded by it for an extended period of time until a strange chrysalis was formed inside my body. This was to create the effect of having a certain level of attraction towards High-Sequence Beyonders of the Hunter pathway."

As he spoke, he pointed at his abdomen.

Danitz was taken aback.

“I’ve never really heard of something like that.

“If you were another sex, I might’ve imagined that you’re pregnant…”

He paused for a moment before asking, “That strange fellow in Revival Square was attracted by the baby, no— ‘chrysalis’ in your stomach?”

Anderson nodded as Danitz gestured with his hands.

“You were trying to cut open your abdomen to extract the ‘chrysalis’?”

Anderson replied honestly, “Yes, I’m worried about how it would affect me, or if it will continue attracting demigods. I have to make every second count to remove this latent problem.”

Danitz thought before asking in puzzlement, “Then why aren’t you making the attempt?

“You forgot to set up a will, and you want me to be your witness?”

Anderson’s facial muscles twitched as he chuckled.

“Not bad. Your Provoker potion should almost be digested.”

He then sighed.

“After some careful analysis, I believe there’s no direct way to extract it. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have soaked me in blood and allow the ingredients to seep into me. They could’ve just opened up my stomach and placed the chrysalis inside before sewing me up.”

Without waiting for Danitz’s reply, he said in thought, “Don’t you have the method to contact Gehrman Sparrow? He’s been through so much and knows so much, so I would like to consult him on how to resolve this problem.”

In recent months, Danitz was extremely afraid of people raising the matter about him knowing Gehrman Sparrow, so he subconsciously retorted, “No! I haven’t seen him since I left the Golden Dream!”

Anderson curled the corner of his lips and said, “When you were writing to Gehrman Sparrow, I was beside him and have met his messenger.”

Danitz’s expression immediately froze. He forced a smile after a few seconds.

“Then why don’t you directly summon his messenger?”

Anderson raised his hand again and touched his throat, chuckling.

“I don’t know the ritual for summoning his messenger.”

Danitz still suspected that Anderson was up to something, and was unwilling to confirm that he had been repeatedly communicating with Gehrman Sparrow. He then suggested, “Actually, you can always seek the help of our captain on such matters. She’s very knowledgeable and good at research. She knows many secret techniques and can also seek the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom for help. She should be able to give you the solution for resolving the matter of the chrysalis in your stomach.

“Haha, if you’re embarrassed, I can talk to her for you.”

Just as he said that, he saw Anderson’s face beam. He quickly replied with a rushed tone, “Alright, let’s do that!

“I’ve already packed my luggage. When shall we set off?”

“…” Danitz fell into a daze for a few seconds, feeling that he had been tricked by Anderson.

He returned to the room, drank his remaining beer, and threw all the miscellaneous items into his luggage bag, leaving behind a dried leaf with golden patterns.

This was the token Danitz previously used to establish contact with the Northern State’s dominant leader, General Maysanchez. Following Gehrman Sparrow’s instructions, he left the leaf inside and allowed the person-in-charge to follow up.

In the room that Danitz checked out of, a candle was suddenly lit as a two-meter-tall scarlet flame burgeoned.

Amidst the flames, a figure walked out. He was wearing a silk top hat, black formal suit, and had white sideburns. He looked outstanding with his deep, blue eyes and mature demeanor. He was none other than Klein as Dwayne Dantès.

After picking up the leaf with golden patterns, Klein left the hotel, circling around the sealed-off Revival Square, and came to Cookawa's core region, White Feather Square.

Maysanchez's residence was there, located beside a Death cathedral that descended downwards.

As a standard Loenese gentleman, Dantès looked out of place when walking through the city. Here, the foreigners were a minority, with most foreigners seen around the few major embassies located around Rejoice Square. The other places were filled with mostly locals from Balam.

Their skin was slightly brown, and they had curly black hair. Their facial features were soft, and in the eyes of most people from the Northern Continent, people of the same sex all looked the same, aside from the differences in height and weight.

These locals, be it male or female, enjoyed rolling dried tobacco leaves into Balam cigarettes. Along the way, Klein would see residents spewing out smoke alongside the road from time to time.

In addition, many of them hung a fruit known as Dalawa by their waists.

This fruit was the size of two fists, with thick skin. After digging open a tiny hole and eating the flesh inside, one could use it to store water, alcohol, and other beverages.

Based on Klein's observations, they mostly drank an orange-yellow Gwadar. It was sour with a hint of sweetness, good at quenching thirst and relieving heat. It was also great at keeping people awake.

I didn't have a chance to try it before… Klein mumbled as he found the guard manning the general's residence and sought to meet a man named Haggis.

Due to his appearance as a Loenese person and a gentleman, the guard didn't deny his request or make it difficult for him. He got a person to head in to get a man in his thirties.

The man's facial features and skin were that of a standard Balam native. However, his curly black hair had been pulled straight and neatly combed back as though he was trying to mimic members of high society in the various countries of the Northern Continent.

He wore a white shirt and a black vest, matched with a very formal bow tie. Upon seeing Dwayne Dantès, he said in standard Loenese, "Good afternoon, I'm Haggis. Nice to meet you."

His accent was a little odd, different from any borough in Loen.

Klein had lived in high society for quite a period of time, so he wasn't too surprised. He said with a smile, "Good afternoon, I'm Dwayne Dantès. I never expected to meet a gentleman who's so good at using the accent of Loenese nobles."

Haggis couldn't help but smile.

"Many children of noble birth from Loen have one come to East

and West Balam to seek out opportunities. I was fortunate to learn from them."

"Oh, I might know some of them." Klein wasn't in a rush to talk business as he began making small talk with Haggis like a gentleman.

Haggis smiled.

"My friend includes Colonel Alfred Hall, the second son of an earl."

Hall... Klein let out a soft chuckle.

"I once met Earl Hall at a charity party. He's a true noble.

"What a small world."

Haggis nodded in agreement.

"Perhaps this is an arrangement of fate. Unfortunately, Alfred was transferred to East Balam last year."

He didn't continue as he immediately invited Dwayne Dantès into the general's residence.

When passing through the side door, Klein suddenly looked up, glancing at the embedded stained glass above.

The glass shimmered like a rainbow under the illumination of sunlight, as though gazes were sweeping past.

Chapter 953: Prophecy

Klein retracted his gaze in a natural manner, held his gold-inlaid cane, and followed closely behind Haggis before entering the general's residence.

The architecture style was completely unlike those found in the Southern Continent. It didn't make any use of light manipulation to make the rooms appear dark and gloomy, nor did they boldly use some human bones as accessories to produce a strong visual impact. Instead, it was more in the style of the Northern Continent. Furthermore, there was an undeniable hint of Intis influence.

Every column was covered in segmented gold foil. The use of colors in the murals were warm, and there were sculptures embedded with gold. A beautiful spiral staircase descended from above, connecting all four stories before ending in the middle of the huge hall where it faced the entrance. It was extremely grand.

I have to say that countries led by the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun are really at the forefront when it comes to gold artwork. It doesn't have the feeling of the gaudy nouveau riche... Klein swept his gaze to the palm-sized golden angels that extended out from the staircase's railings and mid sections of the columns, holding back his urge to caress them.

Looking at the guards standing by the two sides, he casually found a topic and said to Haggis, "Colonel Alfred Hall seems to have made some significant contributions in West Balam?"

Haggis nodded and used a Loenese noble accent to say, "He's a determined and brave man. He once led a special forces team of

more than thirty men to raid an Intis battalion with more than a thousand people, completely crippling them. I heard that he had also made significant contributions in East Balam; therefore, becoming a colonel before the age of thirty."

Sounds impressive... Perhaps Miss Justice's brother has already become a Beyonder with quite a significantly high Sequence... Hmm, in every aristocratic family, every generation should have some members taking the Beyonder path... Heh heh, if this Mr. Alfred finally reaches his goal of becoming a Beyonder with a relatively high Sequence and gaining the rank of brigadier general or major general through hardship, I wonder how sad would he be when he returns to Backlund to realize that he's no match for his sister's dog... Having drank his medicine before heading out today, Klein used the act of lampooning to adjust his mental state.

He didn't ask further about Alfred as he asked with a curious tone, "I realize that there are some differences in the traditions of East and West Balam. Here, in many houses, there are people with human bone decorations, but it's not present in East Balam.

"I've been here several times, but I've never been able to bring myself to get the answer to this question."

Haggis stopped and pointed to the exaggerated spiral staircase.

"Mr. Dantès, the general will be here in a few minutes."

After informing him of this, he chuckled.

"It's actually not common to see human bone traditions. Only fiefs that came under the royal family of the Balam Empire still have this tradition. To us, the death of family members doesn't mean that our relationship has come to an end. After the burial,

we will take a piece of their bones and place it at home as a decoration as a way to indicate that the deceased continue being with the living.

“As for which bone to choose, it will be decided by the interring priest through a ritual. The best and most symbolic part is the skull.

“Some families will even make the skull into a vessel for drinking alcohol, using it only when entertaining the most honored guests.

“Mr. Dantès, if you close a deal this time, I wish to invite you home. I wish to offer Finis Wine in my grandfather’s skull to show my respects to you.”

“…”

Klein’s expression nearly fell apart. He felt that he was incapable of accepting the local customs in this aspect.

He laughed and was just about to be perfunctory when he saw a figure slowly walking down the golden railings of the staircase.

The person didn’t wear a hat. He was wearing a cut black military attire with shimmering gold buttons. The sash he wore was red like blood.

He had light-brown skin and a rather soft facial outline. His facial features looked scrunched up in the middle of his head, making his face appear abnormally big.

Klein, who had obtained the relevant information from various channels, instantly recognized the man to be the dominant ruler of West Balam's Northern State. He was Maysanchez who declared himself as general.

On the surface, he wavered between the factions of Loen, Intis, Feynapotter, Feysac, and the Resistance, maintaining a balance, but secretly, he had received the support of the Numinous Episcopate's royal family faction.

Meanwhile, Klein suspected that this native general had established a solid working relationship with the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom.

As for Maysanchez's strength, be it Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina or Admiral of Stars Cattleya, he was noted to be a Sequence 5. But the two ladies didn't mention which pathway he was from, as the powers this local general exhibited were mostly related to spirits, but he carried a mystical item from the Death pathway.

"Good afternoon, Your Excellency." Klein took off his hat, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed.

At this moment, he sensed gazes locking onto him from some unknown location. They were like lights that flashed across the golden angel figures, the sunlight reflected from the stained glass or the lustrous glow from the smooth marble.

"Hello there, Mr. Dantès," Maysanchez replied in Dutanese.

Having grasped Dutanese through his marionette, Klein naturally was able to understand him. However, in the Southern Continent, the longer he stayed in East and West Balam, the more he felt the similarities between Dutanese and ancient Feysac.

Although these two languages obviously followed different systems, making it much more difficult if he were to truly study Dutanese, certain details were shockingly similar as it was as though they shared a common heritage.

Klein could only be certain that the heritage wasn't Jotun.

Pretending as though he hadn't noticed anything, he very naturally chatted with Maysanchez until the other party raised the topic of the arms deal.

"How many goods do you have in total?"

Klein laughed and replied, "It wouldn't be a problem equipping three to four thousand people. In addition, there will be a few cannons."

Maysanchez fell silent and said, "Name your price."

Klein pretended to deliberate and said, "If you wish for me to send the goods to the Northern State, the price would be 50,000 pounds. If you send your troops to retrieve the goods with me and be responsible for the subsequent transportation and safety, it will only cost 40,000 pounds."

Maysanchez thought and said, "The latter.

"Take the down payment and go with my men. Once they see the goods and move it onto our carriages, my men will pay the rest."

He paused for a moment and then added, "However, I do not have much Loen gold pounds."

So you don't have enough foreign reserves... Klein surveyed the area and said with an unconcerned smile, "You can directly pay me in gold coins, or even gold bars or gold bricks."

Maysanchez was rather decisive. He didn't waste any time to nod and say, "Deal. I'll get Haggis to bring my men and money to you tomorrow."

Not bad. I like doing business with people who don't haggle... Klein first heaved a sigh of relief before suspecting if his price was too low.

After Klein left the general's residence, Maysanchez suddenly looked up and said to the person above, "Your Excellency Lucca, is this the person you're waiting for?"

One story above the beautiful staircase, a figure slowly appeared.

He was an elder in a white robe with inlaid brass lines. His hair was completely white and neatly combed. His pair of gray-green eyes were so deep that they appeared bottomless.

He replied with an unhurried tone, "There's no way to be certain. Although my prophecy tells me that I'll meet the person who can resolve my future predicament in the next two days here, that person was too ordinary. Besides being a Beyonder, there's nothing worth taking note of.

"Of course, I can't tell the more profound truth. He might have an existence that's at least not weaker than me behind him."

Having said that, he slowly walked down and, after a few seconds, said, "I'll attempt to use a dream to see if I can discover

more."

"Do I need to prepare a special room for you?" Maysanchez asked reverently.

Lucca shook his head.

"I'll use the activity room here. Hmm... The best time will be four hours later. Don't disturb me before that happens."

He then entered the room, sat down, and leaned against the sofa. He relaxed himself, closed his eyes, and fell silent.

Only when it slowly turned dark did the old gentleman fall asleep.

In the dream, he found himself standing in the hall of the general's residence, standing at the first floor of the beautiful staircase. By the side was Maysanchez and numerous guards.

The middle-aged man named Dwayne Dantès was standing opposite him when he suddenly curled his lips into a smile, revealing an exaggerated smile.

Flames soared up as poker cards fell from above.

Lucca's green eyes instantly darkened as Dwayne Dantès's body instantly fell into a strange darkness that appeared.

The old white-robed gentleman immediately spread his arms open, revealing a dark vortex at his chest.

The vortex expanded and devoured Dwayne Dantès.

Before Lucca could confirm the situation, he felt something. He turned to the side and saw Maysanchez's face squirming and turning tall before instantly becoming another Dwayne Dantès.

Almost at the same time, Haggis and all the guards present turned into Dwayne Dantès. All of them were casting their gaze at Lucca!

Lucca was jolted awake, and under the watch of Maysanchez, who had entered at some point in time, he faltered for two seconds and said heavily, "I have to personally meet that gentleman from before and see the demigod behind him."

Before he finished his sentence, he subconsciously turned his head to look out the window.

At this moment, the street lamps lit up. It was dark outside, and the crimson moon's moonlight was strangely tainted with a bloody color.

Another Blood Moon!

...

Thankfully there's Mr. Fool... I must say that there are way too many Blood Moons this year... It's only been two months since the last time... I didn't even have any time to prepare! Fors who sat up, wiped her cold sweat, and muttered silently.

She had arrived at a town near Delaire Forest and had checked

into a hotel. She shared a room with Xio, and they had made preparations to do some investigations of the abandoned castle early tomorrow morning. To Fors's surprise, there was a Blood Moon just as she was preparing to get some rest.

At this moment, she seemed to recall something as her body stiffly turned to the side.

Xio, who had exhorted her to sleep early, had already woken up at some point in time. She was looking at her with her eyes open.

Chapter 954: Strange Ancient Castle

Fors's gaze met Xio's in midair as both parties remained silent.

After a while, Fors chuckled dryly.

"Haha, you haven't fallen asleep?"

Xio frowned and said, "What happened to you?"

"Nothing. Didn't I tell you before? Whenever the full moon happens, I won't be in a good state. It's even worse during the Blood Moon," Fors replied as though everything was normal.

Xio sized her up and pulled her blanket.

"I remember that you brought sleeping pills?"

"There's no need for that. I've fine now." Seeing that Xio wasn't pressing further, Fors secretly heaved a sigh of relief. "Go back to sleep. We still have to head into the forest early tomorrow morning."

Xio didn't say another word as she turned around, gripped the blanket, and closed her eyes.

Before long, her breathing turned heavier and became more drawn out and uniform.

Fors stared blankly at the ceiling as her thoughts ran wild. At some point in time, she fell asleep as well.

...

The next day at noon. In the core region of Delaire Forest, in front of a collapsed, ancient castle covered in green vines.

Fors wiped the perspiration on her forehead and exhaled.

“We’re finally here...”

Xio shot her a glance and said, “The boss at the hotel told me that we only need two hours to get here.”

They had set off before six in the morning, but they had spent nearly seven hours to arrive.

The corners of Fors’s lips twitched as she said, “Ideal conditions and reality are different. There weren’t any trails for us to take towards the end. We needed to explore and forge a new path ourselves!”

Xio took out her triangular blade, nodded, and said, “You should’ve foreseen this from the beginning, but you refused to have a guide as suggested by the hotel’s boss.”

“As an Astrologer, I don’t believe such trivialities will cause any trouble. Look, aren’t we there now? Besides, the time is perfect. The wraiths and ghosts are definitely in their weakest state.” Having forced a smile, Fors held Leymano’s Travels in one hand as she pointed with the other. “I didn’t notice it before, but the

more I think about it, the more puzzled I become."

"About what?" Xio also cast her gaze to the ancient abandoned castle that was covered by vines.

Fors casually found an excuse.

"Tell me, who would build a castle in the middle of a forest? Furthermore, they didn't open up a trail to it..."

Before she finished her sentence, she really found the matter a little odd.

Xio thought and said, "Perhaps there was a trail, but after the castle was abandoned, whatever traces of it had been wiped out with time."

Fors stroked the hair by her ear and shook her head.

"Then why would they abandon it?

"If they had considered safety back when building it, it would be more dangerous building it far from the town in an uninhabited castle. If it's just for vacations, with the way nobles do things, they wouldn't abandon it even if the maintenance and repairs are difficult."

Xio blurted out, "Could it be because it's haunted?"

Fors thought for a few seconds.

“Won’t someone who can build such a huge castle hire Beyonders to deal with the ghosts?

“I suspect that the three Churches and the kingdom’s government don’t know of this ancient castle. Otherwise, it doesn’t make sense that they will leave the Beyonder ingredients inside…”

Upon saying that, she raised a possibility:

“An ancient castle of the Sanguine?”

Such extraordinary creatures enjoyed living in places with few people. Furthermore, they were usually connected to dark forests and ancient castles.

In addition, information about this ancient castle came from the Sanguine to begin with.

“It’s possible,” Xio first agreed before disagreeing. “Will the Sanguine be afraid of ghosts? They definitely have the means to deal with the ancient wraiths inside.”

Makes sense… Don’t tell me those Sanguine don’t like money and don’t care about the search for Beyonder ingredients? Fors recalled Mr. Moon’s behavior and denied her hypothesis. In deliberation, she said, “Unless there’s some problem that’s not easy to resolve. That’s what made the bigwigs choose to skirt around it.”

In that case, her operation would become more dangerous than she had anticipated.

Xio tersely agreed.

“Let’s do some preliminary investigations while the sun is still strong.”

“Alright.” Fors held Leymano’s Travels and approached the half-collapsed ancient castle one step at a time.

The two soon arrived at the entrance which was two-thirds blocked by rocks. They discovered that, beneath the green vines, the stone walls were mottled and heavily weathered as though it had been in existence for a very, very long period of time.

Xio wasn’t in a rush to enter. Calling out to Fors, they circled around the castle slowly.

When they returned to the entrance, she said in puzzlement, “This castle’s style is purely defensive. It doesn’t seem to consider the problems needed for living in it. Besides, many of the peculiarities of the building are ones I haven’t heard of before. It has probably existed in the late Fourth Epoch or even earlier.”

“What’s there to defend again? Beastmen? Treants? They’ve all gone extinct after the Cataclysm. Haha, don’t tell me that it’s a building from the Second or Third Epoch?” Fors casually replied.

She observed the terrain and left the entrance with Xio before arriving at a relatively complete wall. She reached out her palm and pressed on it.

Although she lacked combat experience, she was rather skilled when it came to the various aspects before a battle.

An illusory light appeared in front of her, allowing Fors and Xio to instantly enter the abandoned castle.

The first thing that they saw was a collapsed staircase and layers of remnant concrete from above. There were rays of pure sunlight shining in from above, as well as masonry and rotten wood. There weren't any animal or bird feces or any green weeds on the ground.

With a whoosh, the wind seeped into their bones, chilling them despite it being noon.

Fors activated her Spirit Body and surveyed the area, but she failed to see any Spirit Bodies.

However, she noticed that on the right of a remnant collapsed wall, there was a rather intact stone staircase.

The staircase was mottled and scuffed as it extended downwards to an unknown location.

"Shall we head over there to take a look?" Fors shot a glance at Xio and made a suggestion.

From her point of view, everything else in the castle could either be taken in at a glance or collapsed and stacked together. If they wished to do thorough investigations, it was certain that it would take a rather long amount of time. Therefore, it was better to gain a general understanding of the overall picture to assure themselves.

Xio glanced around and nodded gently.

“The cold wind is gathering underground… I suspect that all the wraiths and ghosts are hidden in the area where the staircase leads to.”

“Yeah.” Fors cautiously walked towards the mottled stone staircase and followed the steps, which were covered in gravel, down.

The staircase was rather narrow, allowing only one person to pass at a time. Furthermore, they spiraled down, leaving Fors shaken.

Tap. Tap. Tap. As their footsteps echoed into the distance, the light that shone inside the staircase darkened.

Xio lit the lantern in her hand as Fors opened Leymano’s Travels, swiping a page with great familiarity.

A bright and warm light burst out, illuminating the mottled stairs ahead of them. Tensed, Fors and Xio walked down one level at a time.

On the way, cold wind blew past them, making them overreact and nearly cause them to launch attacks at nonexistent enemies.

Tap. Tap. Tap. In the narrow and silent environment, Fors finally walked down the steps and stepped onto rather flat and solid ground.

She had originally wanted to say “being in a place like this for too long will really make one go mad,” but due to the silent and heavy atmosphere around her, she didn’t make a sound. She was

afraid that breaking the silence would result in extremely terrible developments.

Using the blob of light that was floating above her, Fors cast her gaze forward in an attempt to see what was at the end of the staircase.

It was a huge hall that was nearly ten meters tall. There were black tiles laid on the ground with water droplets seeping out. There were signs of damage everywhere.

Dozens of meters away, where the light nearly failed to illuminate the other end of the hall, there was a pair of double bronze doors sitting there silently.

It went from the bottom to the top, and the rocks on the walls to its side had peeled off. The statues were in shambles, revealing the dark brown mud underneath.

The surface of the door was engraved with dense symbols and strange patterns. They had a very mysterious and heavy feel, as though they were sealing something or blocking out something.

Fors finally couldn't help but say with a hushed tone, "Have you seen such large doors before?"

Beside her, Xio shook her head.

"No."

Fors immediately drew a gasp.

“Say, what could be behind that door? Where does it lead to?

“C-could it be the reason for building this castle in the first place? To prevent the creatures behind the door from coming out?”

Xio circled the area but didn’t find any murals that could provide any information. All she found was that the closer she was to the bronze door, the more water seeped out from the ground. There were also more and more abandoned silver-black swords on the ground.

“During the Fourth and Fifth Epoch, murals were very common in all castles and buildings. And before the Cataclysm, it can be seen from various elven ruins that supernatural creatures similarly like to use murals to praise their deities and to record their daily lives…” Xio said slowly, using her experience and knowledge from being a bounty hunter.

Fors nodded slightly and said, “That’s indeed the case.

“This ancient castle is more magical than I imagined.”

At this moment, she felt hesitant. She even had thoughts of leaving and seeking Mr. World’s help.

Having heard Little Sun describe so many horror stories when exploring abandoned ruins at the Tarot Gatherings, her mind couldn’t help but wander when placed in a similar situation. She was scaring herself.

“Perhaps we can gather more clues by going closer.” Xio boldly took a few steps forward and approached the heavy sealed door

that seemed to lead somewhere.

Fors gripped Leymano's Travels tightly and hurriedly chased after her.

As she walked, she suddenly saw bright redness appear before her.

What seeped out from the cracks of the black tiles was no longer water but staggering blood!

This... Fors immediately flipped open the notebook with a bronze-green cover and cast her sight on Xio through the corner of her eye.

It was unknown when Xio had turned pale. Her eyes were dark-green, and her lips were red. The area around her was dark and gloomy as her expression looked extremely distorted.

Chapter 955: Ancient Wraith

Fors's pupils dilated as though she was trying to absorb more light into her eyes to better see Xio's current circumstances.

Meanwhile, the light in front of her suddenly exploded with a flash several times more blinding than old-school cameras, blanketing the surroundings with whiteness.

Following that, her finger swiped on a page on Leymano's Travels as black fog soared from her feet, enveloping her entire body.

The thick black fog quickly transformed into palm-sized illusory bats as they flew in different directions of the underground hall.

This was Wings of Darkness which The Moon had recorded in Leymano's Travels!

Its original use was to enhance one's speed and bestow temporary flight capabilities while producing a horde of blood-sucking bats to attack the enemy. However, Fors didn't use it for this purpose. Instead, she used it as a "prop" for her performance.

After the illusory bats flew away, the space where Fors stood was already empty.

At some point in time, she had appeared more than ten meters away!

After subconsciously escaping and defending herself, Fors could finally calm down as she hurriedly cast her gaze onto Xio, who had turned abnormal.

However, Xio only appeared to have slightly disheveled blonde hair with malt-colored skin due to her continuous forays out in the sun. Besides looking somewhat blank as though she was surprised as to why her friend had such a huge reaction, she didn't show any signs of being influenced by wraiths or ghosts.

"What happened?" Xio asked warily.

Fors narrowed her eyes without directly replying to her. Flipping through Leymano's Travels's pages, she asked, "Xio, how tall are you?"

Seemingly realizing something, Xio answered, "152. Isn't that so?"

Just as she said that, Fors's fingers slid across the notebook's page which was filled with symbols and magical labels.

Silently, a holy light swirling with fire plummeted down from above.

The unadulterated and bright light instantly enveloped Xio before rippling outward with sunlight.

As the blazing light stabbed into Fors's eyes, she saw the hall collapse and the surroundings space shatter like glass.

This feeling was gone in a flash as Fors realized that she was

still in her original spot. She had yet to flee.

That was an illusion? She hurriedly turned to the side and saw Xio looking at the damaged region of the heavy door.

Fors deliberated for a moment and asked, “Xio, how tall are you?”

Xio glanced at her and angrily said, “Stop asking such inane questions!”

Phew, she’s real… Fors heaved a sigh of relief as she quickly described her encounter to Xio.

After a few seconds of thought, Xio used her lantern-wielding hand to nudge Fors’s arm.

“Let’s retreat. Perhaps the closer we are to that door, the easier it is to hallucinate.”

“Yes, that’s possible!” Fors nodded in agreement as she quickly moved back a few steps.

Following that, she surveyed the area and asked in puzzlement, “Why can’t we find any wraiths or ghosts here?

“Such an environment should be something that they enjoy.”

Xio was perplexed as well. She then did a careful observation before landing her gaze on the blob of sunlight floating above Fors’s head.

“Try extinguishing it,” she suggested.

Fors came to a realization as she immediately dispelled the light.

Silent darkness blanketed the area and ruled the underground hall once more. Only the lantern’s faint yellow light put up a resistance against all of this.

Then, Fors saw two figures in her Spirit Vision.

They were rather close to the bronze door. One was a female with coiled hair, wearing a knight’s trousers and a garish shirt for ease of movement. The other was a man wearing silver-black armor as he held a sword that was almost snapping due to rust.

The former’s face was a blur as it kept wandering between the door and where Fors and Xio arrived. The latter was loitering beside the door, muttering something.

These are the two ancient wraiths? Fors nudged Xio and said with a suppressed voice, “I see Spirit Bodies.”

“I see them as well. They aren’t hiding at all.” Xio curved her back as she readied herself for a fight.

Fors hurriedly nudged her.

“Don’t be hasty. We aren’t sure that they’re the targets.”

She attempted to take three steps forward, but the two relatively blurry figures didn’t even look at her.

Fors thought and suddenly said, “Ma’am, what are you doing?”

She had heard of stories in other mysticism circles that wraiths, shadows, and other higher-level Spirit Body creatures could be communicated with.

However, she regretted it the moment she said that. This was because communication didn’t allow her to achieve her goal. There was no way she could persuade the other party to kill themselves and hand over the cursed item and remnant spirituality of an ancient wraith.

Just as Fors was considering if she should launch a direct attack, the lady in the garish shirt and knight’s trousers replied with a flat tone, “I’m searching for my husband.

“He’s a guard here.”

Communication is really possible… Fors pressed out of curiosity, “Where did he go?”

At this moment, Xio approached as she wore a look of extreme vigilance.

The blurry-figured lady answered blankly,

“He’s a guard here. He told me that magical power seeps out from behind the door, corrupting his teammates. He got me to leave as quickly as possible with a messenger.

“He said that he would ensure that I escaped safely, but I don’t wish for that. I want to leave with him… After sending off the

messenger, I returned midway and returned underground. But I can't find him…"

With the age of this castle exceeding the present Epoch, the last defender has definitely transformed into an ancient wraith. Hmm, this lady's story has moved me. I really can't bear to attack her… Fors's mind whirled as she carefully took a few steps and circled around the ancient female wraith and approached the bronze door.

This time, she and Xio didn't suffer any more hallucinations. This seemed to imply that her encounter was subconsciously created by the lady.

A distance from the silver-black armored knight with a rusty sword, Fors attempted to ask, "Sir, what are you doing?"

The knight paused and said with a humming voice, "I'm guarding this Door of Blackness. I need to ensure that my wife has escaped safely.

"If you meet her, tell her that her knight will fight for her to the very last moment."

Ah… Door of Blackness. It's clearly a bronze door… Wait, what did he say? He said that he's guarding the door to ensure that his wife can safely escape? I-isn't this the other half of that woman's story which she described? This is her husband? Fors was taken aback as she kept looking back and forth between the two ancient wraiths.

The lady wearing a garish shirt and knight's trousers slowly approached the bronze door before returning to the middle of the hall repeatedly. As for the silver-black armored man, he was patrolling about the door with a rotting sword in hand. At times,

they would pass by without noticing each other.

Such a scene must've gone on for at least fifteen hundred years, or even longer... Fors commented silently as she turned to glance at Xio. She realized that her friend's eyes were already welling with tears.

What an easily touched person... Fors couldn't help it as she shouted at the female wraith, "Look at the door. Your husband has been there all along!"

The lady slowed down her pace and first glanced at Fors before casting her gaze at the heavy door.

Her blank gaze penetrated the knight, landing behind him.

"Why can't I find him..." the wraith repeated her words and repeated her actions.

Fors felt an explicable sense of sorrow, and just as she was about to shout again, she saw the knight turn to look at her and Xio. He shouted, "Who are you?"

Just as he said that, the female wraith cast her gaze at Xio and Fors again.

Fors immediately felt her thoughts slow down as a coldness quickly formed inside her body and rippled out, freezing her flesh and joints. As for Xio, she too was suffering from the same condition. The area around the lantern dimmed significantly.

At this moment, two bolts of lightning lit up in Xio's eyes.

This made the wraith let out a painful cry as his body turned faint.

Xio instantly escaped from her frozen state and threw out the triangular blade in her hand towards the female wraith.

Bolts of illusory lightning swirled around the triangular blade's tip, stabbing straight into the lady.

Psychic Lashing!

The female wraith screamed as her body turned faint.

Fors instantly snapped awake as she slid her fingers across the open Leymano's Travels.

Life seemed to immediately gather from the surrounding shadows, turning into a pitch-black chain that restrained the male wraith to the ground, sealing off his "mouth."

Abyss Chains!

Meanwhile, Xio rushed out, and with an illusory brand in hand, she stamped it on the female wraith.

With her holding back the female wraith, Fors's actions became more composed.

She flipped through Leymano's Travels and slid her fingers.

Silver lightning that branched out and blasted out of thin air, smiting the male wraith and turning the area into a lightning hellscape.

Finally, a holy pillar of light that had flames swirling around it appeared. It enveloped the male wraith and completely purified him.

With one enemy taken down, Fors immediately turned and dealt with the female wraith with Xio.

She didn't hold back on using powers from Leymano's Travels. She came up with wise combinations of them, and using Xio's suppression, she switched between restrainment powers and offense from time to time. Soon, they finished off their target.

Everything fell silent as Fors heaved a sigh of relief. She then looked at the battlefield with a look of disbelief.

"Is that it?"

She originally imagined that two ancient wraiths had unique powers, and with their higher levels, they weren't something sub-Sequence 5 Beyonders could deal with. However, she realized that everything happened rather smoothly.

This made her truly realize how godly Leymano's Travels was. She also began looking forward to the next Sequence as a Scribe.

Xio was somewhat astonished as she thought for a few seconds.

"It's no wonder someone told me that, beneath the level of

demigods, the number of Beyonders, their cooperation, and usage of powers are more important than the Sequence."

Just as she said that, she heard knocking sounds resonate.

It broke the silence of the hall, and it came from behind the bronze door.

Chapter 956: The Things Behind the Door

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Behind the bronze door, the slamming sounds continued incessantly, echoing throughout the vast underground hall as though they came from an abnormally distant past.

Fors clamped up and couldn't help but tremble. Unable to help it, she suppressed her voice:

"What could be behind the door?" "I've no idea." Xio honestly shook her head, subconsciously gulping.

Her right hand, which had just picked up her triangular blade, had her joints protruding out as her blood vessels surfaced. Clearly, she was gripping the triangular blade tightly.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The slamming sounds continued without any change in frequency. Each sound seemed to strike at Fors's and Xio's hearts, leaving their hair standing and scalps tingling

"It likely won't be able to come out, right... If it could so easily come out, it wouldn't have waited until today." Fors tried to console herself with parched

lips.

Xio nodded heavily and said, “We leave once the ingredients form.”

“In such an environment and atmosphere, her curiosity had been completely overwhelmed by her innate fear.

“Alright!” As Fors glanced at the spots where the two ancient wraiths had been cleansed, she blamed The Moon for providing undetailed information. He hadn’t mentioned that there was such a strange door beneath the ancient castle.

At this moment, glowing dust was landing on the ground like shattered gems, forming into two piles as they gathered together.

Around them, nearly formless remnant spirituality condensed into a seemingly ethereal crystal.

Accompanied by the crystals and dust were two different items. One was ring-shaped and completely transparent as though it was a corroded ring. The other was an eye carved from crystal, with faint black gas swirling within. Upon seeing this scene, Fors suddenly realized something

An ancient wraith was a ghost-like creature with a Beyonder characteristic mixed in. The cursed item would be related to a particular item while they were still alive, fusing with the characteristic and turning into a foundation to which they relied on for their existence. It was precisely because of this that different ancient wraiths had different corresponding cursed items in shape and form. However, they were essentially the same. And the dust was another type of characteristic. It was the source of most of their strength, stemming from remnant spirituality, slightly equivalent to the blood and ingredients of monsters.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The entity striking behind the bronze door didn't let up at all. It kept testing Fors's and Xio's psyche.

Being afraid and cautious, the duo's bodies trembled so much that they even imagined that the door was shaking slightly. Their racing hearts were in their throats.

With them being able to head for the staircase at any moment, Fors finally waited until the ancient wraiths' powder and cursed items took form.

As she signaled to Xio to be wary, she crouched down and took out three square metal boxes she had prepared.

After some hesitation, Fors looked up at Xio and said, "These two ancient wraiths have been waiting for each other for so long. I-I'm thinking of separating a little of what they left behind and burying them together... Uh, in that case, I'll get a cursed item, and you'll get a pile of dust. We'll split the remaining spirituality, alright?"

Xio didn't hesitate as she nodded.

"Alright!"

Fors silently heaved a sigh of relief as she pursed her lips. Flipping through Leymano's Travels, she slid her finger across a particular page.

The five nails on her right hand immediately grew long and

sharp, covering black patterns and symbols.

This was the Claw of Corrosion from the Sanguine.

Upon seeing her palm transform, Fors grabbed at the ground, easily digging a hole and leaving behind a corrosive mark.

Right on the heels of that, she placed the crystal eyeball-like cursed item and a pile of dust into the hole before filling the hole with the gravel and soil she had dug up.

She lightly grazed the flattened ground with her fingernails, writing an epitaph.

“Returning for you; Defending for you; Together forever.”

After doing all of this, Fors sighed when she heard the slamming behind the bronze turn louder.

Bam!

She jumped in fright and hurriedly placed the pile of dust, ring-shaped curse item, and remnant spirituality into the different square metal boxes.

Then, she put the boxes away, stood up, and slowly walked to the spiraling and cramped staircase with Xio.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The slamming sounds behind the bronze door grew intense as Fors and Xio subconsciously gritted their teeth, following the staircase and rapidly heading up.

They increased their speed until they began running. They ignored the possibility of falling on the staircase and tumbling down like a wheel.

Finally, Fors and Xio saw sunlight.

Sunlight beamed in from outside, shining upon the staircase ahead of them. It was bright, pure, and warm.

At this moment, the slamming sounds from underground had come to a sudden stop without any follow-up.

Fors and Xio exchanged looks, slowed down their pace, and after a few large strides, returned to the top of the abandoned ancient castle.

The duo didn't say a word and directly left the area, returning to the periphery of the forest.

After walking for some time, Fors calmed down and pursed her lips.

"It was really terrifying. Although the thing behind the bronze door didn't deal any harm to us, nor did it even show itself, I think it was more terrifying than the ancient wraiths. Compared to all my past experiences—uh, it's far more terrifying. In those few minutes, I couldn't help but imagine all the different tragic deaths I might suffer. Each one was more terrifying than the last, but none of them were as terrifying as the slamming

sounds."

Xio turned her head and agreed with a nod.

"Yeah. I felt as though I was walking on the edge of a cliff."

Fors was about to continue when she saw two streams of bright red blood flowing down Xio's nose.

"Xio, Xio! Your nose is bleeding!" Fors hurriedly warned her friend.

Xio was taken aback as her pupils dilated.

"You too!"

"Ah?" Fors blankly reached out her hand and wiped her nose. It felt warm to the touch, wet and sticky.

She was appalled as she hurriedly held her right hand in front of her and saw red blood smeared across it. It was bright and striking.

"A result from being overly-anxious?" Fors muttered in puzzlement.

At this moment, through the sunlight diffusing through the forest's canopy, she realized that faint black spots were quickly growing on her wrists at a discernible pace.

The black spots rapidly spread, covering her arms and the back of her hands.

"Ah!" Fors subconsciously cried out as she hurriedly looked at Xio.

She saw Xio's cheeks and neck covered with black spots!

"Th-this isn't normal!" Fors blurted out.

Xio sensed the abnormality happening to the both of them as she recalled and said, "Do you still remember what that female wraith said?

"She said that the guards from before had been corrupted by the forces that seeped out from behind the bronze door!

"Could it be that we've been corrupted?"

Fors was taken aback for a second before she nodded heavily.

"It's possible!"

She hurriedly took out the medicine that she had prepared, handing over some of it to Xio. Then, she twisted the lid off and downed two bottles.

However, they didn't show any signs of recovering. The black spots grew in number, turning their vision blurry.

Badump! Badump! Before long, Fors, whose efforts to save herself were in vain, could hear her heartbeat and sense her body beginning to lose strength.

Out of ideas, she quivered her lips, clenched her teeth, and turned her body around. She took a few steps to open up a distance from Xio.

Then, she bowed her head and chanted Mr. Fool's honorific name.

In about ten seconds, she saw dark red light appear, engulfing her like the tide.

The ravings and roaring vanished and Fors saw the familiar mottled table and the ten high-back chairs opposite her.

She then realized that her dizziness and blurred vision had vanished. There weren't any more of the strange, accentuated black spots on her Spirit Body.

"Thank you for your help." Fors hurriedly stood up and bowed at the figure shrouded in gray fog at the end of the long bronze table.

Then, she heard Mr. Fool say in a calm tone, "Your spirit had been corrupted by some force.

"It should be fine now."

Cleansed by Mr. Fool? Fors's heart stirred. Just as she wanted to make a request to Mr. Fool regarding how Xio could be saved, the

scene before turned red as light soared up.

After a brief pause, she found herself in the real world, back in Delaire Forest. The black spots on the back of her hands and wrists were rapidly fading and receding. The blood that kept dripping from her nose had already come to a stop.

Returning to her body, she saw Xio weakly slumped on a tree. Her face was covered in black spots, making her look terrifying. The muscles on both sides of her neck were tensed up as her mind spun.

A few seconds later, she walked over quickly, pressed Xio on the shoulders and rapidly said, “I have a way to save you, but you need to follow my instructions!

“Use ancient Hermes to say this: The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

Xio could hardly turn her swollen eyelids. Looking at Fors for two seconds, she heavily chanted, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…”

Just as she said that, Xio saw dark red starlight surge out from the void, sweeping over her.

Indescribable roars continued for a second before vanishing from Xio’s ears. She then saw herself seated in an ancient and

majestic palace. She was sitting beside a mottled, bronze table. At her feet was a boundless grayish-white fog. In front of her was a lofty figure looking down upon her.

This scene was both unfamiliar and familiar to her. She had once seen it in a “dream,” but she hadn’t ever had it again after the exorcism ritual.

That purification was actually useless… Xio suddenly had this thought as she stood up in deliberation, bowing at the figure enshrouded in gray fog.

“You are the great King of Yellow and Black?”

She didn’t appear too surprised or alarmed, as though she had already expected it.

“You can call me Mr. Fool. Have a seat,” the figure with an epic aura replied calmly.

Xio bowed again and sat down, confirming that she had escaped her unwell state.

She looked to her sides and thought before asking, “Honorable Mr. Fool, does Fors Wall have a seat here?”

Shrouded in the gray fog, The Fool nodded gently and said, “Yes.” Xio fell silent for a second and directly asked, “Can I join just like her?”

The Fool chuckled.

“It’s a gathering they organized on their own accord but is convened by me.

“There’s still a seat available at present. You may join.

“Draw a card. They use one of the Major Arcana cards as their code name.”

Xio didn’t ask or speak further. She immediately nodded.

“Yes, Mr. Fool.”

On the bronze table in front of her, a deck of tarot cards immediately appeared.

Xio reached out her right hand and solemnly cut the deck, pulled out one card, and flipped it over.

Her card depicted an angel with a trumpet and the sleeping dead awaiting salvation: the Judgment card!

Chapter 957: Getting to Know Each Other

Looking at the Judgment card in hand, Xio was taken aback.

“This greatly meets my expectations.”

Shrouded in the gray fog, The Fool nodded and calmly said, “The gathering is held here at three in the afternoon on Mondays, Backlund time. Be prepared.

“During the gathering, you can exchange information, ingredients, formulas, and knowledge. You can also pay a certain price to entrust missions to the other members.”

Xio recalled for a moment before nodding in enlightenment.

“Yes, Mr. Fool.”

Believing that this was all for the day, she heard the voice coming from the end of the bronze table.

“What did you do before being corrupted by that force?”

We really were corrupted… Xio composed herself and completely recounted her exploration of the ancient castle with Fors. She emphasized the bronze door which had been named the Door of Blackness, as well as the ancient castle’s guard that had been reduced to a wraith due to the corruption.

Then, she noticed Mr. Fool nod slightly as he said calmly, “Don’t enter that ancient castle again before you reach Sequence 4.

“It’s time for you to return.”

Xio then got up, and following the descriptions in the religious rituals, she bowed and said, “Your wish is my wish.”

Just as she said that, the dark red color surged in front of her. After everything dissipated, she was back in the real world and leaning against a thick tree.

Subconsciously looking at the back of her hand, she realized that the black spots were rapidly turning faint. Xio looked up at Fors who was staring at her worriedly.

As their gazes met, Fors was first delighted before revealing a smile. She opened her mouth but was at a loss for words.

Xio slowly exhaled and pointed ahead.

“Let’s first return to the town.”

“Alright!” Fors answered without any hesitation.

At this moment above the gray fog, The Fool Klein was tapping on the edge of the mottled table as he considered Miss Magician and Miss Judgment’s encounter.

The object or power sealed behind the Door of Blackness could still corrupt the guards and explorers outside, even without

escaping. Just the mere thought of it was terrifying!

Furthermore, this corruption stemmed from the Spirit Body. To resolve it, Klein had only two solutions. One was to make the corrupted entity hold a complete secret deed ritual as he used the powers above the gray fog and the Sun Brooch to complete a purification. The other was to directly pull the Spirit Body over, using the gray fog to “cleanse” them. As he didn’t have the luxury of time, he had chosen the latter.

What could it be?

The most corruptive power belongs to the Devil pathway… That place connects to the Abyss? That’s not impossible. Based on Little Sun’s description, during the early and mid-stages of the Second Epoch, Devils often left the Abyss and were active over the land. It was only when the ancient sun god appeared, causing ancient gods to perish one after another, did they retreat into the Abyss and seal themselves in. Based on that, it’s rather normal to have an underground ancient entrance in the Northern Continent to lead to the Abyss… It can also be imagined that a castle is built with men sent to watch over it…

But the problem lies in the fact that it’s been millennia. Why would there still be an existence slamming the door? Are the Devils planning on returning? Klein made a preliminary guess.

He temporarily had no plans on exploring the abandoned castle to verify his thoughts, because it was unlikely that there would be any changes anytime soon. After all, since it was news that came from the Sanguine, he could get The Moon Emlyn to do some gathering of information to figure out the history of the castle.

Reining in this thought, Klein removed the topaz chain from his wrist and divined if the matter regarding the ancient castle was

pressing. He received a negative answer.

He immediately returned to the real world and waited for the local ruler, General Maysanchez, to send over the down payment.

At two in the afternoon, Feynapotter time, Haggis, with his hair combed backward while dressed as a Northern Continent gentleman, carried a black leather suitcase with a team of guards as he knocked on Dwayne Dantès's door.

"Please come on in." A warm and elegant voice sounded from the inside. It was first Loenese in a Backlund accent before it was changed to the local language of Dutanese.

Haggis turned the doorknob and entered. He saw Dwayne Dantès with his white sideburns and deep, blue eyes stand up from his reclining chair while pressing down the ends of his black vest.

"Good afternoon, my friend." This Loen gentleman with good looks and bearings took two steps forward and extended his right palm.

This time, he switched to using Loenese.

Haggis replied using the accent of a Loenese noble, "It's my honor to be your friend."

After he shook hands with Dwayne Dantès, he surveyed the area and chuckled.

"Is this your servant?"

He pointed at a mixed-blood youth standing behind the arms dealer. In between the lines, he was asking if he was trustworthy. After all, Dwayne Dantès hadn't brought any servants back when he visited the general's residence yesterday.

"Yes, his greatest strength is the ability to keep secrets." Dwayne Dantès smiled as he pointed to the leather sofa across the reclining chair.

With two guards following Haggis, he closed the door and sat down. He then said with a smile, "I've heard of an Intis proverb that's said to be from Emperor Roselle.

"He said that dead men tell no tales."

Dwayne Dantès said with a laugh.

"Emperor Roselle also said something else:

"Corpses can speak."

"Is that so? This is my first time hearing of this." Haggis enjoyed conversing with a Northern Continent gentleman, so they continued their conversation for a while before he lifted up the leather suitcase beside him and opened it.

At that instant, there seemed to be overflowing golden lusters. Under the illumination from the sunlight outside, the entire room seemed to brighten significantly

Haggis then looked at Dwayne Dantes and said, "5,000 Loen gold pounds, as well as 5,000 gold coins and gold bars.

“This is the down payment.

“I’ll bring along the remaining 30,000 pounds in cash and gold the entire time, and will hand it over when the arms deal is completed.”

Dwayne Dantès scanned the stacks of cash, the gold coins, and gold bars in the leather suitcase before retracting his gaze and saying with a smile, “When do we set off?”

Haggis closed the leather suitcase and handed it to Dwayne Dantès’s servant and said simply, “Tomorrow morning.”

He paused for two seconds before saying, “Mr. Dantès, the general has a guest who would like to meet you.”

Dwayne Dantès’s expression didn’t change as he fell silent for a few seconds.

“When?”

“Now,” Haggis said without daring to show any signs of being perfunctory. “He’s downstairs.”

Dwayne Dantès nodded slightly.

“Please invite him up.”

Haggis immediately heaved a sigh of relief and left with his guards. They followed the stairwell down.

Before long, Lucca, in a simple white robe with brass lines adorning it, walked up. His silver hair had been combed very neatly.

When he arrived by Dwayne Dantès's door, he heard a voice from the inside just as he raised his hand.

"Please come in."

This time they spoke using ancient Feysac.

Lucca's expression didn't change as he naturally pushed open the door.

He then saw the middle-aged gentleman who had rather good looks and qualities from yesterday standing beside a reclining chair facing him.

And sitting on the reclining chair was a young man. He had black hair and brown eyes, with a thin, cut face. He had a cold temperament.

Lucca was taken aback as he took a step forward, entered the room, and closed the door.

After he sat down on the sofa in a composed manner, his gray-green eyes clearly reflected the young man in front of him.

"Gehrman Sparrow?" Lucca addressed him with a rhetorical question.

Gehrman Sparrow curled the corners of his mouth.

“Directly addressing others by their full name is impolite.”

Lucca nodded and said, “My apologies for my faux pas. I recall that you advanced to Sequence 5 less than half a year ago, or it might have only been three months. Yes, it should have been completed when you were in the ruins of the battlefield of gods. I never expected… that you were already a demigod. It left me a little bewildered.”

Gehrman Sparrow smiled without giving any explanations.

After a brief moment of silence, he said in an unhurried tone, “Why are you visiting me?”

Lucca calmly replied, “I don’t know.”

The atmosphere in the room suddenly turned somewhat odd. Gehrman Sparrow seemed to forget that there was an elderly man sitting opposite him that needed him to speak again.

Lucca indiscernibly nodded and said, “This is the thing: I made a prophecy by chance not too long ago. In that prophecy, I will be in a rather thorny situation in the future. And one of the people I met with over these few days will help me deal with it.

“I’m not sure if it’s you, but I’d rather be safe than sorry. So I decided to meet you and get to know each other.

“My name is Lucca Brewster, a clergyman who serves the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. I’m presently in charge of various

matters in West Balam."

Gehrman Sparrow nodded and said, "Not bad. I now know you. I don't believe I need to introduce myself, right?"

"Of course," Lucca thought and said. "You should be a Bizarro Sorcerer. I recently received some intel that there has been some reshuffling among the Secret Order in Intis."

He didn't see Gehrman Sparrow reveal any looks of shock. This powerful adventurer, who was famous across the Five Seas, said after a moment of silence, "Zaratul has returned."

The look in Lucca's eyes changed immediately before being restored to normal.

Then, he stood up and nodded.

"Since we've gotten to know each other, it's time we bid farewell."

After saying this, he walked to the door, twisted the doorknob, and left the room.

Sitting on the reclining chair, Gehrman Sparrow watched as his figure was concealed inch by inch by the wooden door until he completely disappeared. Then, he chuckled.

"What a charlatan."

"Yes." Dwayne Dantès, who was standing beside the reclining

chair, found a seat and sat down. Then, he picked up a cup of tea and sipped from it.

With white sideburns and deep blue eyes, he and the thin, angular-faced Gehrman Sparrow exchanged looks and smiled in unison.

On Monday afternoon, Dwayne Dantès took out his golden pocket watch, opened it, and said to Haggis opposite him, “We’re almost arriving at our destination. I believe you and your men need some rest.”

“An excellent suggestion,” Haggis was rather agreeable.

Dwayne Dantès pointed at the street ahead.

“There’s a hotel ahead. Let’s rest there for half a day before we set off again tomorrow.”

Haggis didn’t object to it as he turned to the front and instructed the carriage driver.

After checking into the hotel, Dwayne Dantès declined Haggis’s invitation for afternoon tea by using an afternoon nap as an excuse.

Slightly more than half an hour later, above the boundless gray fog, Klein sat in the seat belonging to The Fool.

Chapter 958: Labeling

Dark red beams shot up, materializing into different figures on both sides of the long bronze table.

The unchanging silence above the gray fog was broken as the eternal palace seemed to have an additional, inexplicable sense of life to it.

Just as Justice Audrey regained her senses of her surroundings, she prepared to stand up to greet the existence at the end of the long bronze table.

At this moment, as a senior Spectator, she acutely noticed a difference:

There were two more members than last week!

One of them was a man sitting to the right of Mr. Moon. The other was a lady sitting to the left of The Hermit.

Audrey first felt happy that the Tarot Club was developing and becoming stronger, but then she kept to her professional instincts and quickly began observing

Due to where she sat, the man opposite her was much easier to observe compared to the lady two seats away from her. Therefore, she placed her attention on the man.

Black hair... Green eyes... He doesn't wear a coat... A vest matched with a shirt... He sits a little oddly. He's not accustomed to sitting

properly... He's probably about 180 cm tall... He has quite a desultory temperament... He's rather tense... At one glance, Justice Audrey had "read" plenty of information from the rather blurry figure.

She then noticed something different.

The man was quickly surveying his surroundings.

Such an action wasn't a problem in itself. Anyone who came to this strange and secret location would definitely subconsciously size up the other members and attempt to grasp their traits and general situation so as to calm down. But the problem was that the man was moving his gaze too quickly!

His gaze had swept past The Moon, The Hanged Man, and the other members without pausing.

To Audrey, this was a very clear phenomenon. It didn't mean that the man was observing his surroundings and studying the members, but that he was finding someone!

He was looking for someone he had in mind!

Audrey instantly felt a little excited, as she believed that this newcomer knew one of the members present!

Who could it be? She observed for another second and realized that the man sitting diagonally opposite her had fixed his gaze on The World Gehrman Sparrow.

Audrey was thrilled as though she had discovered a secret. She

thought in enlightenment, The newcomer is a friend of Mr. World, or it's at least the case that they know each other in the real world. He also knows that he's a Tarot Club member…

Or it could also be said that Mr. World had inducted him into the gathering… No, that's not very possible. If that were the case, the newcomer would be much more certain. He wouldn't be eagerly searching for someone he knows. He definitely would've placed his gaze on the other members for a longer period of time…

Furthermore, such an action also proves that he's not a Blessed of Mr. Fool.

What is his relationship with Mr. World?

Audrey held onto her thoughts of continuing to observe as she stood up and turned to face the seat

of honor.

During this process, she took the opportunity to sweep her gaze at the new member sitting beside Ma'am Hermit.

She's exchanging looks with Miss Magician… Her height… Xio has finally passed the test and joined the gathering? Upon identifying her, Audrey did a curtsy towards the figure shrouded in gray fog.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Just as she issued the brisk greeting, she realized something:

Mr. Fool is a little different from before.

This great existence seemed to be more one with the entire gray fog, palace, and space. “His” aura was lofty and mighty, like the sea or sky.

This feeling isn’t something that can be described with words… Mr. Fool has taken one more step to “His” awakening, allowing him to retrieve more of “His” authority over “His” divine kingdom? Audrey’s eyes darted around, feeling curious and delighted, as well as a little sense of pride.

At this moment, The Hanged Man Alger and The Hermit Cattleya had noticed the two new members. They noticed that the lady was a little short and was secretly exchanging signals with Miss Magician. She was both unfamiliar but also familiar with the Tarot Gathering. At the very least, she was unlike the man in the white shirt and black vest. He had frantically stood up only after everyone began bowing.

In addition, they sensed that the new male member took special notice of The World Gehrman Sparrow, causing them to have many guesses.

These thoughts resonated in their minds, but they didn’t express them. The Hanged Man and The Hermit completed the usual first steps of the gathering with Miss Justice.

As for The Sun Derrick, he was just happy because the Tarot Club had new members again! The Moon Emlyn had mixed feelings. On the one hand, he felt a sense of superiority being more senior compared to the newcomers, but on the other hand, he had a feeling that there were just too many messiahs for the apocalypse.

After some searching, The Star Leonard determined that the one sitting at the bottom end of the long bronze table was Klein Moretti. This was because his physical characteristics were similar to that of Gehrman Sparrow's description.

He's hiding his true identity… He doesn't relax even in such a secretive gathering, using two levels of disguises. I have to take note… Just as this thought flashed across his mind, Leonard saw the girl sitting to the left of Mr. Fool stand up. Then, she led everyone into bowing.

He was taken aback, failing to react in time. He stood out when amongst all the standing members.

After a second, Leonard snapped back to his senses and hurriedly stood up to deliver the greeting.

Opposite him, Xio glanced at him, equating him to Fors to a certain extent.

Fors shared the same thought; however, she had equated the man with Xio to a certain extent. This was because Xio had appeared rather unreliable when they first met.

"This is The Star, and this is Judgment. Take your seats and introduce yourself." The Fool Klein raised his right hand and casually pointed.

The name "The Star" keeps making me think that it's the code name for a lady… As Leonard thought in exasperation, he focused and began labeling the members in the order of their introduction.

Miss Justice. Seems like a young lady, but she might've donned two levels of disguise like Klein... She's rather optimistic and cheerful. Although I can't tell the details of her attire, it appears to be very classy...

Mr. Hanged Man. Burly, restrained. He's likely to be a straightforward but rash person...

Miss Magician. The way she looks at me is weird. From time to time, she will glance at Klein. I've no idea what's on her mind. She seems rather ordinary overall with nothing standing out...

Mr. Sun. He's very tall, but the way he speaks sounds like he's going through puberty. Although he's silent, he does seem rather friendly...

Miss Hermit-uh, Ma'am Hermit. She exudes a mature and staid demeanor. She's likely a very experienced Beyonder...

Mr. Moon. Rather young and looks a little reserved. Makes me feel like I've seen him somewhere before, but I can't recall it. I'll continue observing...

Miss Judgment. Very short with very obvious traits. However, I can't be sure if she has donned two levels of disguises...

The World. Very, very gloomy. This is likely his disguise... Well, it might also be his true nature... He wasn't a demigod before, meaning that this gathering has no lack of Mid-Sequence Beyonders. I wonder if I'm the weakest one...

As Leonard was observing the other members, Judgment Xio Derecha was also using her powers as a Sheriff to extract the

traits of the different members and keeping them in mind.

A noble lady… Sailor or a crewmember… Rather young and introverted, but it's not serious… Rather strong. The leader of at least a mid-sized team… Arrogant, of pretty good family background… Desultory, not staid… Gloomy, terrifying…

Amidst their thoughts, the other members finished their self-introduction. The Hermit Cattleya looked towards the end of the long bronze table and said with a bow, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I didn't receive any new Roselle diary pages this time."

Didn't receive… Does this mean that Queen Mystic didn't reply? I wonder what Bernadette is busy with… The Fool Klein nodded and calmly replied, "Begin the transactions then."

As he said that, Audrey noticed the reactions of The Hermit and The Hanged Man. She realized that they had yet to notice Mr. Fool turning loftier and sublime.

Was I the only one who noticed it? Audrey darted her eyes slightly in thought, feeling somewhat poignant and a little happy.

Of course, she also knew that Ma'am Hermit and Mr. Hanged Man didn't dare to look at Mr. Fool too much, especially the former. Most of the time, she only dared to look at the table edge in front of Mr. Fool.

Table edge… Eh, there's an additional Card of Blasphemy! Audrey's gaze froze before she retracted it in pleasant surprise.

With her intuition as a Spectator, she was quite certain that the

obtaining of the new Card of Blasphemy was likely to be the same matter as The World Gehrman Sparrow's mental problems but with different outcomes.

She hesitated for a moment and observed the area.

"I have nothing I need."

Cattleya, Derrick, Emlyn, and Fors had already made preparations and were about to advance; therefore, they didn't have any requests. Likewise for Alger who was still digesting his potion.

Instead, it was Leonard who had the desire to purchase a mystical item. However, with no one showing him an example, he was momentarily unsure how to begin. All he could do was divert some attention to considering Mr. Fool's need for Roselle diaries.

After selling Tinder, he wasn't lacking in money. Furthermore, having had the experience using Creeping Hunger, he realized that having a powerful mystical item was rather useful.

At this point, Fors looked at the silent Xio before looking opposite her.

"Mr. Hanged Man, I have a material that I wish to be made into a mystical item by that Artisan."

She was referring to the ancient wraith powder that Xio had.

Alger shook his head.

“That Artisan has been controlled by some members of the Rose School of Thought who believe in the Primordial Moon. That’s all I know. The subsequent matters have been left to Ma’am Hermit to handle.”

Rose School of Thought… Primordial Moon believers… Left to Ma’am Hermit to handle… Leonard and Xio looked around and suddenly realized that the gathering they were participating in wasn’t as loose as they imagined.

They were secretly traversing through the shadows of the world!

Chapter 959: Even Newcomers Are Different Amongst Themselves

Cattleya turned her body slightly to the side and looked at The Magician.

"It's a little complicated. I suggest that you wait for another one to two weeks. I'm unable to promise anything. All I can say is that there should be someone to help you create the mystical item when the time comes."

Should be someone… It also means that it might not be the original Artisan… Does this mean that she's planning on nurturing an Artisan for herself? Or could it be that she's thinking of a way to turn the original Artisan into a Sealed Artifact, using a machine to create machines? Hmm, Ma'am Hermit is indeed an experienced Beyonder… Leonard listened quietly while doing some analysis. It was the first time he was this serious during a meeting.

"No problem." Fors had the utmost confidence in Ma'am Hermit. After all, she had already obtained the Mythical Creature's blood and was likely to undergo a qualitative change in time.

At this moment, she heard The World say with a hoarse voice, "If this matter requires my help, you can get my help."

To Klein, the Mother Tree of Desire's abnormal interest in the gray fog, as well as Emperor Roselle's warning to "be careful of the moon," which made him, who was determined to figure out the secret of transmigration and the door of light, take note of matters involving the Rose School of Thought and the Primordial Moon believers more than ever before. Furthermore, the Artisan

was now involved in both matters.

Cattleya never expected The World to offer his help. After some silence, she nodded slightly.

“Alright. If I’m unable to handle it, I’ll seek your help through Mr. Fool.”

She had deliberately said “through Mr. Fool” to inform the two newcomers that the Tarot Club had a magical way of contacting one another. There was no need for them to be stumped or be in a dilemma in such aspects. It was something they would understand in due time.

As the pirate admiral with the highest bounty across the Five Seas, and as a pirate crew leader of hundreds of subordinates, she wasn’t doing this solely out of goodwill, nor was she worried that the two newcomers would affect the progress of the gathering because of excessive questions. Instead, it was a way to assert dominance in front of newcomers.

Of course, unless time was of the essence, leaving Cattleya no time to set up a ritual, she would in fact rather summon Gehrman Sparrow’s messenger than trouble Mr. Fool.

Seek help through Mr. Fool… Xio vaguely understood something and held back her urge to look at Fors.

Seek help through Mr. Fool? Leonard’s thoughts raced quickly as he made a guess.

Seeing that someone had begun, he relaxed a little and deliberated for a few seconds. Then, he said, “I need a mystical

item."

"What kind?" Audrey answered at the perfect time to prevent an awkward atmosphere from descending upon the area.

Leonard verbally showed his indecision and subconsciously replied, "I don't know..."

He only had such a plan, but he hadn't thought carefully into the details. He only realized that there was this possibility after being pulled into the gathering

Doesn't know... Is he an idiot... The Fool Klein, who knew Leonard's desultoriness and casualness, resisted the urge to laugh and criticized him inwardly.

Seeing everyone's gaze fall on him with mixed expressions, Leonard immediately felt embarrassed as he hurriedly added, "I mean there are no limits on the type. As long as it's geared towards offense, has rather stealth-oriented attributes, and lesser negative side effects, it would be fine by me."

This was to boost his Nightmare's control to its full extent. At times, he could control a target by himself while Pallez Zoroast controlled the mystical item, giving the dazed opponent a lethal strike. Once he became a Spirit Warlock, with a natural spirit or wraith or shadow sealed in his teeth to aid him, he could do two or even three things at a time.

After Mr. Star finished his explanation, Alger didn't harp over the details. He asked, "Roughly what level is needed?"

"Somewhere around a Grade 2 Sealed Artifact but slightly

stronger. Uh, corresponding to Sequence 5 or 6." Leonard had habitually described the item using the parlance of an official Beyonder before switching to more common terminology.

At that instant, a thought flashed across the minds of Audrey, Cattleya, Alger, and Xio: Mr. Star is an official Beyonder, or at least he once was!

From their point of view, although Beyonders that didn't belong to any official organization would at times use the concept of grades when describing Sealed Artifacts, they wouldn't consider using such a vague description when precision was needed in expressing their thoughts and requests. One would often choose a method of explanation that was more direct and easier to understand.

Therefore, the conclusion easily appeared.

This way, things turned way more interesting.

Uh, Mr. World is actually very familiar with an official Beyonder... How did they get to know each other? Why would he rope in an official Beyonder into the Tarot Club? Audrey didn't say a word as she maintained her state as a Spectator while enjoying herself.

At this moment, Alger tersely acknowledged.

"A mystical item at Sequence 5 costs at least 9,000 pounds. For one that matches your request, it can typically exceed 12,000 pounds."

Very frank... Leonard nodded.

“I understand.”

After hearing his reply, Klein nearly facepalmed as he sighed inwardly.

A-aren’t you showing your hidden card to Mr. Hanged Man by doing so?

I dare bet that if he has something suitable, the price will definitely be above 12,000 pounds!

Aside from the 7,000 pounds from Tinder, Leonard still actually has other savings… With the guidance of a grandpa from the Marauder pathway, he has likely amassed quite a bit. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been able to purchase Tinder…

I get it. He’s not afraid of being fleeced, because he still can purchase from the Hermits of Fate. He can compare the traits and prices from both sides… But the problem is that gathering happens once every half a year. It’s totally not at the Tarot Gathering’s pace…

At this moment in time, Klein couldn’t help but consider selling items to the dear poet that had repeated effects or were of little use after becoming a demigod.

He then heard Mr. Hanged Man reply in a deep and calm manner, “Alright. I’ll keep an eye out for you.”

“Okay.” Cattleya and the other members expressed their stance as well.

Following that, there weren't any transactions, allowing the gathering to automatically enter the free exchange segment.

Without waiting for Mr. Hanged Man to inquire, Derrick raised his hand and said, "I'm already back in the City of Silver. The chief has informed me that we will begin another round of preliminary explorations of the Giant King's Court shortly.

"Does he mean that I should make use of this time to advance to become a Priest of Light?"

Giant King's Court? Explorations of the Giant King's Court? Leonard cast his gaze to the pubescent youth one seat away from him in surprise.

From what he knew, the Giant King's Court had already been destroyed long ago in the Second Epoch. Pallez Zoroast, as an angel, had already said that it had vanished from the rivers of time.

To his surprise, The Sun of the Tarot Club was about to explore the area, but none of the members were astonished!

Yes, not one of them. Leonard subconsciously looked at Miss Judgment who was also a newcomer, but he realized that she was apparently aware of this and had remained rather calm.

This... Miss Magician has privately kept Miss Judgment up to speed. Only Leonard doesn't know anything... The Fool Klein leaned into his seat and seriously analyzed himself.

After he pulled Leonard above the gray fog and assigned him The Star card, he had ignored him. He didn't even write to him or

introduce the Tarot Club's general situation to him!

Compared to women, men truly aren't meticulous with the details... Klein was just about to control The World Gehrman to explain to The Star Leonard when he saw The Moon Emlyn glance at the poet beside him and say with a rather faint smile, "The Giant King's Court is in the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

After saying that, he ignored Leonard's reaction, and he said to The Sun, "Have you obtained the ingredients to Priest of Light?"

He knew that someone had only received the formula just one to two weeks ago.

"Yes, I've gotten it from Mr. World," Derrick answered honestly, but he didn't go into the details of the transaction.

At this moment, Leonard's mind was filled with the words "Forsaken Land of the Gods" and "Giant King's Court." He had a feeling like he had walked out of a fantasy or myth.

He instinctively reassessed his knowledge of the Tarot Club, realizing the weight of the simple words of how "the members come from different places."

Even the Churches of the seven deities are unable to find the Forsaken Land of the Gods, but the Tarot Club can do so. It has even roped in a member from there... Right, Azik Eggers, who I believe wields the Death card, doesn't appear at the gathering... Apart from the members here, there are others that come directly under Mr. Fool? It's as I first imagined. It's a secret organization that might develop into an orthodox Church. It's not much weaker than the Aurora Order or Rose School of Thought, and it might even be stronger in certain aspects... This is really a Divine Council... Amidst Leonard's thoughts, Alger agreed with

Derrick's guess.

"That's what it is.

"Exploring the Giant King's Court is a very dangerous matter. He wishes that you quickly grow stronger to resist that Elder Shepherd's level."

Derrick nodded in vague acknowledgment.

"I get it. Thank you, Mr. Hanged Man."

He then shared information about what he saw at Nois City, leaving Leonard and Xio dumbfounded. They had no idea how such a strange state and atmosphere was generated.

However, The Fool Klein noticed something familiar. He felt that Nois City and the foggy town resembled each other to a certain degree.

The walking crowd was suspected to be lifeless marionettes!

Could it be that there's a higher Sequence item of the Seer pathway or some monster there? Klein didn't say a word as he silently took note of Nois City.

At this moment, Xio glanced at The World and said, showcasing some goodwill, "MI9 has recently been investigating Gehrman Sparrow's origins."

Chapter 960: The Fool's Sigh

Upon hearing the name "Gehrman Sparrow," all the members on both sides of the long bronze table looked at The World. No one spoke or interjected.

They more or less knew that the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, had once again done something huge such as killing Admiral Hell Ludwell. However, Audrey didn't believe that this was the main reason why he would suffer mental problems.

And the way they acted made Leonard instantly realize a fact: Everyone in the Tarot Club knew that The World was Gehrman Sparrow!

Klein's disguise is really well done... However, why does he let the other members know of his identity as Gehrman Sparrow? Isn't it common sense to hide one's background at such gatherings? Amidst his puzzlement, Leonard heard the blurry-figured The World reply with a hoarse voice, "What clues has MI9 obtained?"

Xio showed no shame in betraying MI9 as she replied frankly, "They have confirmed that the identity "Gehrman Sparrow' is fabricated, and that it was sourced from Backlund."

Indeed, he was previously known as Sherlock Moriarty. He became Gehrman Sparrow after leaving Backlund. However, Sherlock Moriarty isn't his real identity either... Leonard subconsciously surveyed the area and realized that, although the other members weren't surprised, they didn't seem to show any signs of realizing it. Hence, he believed that their knowledge of Klein was only at the uppermost surface.

Under Klein's control, The World Gehrman Sparrow chuckled and answered Miss Judgment's information, "There's no need to bother about such matters."

To him, to figure out who the fake identity of Gehrman Sparrow was given to, one had to first capture Queen Mystic Bernadette, or one had to obtain news of Sharron from her. Clearly, the level of difficulty made it nearly impossible!

In comparison, if they did the same as Leonard, starting off from the events in which Detective Sherlock Moriarty was involved in, there was a chance of them figuring out more. However, since MI9 had chosen the wrong direction, Klein was happy to see them take the futile route.

Mr. World is unperturbed and very confident... Xio retracted her gaze and didn't continue.

At this moment, Audrey deliberated and asked, "Mr. World, will you be returning to Backlund in the future? Will you still use the identity of Dwayne Dantès?"

As a qualified Psychiatrist, she obviously wasn't going to inform the mental problems of The World to the other members of the Tarot Club. She only wanted to confirm if he would still return to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. That way, she could be in closer contact to him in the real world, allowing for a better checkup.

She didn't conceal the matter about Dwayne Dantès, since the original members already knew of it. As for Mr. Star, he was clearly familiar with Mr. World. As for Xio, she had Fors to inform her ahead of time.

Ah... Upon hearing Miss Justice's words, Leonard nearly couldn't

believe his ears as he felt a little confused.

Klein Moretti is equivalent to Dwayne Dantès?

I've once asked Dwayne Dantès to his face about Klein Moretti…

No, it's impossible. Dwayne Dantès is an undying creature who has lived since the Fourth Epoch! The way he acted is sufficient proof!

Old Man said the same too!

At that moment, Leonard was unable to control his tumultuous emotions. He instinctively rejected the fact that Miss Justice had conveyed.

If what appeared here was his Astral Projection, he felt that his expressions would be rather obviousoscillating between red and white.

Opposite Leonard, Xio looked up as well, looking at Mr. World with puzzlement.

He's Dwayne Dantès? Dwayne Dantès is Gehrman Sparrow?

I even accepted his butler's mission… I even protected him before… I even pitied him…

He can squash me to death with one hand…

Xio then turn her head and glared at Fors.

I don't dare to say too much about Mr. World. I could only briefly mention a little… Fors turned her eyes away in guilt as she mumbled silently. Alger and Cattleya figured out something from the duo's reactions:

Miss Magician and Miss Judgment knew each other in the real world.

Miss Judgment had once interacted with Dwayne Dantès before, but she didn't know that he was Gehrman Sparrow.

As a senior Spectator, Audrey noticed the abnormalities of The Star and Judgment without a doubt. Immediately, she understood that she had made too many assumptions.

Audrey, you need to reflect on this! She said to herself in embarrassment and attempted to make up for it before Mr. World spoke.

"Dwayne Dantès is a public identity. At times, it will be Mr. World, and at other times, it will be the other Blessed of Mr. Fool."

So that's how it is… Makes sense! Leonard's mind stirred as he instantly accepted Miss Justice's explanation and figured out many different matters.

The Dwayne Dantès that appeared during the period before the breaching of Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate was likely Klein. The periods before and after that was the other Blessed of Mr. Fool… That Death Consul? Indeed, he's an undying creature

who lived since the Fourth Epoch. Old Man's old friend...

Yes, it might be other Blessed I'm not aware of, but their levels definitely aren't too low... Uh, other Blessed. Does that mean Klein is also considered Mr. Fool's Blessed?

It's no wonder Mr. Fool said that he comes here and participates in the gathering, but the experiences are different from mine... It's because he's a Blessed and enjoys the benediction of Mr. Fool, so he also has the ancient aura. It's why Old Man doesn't realize that Dwayne Dantès is played by different people?

This explains my previous question. As a Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow doesn't need to keep his identity a secret...

But to Judgment Xio, Dwayne Dantès being a public identity, or him being Gehrman Sparrow was not her concern. The reason why she overreacted was because, after realizing the truth, she felt embarrassed at all her various thoughts back then.

Seeing the atmosphere return to normal, Klein heaved a sigh of relief inwardly and controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow to answer Miss Justice's question:

"Yes.

"When the time comes, there might be certain matters that need all of your help."

When he finished the second half of his sentence, The World swept his gaze across Justice, The Magician, Judgment, The Star, and The Moon.

H-he has plans for something in Backlund? Audrey instantly understood what Mr. World was getting at. She momentarily felt excited but also a little worried.

She was excited because she was about to participate in a secret operation that all the participants didn't seem to have any ties with, to the point of not even "knowing" each other. This was something she had always looked forward to. Her worries stemmed from whether the operation would have any threat to Backlund's safety, or if it would bring harm to the innocent.

As for danger to herself, she wasn't too worried. She believed that Mr. World would arrange for the mission to be held in the outskirts of the city, provide key information, or cause serious misdirection to the target, without needing any direct participation or fighting.

Emlyn was the second person to read between the lines. And this was a result of his innate aversion towards troublesome matters.

Will it be troublesome... he thought with a frown without saying a word. While the other members came to a realization, Alger took a deep look at The World Gehrman Sparrow and said, "I recently received news that the traitor of the Church of Evernight, Archbishop Ince Zangwill, was killed in West Balam. Before that, he had already become a demigod. As for the Sealed Artifact, 0-08, which he had stolen, it's unknown whose hands it's in. The only thing that can be certain is that the battlefield was cleared by the Church of Evernight."

The Hanged Man is very updated on the news... It's only been a few days... The Church should've kept this strictly confidential... However, there might have been other factions arriving at the square that day... Leonard was taken aback for a moment, but he didn't provide more information.

This was the first time Audrey and company were learning about the news. They could only determine that the matter was rather important from the words “archbishop,” “0-08,” and “demigod.” But since it had nothing to do with them and there wasn’t any stimulus, they weren’t too intrigued. As for Cattleya, as she had a deep impression and understanding of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, she planned on seeking out information on this via Queen Mystic and the Moses Ascetic Order after she returned to the real world.

Amidst a brief silence, The Fool Klein suddenly extended his hand and rapped the table’s surface.

He felt that he needed to warn all the members.

In the coming years, the waves of the times would come flooding in!

Upon hearing that, all the members straightened their backs or made them even straighter before turning to the seat of honor at the long bronze table. Even the newly joined Leonard and Xio were no exception. It was almost instinctive.

Then, they heard the profound and lofty figure chuckle amidst the gray fog.

“The times have changed as a result.”

The times have changed because of this? Ince Zangwill’s matter is key to something? Although it involves a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact… Alger, who had shared the news, never expected Mr. Fool to place so much emphasis on it. He was momentarily unsure what to make out of it.

Leonard, who had participated in the matter regarding Ince Zangwill, felt the same. He knew how important and terrifying the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was, but he never expected that what happened that day would change the times.

While Audrey and company wore blank looks, they focused fully. Even Derrick couldn't help but take on an attentive posture.

The Fool Klein surveyed the area and said with a laugh and sigh, "Adam is one step closer to being divine."

Chapter 961: Warning By Informing

“Adam is one step closer to being divine.”

Such a simple sentence instantly sent tumultuous waves through every member of the Tarot Club.

Other than Leonard, the other members, including Xio, who had been briefed of the important points by The Magician, immediately recalled the information regarding Adam.

Ancient sun god, City of Silver’s Creator’s son, brother of Blasphemer Amon. Suspected to be one of the eight Kings of Angels!

And this mythical figure, who had existed before the Cataclysm, had become active in the real world once again. And “He” was one step closer to being divine!

This… To make Mr. Fool sigh, it means that Adam is probably just one step short of reaching the divine throne, Sequence 0. There’s a chance that “He” might make that step at any moment. Alger subconsciously came to a conclusion as he hurriedly clasped his hands and couldn’t help but have thoughts run through his mind.

A Sequence 0 true god is about to be born!

There are still births of true gods in the Fifth Epoch?

This will be the first true god this Epoch?

With deities no longer able to descend upon the real world, it's unbelievable that a Sequence 0 would still appear!

Alger always found himself ambitious, with him now setting his sights on Sequence 2, to become an angel. But after hearing about Adam, he still found it unacceptable.

One had to know that the last one to become a Sequence 0 true god was the former God of Craftsmanship, the present God of Steam and Machinery. And that happened in the late Fourth Epoch.

Since the Fifth Epoch, over thirteen hundred years, there hadn't been any new existence reaching the divine throne!

It's no wonder Mr. Fool said that the times will change as a result... Amidst Cattleya's scattered thoughts, she suddenly came to a realization as though she could see the waves that marked the end of an Epoch flooding over.

Having already gathered the ingredients and being in the process of making preparations for the Sequence 4 ritual, she believed she had the chance of attaining divinity in the near future to change her existence. She was still reeling in joy, anticipation, and unease. But at this moment, she suddenly felt a baffling sense of horror. All she wanted was to communicate with Queen Mystic face to face to confirm the future.

Fors, Xio, and the other members had a myriad of reactions. On the one hand, they were shocked that Adam was attempting to achieve divinity, never expecting such a matter to happen in the Fifth Epoch. On the other hand, they were worried for their present life. After all, be it Emlyn from the Sanguine, or Audrey who lived amongst the Loen Kingdom's upper-class, all of them lived in the Fifth Epoch, living in a situation which had more than a thousand years of history setting the foundation. They

didn't dare have any sacrilegious thoughts towards true gods. Even when facing evil gods like the True Creator, they still felt a deep sense of fear and awe, acknowledging "Their" level and loftiness. Therefore, they couldn't believe that a god would soon appear. They couldn't imagine what would happen next.

In their eyes, The Fool was a reawakened ancient god, an existence who originally sat at the throne of Sequence 0.

One step closer to being divine… Becoming a god… Derrick was mostly excited, as though he could see hope and have a target to strive for.

To him, only a Sequence 0 could save the City of Silver!

Adam? Becoming a god… Although Leonard didn't know who Adam was, just the simple words of being "one step closer to being divine" was easy to understand.

He connected it to that ordinary priest who had appeared after the battle ended and had picked up 0-08 in front of Klein.

That's Adam? Or a subordinate of Adam? No, 0-08 is a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. Only Adam, who's very close to the divine throne, can do it personally with great certainty… It's no wonder the battle with Ince Zangwill was easier than I expected. I thought the best outcome would be me and Klein dragging Ince Zangwill into hell together… Who's Adam? Why haven't I heard of "Him"… Perhaps a result of being parasitized by an angel, allowing him to know some of the secrets and developments of the Fourth Epoch, Leonard had a deeper understanding of Adam's path to being divine. The impact he felt wasn't too great, with most of his feelings puzzlement and curiosity over Adam's true identity.

And at this moment, The Fool didn't speak again or give further

explanations. It was as though he was simply warning the members to make preparations for the change of the times.

Amidst the confusion and wandering thoughts, The World Gehrman Sparrow glanced at The Star Leonard and simply said, “Adam is the son of the ancient sun god, Blasphemer Amon’s brother.”

Leonard immediately jumped in fright and failed to control his expression.

He had a deep impression of Amon, and he had a deep trauma for Amon because of Old Man’s descriptions. And Adam was Amon’s brother, so it was very possible that the level of horror was likely the same between the two brothers!

The World ignored The Star’s reaction and continued, “It can be confirmed now that Adam is one of the eight Kings of Angels, titled ‘Angel of Imagination.’ ‘He’ is ranked on par with Angel of Time Amon.

“The reason for ‘Him’ targeting Ince Zangwill is to obtain 0-08 to make up any shortfalls for ‘His’ path to being divine. And ‘His’ plan succeeded.”

Angel of Imagination… Adam is a King of Angels from the Spectator pathway? Audrey instantly connected this to the Dragon King Ankewelt’s title, Dragon of Imagination!

And she had long known that mind dragons represented the Spectator pathway.

As for Leonard, another comprehension obstacle appeared before

him. He had been stumped by the concept of a King of Angels, but he was too embarrassed to ask. He had planned on seeking Old Man's help when "He" awakened.

Alger pondered over Gehrman Sparrow's words as his expression turned slightly odd. He probed, "You seem to have witnessed the matter?"

Just as he said that, all of them heard a familiar, hoarse laughter.

After Gehrman Sparrow finished laughing, he looked at The Star and said as though it was nothing, "The murder of Ince Zangwill was committed by me and my partner."

"..." Cattleya's mind instantly went blank.

She could accept that Gehrman Sparrow could easily finish off Admiral Hell, but she couldn't imagine that he would one day kill a real Sequence 4 demigod!

Cattleya quickly calmed down because, with a King of Angels involved in the battle, it was possible that a Sequence 5 could kill off a heavily injured demigod due to various coincidences. Furthermore, he had a partner.

Audrey "read" confidence from The World's tone. She couldn't help but ask out of curiosity, "Mr. World, have you already become a demigod?"

The World didn't give a direct answer as he chuckled.

“In the future, all of you can entrust matters involving demigods to me.”

Every member present figured out the meaning in between the lines.

He had become a genuine Sequence 4 demigod. Furthermore, he was the kind who had the ability to kill peers at his level!

At that instant, Cattleya became abnormally calm. She tried hard to recall everything that she had seen and heard regarding Gehrman Sparrow. She was very certain that he was only a Sequence 6 before the visit to the ruins of the battlefield of gods. He relied on the glove to match a Sequence 5.

As for Gehrman Sparrow’s search for mermaids without hunting any of them, it implied that it was a requirement of a ritual. This meant that he had indeed advanced to Sequence 5 back then. His various performances after that proved this point.

Today, it had only been about three months since Gehrman Sparrow stepped into the ruins of the battlefield of the gods, but he had already advanced to Sequence 4, becoming a demigod existence. This overturned Cattleya’s understanding of the world.

She wasn’t too old, with her age being less than thirty. But to reach Sequence 5 and gain the title of Admiral of Stars, it took her about seven to eight years. It was only in the past one or two years did she have the confidence to attempt to breach the gate to become a demigod. With her starting to make preparations, she believed she was already far ahead of the pack.

Mr. World is impressive! He became a demigod so quickly! Derrick sincerely felt joy. His idolization for Mr. World grew more intense as he hoped that he could be like him, becoming a

demigod at the fastest speed possible.

Audrey was both alarmed and delighted. Following that, she gained an understanding towards the abnormality in Gehrman Sparrow's mental state.

From the looks of it, his low spirits, gloomy, and depressed feelings happened after he became a demigod. These are the negative effects accumulated from potions. It's just like how I nearly lost control when I became a Psychiatrist...

Also, after becoming a Sequence 4 and gaining godhood, he could naturally penetrate more of reality. He then realized that he had been sleeping for a very long time. His family had passed away, making him lose his goals...

How pitiful. With his warm nature, he must've had deep feelings for his family and friends...

However, I'm so envious. Does being Mr. Fool's Blessed make one advance so quickly... I also wish to become a demigod early. Mr. Fool's mention that "the times have changed as a result" leaves me fretting...

While Emlyn and the other members were still in shock, Alger, who also shared the same feelings and felt deep envy and jealousy towards Gehrman Sparrow, had other thoughts.

As Mr. Fool's Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow's embroilment with this King of Angels and 0-08 matter clearly isn't an accident...

On the contrary, it might be more reasonable that it's a mutual plan between Angel of Imagination Adam and Mr. Fool. That will

explain it!

Two mythical figures that existed before the Cataclysm. One is awakening, and the other is making an advancement, the two secretly coming together!

Amidst his thoughts, Alger had another idea:

Since Adam had obtained 0-08 and opened the door to the divine throne, what about Mr. Fool? What benefit did “He” get in this matter?

Subconsciously, Alger turned his body and slightly bowed his head to look at the seat of honor.

He didn’t dare look directly, and could only look through the corner of his eye.

Chapter 962: Being Known

Almost instantly, Alger discovered that Mr. Fool was somewhat different than before.

In the past, although Mr. Fool was distant and profound, making "Him" appear unfathomable, as though "He" was looking down upon everything from above, that was all. It wasn't like "He" was now. Even though "He" wasn't doing anything, he seemed to have fused with the entire space, a clear expression of "Him" being the ruler at the pinnacle level.

Sweeping his gaze, Alger saw the third Card of Blasphemy as he felt more certain of his guess.

Indeed, Mr. Fool and the Angel of Imagination Adam had cooperated to machinate Ince Zangwill's demise. One of "Them" obtained 0-08, making "Him" take one step closer to being a god, while the other obtained the various benefits in a Card of Blasphemy and regained a substantial amount of "His" strength!

The times will change as a result! At that instant, Alger had a deeper understanding of what Mr. Fool had just said.

The other members undoubtedly noticed him turning his head, and they realized that he was looking at Mr. Fool.

After a brief moment of surprise, they made a certain realization at different speeds.

Mr. Fool was aware of Angel of Imagination Adam's plot against Ince Zangwill from the very beginning and had sent "His" Blessed

to cooperate. "He" had even provided a certain level of help!

If that weren't the case, how could a recently advanced demigod participate in a matter that involved a King of Angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifact?

If this weren't the case, The World wouldn't have been able to understand the situation that well, even if he had been embroiled due to all kinds of coincidences.

The obtaining of the Card of Blasphemy, Mr. World's advancement, Ince Zangwill's death, the meeting of Angel of Imagination Adam's goal, these all happened in one week... This means that the relationship between them is tightly intertwined... My previous intuition was right. The obtaining of a new Card of Blasphemy and the appearance of an abnormality in Mr. World's mental state were the different outcomes of the same matter... Audrey nodded very slightly as she confirmed her theory.

Leonard was increasingly convinced that Ince Zangwill's matter was more complicated than he had imagined. Apart from King of Angels Adam, there were likely other important figures of similar levels appearing back then. Otherwise, Amon's brother, the son of the ancient sun god, had no need to seek out Mr. Fool's help. After all, no matter how powerful or terrifying 0-08 was, it was incapable of comparing with the Blasphemer as described by Old Man, as Adam and Amon were likely on par with each other.

The evil spirit that Klein pulled into the Underworld probably isn't simple. It's definitely not something that "being from the Hunter pathway" would be enough to describe it with... Hmm, Klein's participation in the matter regarding Ince Zangwill isn't solely for revenge, but is also due to Mr. Fool's orders... As Leonard sighed, he didn't generate any negative feelings. Instead, he was secretly relieved.

From his point of view, this was a very ordinary situation. Mr. Fool's agreement in convening such a gathering to establish a corresponding organization while hosting it as a deity was definitely not because "He" solely wished to make the area more lively or being done out of goodwill. "He" definitely had "His" goals and needs that "He" wished Blessed like Klein or members like him could complete.

Therefore, seeking revenge on Ince Zangwill and accepting Mr. Fool's mission wasn't in conflict. The latter didn't reduce the former's meaning and importance.

As for why he was relieved, it was because Leonard believed that Mr. Fool's clear expression of "His" goals had made it better than having everything chaotic and unknown. He didn't need to guess or wait with trepidation.

He originally had intense wariness for Pallez Zoroast precisely because he wasn't sure of "His" true motives.

At this moment, The Fool Klein didn't say a word. He didn't confirm or deny the members' guesses and theories. Controlling The World, he made him continue, "Adam might've established a very secretive organization, and it has been secretly steering the development of the times.

"Many important figures you might never have expected are members of this organization. They would machinate one matter after another.

"Also, after leaving this place, do not say or write down Adam's name, including 'His' title. Try not to think about such matters, because 'He' has the trait of 'any mention of it will be known.' The more you know about 'Him,' the more 'He' might know about you. This is somewhat similar to 0-08."

After hearing Mr. World's description, Audrey instantly recalled learning of the mysterious organization from Mr. Fool: the Twilight Hermit Order!

This made her quickly come up with a corresponding theory:

The King of Angels Adam was the leader of the Twilight Hermit Order!

The Angel of Imagination was a member of the Spectator pathway. Likewise for 0-08. Therefore, "any mention of it will be known" was a Beyonder power of this pathway at higher Sequences. Likewise for "the more you know of it, the more it knows of you"!

Impressive... But won't this be rather noisy... Audrey momentarily looked forward to it with envy while also feeling worried and puzzled.

"Any mention of it will be known"... So the organization behind the assassination of Duke Negan, the one backer behind Qilangos was established by King of Angels Adam... Alger was first somewhat enlightened before his expression fell.

He began to suspect that the primitive island that he had previously explored was related to this secret organization. This was because Qilangos had once ventured deep into it and discovered several items. Furthermore, the final disappearance of the island had resembled the powers of the Dragon of Imagination as described by The Sun.

Putting the two together, Alger couldn't help but come up with such a theory as he made a deeper realization that Mr. Fool's cooperation with the Angel of Imagination had started when he and Gehrman Sparrow stepped into that primitive island!

He was more convinced that it was the truth because after the existence in that island's ruin "awakened," the only thing that happened was a sigh. He and Gehrman Sparrow weren't stopped from leaving.

So that's how it is... The way important figures set up their ploys are truly well-concealed. I didn't notice it at all back then... The games between gods are truly complicated. Perhaps only Sequence 1 Beyonders or even King of Angels are qualified to participate... Alger sighed as he felt a baffling sense of desire.

Fors had already forgotten the mysterious organization which Mr. Fool had mentioned previously. Only when she heard "any mention of it will be known" did she recall that it was related to Duke Negan's assassination.

However, she wasn't concerned about this problem but something else.

Back when she was informing Xio about the general situation of the Tarot Club and the general knowledge, she had mentioned Adam's name!

Adam has the trait of "any mention will be known"? This... Xio and I are known by "Him"? Fors instantly felt horrified as she couldn't help but turn her head and cast her gaze to Xio.

She had learned that Adam was the son of the Creator from Ma'am Hermit. Furthermore, she had never emphasized to not mention the King of Angels's name in the outside world!

"I-I've mentioned Adam in the real world," Fors said with a clear stammer. Xio's nerves were taut as though a venomous snake had crawled into her clothes and was sliding across her back.

Cattleya tersely acknowledged.

"No need to worry. Although not many people know of Adam and Amon, there's no lack of them. I've mentioned 'His' name on several occasions. As long as the words you mention doesn't involve any secrets, I believe 'He' will only observe you for a moment before casting 'His' gaze elsewhere."

She was rather certain when saying that because, in the Moses Ascetic Order that had been pursued by knowledge, Adam's existence wasn't a secret. People often mentioned "Him."

At this moment, her mind was filled with another matter. *Could it be that the secret, ancient organization that Emperor Roselle joined was the one that King of Angels Adam established?*

Fors hurriedly tried recalling and said somewhat hesitantly, "There were mentions involving the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the Giant King's Court, Amon, King of Angels, and other knowledge. Would that be a problem?"

She was very happy that she had never mentioned the words "Tarot Club" or described the other members. At most, she mentioned that the gloomiest was Gehrman Sparrow.

Cattleya thought and said, "At your Sequence, discussing knowledge at that level is indeed strange. However, if Adam were to delve deeper, he will realize that you're related to the Abraham family. It's quite normal to be aware of this information.

"What you need to pay attention to is that any major matters involving the Abraham family will require you to be wary of Adam."

How do I be wary of him... Fors forced a helpless smile as she glanced at the seat of honor at the long bronze table. Then, she looked back at The Hermit and said, “Thank you for your analysis.”

As Mr. Fool hadn’t said anything, she decided to believe Ma’am Hermit’s words.

At this moment, Klein sighed inwardly.

Back when Cattleya mentioned Adam during the Tarot Gathering, he wasn’t aware that Adam’s name wasn’t to be verbalized, nor did he know that he was related to the Twilight Hermit Order. It was only when he entered Groselle’s Travels and learned from Ascetic Snowman about Adam being the Angel of Imagination that he grasped this point and came up with the theory.

After seeing Mr. Door’s warning from Emperor Roselle’s diary and gained preliminary confirmation, he ultimately lacked the opportunity to warn the various members. Furthermore, the way the archbishop of the Church of Steam casually mentioned Adam’s name made him believe that many people in the real world knew of Adam and that it wasn’t taboo. Furthermore, Adam might not be “His” full name. He wasn’t in a rush to guide the conversation towards this, but he was waiting for an opportunity.

Any mention of it will be known? The organization established by Adam is really impressive... Is this the target our Tarot Club is aiming at? As Emlyn reflected over it poignantly, he gained a clear picture of the Tarot Club.

He had previously been figuring out a category for the Tarot Club. He realized that it wasn’t like an orthodox Church, and it was unlike the other secret organizations. Apart from being a

messiah alliance, there wasn't anything too special. It muddled his analysis.

And today, he finally confirmed that the early development of the Tarot Club could match Adam's organization!

Knowing 0-08's trait, Leonard wasn't surprised that Adam had a similar trait. He was more concerned about the organization with many important figures participating, as well as the Abraham family which Ma'am Hermit had mentioned.

He had once heard Pallez Zoroast mention: This family's standing in the Fourth Epoch was very high!

Chapter 963: Problem with Intelligence

According to what Leonard knew, amongst the major noble families of the Fourth Epoch's Tudor Empire, the Abraham family was ranked first. It was even stronger than the Amon family who had the Blasphemer. Of course, he couldn't be certain if the Amon family didn't have any members—that it was all filled with the son of god's avatars.

Miss Magician is actually an important member of the Abraham family... Everyone here isn't to be trifled with... Is this what's called a gathering of protagonists? Leonard first sighed before he made a self-deprecating comment.

Derrick didn't say a word, nor did he make any connections. He seriously listened to Mr. World's description, as well as the conversation between the two ladies—The Magician and The Hermit—before keeping them to heart.

To him, the other members were in the outside world. Regardless of what happened, it had little to do with him or the City of Silver. Only matters regarding the King of Angels was something to be concerned about. After all, be it the Angel of Fate Ouroboros, the Dark Angel Sasrir, and Red Angel Medici, they had left traces around the City of Silver. As for the Angel of Time, Amon, he had personally visited it before, bringing about inexplicable horror.

After everyone quietened down, Derrick couldn't help but consider certain matters.

Any mention of it will be known... How should I inform the Chief about such matters? Or is it fine not saying it for the time being? I'll just mention that Amon is a son of the Creator, that "He" has

another brother who's of the same pathway as the Dragon of Imagination…

If the City of Silver were to encounter an overwhelming disaster, would Adam be able to hear it if I said "His" name? Can "He" enter the Forsaken Land of the Gods?

With this in mind, Derrick instantly felt somewhat ashamed. This was because, in such situations, the honorific name he should chant was Mr. Fool's.

At this moment, The World spoke again:

"Although War Angel Medici has long perished, 'He' isn't completely dead. The soul 'He' left behind has fused with the souls of the ancestors of the two major families of Sauron and Einhorn, forming an evil spirit. During the death of Ince Zangwill, there were traces of its appearance."

Klein had specially brought up this point to firstly pass this information to the Church of Evernight via Leonard. Secondly, it was to remind The Hanged Man to take note. After all, he had been to Bansy twice, possibly embroiling himself with the Red Angel evil spirit's fate.

That evil spirit was War Angel Medici? While Leonard was feeling alarmed, he was taken aback. He had just guessed that Adam wasn't the only bigwig who had been present!

Later, setting off from the titles of War Angel and Angel of Imagination, he suspected that the evil spirit was a King of Angels in its former life.

And such an evil spirit had been sent to the Underworld without putting up any resistance under the influence of the Luck Siphon charm!

Old Man's level is higher than I previously imagined... Yes, the evil spirit must've been weakened by Adam, and perhaps even by Mr. Fool, before Ma'am Daly and I arrived. Otherwise, it's not an enemy we could've handled... Right, what was Adam doing back then? There wasn't any sign of "Him" during the entire battle... Could it be that there was another figure at the level of a King of Angels holding back Adam? Leonard felt tumultuous waves swishing through his heart as he forgot to observe the reactions of the other members.

War Angel Medici... "He" perished and became an evil spirit... Bansy was the place "His" descendants lived... "He" was one of the founders of Rose Redemption... Alger quickly linked up the pieces of information and learned many new things.

That mural I saw in the Bansy Harbor telegraph office must've been drawn by that evil spirit!

The World Gehrman Sparrow had gotten me to head to Bansy Harbor to search for traces in order to grasp that terrifying evil spirit's location. It was to prevent his subsequent plans from being disrupted.

Thankfully, I didn't destroy that mural. Otherwise, I might've caught the notice of the evil spirit...

While Alger sighed in relief, he felt increasingly alert. He planned on getting the Blue Avenger to leave Bansy Harbor and head for the northern front of the Sonia Sea to investigate the matter Mr. Fool had previously given him.

Audrey, Cattleya, and the other members listened attentively as they kept it in mind without making too many connections. This was because the matter The World was describing contained information that mostly consisted of key and rich points. And lacking the additional experiences and knowledge, they were unable to expand on the matter.

After sharing the information that everyone needed to take note of, The World chuckled hoarsely.

“That’s about it.”

After a brief silence, Emlyn straightened his back and looked ahead.

“An important figure from my kind will arrive in Backlund, and a meeting with me has been arranged.”

After a pause, and seeing how no one responded, he cleared his throat and asked, “How should I deal with ‘Him’?”

_”Him”... Another angel..._Leonard felt numb as he noticed something: Mr. Moon had mentioned the concept of his “kind,” and he had red eyes.

Leonard was taken aback as he thought to himself, *He’s a Sanguine?*

Sanguine... Don’t tell me he’s Emlyn White from the Harvest Church? He had been close to Klein’s identity as a detective!

Leonard couldn’t help but look at The Moon’s side profile and

figure a few more times. The more Leonard looked at him, the more familiar he appeared. He was almost certain.

Without any doubts, Emlyn noticed The Star sizing him up, just as Audrey was surprised and excited to confirm that Mr. Star had suddenly realized he knew Mr. Moon.

_Did I say something wrong? That fellow, The Star, looks somewhat astonished... He knows me in the real world? Do I know him?_A series of thoughts flashed through Emlyn's mind as he subconsciously sniffed, trying to catch the scent of the new member beside him; however, the gray fog ensured that he failed.

As he surveyed the area and waited for The Hanged Man, The Hermit, and The World to provide him with an analysis and suggestion, he tried hard to recall if he had met someone like The Star.

Gradually, he felt a sense of familiarity, but he couldn't recall who it was due to the superficial impression the person left on him.

At this point, Audrey recalled another problem:

Mr. World and Mr. Star know each other, and Mr. Star knows Mr. Moon. Then, does Mr. World know Mr. Moon?

She subconsciously sized up the person at the lower end of the long bronze table, but she failed to "read" anything of use from The World Gehrman Sparrow.

As for Alger, he turned to look at The Moon after a few seconds of

thought. He said with some deliberation, “Mr. Fool just mentioned that the times are changing. Although the important members of the Sanguine might not know of the ins and outs, at their level, they will more or less sense something and make preparations.

“The reason that this important figure wishes to meet you is both a probing action and surveillance. You just need to act as you usually do, but there will subsequently be some tests and missions.”

As I imagined. A second test and mission will begin. I wonder what revelation the Ancestor has given… Emlyn nodded and said to The Hanged Man, “Thank you.”

With the question answered, Fors, who had been holding back all this while, finally spoke:

“Mr. Moon, the intelligence you gave me regarding the abandoned ancient castle was highly problematic.

“There were two ancient wraiths, but in the underground area was a door. Sealed behind the door is a powerful corruptive power. As long as one enters the region where the ancient wraiths are, they will be corrupted.”

This… Emlyn frowned slightly.

He wasn’t enraged, and he instead felt that her description was completely right.

If the person who had provided the intelligence knew that there were two ancient wraiths, he wouldn’t have ignored that door!

As a cultured and noble Sanguine, Emlyn never wished for anyone to incur any losses or harm because of his mistakes or neglect. He was rather perturbed by this as he thought and solemnly said, “I will investigate the source and provide you with an answer.”

As Fors had returned safely, she didn’t mind it too much. She tersely answered, indicating that she was awaiting the outcome.

As for being saved by Mr. Fool, with it happening once a month or even twice a month, she had already lost count. She was prepared to do anything Mr. Fool instructed her to do in the future.

After they finished their conversation, Audrey was somewhat concerned. She asked out of curiosity, “Do you know what brought about that corruptive force?”

Fors shook her head.

“I don’t know.”

With Mr. Fool not sharing any information, and how she didn’t have any Roselle diary entries to exchange for the answer to the Card of Blasphemy, Audrey retracted her gaze and attentively listened to the conversation of the other members.

After a while, the learning segment came to an end as the Tarot Club drew to a close. The members stood up and bowed at the existence at the end of the long bronze table to bid “Him” farewell.

This time, Leonard didn’t appear too slow.

The dark red light dissipated as he returned to the real world. In front of him was a Red Glove he hadn't worn.

At this moment, a slightly-aged voice suddenly sounded in his mind:

"Whose dream did you enter a moment ago?"

Old Man has woken up... Leonard was first delighted before he heaved a sigh of relief.

He didn't immediately answer Pallez Zoroast as he deliberated over an answer.

"Say, it is possible that, at certain times, Dwayne Dantès is Azik Eggers who's disguised using some particular item?"

After learning that Dwayne Dantès was a shared identity, he began doubting Old Man's original theory. This was because this Parasite had came to a conclusion based on the different appearances and auras of Azik Eggers and Dwayne Dantès. Furthermore, not every one of Mr. Fool's Blessed looked identical to Dwayne Dantès, nor were every one of them Beyonders of the Seer pathway; therefore, since a shared identity was needed, it meant that they wielded a mystical item or Sealed Artifact that allowed them to transform into someone else. Together with the ancient aura of being a Blessed causing some interference, it wasn't impossible for an angel to make an error in judgment.

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for two seconds before saying, *"You reminded me. Azik Eggers does have a mask that allows 'Him' to transform into anyone."*

Chapter 964: Medici's Cause of Death

As expected... After confirming his hypothesis, Leonard didn't harp on the matter as he returned to the topic at hand.

"Old Man, didn't you ask whose dream I entered?

"Yes, on the day we sought revenge against Ince Zangwill, Amon's brother and a King of Angels appeared."

In his mind, the slightly-aged voice didn't immediately reply. After a few seconds, there was a sigh.

"It's just as I expected. Matters related to 0-08 will often attract Adam.

"Thankfully, I chose to sleep ahead of time."

Leonard didn't have the time to ponder over Pallez Zoroast's words as he instinctively cried out, "Old Man, y-you said 'His' name!"

Adam's gaze was about to be cast over, or might have already landed on them!

The slightly-aged voice chuckled. "You actually know about Adam's trait... However, me mentioning 'Him' doesn't matter. 'He' will only imagine that someone else is talking about 'Him.' Of course, there's no need for you to know too much. That will definitely make you occasionally think of it. Once that happens too frequently or at a close physical distance, Adam will also

know of it, just like 0-08. Furthermore, 0-08's influence is limited to a huge city, while Adam's is the entire world." As horrifying as Amon... Another form of horror... Leonard composed himself and forced himself to stop thinking about Adam as he ruminated over what Pallez Zoroast had said.

Suddenly, he nearly blurted out without suppressing his voice:

"Old Man, did you sleep not because you were weak, but because you were afraid of encountering Amon's brother?"

"Ahem." Pallez cleared "His" throat. "It was a result of both reasons, but they don't contradict one another. After giving you the two Worms of Time, my condition deteriorated again. Under such circumstances, how am I to deal with a King of Angels and conceal my existence? I'm already old and feeble. There's no need for such developments, so it's almost necessary for me to hide."

Leonard was momentarily at a loss for words and said after a few seconds, "Amon and 'His' brother should be older than you. The ancient sun god is an ancient god before the Cataclysm..."

Without waiting for Pallez Zoroast's reply, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"That is to say that, because of your act of sealing yourself and sleeping, that King of Angels didn't discover a problem with me?"

Pallez chuckled.

"No, it was discovered."

"..." Leonard's expression sank as he nearly looked around frantically.

He suspected that Adam was sitting in some corner, silently listening to his conversation with Old Man!

At this moment, Pallez Zoroast added, "You were very close to 'Him.' Do you think you can hide from a King of Angels who has accommodated the Spectator pathway's Uniqueness?

"Besides, you likely cried out 'Old Man' impolitely at the most critical moment."

Leonard was taken aback as he subconsciously answered, "...Y-you heard it?"

He suspected that Old Man had heard him but had deliberately chosen to ignore him for fear of being discovered by Adam.

"No." Pallez's slightly-aged voice teased, "I don't have to hear it to know what you would do. How can I not be aware of what kind of person you are?"

Amidst Leonard's embarrassment, Pallez Zoroast continued, "Adam definitely knows that you've been parasitized, but as I'd sealed myself and was asleep, 'He' didn't discover who was parasitizing you. The demigods with such abilities aren't many, but it's also not a very tiny number."

Is that so... Leonard instantly heaved a sigh of relief. He was most worried about having Adam see Old Man before returning to inform Blasphemer Amon.

With this in mind, Leonard raised a question he had been wondering all this while:

"Old Man, what's a King of Angels?"

Pallez Zoroast didn't ask where Leonard had learned of this concept as "He" simply explained, "Those that exceed Sequence 1 but have yet to become a deity.

"If we are specifically talking about the eight Kings of Angels, apart from those that meet the previous definition, they're the ones who served the ancient sun god before the Cataclysm."

What does it mean to exceed Sequence 1 but have yet to become a deity? How is that achieved? By accommodating the so-called Uniqueness? Leonard had the intention of asking, but he suspected that Old Man wouldn't answer in detail. He gradually decided to first talk about other matters before finding an opportunity to raise this issue again.

He deliberated for a moment and said with a suppressed voice, "During the battle for revenge with Ince Zangwill, I faced immense adversity, to the point of not being able to look at my enemy head-on, much less use the Luck Siphon charm... When seeking your help failed, I chose to chant Mr. Fool's honorific name and had received a response.

"After everything ended, I found myself heading for an ancient palace as though I was dreaming. It was above the boundless gray fog..."

Before Leonard finished his description, Pallez, who had been listening quietly, cut him off.

“You met The Fool?”

“Yes, ‘His’ aura is vastly deeper than the sea, loftier than the mountains. His figure was cloaked in the gray fog, preventing anyone from seeing it clearly,” Leonard recalled his encounter and described in a poetic manner. “‘He’ established an organization, holding a Divine Council-a true one-every Monday afternoon. I’m already one of the members.”

Pallez fell silent once again and didn’t say a word for quite some time. Only after a while did he say, “The Fool allowed you to tell me this?”

“Yes.” Sitting there, Leonard nodded and let out a suppressed voice into the air as he said “Old Man, do you know ‘Him?”

Pallez Zoroast sighed and said, “No, but I can roughly guess of ‘His’ origins. You don’t have to ask what it is because I won’t tell you.

“Heh heh, this might be an opportunity for you. Otherwise, it will be difficult for you to become a demigod.”

Leonard turned agape before closing his mouth. He stopped mentioning the Tarot Gathering because Mr. Fool hadn’t given him permission to go into the details of other matters.

He thought and said, “Old Man, is there another King of Angels named Medici, known as ‘the War Angel’?”

Pallez tersely acknowledged:

“You can also address ‘Him’ as Red Angel. However, ‘He’ has long perished. You were even close to where ‘He’ died.”

“Where?” Leonard was surprised, but he had no impression of that happening.

Pallez scoffed.

“Are the memories of you people from the Evernight pathway so terrible? I recall that your Goddess wasn’t like that.

“Do you still remember the ruin found beneath Backlund?”

“The Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire? The place where Alista Tudor became Blood Emperor?” Leonard asked in enlightenment.

Pallez Zoroast’s slightly-aged voice resounded once again:

“That’s right.”

As Leonard tried to figure out the logic embedded in this matter, he informed Old Man of the evil spirit.

“The remnant soul of Medici fused with the two angels of the Sauron and Einhorn family, becoming a brand new evil spirit?” Pallez repeated Leonard’s words in disbelief. Following that, “He” couldn’t hide his amusement and said, “The three of ‘Them’ are absolute archenemies, the kind that can’t stand each other’s existence. To think that ‘They’ are together in death, fused as one, is truly–haha, it must be quite lively.”

Leonard didn't know what Old Man was laughing about as he subconsciously asked, "They' are archenemies?"

Pallez held back his laughter as he said, "Yes, the reason why Medici failed and was captured was because 'He' was dealing with the Sauron ancestor who had fallen into 'His' trap.

"It wasn't that 'He' wasn't prepared, but that was mainly focused on the Primordial Demoness's side. Surprisingly, Alista Tudor suddenly went mad. Heh, on this matter, Amon and Adam had played a rather important role."

That evil spirit is an enemy of Adam... Why would the Blood Emperor want to capture Medici and the two angels of Sauron and Einhorn? The place "They" perished was in the palace where Alista Tudor was trying to become Blood Emperor... "They" were the ritual materials needed to become a true god? Hmm, according to Mr. Fool, Adam is one step closer to divinity after obtaining 0-08... Is this also considered a gathering of materials? Amon is dealing with Old Man because of similar reasons? Leonard had some theories and had the urge to ask, but he ultimately held back.

He was afraid that he touched on highly secretive matters, causing Old Man to react negatively.

He planned on finding an opportunity at the Tarot Club to ask about such matters.

After a brief silence, Leonard looked at the closed door and said with a suppressed voice, "Has Mr. Fool and the Church reached a certain degree of tacit cooperation?"

"That's the implication if no one is investigating you," Pallez Zoroast answered in a rather direct manner.

Leonard nodded indiscernibly.

“What will they arrange me to do next?”

“Arrangement? Reward you for the services rendered and allow you to advance to Sequence 5 after you finish digesting the potion. Then, you will be allocated a Red Gloves team, and you’ll be sent to complete missions. Otherwise, they might send you to a large diocese like Backlund to be a deacon in charge of certain matters,” Pallez said without much concern.

Back to Backlund… Klein seems to be planning something in Backlund… Leonard’s thoughts were suddenly liberated.

He didn’t converse with Old Man again as he slumped against the wall and cradled his head with his hands, sitting rather leisurely.

Late at night, in the border town of East and West Balam, outside a row of warehouses.

Dressed in a formal suit, Dwayne Dantès, with his white sideburns, was holding a gold inlaid cane. After exchanging signals and countersigns with the officer on duty, he watched as the officer opened the door to the warehouse and heard him say in a relaxed manner, “It’s everything inside. Check the goods and move it yourself.

“Also, pay me the remaining amount before leaving.”

Dwayne Dantès nodded slightly and weighed the suitcase in hand. In it was 5,000 pounds in cashentirely from Maysanchez’s down payment.

At this moment, two figures were silently watching this develop two warehouses away in a three-story building

Chapter 965: Brief Crisis

On the top floor of a small building, a black-haired, brown-eyed man donning dark-colored clothes was looking down at the arms deal not far away. This man who looked about twenty-eight couldn't help but say, "He actually got Maysanchez? Oh, Holy Lord of Storms, Alfred, if I had known it would turn out this way, we might as well have done the mission ourselves. Even if all the expenses are deducted, we should still earn at least 20,000 pounds!"

The man beside him was a young man in a black trench coat. He looked about twenty four and had a head of resplendent blond hair and blue eyes that resembled a lake. He had pretty good looks.

Being addressed as Alfred, he shook his head and said, "No, that would be too noticeable. Maysanchez's allegiance has always been unclear. Before figuring out his take on matters, rashly discussing an arms deal with him is extremely dangerous. Dwayne Dantès is able to earn twenty thousand pounds because he dares to take the risk."

The black-haired and brown-eyed man immediately scoffed.

"To think that Alfred Hall, who has led a few dozen men to assault a battalion with over a thousand troops, would claim that he doesn't dare take risks!"

Alfred shot a glance at him and said, "Pagani, this isn't the same thing. That happened because I was confident of wiping out their command center. And once there's a lack of leadership, a thousand scattered troops might not be as formidable as a thousand pigs.

“In addition, the transaction this time is solely a test. It’s to establish communications and to set up a channel. If it’s done by us, who are we to seek out the next time? And the subsequent ones? If we keep at it, we will ultimately expose ourselves. Once that happens, it will be a diplomatic matter. Furthermore, with the deals deepening and broadening, who knows if this would incur the notice of the demigods of other factions. That would spell danger.”

“Haha,” Pagani said with a smile. “How can demigods be that free to pay notice to such small-scale arm deals? Every faction has a limited number of demigods. There are too many matters awaiting them.”

“I know. I’m only raising an example,” Alfred replied in a staid manner.

Pagani didn’t harp on the matter and turned his gaze back to Dwayne Dantès who stood outside the warehouse.

“This gentleman is said to be very generous. He donated stocks worth more than ten thousand pounds to the Church of Evernight shortly after he arrived in Backlund. Is this the early-stage investments that you often speak of?

“Also, he seems to be working at the same charity foundation with your sister. Tsk, such men are very welcome with the young ladies. He’s good-looking and has an outstanding demeanor. He’s smart, experienced, and has the artifice. He has seen all kinds of women, and he’s at the age to settle down. Alfred, you have to warn Audrey that a playboy will always be one and that one’s moral character is a flaw that can never be corrected. You can’t let the most dazzling jewel of Backlund be taken by this fellow.”

Alfred turned his head to glare at Pagani.

“There’s no need for you to show any concern about such matters. Audrey isn’t a young and clueless lady. Her knowledge of the world is far more mature than you imagine. Besides, my father and mother are in Backlund. They have the ability to prevent any nasty things from happening.”

Upon saying that, Alfred looked at the nearby arms warehouse and paused.

“Maysanchez actually sent Haggis. I’ll go greet him.”

This isn’t the best time to meet, right… Just as Pagani was about to say a word, Alfred had already turned to walk down the stairs.

…

Klein, in the form of Dwayne Dantès, didn’t bring any servants. He held his gold-inlaid cane and stood with Maysanchez’s representative, Haggis, outside the warehouse. They watched as crates of munitions were carried out and loaded onto carriages.

At this moment, he half-turned his body upon sensing something and looked elsewhere.

The person that was reflected in his eyes was a young man wearing a trench coat without a hat. His blond hair was combed into a slick back, and his blue eyes looked like a lake under a bright clear sky. He was tall with a good build. His every move exuded an indescribable sense of dignity. Even without any troops surrounding him, the authority he wielded was obvious.

“Alfred!” Haggis noticed the man as well when he cried out in delighted surprise.

Alfred... Miss Justice's second elder brother... This feeling resembles that of the Arbiter pathway... Klein raised his right hand and took off his top hat to press it against his chest as a form of greeting.

After Alfred Hall greeted Haggis, he turned to look at Dwayne Dantès.

"Your character is widely spread across Backlund. Even I've heard of you, despite being in East Balam."

Character? A character at making arms deals? Klein lampooned as he chuckled.

"I'm only doing things that I believe need to be done."

Alfred nodded.

"I believe there's no need for any self-introductions? Haggis should've mentioned me to you."

"Yes, Colonel Hall," Klein replied with a smile. "I only learned that Miss Audrey has another brother here in the Southern Continent after I arrived—that he served in the military and has rendered impressive services."

Alfred cast his gaze on Dwayne Dantès's face and changed the topic:

"I thought you would take the opportunity to work at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, but you surprised me by choosing to come to the Southern Continent."

Klein maintained his smile from before.

“For an outsider to truly enter a preexisting circle is quite impossible just by giving donations, doing charity, and hosting balls and banquets.”

Alfred tersely answered, “Very wise.”

After exchanging a few pleasantries, he asked Haggis, “Did something happen in Cookawa? It seemed rather serious.”

Haggis squeezed a smile.

“I’m not too sure. I was hiding in an underground bunker at the general’s residence. I later heard that there was a lightning storm at Revival Square.”

“Lightning storm?” Alfred’s gaze turned towards Dwayne Dantès again.

Klein nodded and said, “Indeed. The hotel I was staying at isn’t too far from Revival Square. I did see continuous bolts of lightning striking that area. All of that happened in the day.”

Alfred’s gaze turned towards Haggis again.

“What happened to the scene in the end?”

“Most of the area was in shambles. There were marks of lightning strikes.” Haggis didn’t hide the truth at all.

Alfred nodded gently and pointed to the side before saying to Haggis and Dwayne Dantès, “I still have other matters to tend to. We can chat again when the opportunity arises.”

“See you again,” Klein politely replied. It made them appear to be at a social gathering instead of being outside a munitions warehouse.

He was watching Alfred Hall leave when his body trembled. His head made an abrupt turn to the side.

…

In the primitive forests that covered East and West Balam, a figure was slowly outlined with his back bent.

He had a fleshy face with slightly brown skin. His clothes were baggy, and he had a rapier by his waist. In his hand was a silver mask.

Looking to his sides, this figure straightened his body. He was none other than Admiral Hell Ludwell who had entered previously entered the Underworld.

However, at this moment, two clumps of blood-red flames were burning in his eye sockets. He looked completely different from before.

“I’m starving…” Ludwell opened his mouth, letting out a sigh that seemed to come from his chest.

He then cast his gaze in a different direction, muttering, “The

owner of this marionette is over there. Fate has brought us together again.

"He has a Hunter pathway item on him. It's perfect for replenishing myself."

Just as he said that, a bloody mouth appeared on the left cheek of Ludwell's face. It opened and closed as it said, "Medici, what we need to deal with first is our survival! After this marionette loses its connection to its owner, it's no different from the dead. The remnant spirit will quickly return to the Underworld and not be able to maintain the body. And without the Underworld inside him, we will inevitably be weakened until we dissipate!"

"Yes, the most pressing matter now is to find another Gatekeeper." Another mouth appeared on Ludwell's right cheek.

Red Angel Medici immediately scoffed.

"Sauron, Einhorn, were the two of you women in the past? Your nature as angels has been left in the dumps because of you! That fellow was able to resist 0-08's arrangements several times, implying that he's definitely not simple. With a chance to lock onto him, how can we give it up? Once this marionette completely dies, things wouldn't be that simple again!

"Besides, the Hunter pathway item on him can effectively extend our existence. Once we finish him, it wouldn't be too late finding a Gatekeeper."

The bloody crack on Ludwell's left cheek immediately scoffed.

"Medici, have you sacrificed your brain to the True Creator? That

fellow has clearly advanced. In our current condition, defeating a Bizarro Sorcerer isn't difficult, but killing him is nearly impossible!"

Medici wasn't frustrated, and instead, he laughed deeply.

"This isn't something unresolvable. As long as you allow me to chant my Lord's honorific name, helpers will immediately arrive. A Gatekeeper might even be automatically brought here."

The mouth on Ludwell's right check immediately opened and closed.

"Sauron, let's work together to stop him and search for a Gatekeeper."

"Alright." The mouth on Ludwell's left cheek didn't hesitate to reply.

Upon seeing this, Red Angel Medici laughed.

"The two of you have fallen for it! My goal has been met. I can confirm that the two of you were previously women!"

The two mouths on Ludwell's cheeks roared, "Shut up!"

"Humph, we've been merged together for two thousand years. Would we not know what tricks you're up to? There's no need to struggle again!"

As they spoke, the colors around Admiral Hell Ludwell instantly

saturated and stacked upon one another.

He had entered the spirit world and began traversing it.

…

Outside the munitions warehouse, Klein finally retracted his gaze as his premonition for danger vanished.

For that one moment, he had a baffling feeling, but he was unable to project the corresponding scene in his mind.

What happened? Klein muttered to himself. Without waiting any further, he threw the suitcase in his hand to the officer who was in charge of handing and taking over. Then, he said to Haggis, “The rest is yours. You can give me the rest of the payment.”

He was referring to the heavy case filled with gold bars and coins.

Haggis had planned on having drinks with Dwayne Dantès after the completion of the deal to celebrate its success, and to discuss any future deals. He never expected Dwayne Dantès to be in such a hurry to leave.

“Alright. It’s on the carriage,” he pointed and said.

Alfred, who had already walked quite a distance, turned his head to look over, perplexed. He wasn’t sure why Dwayne Dantès wasn’t following the predesignated procedure.

Chapter 966: Train

Seeing Alfred look over, Klein returned with a smile and nodded gently.

“I suddenly sensed some danger.”

With that said, he calmly turned around and headed for the carriage which Haggis had pointed out.

“Danger…” Alfred repeated the word softly as he warily surveyed his surroundings but failed to find anything odd.

He slowed down his pace, constantly taking note of his surroundings before returning to the nearby three-story building with out-of-the-ordinary vigilance.

Pagani glanced at the heavy-expression wearing Alfred and asked, feeling somewhat puzzled, “What happened?”

He was quite a distance from the arms deal, so he hadn’t heard their conversation.

Alfred walked to the window and looked down at the convoy that was prepared to leave after loading the munitions. He deliberated and said, “Dwayne Dantès suddenly left, saying that he had sensed danger.”

“Danger?” Pagani didn’t dismiss it as he warily looked around. He didn’t notice anything amiss even when Maysanchez’s men left the region and vanished into the darkness.

He then laughed.

“Haha, Alfred, I think you’re too sensitive. I believe it’s solely because Dwayne Dantès is a coward and was unwilling to stay here for too long!”

Alfred retracted his gaze and frowned.

“Perhaps.”

After returning to his hotel, Klein made Enzo, who had turned into a mixed-blood lad, open the suitcase in his hand. He took out the gold coins and bars one by one and did the count.

It was valued at a total of 30,000 Loen gold pounds!

Thankfully my previous agreement with Miss Messenger is 10,000 Loen gold coins. I don’t need to make any additional conversions... Sitting leisurely in the reclining chair, Klein drank the sweet and sour but refreshing Gwadar as he “monitored” his marionette’s work.

After Enzo separated the items, he took out the adventurer’s harmonica and blew into it.

Reinette Tinekerr walked out of the void with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. It was as though she was constantly nearby.

Her eight eyes turned towards the pile of gold coins and gold bars that had been separated.

After a few seconds, the four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand said, "Very good..." "In the future..." "Missions will..." "Cost more..."

...What's the logic behind this? Why are you raising the price after the mission despite me paying you so quickly? Klein was taken aback as he asked with a straightened back, "What?"

Reinette Tinekerr's four blonde, red-eyed heads nodded seriously.

"Mission..." "Price..." "Depends On..." "Your..." "Ability..." "To..." "Earn Money..."

I never expected that... Klein turned agape, but he was unable to retort. After all, such matters were solely decided by the helper. Furthermore, with him advancing to Sequence 4 and becoming a demigod, the missions that he needed her help with in the future was likely to increase in difficulty and danger. It was seemingly reasonable to increase the price.

After Reinette Tinekerr swallowed the gold coins and vanished from the room, Klein reined in his thoughts and began doing calculations regarding his current wealth.

My expenses have been quite significant recently. I'm left with 17,275 pounds in cash and 65 gold coins... This pile of gold bars is worth 25,000 pounds... That makes for a total of more than 40,000 pounds. It's not something to dismiss in all of the Loen Kingdom. I can already buy a manor and some land for farming... Arms dealing sure is profitable...

Reinette Tinekerr needed gold coins, so whatever was left were gold bars.

Standing up and sending the gold bars above the gray fog, Klein walked to the window and cast his gaze to the north.

With the matter coming to a close, he was poised to return to Backlund.

Looking at the horizon, Klein suddenly sighed silently.

Backlund...

North Borough, Backlund University of Technology.

Audrey was touring the campus with a few staff members of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

She was dressed in a simple, light-green dress. By her waist was a white, unadorned leather belt. Her blonde hair had a veiled hat with ribboned flowers that showed off her playful side. She didn't wear any other accessories other than a silver bangle on her left wrist. She looked no different from a female student that came from a family that could only be considered middle-class.

Over the past few days, she had been to public primary schools that bordered East Borough, and she had visited the technical schools in the area around Backlund Bridge. She already knew the appropriate clothes needed for the occasion, not treating charity work as another social scene.

Her green, limpid eyes darted around slightly as she wore a faint smile as she observed the students that came and went.

Backlund University of Technology had recently sent out its

acceptance letters, and it was matriculation day for the new class of students.

Matriculation should've happened in late-August or early-September, but as a newly restructured university, Backlund University of Technology's entrance examinations were later than the other universities. That also delayed the results, which also meant that students that applied to the school had also participated in the examinations of other universities or might've already been accepted. Therefore, they had brought forward the registration work to confirm the matriculated numbers before deciding how many more students needed to be accepted.

Due to this, Audrey and the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's staff came to help the first batch of approved applicants to complete their matriculation procedure.

Wherever she could see, she discovered that the students on campus wore a beaming expression, and every action they made exuded obvious confidence. Their words and actions had an indescribable vigor, one that seemed to have immense hope for the future that allowed them to see light.

And this feeling was completely different from the few public primary schools that Audrey had experienced in the past. The students there were either boorish and noisy or silent and gloomy. A common trait of theirs was being uneasy and confused. Whenever they encountered strangers of status, they would be filled with trepidation. Their eyes were dull, lacking the spirit that youths ought to have.

I really wish those kids will have a chance of receiving higher education and be like the students here where they can work hard for a better future... As Audrey sighed silently, she swept her gaze to a male-female duo who were likely siblings.

The elder brother had clearly stepped into society and started working. He wore a silk hat and wore a rather thin black formal suit. He appeared to be in his thirties and had the air resembling a civil servant.

He had borrowed a rather old camera from somewhere and had placed it on a tripod. He gestured for his younger sister to move and adjust her pose as he searched for the best angle.

The sister was about seventeen or eighteen, and her black hair simply cascaded down. Her brown eyes had a look of exasperation, but she didn't say a word as she seriously listened to her brother's instructions.

Such combinations were everywhere on campus. Some of them had parents and their child, while others were groups of friends.

What a beautiful scene... Audrey looked away and continued proceeding forward.

It was a square, and in the middle of it was a decommissioned steam locomotive. Its massive body was standing there proudly, adding industrial vibes to the Backlund University of Technology.

Whoosh!

The behemoth-like steam locomotive spewed out smoke as it hauled its long body into the platform before slowing down a stop.

A mixed-blood, seven- or eight-year-old girl who looked like a doll, held her mother's hand as she waited in a long line. She asked her father, who was similarly mixed-blood with Loen and

Balam heritage, about Desi Bay.

Amidst her shuffling, she saw a gentleman with white sideburns and a top hat holding a gold-inlaid cane. He had a servant with brown skin as he walked towards first-class.

The servant looked around curiously and said, “Sir, the recent situation is different from what I had imagined. I thought the people from Balam would lead tough and difficult lives, with squalid, chaotic, poor, and repressed surroundings. But there was none of them. We even drank Gwadar and smoked East Balam cigarettes. There were even some people who could afford bikes. Uh, as you know, although I have Balam blood in me, I was born in Backlund. I’ve never been to the Southern Continent. Of course, my Dutanese is still not too bad.”

The very noble middle-aged gentleman chuckled and waved his cane.

“That’s because we only went to the cities and regions that aren’t too bad. The saddest people of Balam are in the villages, in the plantations. The rest take up residence around the factories, creating slums. We never had a chance to see them.”

As though sensing the girl’s notice, the gentleman with his deep blue eyes and his servant looked over and gave a warm smile.

The corners of their lips clearly curled up, revealing eight teeth before they nodded gently, looked away, and continued on their way.

Before long, the girl and her parents boarded the steam locomotive and found their seats.

When the whistle sounded again, the girl saw a man with dark brown skin, soft facial features, and red lumps on his cheek walk over with his head bowed. His hand pressed on his hat as he quickly walked down the aisle and headed for the head of the train.

The man knocked on the partition before quickly entering the operator's compartment and said to the train driver, "All the train attendants have been swapped with our men. The bridge ahead is where the sacrifice will be held."

With a thick mustache, the train driver nodded and said, "May God be satisfied with the sacrificial items on this train.

"Let's hope we can gain eternal life in the kingdom."

Whoosh!

The steam locomotive drove under a bridge before cruising past a huge bridge. After a long trip, it finally arrived at its destination, the pier.

The doll-like, mixed-blood girl was somewhat sleepy and was no longer as lively as before. Under her parents' lead, she followed the crowd and inched towards the door.

There were a few attendants at the door who were helping some of the passengers remove their luggage.

When the girl and her parents walked past, these attendants curled the corners of their lips and revealed eight teeth, showcasing a warm smile.

After the girl jumped onto the platform, she looked back at them subconsciously. She saw figures standing outside the door, discussing something. Among them was the train conductor, as well as the man with the lumps on his cheek.

A second later, these people turned their heads over and curled the corners of their lips, revealing eight teeth.

The girl retracted her gaze and skipped along as she left the platform with her parents.

Chapter 967: “Revelation”

Cold winds blew across the platform at night, causing the hanging gas lamps to sway.

The light of dusk stretched and shortened from time to time in this scene, allowing the steam locomotive that was silently parked on the tracks to oscillate between being cloaked in shadows or escaping the darkness. It had an indescribable sense of gloom and death.

At this moment, a squad of black-and-white checkered policemen entered the platform. Under the lead of the railway company’s duty manager, they walked to the huge train that appeared old.

“For some reason, after the passengers disembarked, all the train staff, including the train driver, returned to the carriage and never came out again. I s-sent people to look for them and get them out to have some rest, b-but they quickly ran out looking like that had been inflicted with a disease. All they could do was hysterically shout, ‘they’re all dead,’ ‘they’re all dead’!” The railway duty manager in a blue coat held a lamp, walking as he briefed the police about the situation.

From his stammering and trembling body, the police could easily tell the extreme horror in him. It was as though a sudden tap on his shoulder would literally cause him to jump and abandon everything to rush for the exit.

His emotions infected the police. All of them held their hands to their waists as they pressed onto their holsters.

Tap. Tap. Tap. The leather shoes hitting the solid, hard ground left reverberating echoes. The police followed the duty manager and warily entered the front carriage.

Inside the carriage, there were two people sitting in each row. They were distributed to the left and right, and they stood away from the windows. At that moment, they were leaning against the backs of their seats, motionless.

Through the illumination of the gas lamps outside and lanterns in their hands, the inspectors leading them very quickly recognized the scene before him. Here were the staff of the steam locomotive. They were wearing blue uniforms that differed for men and women, and they were sitting in different seats in silence. Their faces were pale and their eyes wide open. Although there wasn't any sounds of breathing, the corners of their lips were curved up, revealing eight teeth.

Everyone present felt their hair stand up upon seeing the uniform smiles as they subconsciously held their breaths.

This was an extremely bizarre and terrifying scene. All they wished was to turn around and leave, beginning investigations only when it was bright!

The leading inspector drew two deep gasps before he instructed the constables beside him:

"Go confirm if they a-are dead..."

Upon saying that, he glanced at the duty manager.

"Follow him and see if there's anyone missing or excess people

included."

"A-alright, Officer," the duty manager said with a trembling voice.

As he and the constables ventured deeper into the carriage, the other policemen drew their revolvers and remained on high alert.

In an unbearable silence, time slowly ticked by until, finally, one of the constables stopped at the end of the carriage, turned around, and shouted, "It's confirmed. All of them are dead!"

The railway manager stuttered immediately after him, "There are two missing. The train driver and the train conductor..."

The inspector calmed down significantly when he realized that nothing had happened all this time. he thought and said to all the constables, "Maintain the corpses' present state and await an autopsy.

"Meanwhile, split into two teams. One team is to head to the other carriages to search for the train conductor and driver while the other team is to check the scene for clues and relevant information. Once the sun rises, we will begin investigations starting with the train personnel and the passengers who were previously on board. We will search for any commonalities and peculiarities."

Although many passengers didn't present their identification documents when purchasing tickets, the inspector believed that it was possible to find people who had registered themselves and learn from them of any abnormalities on the train or passengers worth paying attention to.

Just as he said that, a biting cold wind stirred, blowing through the carriage.

When all of this came to an end, the inspector was about to emphasize his orders when he suddenly noticed something amiss.

The steam locomotive staff members who were in their seats still had their eyes open with their whites showing and their faces pale. However, their mouths had closed at some point in time and were no longer showing their eight teeth.

Inside a luxurious hotel room, the wall lamps shone brightly onto the carpeted region where a desk stood.

Klein had transformed into Gehrman Sparrow and was sitting on a single-seater. He had his left leg crossed over his right.

Beside him was Enzo who looked like a native. In front of him stood a row of cultist marionettes.

They were the people involved in attempting to make a sacrifice on the steam locomotive—the man with the lumpy cheek, the train conductor and the train driver.

They had circled from different streets donning different looks to gather here.

“Who made you do the sacrifice?” Klein asked in a deep voice.

After advancing to Sequence 4 and becoming a Bizarro Sorcerer, not only was he able to read the thoughts of his marionette’s

superficial consciousness, he could also use the increased control of Spirit Body Threads to do things similar to spirit channeling.

Of course, the higher the level of the marionette, the poorer the effects of the spirit channeling.

After a brief silence, the conductor who was clearly Loen with rather thick body hair said blankly, “It’s a revelation from God.”

“Which god?” Klein received the porcelain teacup from Enzo and took a sip.

The train conductor replied in a daze, “God is God. There are no others.”

Klein lowered his cup and asked, “How did ‘He’ reveal ‘His’ revelation? What was said exactly?”

The conductor instantly turned reverent.

“He’ gave a revelation through a divine item, requesting us to sacrifice many lives to pleasure ‘Him.’ In return, ‘He’ will give us eternal life in ‘His’ kingdom.”

Sacrifice many lives… Compared to the Numinous Episcopate, the Rose School of Thought prefers doing such things. They have always been infamous for blood sacrifices… But to have eternal life in God’s kingdom is closer to the Numinous Episcopate’s beliefs. Of course, I can’t eliminate the possibility that it was fabricated… Klein pondered for a moment and asked, “What divine item?”

The train driver didn't reply as he glanced at the man with the red, lumpy cheek.

The man then took out an item from an inner pocket.

It was a cloth doll of shabby craftsmanship with curved eyes and mouth.

"God will issue us commands at a specific time through it. I bought it at a flea market," the man with the lumpy cheek said slowly without any perturbation in his tone.

This… Klein instantly thought of many possibilities before getting Enzo to take the cloth doll and scrutinize it carefully, but he didn't discover anything odd.

With his experience, this meant that the problem wasn't with the doll. That meant that there were two possibilities: First, someone was using the doll as a decoy while acting as a deity nearby. Second, it was a truly secret existence who had specially labeled the item to send a revelation.

If it's the former, the train attendants' death would've been discovered, and preparations would've been made… If it's the latter, perhaps nothing has been detected… Klein contemplated for a moment and made Enzo place the cloth door on the desk in front of the window.

He then stood up and instantly transformed into another train attendant and stood with the row of cultists.

Similar changes happened when Enzo returned.

After an unknown period of time, the night grew deeper.

Suddenly, on the desk bathed in crimson moonlight, the cloth doll with curved eyes and mouth moved its limbs and slowly stood up.

Chapter 968: "Descending" Saint

The cloth doll turned its lifeless eyes before its body stood up straight. It looked towards the area that the crimson moonlight failed to illuminate. There, the man with the lumpy cheek and the other cultists had been standing quietly, but at this moment, they bowed their heads, raising their arms as though they were praying, piously listening to the "revelation."

About two to three seconds later, the cloth doll finally stood up straight. Just as it was about to open its tongueless mouth and produce a voice that didn't belong to the "body" it was in, all its movements suddenly turned sluggish, as though it was a highly-rusted robot.

Hidden amongst the cultists, Klein had seen a strange spirituality thread extend from the cloth doll. Without any hesitation, he began controlling it!

Inside the wall lamp-illuminated room, the lights dimmed instantly. The doll with curved eyes and mouth instantly lost the support that seemed to arise from having a skeleton before slumping to the table, motionless.

Amidst the flickering street lights that were more than a thousand meters away, Klein lost control over the blob of Spirit Body Threads. The power that descended with the help of the doll took less than two seconds to escape out of his range!

Whoosh!

A biting-cold wind swept up inside the room as the rug with tables and chairs above was suddenly tugged, sending the man

with the lumpy cheek and most of the other cultists tumbling. Only the disguised Klein had jumped up in time to avoid the accident.

Of course, Winner Enzo stood perfectly fine at the border of the rug, completely unaffected.

Whoosh!

Amidst the cold wind, the rug rolled up and bound the few cultists and covered their noses and mouth tightly, gripping their throats.

Meanwhile, the fountain pens on the table had their caps removed autonomously before shooting forward, stabbing into the neck of the man with the lumpy cheek. They left no gaps in the dense array of pens.

A wooden chair exploded as its splinters swept over without sparing any of the remaining cultists.

Near the wall, the pipe of a wall lamp cracked, causing the gas inside to whistle out.

The cloth that draped the sofa rose up, tied itself into a robe, and wrapped around the train conductor's throat. A few of the floor tiles flew up, stabbing a few cultists from below.

Instantly, all the items in the room were filled with offensive capability as though they were attempting to kill all signs of life inside.

Klein tried to dodge, but his shirt, pants, belt, coat, and hat seemed to have a life of their own. They forcefully locked him down on the spot.

He hurriedly opened his mouth and let out a sound: “Pa!”

He had mimicked the sound of snapping fingers.

Scarlet flames surged out from his clothes, instantly blanketing his body and removing the restraints

At this moment, the cloth on another sofa rose up as though it was draped over someone.

This strange scene reflected in Klein’s eyes immediately as he trembled and turned stiff. He had been possessed by an evil spirit!

The flames that soared up from before hadn’t extinguished. They were burning away his clothes and flesh, only to reduce him to a pitch-black paper figurine.

Behind this paper figurine was a pattern covered with feathers. It was a surreal and illusory feeling.

This was the mutated paper figurine that had been tainted with Artificial Death’s aura!

Klein knew that there were only two situations that were possible for the doll to mutate. One was that the entity disguising as a god was nearby and had sensed the deaths of the cultists; hence, preparations were made via a deliberate descent,

laying a trap for the antagonist. Another was that the one using the doll was indeed some secret existence. “He” wasn’t aware that the sacrificial ritual had been foiled and descended at the predetermined time to give the next round of “revelations.”

And regardless of which situation it was, it meant danger. Therefore, how could Klein perform unprepared?

Based on the characteristics of a descent or the possession of the doll, he had already placed the paper figurine, which had mutated because of the corruption of Artificial Death’s aura, in the iron cigar case. He had also maintained the level of his marionette at the level of an ordinary person in order to lure the target into possessing him!

At this point, the possession target of the “god” that the cultists worshiped had gone from Klein to the Death Paper Figurine! As the scarlet flames swept about, the pitch-black paper figurine ignited as a pale-white color spread abruptly, tinged with a slightly dark green color.

A rather painful grunt sounded as a transparent afterimage flashed across a window tinted with the crimson moonlight.

Almost at the same instant, the items that came “alive” inside the room fell to the ground, returning to their lifeless state. As for Enzo, flames were swirling around him.

At this moment, in the port city north of the Southern Continent, the residents were enjoying the comfort and warmth of their home and family at night. They didn’t notice that their glass windows and the surfaces of the wall lamps would dim before quickly returning to normal.

Alongside this dimming environment, the flames in the fireplace

either intensified or dwindled. The remnants in the kitchen were ignited and snuffed out.

During this process, the glass windows in that room dimmed the most, and the fluctuations in the flames kept happening. However, the believers in the room were praying to the Primordial Moon, paying no notice to what was happening.

After an unknown period of time, the crimson moonlight brightened a little, as though covering the entire city in a light veil.

Such brightness quickly returned to normal as a scarlet red flame flared up on a silver candle on a dining table.

Enzo walked out of it as his body and face rapidly changed into Gehrman Sparrow.

Just moments ago, at the instant when the crimson moon brightened, he had lost his target.

Not only possessing the Beyonder powers of a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Wraith pathway, but they can also borrow the power of the crimson moon… Regarding these two aspects, one of them is only possible with a Sealed Artifact or mystical item… Klein muttered silently and came to a preliminary judgment.

After the demigod who possessed the doll had been corrupted by the Death Paper Figurine, he had believed that he had the chance to take his opponent down. To his surprise, the enemy's strength and means available to them were more varied and potent than he imagined.

The only thing he could confirm was that it wasn't an angel, as the strength and level were far inferior to one.

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Klein left the dining room and entered the activity room. There were a few believers praying to the Primordial Moon.

Unlike the cultists on the steam locomotive, they knew who they were praying to, as though they were more formal members of the parish.

One step. Two steps. Three steps. Klein entered the room in an unhurried pace before they turned their heads when they noticed him.

With the powerful illusion power of a Bizarro Sorcerer, they treated Gehrman Sparrow as an oracle that had descended upon them. They saw a bright moon halo at his head.

The believers plopped to their knees in devout prostration.

Klein didn't beat about the bush as he asked in a deep voice, "Who was the saint you met previously?"

Although one of the believers was puzzled, he still respectfully answered, "Oracle, it was Shaman King Klarman."

Shaman King Klarman... That's a familiar name... Ah right, the author of that Book of Secrets... Isn't he long dead? He was alive in a time over a millennium ago. Saints of non-special pathways have no way of living that long... He joined the Rose School of Thought but still believes in the Primordial Moon. Through some means, he has extended his life? Or could it be that his Sequence

alone affords him a long life? Klein's mind whirred and recalled the origins of the name "Klarman."

A sailboat was docked by the pier as the faint moonlight illuminated the cabin's interior.

A figure with frizzled black hair with white streaks in them walked out of a mirror. He wore a back robe with crimson patterns. He had wrinkles that were neither too deep or shallow on his face. His eyes were bloodshot.

At this moment, on the skin he exposed, such as the back of his hand, his pores had expanded, producing white feathers that were stained with pale yellow oil.

This elder's expression was somewhat warped as if he was enduring pain.

He quickly sat on the bedside, bowed his head, clasped his hands, and silently chanted.

In his jarring voice, his forehead slowly cracked apart, revealing a red full moon that seemed to be embedded in it!

The moonlight dispersed and cloaked the elder, causing the white feathers on him to contract and recede into nothingness.

But at this moment, his abdomen bloated up as though it was filled with liquid.

Finally, his clothes, together with his skin, tore apart as a blob of flesh and blood covered in white feathers flew out onto the deck.

After squirming for quite a while, it rotted and died.

Phew... The elder looked up and slowly exhaled. His bloodshot eyes were filled with puzzlement.

He muttered softly, “Death’s Blessed?

“But Death is no more...”

Early in the morning, the Church of Storms’s Mandated Punishers, who had taken over the case of the mysterious deaths of the steam locomotive’s staff, had received new intelligence.

The missing conductor and driver, as well as a few suspicious passengers, had been found!

Before long, this Mandated Punisher team followed the clues and found their targets.

They were silently hung outside a building in a row.

“This is a provocation!” The Mandated Punisher’s captain growled through clenched teeth.

But after they lowered the corpses and carried out their investigations inside the room, they saw that these people had been piously praying to the Primordial Moon in the activity room, holding a rather diabolical ritual.

“...Apprehend all of them!” The Mandated Punisher captain issued a command after a second of surprise.

The believers of the Primordial Moon seemed to regain their reason as they tried to resist. However, they were quickly suppressed, either dying or being injured in the process.

The Mandated Punisher captain surveyed the area and inexplicably said to his peers, “They didn’t notice the row of corpses hanging at their doorstep?”

A member of the Reader pathway thought and said, “Those corpses might’ve been left there to guide us to investigate the area.”

The Mandated Punisher captain calmed himself down and nodded in thought, “Which Church’s demigod passed by?”

Chapter 969: Duke

Backlund, West Borough, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White, who had been summoned, took off his hat and coat and entered the activity room to wait.

In this room, there were a few other Sanguine members who had been called by name to meet the important figure. After surveying the area, Emlyn picked a spot to sit in, right beside a man with a nose so high that it almost seemed deformed.

Adorning his cut face was brown hair and red eyes. He held a comic in his hand, reading through it aimlessly.

He was none other than the Sanguine who had provided Emlyn with the information about the ancient, abandoned castle in Delaire Forest. His name was Ernes Boyar, a viscount.

Emlyn had planned on visiting this viscount in the next couple of days, but he never expected to bump into him here. After some careful consideration, he said in deliberation, "Your Lordship, I would like to know where you obtained the intel regarding the ancient abandoned castle in Delaire Forest."

"Why? Did your client say that there weren't any ancient wraiths?" Ernes Boyar moved his gaze away from his comic and shot Emlyn a glance.

"No, not at all." Emlyn didn't provide an explanation as he stubbornly emphasized his question again. "I'm just very curious of the source. It doesn't seem that simple."

Ernes Boyar closed his comic and nodded slightly.

“It’s not a secret. I learned of it from Lord Nibbs. To be frank, I’ve never heard of this before. I find it hard to imagine that there’s such an ancient castle in Delaire Forest.”

Lord Nibbs… Emlyn instinctively had some thoughts arise in him.

It’s another test…

But isn’t such a test too dangerous? It even needed Mr. Fool to resolve it… Emlyn frowned slightly as he recalled the details he had contemplated previously. He probed, “Your Lordship, then why didn’t you explore that ancient castle? I remember you being an archaeologist. And during this process, you’ll be able to obtain the corresponding Beyonder ingredients of an ancient wraith.”

“Lord Nibbs told me that it’s very dangerous. One shouldn’t approach it unless they’re at the level of Earl.”

“…” Emlyn’s mouth gaped as his expression fell into a daze.

He then held back his anger and asked with a suppressed voice, “Then why didn’t you warn me?”

Ernes laughed.

“Isn’t it obvious?

“How can a location with Beyonder creatures present, one that’s known by us Sanguine, still exist if not for special reasons?”

Emlyn fell into a daze as Ernes added, “Normal reasoning should be like this: Ancient wraiths might exist in some place in Delaire Forest. People have encountered it before, but they were unable to find their origins.

“This means that finding those ancient wraiths is a very difficult and troublesome affair. The time cost exceeds their value, which allows them to live to this day.

“I thought you’d have easily discovered the problem with this reasoning. Likewise for your client. If they had chosen to take action, they must’ve had possessed the corresponding confidence.”

At that instant, Emlyn felt that Viscount Ernes made plenty of sense, and he could hardly rebut him. He believed that it was because he and Miss Magician were too foolish, resulting in her slamming headfirst into danger. It had nothing to do with him.

The next instant, Emlyn felt embarrassed and frustrated, filled with anger towards himself.

Finally, Emlyn figured out another problem:

Regardless of whether the intel exposes any danger or not, Ernes Boyar should’ve clearly informed me of this point because figuring out the level of danger, the source of danger, and how the danger manifested itself. It held immense importance in the subsequent exploration, one that can’t be missed!

He did it on purpose! Emlyn came to a final conclusion as his scarlet eyes narrowed. He raised his chin and said, “Indeed. It’s easy to tell, but I’m more curious about the danger lurking in that ancient abandoned castle.”

Ernes picked up the black tea that nearly resembled the color of blood and sipped it.

“I’m not sure either. Lord Nibbs didn’t mention anything.”

Emlyn’s expression sank. Just as he was about to make a derisive remark, he suddenly saw Odora Cosmi walk into the activity room and look at him.

“Emlyn, it’s time for the meeting.”

“Alright.” Emlyn reined in his emotions and pressed onto the bottom half of his vest, standing up unhurriedly.

Following him down the stairs underground, he finally couldn’t help but softly ask, “Baron Cosmi, who am I actually meeting? How should I address ‘Him?”

Cosmi, who looked like a middle-aged gentleman, didn’t hide the truth. He replied with deep respect, “Duke Olmer.”

Duke Olmer… Emlyn subconsciously straightened his back and cast his gaze to the lamps on the wall. He appeared to use the reflection of the metal surface to check on his appearance.

“He” was one of the three dukes that held up the Sanguine, an ancient powerhouse who existed before the Cataclysm. His title

was “Round Moon,” with an age exceeding three thousand years. He had once followed in the footsteps of Ancestor Lilith!

Without a doubt, this was synonymous with the history and glory of the Sanguine!

After passing several secret doors, Emlyn and Cosmi arrived inside a metal-gray hall.

The ground and walls were filled with green grass, flowers, and grain. Insects were crawling between the plants, making Emlyn feel as though he had left the city and arrived somewhere rural. He felt life thriving all around him.

Such a scene didn’t seem too odd, but on careful inspection, there were many strange points.

The grass had mouth-like crevices with fibers flying out of them to capture the insects. The flowers used their leaves as hands to harvest pollen for themselves. The grains were heavy, occasionally emitting wailing from inside. There was a myriad spectrum of extraordinary insects. Some had snakes for heads, others birds.

These things grew lusher the closer it was to the middle of the hall. Surrounding the area was a grave filled with exuberant spirits.

Cosmi faced the grave and reverently bowed.

“Your Grace, Emlyn White is here.”

“Good afternoon, Your Grace.” Emlyn didn’t don his usual arrogance and was, in fact, a little flustered.

Inside the grave, a mellow voice which didn’t betray its owner’s age chuckled.

“A very outstanding young Sanguine.

“Cosmi, you may leave for now.”

“Yes, Your Grace.” Cosmi bowed in response and left the metal-gray hall that was filled with freshness.

Emlyn stood there, listening to the mellow voice from the grave.

“In the morning, Nibbs informed me that you obtained the Artificial Vampire Beyonder characteristic that corresponds to the viscount title?”

“Yes, but it has been corrupted and requires purification.” Emlyn hadn’t mentioned the need to remove the mental corruption in the Beyonder characteristics, because he believed that it was a trivial matter to the Sanguine. At the very least, Baron Cosmi had previously confirmed that it was possible.

Olmer tersely acknowledged.

“Very well. I’ll personally purify that characteristic.”

“He” paused before saying, “Although the Sanguine enjoy a long life, we will still mature and grow old. There will be new births

and deaths. Regardless, nurturing young members is a necessity for any race. As for the excellent talent and outstanding abilities you have recently showcased, they have made you a target we place great importance on. Therefore, I personally came to meet you to give you some tests so as to expedite your growth." Excellent talent and outstanding abilities… Emlyn raised his chin slightly higher once again.

He then sighed inwardly.

Indeed, just as Mr. Hanged Man determined, there will be a test and mission, as well as an interview…

Amidst his overflowing emotions, Emlyn replied reverently, "I'm always prepared."

"Not bad," Olmer's mellow voice sounded from the grave. "Your next mission is to find the key members of the Rose School of Thought that are hiding in Backlund. There are very few clues for this, and many situations will require you to carry out the investigation by yourself."

Rose School of Thought? They have a grudge with us Sanguine? They seemed to be taking in some believers of the Primordial Moon? Emlyn actually knew quite a bit about the Rose School of Thought via the Tarot Club, but he deliberately hid this without showcasing it.

"Apart from taking in believers of the Primordial Moon, they have in their possession one of the holy artifacts of us Sanguine. It was something left by the Ancestor. We need to retrieve it." There was a solemnity in Olmer's voice.

Left by the Ancestor… Holy artifact of the Sanguine… Emlyn didn't hesitate to say, "Your Grace, I'll work hard to find the key

members of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund."

Olmer's voice turned mellow.

"Very good. Get some of the intel from Cosmi in a while and seek out an incisive point."

Emlyn was already eager to do so, but he still restrained himself, asking in deliberation, "Your Grace, do you know about the abandoned ancient castle in Delaire Forest?"

"You wish to head there? It's very dangerous," Olmer said from inside the grave.

Emlyn didn't explain as he directly asked, "What kind of danger?"

Olmer chuckled.

"That ancient castle might be older than me, even older than Delaire Forest.

"I do not know who built it. I only know that there's something sealed underground, and it hides an immense secret.

"Any creature that approaches it will be in danger of being corrupted by the force within. We once imagined that it has something to do with the Abyss, but a Devil suffered corruption after being thrown into the ancient castle as well, turning crazy and chaotic from his cold and cruel demeanor."

Then why didn't you attempt to open the seal to figure out the situation? Emlyn mumbled inwardly but didn't say a word.

Olmer didn't speak further as "He" ended the conversation and dismissed Emlyn.

In the evening, Backlund was covered with dark clouds as a drizzle began falling.

Emlyn White wore a hat and walked under a sheltered veranda, his scarlet eyes locked onto Viscount Ernes Boyar who was browsing some antique stores.

He was upset that Ernes had given him incomplete intelligence, so he had subconsciously tailed him after leaving the Odora villa.

But after a while, he felt lost. He hadn't figured out how to deal with Ernes or how severe a lesson he should teach him.

Chapter 970: Talent at Soliciting Donations

After blankly following Ernes Boyar for a distance, Emlyn White gradually abandoned his thoughts.

He glanced at the area beyond the veranda as the downpour grew in intensity. He couldn't help but think, How should I punish Ernes? Although he had done so because he likely followed orders or a cue, it's still despicable!

As for Lord Nibbs... I presently do not have the ability. But wait, once I become a marquis or a duke, I'll definitely make him pay the price!

Miss Magician has already completed her exploration of the ancient abandoned castle. I'm not sure if Lord Nibbs had sent Sanguine to monitor the area... From her tone, description, and the feedback given by Mr. Fool, there was probably no monitors... Could it be that Lord Nibbs didn't send any Sanguine to the vicinity of the ancient castle? But what's the point of such a test? Or could it be that they missed it because of some problems?

Amidst his thoughts, Emlyn White felt that he needed to get someone to discuss the matter of punishing Ernes Boyar. He was severely lacking in such experience.

Subconsciously, the first candidate of choice that came to him was The Hanged Man. This senior member of the Tarot Club was shown to be extremely experienced in various matters. He was extraordinarily reliable and had never left the other members disappointed.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Emlyn struck down this

choice. This was because this matter involved the Sanguine's internal test. To consult the Tarot Club members before he obtained an answer damaged his pride and overall image of the Sanguine!

By the same reason, he eliminated The World as a choice.

Of course, he believed he could guess the suggestion that The World would give: Kill him!

There's no need to go that far... Emlyn mumbled inwardly. As he aimlessly tailed Ernes Boyar, he began expanding the candidates to the real world.

Then, he realized he didn't have anyone to choose from. He almost had zero friends.

Eliminating his parents who were Sanguine as well, he only had two or three people in mind. They were the Harvest Church's Father Utravsky and Detective Sherlock Moriarty, who had a mysterious background and a myriad of means at his disposal.

Sherlock hasn't returned after leaving Backlund. Sigh, I can only seek out Father Utravsky tomorrow. But I can't be that direct... Emlyn quickly made up his mind. He walked past Ernes Boyar, who entered a watch shop, and headed for the end of the veranda where there were several rental carriages.

Getting in the carriage, he felt the wheels turning. He casually glanced out the window and saw more raindrops striking the glass, drawing out trails that streaked down.

In his blurred vision, carriages drove past.

Audrey retracted her gaze from the rainy scene outside the carriage and glanced at her lady's maid, Annie, before communicating with Susie silently.

The look in her eyes, her expression, and her not obvious body language said: We're almost home. I'm a little nervous.

On the ground, Susie shook her tail, raised her paw, and adjusted the gold-rimmed glasses hanging by her neck. Together with the changes in the colors of her Ether Body and Body of Heart and Mind, she expressed herself:

Don't worry. That Ma'am Escalante, who's a psychiatrist on the surface, is only a Telepathist. She won't be able to see through your lies.

Audrey nodded gently and watched her carriage enter the Hall family's luxurious villa and stop in front of the sheltered foyer.

Ever since joining the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, she had begun spending less time at home. She had originally planned on meeting Ma'am Escalante from the Psychology Alchemists at 22 Phelps Street in North Borough, but since Mr. Dwayne Dantès had left for the Southern Continent and wasn't in the foundation, there was no need for that.

In the study she called her own, Audrey met Ma'am Escalante Oseleka who had black hair reaching her waist and a baby face.

"I must apologize. I'd been busy meeting up with friends after returning to Backlund. My subsequent joining of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation has delayed my meeting with you until today." After leaving Susie outside, Audrey elegantly bowed to express her attitude. In fact, this has been deliberate. By dragging out their meeting for about a month, her digestion of

the Psychiatrist potion and advancement to Hypnotist became rather reasonable. It was the progress one would expect from a genius and nothing else.

Escalante returned the greeting without much thought.

“I heard that you have been busy with children who desire knowledge. Your virtues are more dazzling than diamonds.”

As Audrey gestured for her to sit, she walked to a single-seater and tersely acknowledged.

“Those children are in situations I’ve never seen before. There’s often a voice inside me that’s urging me to do something. Ma’am Escalante, if you’re free, you can join me and the staff of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation to go visit the different schools. There, you will get to see what most children in the world are experiencing.”

Having said that, she chuckled as though being self-deprecatory.

“I apologize. I’ve recently been accustomed to kick-start such topics. It’s because I wish for more nobles and the wealthy to involve themselves in such charities. I hope they can donate more to help even more children.”

After hearing Audrey, Escalante replied somewhat uncomfortably, “I will do so. I’ll also donate some money to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.”

“No, I’m not forcing you to donate. This has to be an action that comes from the heart, and something voluntary. I only wish for you to take a look and then inform the people around you of

these children's plight and their possible futures. This includes the members of the Psychology Alchemists." Audrey shook her head, rejecting Escalante's suggestion.

"Alright." Escalante first nodded gently in agreement before feeling that there was something ridiculous in this matter: Miss Audrey's true motives were to solicit donations from the Psychology Alchemists.

But this was a secret, extraordinary underground organization!

This was no different from soliciting donations from the Aurora Order!

Audrey didn't continue discussing matters related to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. Instead, she said, "Ma'am Escalante, I have something I'd like to inform you of."

"What is it?" Escalante "read" the solemnity, joy, and pride from her actions and emotions.

Audrey smiled and said, "I've already become a Hypnotist."

"..." At that moment, Escalante suspected that Audrey had hypnotized her.

Although she knew that Audrey had obtained the Hypnotist potion formula previously, how long ago was that?

"You should be able to determine that I'm not lying," Audrey said with a smile.

Only then did Escalante snap to her senses as she asked in surprise and doubt, “You seem to have some extraordinary encounter?”

“It’s to have the courage to make use of matters,” Audrey said things that couldn’t be any truer.

Escalante frowned and said with some hesitation, “You wish for the Sequence 5 potion formula?”

“Yes. What do I need to do, or what price needs to be paid?” Audrey didn’t hide her motives.

Escalante looked at the beautiful, blonde, and green-eyed lady in front of her and deliberated.

“This isn’t something that’s up to me to decide. I will report it and try to arrange for you to meet with Hilbert and Stephen.”

She was referring to psychologist ad jewelry designer, Hilbert Alucard, and furniture merchant, Stephen Hampres.

Clearly, in this group of Psychology Alchemists members, Escalante was in a subordinate position.

Audrey wasn’t surprised by Escalante’s reaction, but this didn’t mean that her handling of matters wasn’t without a problem.

A Sequence 6 Beyonder who had the wish to advance was someone that required deep importance to be attached to in any secret organization. This was even the case with the orthodox Churches. They were people who were qualified to meet high-

ranking members directly!

This also meant that, after advancing to Hypnotist, Audrey was already an elite in the middle-ranking members of the Psychology Alchemists. Her next goal was to become a quasi high-ranking member. The person she needed to meet was a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists' Council, and not Hilbert or Stephen.

As her thoughts flashed across her mind, Audrey deliberately showed some of her displeasure.

Escalante acutely noticed this and hurriedly explained, "Meeting Hilbert and Stephen is to confirm your condition before a councilor meets you.

"In fact, with your present level, you should be leading a team and recruiting new members. But with your identity, status, and daily environment, we have canceled that plan, afraid that it would influence your normal day-to-day life."

Councilor... I wonder how many councilors from the Psychology Alchemists there are in Backlund... Could it be the royal family's consultant, Hvin Rambis? Audrey nodded in thought and said, "I can understand that and will await your arrangements."

She then diverted the topic and asked with a curious look, "Ma'am Escalante, do you know what's the name of the Sequence 5 potion of the Spectator pathway?"

Seeing this blonde, green-eyed, young noble lady taking on such a demure pose, Escalante silently heaved a sigh of relief.

“I’ve once heard Hilbert mention that it’s called Dreamwalker.”

Dreamwalker… This is somewhat different from what I imagined. Or it could be that “dream” is just an analogy. To be precise, it should be Subconscious Walker? Audrey didn’t conceal her contemplation and analysis before directing her questions to psychology and various information.

After having Escalante stay for dinner, she sent the lady to the door where she got on a carriage.

At this moment, it was dark outside with gales roaring and rain pouring.

Amidst the pouring rain, howling winds, and the dark night, a steam sailboat hybrid was cruising through the safe sea route in the Berserk Sea with tourists on board.

Klein had already left the Southern Continent and had returned to Desi Bay as Dwayne Dantès.

Amidst the shaking ship, he suddenly woke up, got out of bed, and headed to the window of his first-class cabin’s living room to look outside.

Amidst the downpour, three huge strange pure-black sailboats were silently cruising over.

Hanging on their sides were lanterns with three black sails on masts almost a hundred meters long.

And on its deck stood a mottled stone chair that was two to three

meters high; its back facing the cabin. No one was sitting on it.

It was the Black Emperor-symbol of the King of the Five Seas, Nast!

Chapter 971: Restraint

On the observation deck of the liner, the bugle was sounded. It tore through the obstacles put up by the wind and rain, awakening all the passengers on board.

Unable to dress up in time, they could only don a coat or their pajamas, rushing barefoot to the window to observe the situation outside.

Half of the passengers quickly saw a gigantic sailboat that didn't adhere to common sense. They saw its three pitch-black sails and the blob of pale flickering yellow amidst the dark environment.

Together with the howling winds, spattering rain, and the moonless and starless night sky, many passengers felt as though the ship was approaching them from hell, bringing with it an inexplicable sense of horror and dominance.

After a brief pause and frenzy, a name surfaced in their minds: Black Emperor!

Anyone who had been out at sea for some time, or people who lived in port cities in the various colonies, more or less knew the existence of such a pirate ship!

"Sigh, may the Storm be with you and me."

"May the Goddess watch over us!"

“Holy Lord of Storms!”

As the passengers subconsciously made prayers, they were filled with horror and helplessness.

These passengers knew very well that the owner of the Black Emperor had the highest bounty on the Five Seas. In a particular sense, he was the King of Pirates, and was a powerful figure who could remain alive despite the campaigns of the various fleets from different nations. He was definitely not someone the cannons and crew of a liner could resist.

This meant that they were about to fall into the hands of pirates!

Many women couldn’t help but imagine being raped by the pirates and being sold to unfamiliar lands. Some trembled while others collapsed to the ground. Some rummaged for daggers or revolvers; it was unknown if they wanted to resist, or if they were unwilling to face the worst outcome. Having failed to find weapons, some moved a clothes rack to their side.

The men didn’t react any better. Apart from a number of them drawing weapons in a bid to organize themselves to resist, the remaining froze in a daze or sought places to hide. Other cursed the darn liner and the King of the Five Seas.

Finally, the captain’s voice boomed into the ears of every passenger via the broadcasting equipment or something else.

“Silence! Don’t be afraid!

“The owner of the Black Emperor has his own code. He’s not like other pirates. His subordinates can only plunder for items and

wealth, nothing else!

Such words were repeated a few times as the panicking passengers finally calmed down and no longer exhibited such horror.

Compared to the outcomes they had imagined, being able to live and not be raped was an excellent outcome.

Almost a minute late, a number of passengers were overwhelmed with sadness and cried upon realizing how their hard-earned savings would be wiped out.

Some of them were doing business through loans. If they were unable to pay their loans, it was possible that their family would end up on the streets, relying on the workhouses for survival.

Upon having this thought, they hurriedly took action and hid their wealth in all kinds of hidden compartments, hoping to keep as much as they could from the pirates. After doing this, they held their weapons tight, prepared to fight the pirates to the death at critical moments.

Even feral beasts would fight back when cornered, why not humans?

At this moment, many of the pirates on the Black Emperor were waiting by the broadside according to their orders. They were prepared to jump onto the prey once the distance was closed.

Their second mate, Horror Viscount Bird Mustang was holding a telescope as he observed the liner opposite him without much thought. He was inwardly calculating how much longer before

the two ships met.

This pirate, whose bounty had exceeded ten thousand pounds, wore an Intis-styled shirt with complicated patterns on his sleeves and collars. He donned a dark red captain's attire, as though he was awaiting the commencement of a ball, and not a pirate attack.

Suddenly, his vision blurred and he could no longer see the liner!

Bird Mustang hurriedly searched with his telescope, but regardless of the direction he aimed it at, there was nothing but stormy waves and red-headed sea eagles who enjoyed hunting fish during storms.

Such a huge liner had vanished!

The light in Bird Mustang's eyes flickered as he failed to make an accurate judgment.

"Where's the ship?"

"Where did such a huge ship go?"

"It was still around!"

The pirates on deck also noticed something amiss as they exclaimed.

A ghost ship? No, there aren't any ghost ships with such a make. This is a steam and sail hybrid that got popular in recent

decades... An illusion? Someone had hidden a liner with a large-scale illusion? An illusion at this scale has to have been done by a demigod... Bird Mustang's thoughts raced as he retracted his telescope and headed for the cabin.

During this process, the distance he traveled seemed to distort. In about eight steps, Bird Mustang covered quite a sizable distance and arrived in front of the captain's cabin. He reverently bowed and said, "Earl Nast, something abnormal has happened with the hunt."

On the Black Emperor, King of the Five Seas Nast continued having himself addressed as an earl, as it was a title conferred upon him by Emperor Roselle.

Of course, he had publicly announced that it was a matter of time before he established a pirates' kingdom, becoming a duke, king, or even an emperor.

After a brief silence, a solemn voice sounded from the captain's cabin:

"Circle around it."

"By your will!" Bird Mustang didn't ask why as he directly accepted the order.

Of course, he could imagine the reason.

Be it an illusion or not, to make such a huge steam and sail hybrid liner vanish from the scrutiny of hundreds of pirates, it was definitely not something a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder could accomplish. The ship definitely had a demigod or a

powerhouse wielding a demigod-level Sealed Artifact!

And to clash with an unknown demigod for an ordinary liner was definitely an irrational act. Even if the Earl of White Maple Nast, as the King of the Five Seas, he wouldn't do such rash acts unless there was something worth fighting for.

From this angle, the demigod was only hiding on the liner and had not launched any counterattack. This also implied that he didn't wish to clash with the Black Emperor and the King of the Five Seas. Therefore, he had only exhibited his existence for shock and awe purposes.

Bird Mustang immediately got the sailors to leave the broadside and turn the Black Emperor around.

At this point, a huge and heavy red-headed sea eagle suddenly flew out of its flock and headed for the Black Emperor, spiraling above the ghost ship.

Amidst the pirates' confusion, the red-headed sea eagle looked down upon the deck and spoke deeply in a human's voice:

"I wish to meet the Earl of White Maple."

Bird Mustang was taken aback for a second before he cast his eyes at the cabin.

King of the Five Seas Nast's solemn voice sounded again. Instead of directly answering the sea eagle, he instructed his subordinates, "Let him in."

Bird Mustang immediately followed the order as the sea eagle swooped down in the storm. Its body gradually changed and turned into a humanoid form.

When it landed on the deck, it was no longer a red-headed sea eagle, but a man with a tall top hat and tuxedo. His face wore a feathered mask.

Bird Mustang's eyes dilated slightly as though he was trying to take in the figure clearer.

But no matter how much he observed it, he was unable to discover anything abnormal about this exaggerated man. It was as though there wasn't a red-headed sea eagle from the very beginning.

A few seconds later, Bird Mustang's pupils dilated even more because he saw the figure's side profile when it walked past him.

This man, who appeared like he was an invitee at a banquet, was very thin. His side profile was about the width of two fingers!

At that instant, Bird Mustang felt as though he was seeing a walking paper figurine, but it was also slightly thicker than one!

A monster... He gulped with great difficulty as he watched the terrifying demigod walk towards the cabin.

The pirates on deck quickly retreated and leaned against the shipboard as though a nightmare had just walked past them.

To them, this abnormally proportioned man was something they had never seen before. It was more harrowing than the many monsters they had seen in the past.

At the third story of the cabin, outside the captain's cabin.

Klein held the handle, twisted it, and opened the door.

The reason he had made himself appear so strange was partially due to having no choice, but it was also partially deliberate. The former was because the red-headed sea eagle wasn't big enough, so after creating the clothes and mask, there was no way to create a normal human's body, even without the innards. The deliberate choice was because he was beginning to try out his theories on acting as a Bizarro Sorcerer. He had some ideas regarding this:

The term "Sorcerer" wasn't key. What was key was to use the methods of a sorcerer to appear bizarre!

With a light creak, the dark black door opened, revealing the interior of the captain's cabin.

Candle lamps drooped down from above, with 41 on the left and 40 on the right in an asymmetrical manner. At the end of it, a black platform rose up, surrounding an iron-black chair.

King of the Five Seas Nast's figure was relatively normal. He was slightly taller than 1.9 meters, unlike the nonhuman form which resembled a giant that Klein had previously encountered.

He was still wearing a miniaturized crown with a black robe with silver ends. He had a squarish face with slight wrinkles. He

had a short black mustache underneath his chin, and his black eyes swirled with a red glow. It made one bow their heads without realizing it.

"I've never met you before," Nast said in a deep voice, "Mr. Bizarro Sorcerer."

Klein took off his hat and bowed.

"You know me now."

Nast made his voice which made Spirit Bodies tremble resound inside the captain's cabin.

"Speak. Why are you visiting me?"

"Emperor, I wish to know of your impression of Emperor Roselle. Everyone knows that you and your father have met 'Him' in the past far more than once," Klein replied without being affected.

Nast swept the paper figurine-like demigod as his dark red light brightened significantly.

"Have a seat first."

Before he finished his sentence, Klein felt a potent suppressive force on him. His body involuntarily sat on a chair beside him.

However, he was only here as a marionette. With a flick of the Spirit Body Threads, the figure that was thin as a book had quickly restored its balance.

Chapter 972: Nast's Memories

With the pressure relieved, Klein casually pulled a chair over and placed it by the door, sitting opposite King of the Five Seas Nast with the entire hall separating them.

Although the Pirate King was more than 1.9 meters tall and was sitting on a black platform, allowing him to look down in a domineering manner, Klein didn't play second fiddle in this encounter. He wore his tall top hat again.

After a brief silence, Nast, who had the official title of Earl of White Maple, said with a solemn tone, "Give me a reason why I should answer your question."

Klein's thin body casually leaned back as he said, "You will not need to hear the same request when you have something you need to trade with me in the future."

The dark red light flickered in Nast's black eyes as he said, "I basically know all the saints active in this world, but that doesn't include you."

Klein caressed the feathered mask on his face and laughed. Without answering, he asked in return, "Have you met Zaratul?"

"I've met 'Him' twice in Emperor Roselle's palace. I'd also interacted with quite a number of Secret Order members," Nast replied with a calm and direct but extremely domineering tone.

Quite a number of Secret Order members… You should introduce me to them when the opportunity arises… Klein couldn't help

but quip.

He then smiled and said, “I’ve also met Zaratul.”

Nast raised his hand to stroke his short black beard. His already tall figure seemed to burgeon, making the mood in the captain’s cabin even gloomier and repressed.

After a few seconds, he stared at Klein from above and said, “My impression of Emperor Roselle is very simple:

“No one is more suitable than ‘Him’ to be the Black Emperor.”

He didn’t explain what “Black Emperor” meant or pointed to, ignoring if the demigod opposite him understood or not.

Is that so… From this King of the Five Seas’s words, although the emperor’s diary implied that he made up his mind only in his later years to switch to the Black Emperor pathway and make preparations, he had long had such inclinations. He had unconsciously exhibited it and set up the situation ahead of time… Klein thought in enlightenment.

He believed that Nast’s impression of Emperor Roselle was limited to that. After all, they had only met a few times. Hence, he switched topics.

“In the emperor’s later years, did ‘He’ get you or your father to do something secret?”

Nast’s crown shook a little as he replied, “Someone had once asked me the same question.”

Klein laughed and asked with a bold guess, “Bernadette?”

“Yes.” Nast held the two sides of his black throne with his hands. “Back then, she was very young and immature to ask such a question. With Emperor Roselle’s level in his later years, compared to handing something secret to me and my father, what could be kept more secret than doing it ‘Himself?”

This is implying that I’m as immature as Bernadette back then… Klein sighed and said, “To people who are concerned about this, one wouldn’t abandon even the slightest sliver of hope.”

This was also why he wished to meet the King of the Five Seas after concealing the liner.

He was now trying to find clues to the door of light above the gray fog in the real world. Apart from confirming who the third transmigrator was, he had to delve deep into Emperor Roselle’s matters. This was a necessary decision!

The dark red glow in Nast’s eyes contracted and expanded.

“What’s your relationship with Emperor Roselle?”

Klein thought and said with a sigh, “We can be considered old friends.”

After all, they had been above that mysterious door of light, and the cocoons they were in were neighbors with only a thin obstacle in between them. They had been hanging there for centuries or even millennia.

This was a connection that stemmed from reality, and psychologically, having read so many of the emperor's diaries, Klein had long treated the emperor as a fellow countryman. He shared the same feelings for home and sense of identity with him.

Nast stared at the thin demigod who sat by the door before he retracted his gaze and solemnly said, "Any more questions?"

Klein was already prepared. He asked in an unhurried tone, "Do you feel that there was anything abnormal about Emperor Roselle in his later years?"

The slightly wrinkled Nast remained silent for quite a while before saying, "I don't know enough about 'Him,' so I wasn't able to notice anything abnormal.

"The only thing that made me feel odd was that when me and my father met 'Him,' 'He' would stand at a floor-to-ceiling window facing west. He would stare into the distance. This would happen in the morning, noon, and the evening. And that room wasn't the only one with a floor-to-ceiling window."

"West… Into the distance… the Fog Sea?" Klein seemed to mutter to himself as though seeking confirmation.

He recalled that the emperor's diary had mentioned of a mysterious primitive island, and he recalled the Abyss that hid somewhere in the Fog Sea.

Nast nodded slightly and said, "That was my guess as well."

Phew… Klein silently exhaled. After some consideration, he stood

up and said, “I’m done with my questions. Please pardon me for my intrusion. “Your Lordship, I wonder if I can help you in a transaction?”

He was fulfilling his promise.

Nast fell silent for two seconds and said, “Help me find the Card of Blasphemy that corresponds to the Black Emperor.”

For an instant, Klein suspected that the Pirate King was testing him, but he immediately felt that an unknown demigod had little to do with the Black Emperor card. He said with a smile, “I’ll try my best.

“However, the questions from before aren’t worth a Card of Blasphemy. If I can obtain it, I’ll trade you for the information inside it. Of course, I might only provide clues to that card.”

Nast caressed the armrest of his iron-black throne and said in a deadpan manner, “So be it.”

Klein took off his hat again, bowed, and turned to leave before returning to the deck.

Under Horror Viscount Bird Mustang and company’s gaze, he raised his arms.

His body rapidly contracted as the feather mask on his face spread out. In just two or three seconds, his entire person became an ordinary red-headed sea eagle.

This sea eagle immediately flapped its wings, flying into the

dark storm, vanishing from the sights of the pirates of the Black Emperor.

That's a demigod... Bird Mustang looked into midair and sighed.

Although making a further advancement at Sequence 5 increased the inclination towards madness and a loss of control, making it highly possible for Beyonders to fail their advancement, the title of being a demigod remained attractive. As long as one successfully took the step, they could attain godhood, allowing their life to undergo a fundamental change. Be it in terms of lifespan or powers, it far exceeded that of humans, allowing them to reign above all.

On the liner, Klein abandoned his control over the red-headed sea eagle, allowing it to plunge into the sea to be fish food without anyone seeing it.

And at this moment, the passengers on board felt high-strung because the Black Emperor was about to approach.

In fact, this should've happened a few minutes ago, but for some reason, the Black Emperor had ignored the liner and headed forward. Yet, the liner didn't use this opportunity to escape, and it had instead circled around the Black Emperor, maintaining a few hundred meters from it.

This bizarre situation continued for a while before it finally ended, leaving dozens of meters between the two ships.

The Black Emperor passed the liner and steered into the stormy night without returning.

The passengers and crew watched blankly and realized the reality of the situation only a few minutes later.

The Black Emperor was gone! It hadn't attempted to plunder them!

A number of passengers cheered while others had tears stream down their faces. A few collapsed to the ground and relaxed. Only a few maintained their lucidity, feeling puzzled as to everything that had happened. However, they were unable to find an answer that agreed with the situation at hand. All they could do was console themselves.

The Black Emperor must've completed a plunder already. Since this is a liner and not a cargo ship, it didn't catch its eye!

As the euphoria spread across the ship, Kleindonning the appearance of Dwayne Dantès-cast his gaze to the north.

Compared to King of the Five Seas Nast, who had only met Roselle a few times, there was another person who knew the emperor even better: Queen Mystic Bernadette!

Being an equal peer to Nast, she had recently been in Backlund!

After I return to Backlund, I'll get Admiral of Stars to contact Queen Mystic and try to meet her as soon as possible... Klein retracted his gaze, drew the curtains, and went to bed.

In the Rorsted Archipelago waters, on the Future.

Admiral of Stars Cattleya finally received a letter from Queen

Mystic Bernadette.

She had no idea when the invisible messenger arrived, but this didn't stop her from effusing her joy.

Tearing open the envelope and spreading open the letter, Cattleya eagerly read the first line below the salutation:

"That's indeed Ciel's descendant…"

That Artisan is really Emperor Roselle's direct descendant… I can't allow him to mix with the believers of the Primordial Moon. I have to bring him on board the Future… As Cattleya thought, she nodded indiscernibly.

After making up her mind, she thought of Artisan Cielf's character and morals that only spelled trouble. She felt that she had the responsibility and duty to discipline him.

Amidst her deliberation, she walked to the window of the captain's cabin and cast her gaze outside.

After some searching, her gaze fell onto the shipboard where Frank Lee was munching on mushrooms.

"Frank," Cattleya shouted out with her normal tone.

Frank, who had his sleeves rolled up, snapped out of his deep thought.

"Captain, is there something?"

Cattleya said seriously, “I’ll get you an assistant for your experiments.”

Frank was taken aback before he revealed a pure smile.

“Alright!”

Chapter 973: New "Angel"

Upon seeing Frank's smile, Cattleya had mixed feelings. She then retracted her gaze and turned it to the nearby fishing village where the Future was docked.

No one expected this place to be an important base of the Moses Ascetic Order.

To avoid the pursuit of the Aurora Order, Cattleya and her crew had been docked here recently!

She wasn't in a rush to set sail but was prepared to go ashore. She planned on using the equipment in the fishing village to make contact with her subordinates who were monitoring Artisan Cielf in Bayam. Through that, she could confirm the situation and make plans.

Only with this in place could the Future set sail again, headed for the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, Bayam, that was several days away.

...

In Backlund, the sky brightened especially early in July, but the overall temperature wasn't considered hot. It didn't even exceed 30℃.

Emlyn wore a top hat to shelter him from the sunlight that penetrated the clouds as he disembarked a carriage and walked into the Harvest Church.

Looking over, he saw the mountainlike Father Utravsky who wore a brown priest robe and a clergyman's bonnet. He was standing in front of the Sacred Emblem of Life, preaching to the few believers that came to pray in the morning.

Emlyn didn't take a second look as he walked straight to the back of the cathedral. He arrived in a room that he called his, and he familiarly changed into his priest robes.

As he wiped the candle stands, he waited for the believers to leave. About twenty minutes later, he finally found an opportunity to sit beside Bishop Utravsky and muttered to himself while looking at the Sacred Emblem of Life, "Father, I have a question I would like to consult you about."

The thin-browed, light blue-eyed Bishop Utravsky with some clear wrinkles replied with a smile, "Go ahead."

Emlyn held his breath and verbalized the words he had been thinking over the entire night.

"If—and I'm saying, if there's a distant relative who fools you, making you and your friend fall into danger and almost lose your life, and this matter isn't suitable in court, how would you punish him?"

Despite sitting down, Utravsky remained like a hill. He said in a deep but gentle voice, "First, you have to confirm if the relative had made a mistake due to negligence, or if he had deliberately fooled you and lead you into a trap. If it's the former, you need to warn him, remind him, and teach him, instead of thinking of punishing him. If it's the latter, you still need to confirm if this is the way he usually does things.

"If it is, then you need to eliminate him. Otherwise, he will

definitely bring more harm to others, bringing harm to innocents. By ending his life and sending him back to the land, it will restart the cycle of life. It's a type of compassion and a type of purification…"

…*Elimination… Father speaks of murder in a way that's more natural, mellow, and calmer than The World!* Emlyn's facial muscles twitched as he hurriedly interrupted Utravsky's reply.

"No, he usually doesn't act this way. It's just that due to various reasons, he had targeted me this once. I-I don't wish to kill him because of this."

Just as he said that, Emlyn froze. He had apparently, probably, most likely, just expressed the fact that he was the victim, expressing that this matter was a Sanguine internal matter.

Utravsky turned to look at him and revealed a smile.

"Not bad. You already understand how precious life is."

Emlyn forced a smile.

"Then, how should he be punished?"

Utravsky looked at the Sacred Emblem of Life in front of him.

"I do not advocate appealing to violence. You can bring him here and have him listen to my preaching and reading the bible. He will understand the value of life and experience the compassion of Earth Mother. He will serve to redeem his sins."

Isn't this what I experienced... Emlyn was taken aback before realizing that this method was in line with his intentions.

This neither caused Ernes Boyar's death, nor was it comparable to simply beating him up and demanding compensation. More importantly, this wouldn't escalate to a conflict that would cause strife among the Sanguine!

Of course, every method had its flaws. To Emlyn, the biggest problem was:

How was he to bring Ernes Boyar to the Harvest Church?

From the moment he began doing volunteer work here, all the Sanguine in Backlund knew to avoid this region. Ernes Boyar was no exception. It was impossible to trick him into coming in!

And if he resorted to violence, Emlyn believed that, with the ring bestowed to him by Ancestor Lilith, as well as Miss Magician's powerful spellbook that could be rented, defeating Ernes Boyar wasn't a difficult endeavor. However, to control him wasn't simple. After all, he was a Sanguine Viscount, equivalent to that of a Sequence 5 Beyonder. In addition, although Ernes Boyar wasn't too old, he had quite a collection.

Under such circumstances, the extent of which to directly taking action was hard to gauge. It could easily lead to death, and Emlyn would be blamed for it.

Perhaps I need some help... In Backlund, there are many members of the Tarot Club. If we work together, we should be able to easily control Ernes... Uh, I can't expose my identity because of this. The cooperation should be done in stages, so that we don't have to meet... Amidst his thoughts, Emlyn had made his decision. He planned on assigning a mission during the Tarot Gathering next

week in search for help.

He nodded gently in response to Father Utravsky's suggestion.

"It sounds pretty good.

"I plan on making a decision a few days later after calming down."

Father Utravsky nodded and smiled.

"Fruits are obtained from planting them. It's a long process that requires patience. From the looks of it, you have understood this point."

Of course, it's such a simple principle! Emlyn raised his chin slightly as he habitually clasped his hands and prayed to the Sacred Emblem of Life.

...

22 Phelps Street, Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

Audrey placed a document in hand on the table and looked up at the wall clock in the director's office. She could hardly relax.

She had already made an appointment with Escalante to head over to Stephen Hampres's residence in the afternoon.

Clearly, this meant a test. If the Psychology Alchemists's team was careful enough, they would've already reported the news, and there might be a councilor secretly observing everything.

Based on her current level and abilities, although Audrey was unable to determine how terrifying a High-Sequence Spectator was, she could imagine the kinds of performance they had in certain domains. This made her uncontrollably nervous, afraid that she would be "seen through."

In fact, I should've delayed it a little more. Although the time and the emotions I showed are in line with logic in psychology, delaying a meeting would definitely incur suspicion. But compared to a little bit of suspicion, it's more important to wait for Mr. World to return from the Southern Continent. That way, I can directly arrange for them to meet at the foundation. I don't have to worry about a High-Sequence Spectator discovering anything... Sigh, Audrey, your plans weren't well-thought enough... Audrey sighed silently and cast Placate on herself to calm her emotions.

After the afternoon, she wasn't in a rush to leave the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. Sitting inside her office, she bowed her head, clasped her hands together, and softly prayed to Mr. Fool.

After completing this, she got onto her carriage with Annie and Susie, heading for the residence of the furniture merchant, Stephen Hampres.

Just as the carriage began moving, Audrey suddenly saw a gorgeous beam of light appear.

Amidst the beam of light, a twelve-winged angel bathed with golden light descended. The wings which were made of flames had wrapped her in layers before they dissipated layer after

layer.

Audrey's vision quickly recovered as she swept her gaze past Annie and Susie through the corner of her eye in an unnoticeable manner. She realized that they hadn't noticed anything that had happened.

It's a little different from the previous angel… With Mr. Fool's greater reawakening, "His" angels have also recovered further? As the corners of her lips quivered, Audrey wiped the smile from her face, her inner heart becoming abnormally firm.

In less than half an hour, her carriage had stopped by Stephen Hampres's door.

After passing her hand to Annie, Audrey was helped down the carriage, and she walked straight to the door. She watched as her attendant pulled the doorbell.

Before long, Escalante came to open the door. Like before, she directly brought Audrey to the activity room on the first floor. Annie and Susie were brought to the living room by the servants.

Upon arriving at the activity room, Escalante reached out to hold the doorknob as she gestured for Audrey to enter.

This… Audrey had a guess, but she didn't show it. She slowly walked through the door which Escalante had opened.

Escalante didn't enter as she closed the activity room's door.

Audrey looked ahead and saw that on a single-seater facing the

activity room's door, there was an elder sitting there quietly.

The elder wore a shirt, vest, and a jacket, matched with blue-gray trousers with lines adorning it, as well as a dark red bow tie. His hair was completely white but remained thick and lush. He had a warm and elegant bearing.

He had a pair of blue eyes that seemed to hide wisdom and knowledge. Apart from the wrinkles on his forehead, he didn't have any wrinkles elsewhere.

Audrey knew him. He was the royal family's consultant—Hvin Rambis!

Of course, Audrey had long known of this old gentleman's secret identity from the Tarot Club: a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists!

She didn't disguise her surprise, because she truly was surprised. Although she had guessed at the possibility of Hvin Rambis's appearance, she never expected him to appear directly. She imagined that he would observe her in secret, allowing Hilbert and Stephen to speak on his behalf.

"You're very surprised?" Hvin Rambis asked with a faint smile.

He then stood up and bowed.

"A pleasure meeting you, Miss Audrey."

Audrey deliberately opened her mouth before closing it again. Following that, she replied with a mixed smile, "I'm not sure

how I should address you.”

Hvin Rambis chuckled.

“Like always.”

He pointed to the sofa beside them.

“Let’s have a seat.”

Audrey took a deep breath, wore a smile, and unhurriedly walked over. Sitting by the sofa, she maintained an adequate distance from him.

Chapter 974: Mind World

Hvin Rambis picked up the porcelain teacup and took a sip. Looking at Audrey, who sat in a flawless posture, he said genially, “There’s no need to act so reserved. This isn’t our first meeting. I still recall discussing Birman’s philosophy of ethics and Kongsoka’s pragmatism with you two years ago.”

Audrey smiled faintly and said, “I just find it difficult to put the idea of you and a Psychology Alchemists councilor together.”

Hvin Rambis hadn’t introduced himself, but it was a reasonable inference based on Audrey’s knowledge of the Psychology Alchemists and the present situation.

Hvin crossed his right leg and said with a smile, “This isn’t something worth paying attention to. Never forget that our Psychology Alchemists is an organization established with the goal of studying the psyche and to build knowledge. We are more about the academic side of things rather than handling matters. Heh, since it’s academic, you can always treat a councilor as a university’s professor.”

If she hadn’t learned from Mr. World that Hvin Rambis was behind Cuarón’s suicide, Audrey would’ve been able to conclude that he was a knowledgeable, amiable, humorous, and humble scholar, regardless of the amount of observation that she did. However, since she was wary, Audrey wasn’t someone who would so easily believe things that appeared on the surface.

As she looked at him and organized her words, she prevented herself from focusing too much on one point. She kept her thoughts lively and scattered to prevent herself from being hypnotized.

At this moment, her mind suddenly turned adrift. She seemed to see the seven pure lights that contained infinite knowledge, and the dense, indescribable figures. She saw them blanketing everything from high above.

This was the spirituality sky, the reflection of the spirituality in one's mind!

And beneath the spirituality sky was a deep, dark sea. Every drop of water resembled a point of light as though they represented an imprint on each subconscious.

Near this sea were several islands. One of them belonged to Audrey.

She clearly knew that this was a manifestation of her consciousness. What was exposed above the sea was what she could detect, and the parts covered by the "seawater" were her deeper consciousness that she was usually unable to grasp or know.

Floating above the island, Audrey looked to the bottom. She first noticed that the area was a solitary, quiet, gray blur. They screened out her vision, making her only capable of seeing the massive and dark black outlines of the subconscious, as well as the illusory and rippling sea of collective subconscious. She was unable to obtain much information from that.

Audrey was puzzled as to how she had entered this strange state when she saw large swaths of gray split apart like the sea deep in the sea of subconscious at the island below. It revealed a stone platform that had appeared at some point in time.

On the platform, a figure grew up rapidly in a fashion akin to blinking, entering Audrey's field of view almost instantly.

His hair was completely white but remained thick and lush. He wore a standard three-piece suit, matched with blue-gray trousers with lines adorning it, as well as a dark red bow tie. This man with deep wrinkles on his forehead was none other than Hvin Rambis.

Compared to the Hvin sitting on the sofa, he appeared more sinister. He didn't wear a smile, and his head was slightly bowed. It was as though he was observing Audrey's subconscious that lay behind.

In a few steps, he walked into Audrey's island of consciousness through the sea of collective subconscious. Then, he went from the subconscious to the area exposed above the sea like a silent visitor who didn't knock on the door or receive any permission.

After arriving on the island, Hvin Rambis raised his head. His facial skin was already covered in grayish-white scales. His irises were gold and vertical, and it didn't show any hint of emotion.

This... Floating in midair, Audrey observed this scene and fully understood the situation she was in.

This was the world of the mind, a mind world formed by the spirituality sky, sea of collective subconscious, and the island of consciousness!

Due to the blessings from Mr. Fool's angel, Hvin Rambis's intrusion of my Body of Heart and Mind and psyche through the sea of collective subconscious sounded alarms... That force has separated my most fundamental part of my self-conscious, allowing me to control everything on the island from the spirituality sky. Thus, I'm able to truly resist true forms of telepathy... How magical — No, how despicable of Hvin Rambis! He's not polite at all. He intruded into my "house" without

gaining any permission or providing any notification! Audrey grumbled in midair.

After understanding her current situation, she secretly controlled the changes that were influencing the island while answering the casually seated Hvin Rambis in the real world.

“I’m also very reserved when facing university professors.”

As she spoke, Audrey made her inner island “mumble.”

This isn’t a good analogy. As a elderly Psychology Alchemists councilor, he should be a Sequence 4 at least. This is a demigod, one that naturally makes one feel fear, awe, and reserved!

On the sofa, Hvin Rambis chuckled immediately.

“Then I won’t be forcing you. I’ve heard about you from Hilbert. I heard that you’ve advanced from Psychiatrist to Hypnotist in a short few months. I’m very curious about how you did it? Oh, I’ve also heard of the answer you gave Escalante-having the courage to make use of matters. However, I wish to hear something more detailed.”

At this moment, the Hvin Rambis on Audrey’s mind island was observing his surroundings with a deadpan expression, listening the resonating voice. Audrey was already prepared for this as she deliberately pretended to be organizing her words. After a few seconds, she said, “It’s just the superficial meaning of ‘having courage to make use of matter.’”

“Uh… Let’s put it this way. In my future plans, I’ve always had one of my options being a Psychiatrist. Since I’ve acquired the

corresponding Beyonder powers, I-I was definitely very happy to try it out and help the people around me resolve their mental and psychological problems."

While saying that, she showed some signs of embarrassment towards such actions that bordered on childishness. Her mind island faithfully reflected

this.

After a pause, Audrey continued, "During this process, I discovered that my control over the potion's powers became better until, one day, I felt something in me shatter and fuse into my blood. It also allowed me to vaguely see illusory stars. Mr. Rambis, what does it represent?

"Uh, for some reason, I firmly decided to become a Hypnotist from that day. This might also be a cue from my subconscious."

After saying that, Audrey deliberately stuck out her tongue on her mind island like when she was little, doing things she usually wouldn't do. It was a way to prove that she was feeling a little embarrassed because playing psychiatrist was no different from playing princess when she was little.

And embarrassment often meant the truth.

Hvin Rambis nodded gently and said, "Very talented. You seem to have figured out the 'acting method' by yourself."

"Acting method?" Audrey wore a surprised and blank look both inside and outside before coming to a realization.

Hvin Rambis said with a genial smile, “It’s exactly as you think it is. By acting based on the potion’s name, and concluding the corresponding principles, that will speed up the digestion of the potion. It is an effective method for reducing the negative influences.”

“However, before Sequence 6, we do not teach it because we do not advocate members using this method to accelerate the digestion of their potions. Surprisingly, you have figured it out yourself.”

“Why don’t you advocate it?” Audrey asked sincerely out of curiosity.

Hvin Rambis sighed and said, “This will make the members not be themselves. Some might even be assimilated by the remnants of the potion.

“To put it simply, the first three Sequences are for one to slowly grasp their powers and get used to being extraordinary. It allows one’s subconscious to be deeper, become clearer, and turn more mature. It aids in resisting the subsequent problems that come from the ‘acting method.’

“Of course, I can only give my opinion on the Spectator pathway. As for the other Beyonder pathways, I’m not too sure if they’re the same. But clearly, pathways that focus on the domain of the mind would have some differences in the area of self-consciousness.”

Audrey was unable to determine the veracity of Hvin Rambis’s words. She felt that there was definitely some reason to it, but it was not entirely the truth.

Little Sun mentioned before that one key thing to remember

regarding the “acting method” is “remember that you’re only acting”… I find this more appropriate. Yes, I’ve been strictly abiding to it, and will keep doing so in the future… Audrey, you mustn’t be careless. From this moment forth, you must put more emphasis on your self-consciousness! From Mr. Fool’s point of view, this must be trivial and doesn’t require additional emphasis since it’s included in the statement of “only acting.” But to the ordinary person, perhaps it’s relatively more important… As Audrey’s thoughts raced, she asked, “Can you explain the ‘acting method’ in more detail?”

Hvin Rambis explained it to her in a relatively more detailed manner before saying, “You are indeed talented and qualified to obtain the Sequence 5 Dreamwalker potion formula, but before that, I’ll give you several missions. This is out of fairness and also a form of training for you. This is because once you achieve Sequence 5, you will be leading two to three psychological discussion groups. Your every judgment and choice will influence the future and even the lives of the members beneath you. Therefore, we mustn’t allow people who deeply lack experience in handling matters to advance to Sequence 5.”

“Understandable.” Audrey didn’t object to it. “What’s the first mission?”

Hvin Rambis said with a smile, “A simple but rather long-term mission. Every piece of feedback you provide will count towards your contributions.”

At this point, he sighed.

“The fracture between the New Party and the Conservative Party is widening. The more conflict there is, the more divided the kingdom’s internal politics will be. I wish that you can take note of the attitude of your father, Earl Hall. Inform me of some of his views towards various bills and matters. Don’t worry, this will not cause him any harm. We only wish to mend the fractures.”

His final statement was, in fact, not supported by logic. It was solely a promise. But with Hvin Rambis raising his right hand to his temples while on Audrey's "mind island," Audrey felt that what he said was very reasonable and deeply relatable.

Floating above her mind world, she immediately snapped to her senses and realized something was amiss.

Chapter 975: A Familiar Feeling

How can you not cause harm to my father from knowing his trump cards? This will bring about negative impacts to matters that he's trying to push for or object to... Floating in the mind world, Audrey looked down at her island of consciousness, her thoughts were so calm that it surprised her.

Right on the heels of that, she suddenly realized why Hvin Rambis had directed Cuarón's suicide.

Audrey had always been concerned about this matter. Furthermore, she had obtained information from various sources, giving her a rather clear idea of the overall picture. However, she had ultimately been stumped about the mastermind's goal.

This trap seemed to be targeted at the purse strings of the Conservative Party, Baron Syndras. As long as he failed to respond properly, this powerful banker would have his problems exposed and end up handled by the official Beyonder organizations. However, the actual process seemed to lack the panache of a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. It was especially so when Dwayne Dantès reacted unexpectedly, causing the plan to immediately be foiled; yet, there wasn't any mending of the plan.

As a rather senior Spectator, Audrey had long noticed the incongruity within this matter. However, it was only after hearing Hvin Rambis's words today that she realized the core of the matter.

Hvin Rambis didn't care if he had successfully taken down Baron Syndras, as he had already accomplished his goals.

It was just as he had said, the New Party and Conservative Party were fractured!

Although Hvin Rambis claimed to be trying to mend it, his true goal was to deepen the cracks and cause them to completely fall out with each other!

Why is he doing this? Audrey controlled her mind island and didn't make it show any puzzled emotions.

She then replied to Hvin Rambis, "I can understand your concern for the kingdom's political situation. I will work hard on this."

Just as she said that, the gloomy Hvin Rambis on the mind island lowered his right hand from his forehead. Hvin Rambis, who was sitting on a sofa in the real world, said with a gladdened smile, "You are indeed a young noble lady filled with compassion."

With that said, the old gentleman lowered his right leg which was covered by grayish-blue trousers with lined patterns. He leaned forward slightly as his eyes grew darker.

"Due to your identity and daily environment, you shall forget about me. You will only remember Hilbert, Stephen, and Escalante. You will pass any information through them…

"When there are extremely pressing issues that need reporting, you will subconsciously visit me with the excuse of consulting me on some academic question… When you enter my room, your lost memories will recover…"

As Hvin Rambis said those words, the him on Audrey's mind

island opened his mouth and repeated the words. A “rock” took form and quickly plunged into the ground, sinking into the subconscious.

At that moment, Audrey felt as though she had dissociated into two entities.

One was a result of a mind island-she could no longer remember the appearance or name of the elder in front of her. She only knew that she had come to Stephen Hampres’s residence and met a Psychology Alchemists councilor where she received the approbation of the “acting method” and received a new mission.

Another her floated beneath the spirituality sky, acutely aware of everything that had happened. However, there wasn’t much emotional changes. It was more optimistic than gloomy.

Audrey was certain that the one in midair was her true self-conscious. Therefore, she didn’t feel confounded. With “her” as the true self, she controlled her other self and got up in a muddle.

“Yes, Sir.”

After answering him, she rapidly straightened her body, and like a puppet who was being controlled by invisible strings, she walked to the door and left.

At the instant she closed the door, the her in the mind world’s sky and the her corresponding to the island of consciousness fused as one. There were no longer any differences.

The two entities with certain memory discrepancies instantly

fused together, giving Audrey a few seconds of confusion. However, with plenty of experience in treating people and hypnotizing others, she very quickly and skillfully identified the differences. She then reconstructed every detail from before.

What powerful mind-reading and hypnosis… He directly entered my Body of Heart and Mind and even my Soul Body to exert influence via the sea of collective subconscious… Although Audrey had the blessings of The Fool's angel, she felt that her recollections were like viewing old photographs. They were yellowed and faded, as though they were matters that happened years ago.

I'll be able to do the same in the future! The blessings of Mr. Fool's angel is really impressive! Humph, I'll only inform you of Father's take on unimportant matters! As Audrey's mind whirled, her mood turned for the better.

Whoosh!

The steam locomotive that spewed out copious amounts of smoke dragged its carriages as it chugged into Backlund.

After traveling for days, Klein had finally returned to this Capital of Capitals.

As Dwayne Dantès, Klein wore a top hat and a formal suit while holding a gold inlaid cane. He slowly left the first-class cabin and firmly stood on the platform.

Behind him was a man with mixed-blood. He was about 1.75 meters tall, and he carried two luggage bags. He was none other than the marionette, Enzo. Of course, this Winner had already changed his name to Enuni, which sounded more in line with the Southern Continent's traditions. In the future, he would be

the go-to person to establish contact with the Southern Continent's clientèle for the upstart tycoon and arms dealer, Dwayne Dantès. The non-crucial business would be handled by him, without needing Dwayne Dantès to personally head to East and West Balam.

Of course, this was simply a disguise. In fact, Klein would be the one making the trip.

He had decided to send believers to West Balam in the name of Sea God Kalvetua and get them to represent himself to complete some small-scale deals. After all, Danitz was an infamous pirate over the Five Seas, with a bounty exceeding ten thousand pounds. Furthermore, he had close ties with Gehrman Sparrow, and it easily incurred suspicion if he kept helping Dwayne Dantès.

After leaving the station, Klein rode a carriage and returned to 160 Böklund Street.

It was already dark by then. The street lamps on both sides of the street had already lit up, likewise for Dwayne Dantès's residence. Butler Walter and Housekeeper Taneja led the male and female servants, as well as the gardener and coachmen, out. They stood on both sides to welcome their employer back.

After he arrived in Desi Bay and bought the train tickets, Klein had sent a telegram back to Backlund, informing his butler when he was returning. However, he had instructed him not to send the coachman to pick him up at the station. After all, this was an era when steam locomotives were often delayed. It wasn't impossible that its arrival would be delayed to the next morning.

Glancing at his servants who stood with a standard, reverent pose, Klein secretly nodded and passed through them as he

sighed inwardly.

This does resemble the style of nobility. Even when the employer isn't around, the butler doesn't skive... When he arrived at the door, he nodded gently at Walter and Taneja before saying, "It must've been hard on you while I was away."

"It's our duty," Walter and Taneja said with a bow.

Klein then turned his gaze to his valet, Richardson. He realized that this good-looking mixed-blood had a somewhat pale expression as he kept stealing glances at his employer's new valet, Enuni.

Klein smirked inwardly as he nodded at him.

"You did well. However, there's some business involving the Southern Continent that requires Enuni to handle it.

"Oh yes, be Mr. Walter's assistant and help him in gathering information for a manor outside the city."

Assistant... Assistant butler... Richardson was first taken aback before he replied in pleasant surprise, "Yes, Sir!"

With this role, it meant that he had broken free from the constraints of being a valet. He had been promoted!

Walter didn't ask about the manor in detail as he seriously arranged for his employer's settling in, bath, and meals.

After all of this was done, he and Enuni sent Dwayne Dantès back to the third story before he asked, “Sir, do you plan on buying a manor in the suburbs of Backlund? What requirements do you have?”

Something not too expensive… Who knows how long I can use this identity for… Klein inwardly gave a self-deprecating comment before deliberating.

“One with a vineyard and brewery.”

After completing the arms deal, he had already established himself in Backlund’s high society and had earned a huge sum of money. Therefore, it was necessary for him to own a manor. He couldn’t afford to not be capable of inviting his friends on a vacation and hunt in the suburbs when autumn and winter came. This was a faux pas that could easily make him be viewed with scorn.

Furthermore, the manors in Backlund’s suburbs were rather expensive. One could purchase a huge manor with rubber trees in places like Desi Bay for eight to ten thousand pounds, but here, all he wanted was a vineyard and grain farm, with facilities like a brewery.

“I will gather the information as soon as possible,” Walter replied respectfully.

He knew his employer was exhausted from his traveling, so after briefly informing him of the recent developments, he left the third story and busied himself on other matters. With the new valet’s help, Klein changed his clothes and washed up.

During this process, Klein, who had gotten accustomed to his godhood, couldn’t help but lampoon.

If it wasn't because a marionette cannot be more than a thousand meters from me, would I have changed valets… Despite being a tycoon, I still have to serve myself… Sigh!

Amidst his sighs, he dismissed Winner Enuni to the adjoining room and walked to the window. He looked at the lamp-lit Backlund, which resembled stars, as he allowed his thoughts to wander.

Next, my goal is MI9's deputy director, Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor…

As for the captain of the royal guards, Viscount Stratford, I can leave him to the Demoness, Trissy… She has vanished for quite some time. I wonder what he has been busy with. I wonder if she has come up with a way to approach that viscount… I had previously informed her that I have other matters to tend to and wasn't free via the method she gave me. I'll later have to confirm that I'm free now and can continue our previous cooperation effort…

After a while, Klein reined in his thoughts and got into bed. Without the help of Cogitation, he fell deep asleep.

After an unknown period of time, he suddenly opened his eyes and sensed that someone had entered 160 Böklund Street!

Here it comes again… Klein couldn't help but raise his hand to rub his temples.

On the first day of returning to Backlund, he had been awakened in the middle of the night.

Chapter 976: Zealot

Dressed in pajamas, Klein didn't move. In his spiritual perception, the intruder's Spirit Body Threads appeared.

This also meant that if he so wished, he could turn everyone in 160 Böklund Street into his marionette without leaving the bed. Of course, to a demigod-a Bizarro Sorcerer—the neighbors a few buildings away were within range.

There are many Spirit Bodies around. One of them is helping him fly. He has landed on the opposite balcony… Is it a Beyonder from the Death pathway, or the Evernight pathway? To be able to do this, he must at least be a Sequence 6… He's here for Richardson? No, he's walking towards my bedroom. He has paused and has reached out his right hand to knock gently on my door… He's certain that I've detected him? Klein sat up with a slightly heavy expression.

He had made the initial judgment via the Spirit Body Threads, but subsequently, he did it via direct "sight"-a scene that formed in his mind.

After Klein reached Sequence 4, not only was his danger premonition as a Clown enhanced, the amount of power he could stir and use from the mysterious space above the gray fog had experienced a qualitative boost. With the two combined, it wasn't difficult for him to use his intuition to have a projection of the intruder's figure and actions, despite the distance.

In addition, due to his deepened control over the mysterious space, Klein could converge the augmentation effects the gray fog had on him in the real world. This prevented Beyonders of certain pathways from seeing anything. Based on his judgment,

by being above the gray fog, augmenting himself with a Card of Blasphemy, and using the Sea God Scepter, the strength that The Fool could direct at the real world was asymptotically closer to that of an angel.

If that weren't the case, even if the gray fog and the Paper Figurine Substitutes could allow others to maintain their lucidity in dreamlike states, Klein wouldn't have dared to allow Miss Justice to face a Sequence 4 or even Sequence 3 of the Spectator pathway.

Amidst his thoughts, he left his bed, wore his slippers, and straightened his pajamas. He walked to the reclining chair and leisurely sat down.

"Please come in."

The door to the master bedroom opened silently, but no cold wind blew in. All it did was spiral in the corridor.

The visitor was a man about Dwayne Dantès's age, and of similar height. He had black hair and brown eyes. He had cut facial features, a classic example of a Loenese man.

He wore a silk top hat and had a rather thin face. His demeanor was cold but wasn't one that left others feeling uncomfortable. Instead, it was a manifestation of the night view at a suburban cemetery.

At this instant, Klein saw countless Spirit Bodies hugging a middle-aged gentleman. It made his surroundings dark and stacked, as though a world was hidden within.

Klein's spiritual intuition told him that this was a demigod.

Why would there be a demigod coming to me moments after I arrive back in Backlund… Apart from the Church of Evernight's Backlund archbishop, nothing has been exposed in regards to this identity as Dwayne Dantès… Having a headache, Klein looked at the door without an expression. It was unknown whether he was feeling angry or alarmed.

After taking two steps, the demigod's right hand suddenly hung down straight. Together with his waist, it bent like a bow pulled to its limit.

He had bowed deeply in a strange manner, his attitude extremely reverent. Meanwhile, a cold wind blew over, closing the door silently.

Klein was nearly taken aback, feeling at a loss. His mind whirred as he came to a rough guess.

At this moment, the demigod maintained his pose and said in a deep voice, "In response to a revelation, I, Patrick Bryan of the Numinous Episcopate, am here to meet Your Excellency."

Revelation… Klein controlled the twitching of his facial muscles. Together with his previous guess, he had a rough understanding of what was happening.

The Evernight Goddess had deepened "Her" control of Artificial Death–in other words, the Death pathway's Uniqueness! "She" was able to give revelations to the high-ranking members of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction!

Klein sighed as he chuckled. He pressed his right hand to his chest, but he didn't make any additional movements.

"What is God's revelation?"

Bryan slowly stood straight and looked at the gentleman with the white sideburns sitting at the reclining chair. He replied with some level of fervor, "We succeeded. God has finally awakened. 'He' has requested me to listen to your commands from this day forth, and to follow your arrangements."

Klein had already expected this, but he felt his face burn, unsure whether to laugh or cry.

This is making me be a Blessed of Evernight while also part-timing as a Blessed of Artificial Death, so as to silently lead the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction... Is this a bestowment of fate, or a price that had been exacted? Since the Goddess didn't get the Church's archbishops or high-ranking deacons to handle this matter, it means that "She" wishes it to be kept confidential... Klein instantly stood up and tried to appear pious in tone and expression.

"As God's revelation commands.

"God's wish is my wish!"

After expressing his devotion, he looked at the demigod standing straight in front of him and pointed to the sofa opposite him.

"Please have a seat. Oh, do introduce yourself. That's the most basic form of politeness, isn't it?"

Moments ago, as the thoughts ran through his mind, Klein had vaguely grasped the reason why the Goddess had handed him leadership over the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction.

As Gehrman Sparrow, he had close connections with the Death Consul!

Therefore, if anyone were to really discover anything amiss and begin investigating the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction, they would realize that it had something to do with Gehrman Sparrow and be enlightened. They would believe that they had grasped the truth as to why Artificial Death was able to come to life and send a revelation.

Due to this guess, Klein deliberately made Dantès use Gehrman Sparrow's usual speech.

Patrick Bryan sat on the sofa and said after some thought, "I'm Loenese. I once did business in East Balam and nearly died because of a disease. I was rescued by members of the Numinous Episcopate, and during that ritual, I received God's grace and survived. Later, I secretly changed my faith.

"The faction I'm in is always being vilified by the other members of the Numinous Episcopate. They believe that we're engaging in sacrilege, that we're in a bid to create a new Death. But that's not the case. We firmly believe that God didn't perish at the end of the Fourth Epoch. 'He' is merely asleep and requires certain things to be done in order to awaken. The facts have proven that we were right. You are witness to this."

The ancient chronicles I received didn't say so. Those high-ranking members of the Numinous Episcopate are fully aware that they are emulating the matter of the Hidden Sage to create Artificial Death… Could it be that this gentleman in front of me

isn't a core member of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction? And he also lacks sufficient knowledge regarding the Uniqueness? But how can a demigod not be a core member? Even if the Numinous Episcopate is a remnant of the Balam royal family and Death's Church, with copious amounts of knowledge and powerhouses, there's no way they will let a demigod go to waste… Even the seven orthodox Churches wouldn't do such a thing… Klein was extremely puzzled hearing this as he asked, "What about the other high-ranking members of your faction?" Patrick Bryan said with a reverent look, "When I joined the Numinous Episcopate, God had already awakened a little. This is all the work of the saints of the past. They had sacrificed themselves over the numerous rituals.

"Currently, we have a total of three saints and an angel. They are in East Balam while I'm in charge of Backlund matters."

That's not right. Based on the information provided by Leonard, the Numinous Episcopate have their members split into many small teams in Backlund. They aren't aware of each other, and they only make contact with a specific person in the Southern Continent. There's no overall person-in-charge… Klein's first reaction was that Patrick Bryan was lying, but he immediately dismissed it. This was because it was something easily verifiable for a Blessed who had been the focus of a revelation.

He thought for a moment before he asked, "What's that angel's name? Where is 'He'? Are there any other revelations?"

Patrick Bryan answered frankly, "God made me not inform others, nor make inquiries to others about matters.

"Our leader's name is Haiter, both a last name and first name. 'He' was once the archbishop of the Church, and later he became an angel thanks to God's grace. 'He' has always been working hard to awaken the sleeping God, but he was severely corrupted in one of the rituals. Currently, 'He' is unable to leave his

mausoleum; otherwise, he would directly lose control. ‘He’ is considered my teacher.”

This demigod that has existed since the Balam Empire is clearly key in steering the Artificial Death project… Klein asked in thought, “He’ and the other two demigods are Balamese pure-bloods?”

“Yes.” Patrick Bryan nodded.

I roughly get what’s happening… Klein couldn’t help but sigh inwardly.

He believed that Patrick Bryan wasn’t an ordinary demigod, but a byproduct of the Artificial Death

project!

Back then, Haiter and the other members of the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction had no intention of saving a Loenese. Instead, they had planned on using him for a ritual’s sacrificial item or material. In the end, something unexpected happened during their attempt which they originally hadn’t had high hopes of. Death’s Uniqueness gained some level of instinct or produced other changes. This led to Patrick Bryan’s survival and his establishment of a certain connection with Artificial Death. His spirit and body became special.

Upon witnessing this, Haiter and the other high-ranking members began viewing Patrick Bryan as key to the success of the Artificial Death project. They gave him potions and taught him, proselytizing him with the faith of Death; thus, fabricating a perfect excuse for themselves. And due to Bryan’s specialness, he had advanced rapidly and became a demigod.

Of course, no matter how key he was, he was merely an experimental subject. Patrick Bryan had never been treated as one of the members of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction. Later, he was sent to the Loen Kingdom's Backlund to lead two or three teams. He did various kinds of rituals in a bid to bring the Uniqueness alive.

Such a guess was in line with the situation which Klein was currently aware of. First, Leonard had mentioned that the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction had placed their experiments in Backlund, planning to destroy the enemy's capital even if an accident happened. Second, many teams were independently connected to the Southern Continent and Backlund and had no overall person-in-charge. Third, Patrick Bryan's knowledge of Artificial Death was very different from reality.

This also meant that the people in the Southern Continent didn't care for Bryan's life and death, nor did they tell him the truth. Under such circumstances, there was no other explanation unless he was a byproduct of the Artificial Death project.

Hmm, from the looks of it, the Goddess's control of the Uniqueness is still limited. "She" can only send revelations to one person who is directly connected to Artificial Death. "She" is unable to influence Haiter and the other saints… Klein reined in his thoughts and asked, "What's your current Sequence?"

Patrick Bryan didn't hide the truth.

"I'm an Undying."

Chapter 977: First Sermon

Klein wasn't surprised at Patrick Bryan's answer. He nodded gently and said, "Which incarnation number are you at?"

Based on what he knew, Undying died once every sixty years before reviving. They would then lose most of their memories, which needed to be slowly recollected. It was like the beginning of a new life.

This was knowledge that came from the potion, so Patrick Bryan easily understood what the Blessed meant. He deliberated over his words and said, "I'm not 50 yet. I haven't been an Undying for more than 10 years."

Klein then asked, "When did you switch faiths to our Lord?"

Here, "Lord" referred to the Lord of the Underworld.

Bryan recalled for two to three seconds before he said, "I had just celebrated my 30th birthday back then."

Stepping into the world of mystery at 30 and becoming a Beyonder. Becoming a Sequence 4 demigod before 40... This speed either means shocking talent or that he's a Blessed... Heh, indeed, his spirit and body had been influenced by the Death pathway's Uniqueness during that ritual... As Klein listened, he became more certain of his theories from before.

Of course, compared to how he had only taken a year to go from an ordinary person to a Sequence 4 demigod, Patrick Bryan's advancement speed was nothing

On this point, Klein didn't feel that there was anything to be poignant about, because he was truly a "Blessed." Furthermore, he had cheats-far greater than one.

The only problem was that he wasn't sure if everything that he had done was enough to exchange for something

After some thought, Klein asked, "What's your current public identity?"

"I'm a businessman. I have two garment factories in Backlund. On the surface, I believe in the Evernight Goddess and am a supporter of the New Party..." Patrick Bryan introduced himself.

Klein nearly let out a scoff as he continued, "How many Numinous Episcopate members do you have under you? What are they doing?"

Already prepared, Bryan answered eloquently, "Two teams, a total of twelve Beyonders. Some of them are working at my garment factory while others are in the watch and clock industry. All of them have their own formal occupations.

"Typically, they will be careful when proselytizing to the people around them. The progress on this is very slow, nor is it the main goal. We do not have more than a hundred believers.

"Most of the time, they are searching for clues that God had left behind, as well as the different materials needed for the awakening ritual.

"With clues in hand, we will carry out operations. And once the materials are gathered, we will experiment in different

awakening rituals and seek out the most effective one. I'm the main person behind this operation, and am also core to the rituals."

You sound pretty proud of that... Klein asked about other matters and received detailed answers.

Finally, he thought for a moment before saying with a stern expression, "In accordance with the revelation from God, you are to heed my instructions from this moment forth."

Patrick Bryan immediately got up and gave a solemn bow.

"Yes, Your Excellency."

Klein nodded slightly and answered, "First, stop all rituals and stop gathering materials. God has already partially awakened. 'He' is in 'His' recovery stage, so 'He' isn't to be disturbed by 'noise.'"

From Klein's point of view, regardless of the changes in Bryan's awakening rituals, they were ultimately pointed at Artificial Death-the Death pathway's Uniqueness. This would only increase its chances of coming to life, making it disadvantageous for the Goddess to deepen her control over it.

And regardless if Klein was happy for this to happen or not, since the Evernight Goddess had assigned Bryan to him, he had to make such arrangements.

Patrick Bryan had zero doubts toward his explanation, because Death had indeed awoken, and "awakening rituals" were, in essence, a form of "disturbance."

This Undying thought before asking, “Your Excellency, what should we do next?”

Klein smiled with approbation.

“Continue seeking out clues for things that God left behind. This will aid in ‘His’ recovery.”

Upon saying that, Klein originally had a second request, but he was worried that there were too few clues to it, making it possible for the Numinous Episcopate members to stir up trouble with nothing to be done. He added, “In addition, promote reading to all those around you and your subordinates, be it at the garment factory or elsewhere. Establish night schools or learning classes. Let the people around you extricate themselves from ignorance and savagery.”

To make it more convincing, Klein stretched out his right hand and pressed it to his chest. With abnormal piousness, he began preaching, “God said one needs to understand the belief to believe.

“God said that to those who are lost, one has to first strengthen their body and arm his brain. This is because the kingdom ‘He’ promises is one without ignorance and savagery.”

Patrick Bryan didn’t doubt Dwayne Dantès’s words, nor did he find it strange that such records weren’t found in the Numinous Episcopate’s bible. This was because this person before him was God’s Blessed, a representative appointed by God!

He earnestly nodded.

“I will heed God’s teachings.

“May every spirit gain eternal life in God’s kingdom!”

As he said that, he used the praying gesture that the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction used. It was to raise both hands high, thumbs facing each other as he held them at his forehead.

In mysticism theory, this was the core to the Underworld contained in every Gatekeeper. It represented Death’s position.

Klein returned with the same gesture and words before saying, “Second, orders from the Southern Continent-no matter who it comes from—has to be handed to me first. They can be done only after I give permission. If no permission is given, you are not to do it in private. You can only give feedback based on what I say.”

This was because he was worried that Haiter, the angel of the Death domain, would still remain fervent about the Artificial Death plan, occasionally instructing Bryan and the others to make new attempts.

Meanwhile, he also had to ensure that Haiter and the other two saints wouldn’t notice anything amiss before the Goddess gained a deeper control over the Death pathway’s Uniqueness. He needed to prevent them from doing anything excessive.

Bryan had no objections on this matter.

“Yes, Your Excellency!”

After giving instructions on the two most important matters, Klein wore the same expression, but he inwardly felt relieved. He said after some deliberation, “Third, unless convened by me, do not seek me out. Our usual communications shall be completed via messengers.

“As you know, there are many existences in the astral world who do not wish to see God return.”

Patrick Bryan nodded heavily.

“I understand.

“My messenger’s summoning incantation is ‘Spirit wandering above the world, absolutely friendly creature, Patrick Bryan’s Contract Companion.” Indeed, it’s impossible for a demigod of the Death pathway to not have a messenger… Normally, Sequence 6 Beyonders of this pathway should have one… Klein didn’t hesitate as he answered in an unhurried tone, “Remember, my messenger’s summoning incantation is ‘The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow.’ Oh, be it receiving or sending mail, a gold coin needs to be paid to complete the transaction.”

Klein deliberately revealed that Gehrman Sparrow and Dwayne Dantès were related, in order to determine Bryan’s reaction.

“Gehrman Sparrow…” Patrick Bryan repeated the name in puzzlement before coming to an enlightened state. He exclaimed in pleasant surprise, “Your Excellency, Death Consul?”

Thankfully, although he’s a byproduct of a ritual and is fervently zealous, he has normal intelligence. He can consciously seek out information and do an analysis… Klein exhaled in relief and

replied with a smile, “I’m not him. ‘He’ is my teacher.”

Bryan nodded in thought, believing that he had fully understood the entire matter.

Klein guessed at his thoughts but ignored it. Crossing his right leg, he placed both hands on his knee and asked, “What do you know about the other factions of the Numinous Episcopate?”

Patrick Bryan sat down again and said, “The Numinous Episcopate’s strongest faction is the royal family faction. With God’s descendants as the core, they have established many organizations…

“Their leader is currently a descendant with a relatively thin bloodline. Her name is Sia Palenque Eggers. She might be an angel or wields an important relic of God. She calls herself Pale-White Empress…

“Other than her, the royal family faction had five other saint apostles. Some of them are true demigods, while others rely on Sealed Artifacts…

“Other than the royal family faction and us, the other factions are relatively weaker. The main ones are the Repose faction and the Underworld faction… Only by working together do they have three powerful Beyonders who are equivalent to the saint apostles…”

After Bryan finished, Klein nodded indiscernibly.

“That’s it for today. If there’s anything in the future, feel free to contact me.”

“Yes, Your Excellency.” Patrick Bryan stood up and bowed before leaving the room. The door silently opened as the “figure” outside slinked into the shadows and disappeared with the cold wind.

After everything calmed down, Klein glanced at the door that had closed. He walked to the window, drew the curtains, and looked towards the street.

There were a few carriages there at some point in time. Each of them had two lanterns hanging in front of them. Their lights were abnormally pale-white with a tinge of dark green. They illuminated the surroundings into a blur.

Nearly transparent figures surrounded this blurry scene. They were wearing illusory clothes that appeared like formal wear, making them appear rather formal.

After Patrick Bryan landed from midair and returned, the figures bowed and attentively followed the demigod and the spirit beside him onto the hardly-visible carriages. Then, they steered into the distance.

The pale-white light with tinges of dark green grew faint and finally vanished into the darkness as though it had never arrived.

Klein looked away and muttered to himself with a solemn expression, Although the revelation received by Patrick Bryan stems from the Goddess and “Her” considerations, I have a nagging feeling that there’s something dark and sinister about to break out in Backlund or even the entire world.

I wonder when it will stir up some waves…

With this in mind, Klein didn't delay a second. He immediately contacted Demoness Trissy to confirm that nothing abnormal had happened to her.

Chapter 978: Gift

On a night with clear moonlight, in the garden of 160 Böklund Street.

A gray rat crawled out of its hole, running straight for the master bedroom's bed.

As a tiny, black, glue-like blob object floated down, the rat held it over its head like an acrobatic act.

It quickly turned around, ran out of 160 Böklund Street, and headed for the sewer entrance.

At this moment, the gray rat raised its torso up and reached out with two of its paws.

They magically extended as blobs of flesh appeared on its forelimbs!

Then, using its mutated front paws, it moved the manhole cover away without causing a sound!

Without stopping at all, the gray rat headed straight down the sewers, going all the way to the spot where Demoness Trissy previously hid.

It kept digging in a corner until it excavated a mirror fragment from the soil.

Having done that, the gray rat threw the black, sticky object over its head to the side where it was relatively clean. It then retreated to a corner, allowing its body to stretch and turn into a middle-aged man wearing a dark red coat and a triangular hat. He was none other than Admiral of Blood, who had previously been active at sea.

However, this Senor, along with his clothes and body, was just a thin layer, akin to a figurine cut from paper.

“This rat is quite fat…” Admiral of Blood stroked his chin, but his paper figurine-like body nearly flew up as a result of the cold draft in the sewers.

The person who spoke was none other than Klein. He was inside his master bedroom, turning a rat into his marionette by controlling its Spirit Body Threads. He then made it carry the ritual materials and head down the sewers to contact Demoness Trissy.

Senor, whose arms were flailing about due to the draft, bent down and picked up the sticky blob. This was the remains of Trissy’s lock of hair after she burned it with black flames. It could be used for a communication ritual.

Right on the heels of that, he wiped the mirror fragment clean and smeared the material onto it.

After this step, Klein made his marionette take two steps back from the “mirror.” With a smacking sound, Senor was plastered to the mossy wall like an oil painting

East Borough. In a room with thick curtains that left it almost dark.

Raven-black, slimy “tentacles” coiled together, forming a huge sphere.

And at the end of these “tentacles,” there were either eyes with clear blacks and whites embedded in them, or there were venomous snake heads attached there. The latter opened their mouths slightly as they shot out their tongues in a rather strange fashion. It was quite a harrowing scene.

Suddenly, they flailed up or retracted as the sphere crumbled, layer after layer.

Enveloped in the middle of a sphere was a curled up girl. She had abnormally sweet looks, but her brows were tightly furrowed. Her expression looked slightly warped due to the pain, a look that stirred up one’s sense of pity.

The slimy and disgusting “tentacles” retracted and shrank, finally turning back into their original form -strands of raven-black hair!

The expression of the girl with soft, long hair soothed as she slowly got up and walked to the side of a tiny bed she had partitioned out. Picking up the sleeping gown that had fallen to the ground, she draped it over her.

Then, she curled her black hair and came in front of the full-body mirror. Reaching out her right hand, she swiped across it.

A black flame burst forth as it burned quietly in the air before being extinguished. It left behind a mirror that had turned dark and profound.

In the mirror, lights drifted and rapidly presented the sewers filled with dirty slush. Thinly plastered to the wall was a middle-aged man with an old triangular hat and dark red coat. He was looking down on the girl across an unknown distance, like a famous painting

The girl with the round face and thin eyes watched in silence before laughing.

As her smile bloomed, the dark room seemed to instantly brighten.

She then lightly opened her mouth and said in jest, “Mr. Gehrman Sparrow, is this your craziness and cruelty as the strongest adventurer?

“Or is it the case where I’m only acquainted with a clown?”

Klein wasn’t surprised that Trissy had recognized him as Gehrman Sparrow. After all, he had previously met her in the image of Admiral of Blood Senor, and this pirate admiral had long been hunted by Gehrman Sparrow.

Back then, Trissy was hiding in the sewers due to an injury and was focused on revenge, preventing her from being kept abreast of the news at sea. It was rather unsurprising for her to be unaware of Admiral of Blood’s demise, but things were different after she finished recuperating and left the area. She would’ve been a terrible Assassin and Instigator if she hadn’t investigated her partner. Clearly, Trissy’s past actions indicated that, despite being evil, it didn’t discount her intelligence.

Klein didn’t argue as he controlled the paper figurine-like Senor to smile and simply reply, “Why can’t clowns be crazy and cruel?”

Without waiting for Trissy's answer, he said, "Any progress on your investigations into the captain of the royal guards?"

Trissy's expression turned slightly gloomy as she said, "It will need another month at the very least for any results. It might even take two."

"If you need help, you can seek me out," Klein emphasized again.

Trissy scoffed and said, "In Backlund, in this game, strength isn't able to resolve every problem.

"Of course, I've never wasted the opportunity to use others.

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow, since there's no need to hide your identity, can you give me a more convenient method of contact?"

Why do I feel like I'm being asked to give my cellphone number... Klein thought about it for a moment before informing her of the incantation to summoning Miss Messenger, as well as the important ritual ingredient of one gold coin.

Trissy didn't speak further. Reaching out her right hand, she tapped on the mirror's surface.

The black flames burst before disappearing, restoring the full-body mirror to normal.

In the sewers, Senor buried the mirror fragment back into the soil and made his body shrink rapidly, turning back into a gray rat. It then ran deep into the sewers, allowing itself to be fed by carnivores.

Back in 160 Böklund Street, Klein drew his curtains and returned to the reclining chair.

To be frank, he regretted cooperating with Trissy.

He felt that she was burdened by some will of the Primordial Demoness and was reckless for revenge. She was like a ticking bomb that might explode at any moment.

If Trissy were to mutate, it's highly possible that she would create a terrifying disaster… I shouldn't have spared her back then… Klein sighed and began setting up a ritual. He sent the black blob above the gray fog and attempted to divination Trissy's present location and recent condition.

Twenty to thirty seconds later, he was met with failure.

This only worried him more because such an outcome implied that Trissy had become a Blessed of the Primordial Demoness to a certain extent.

The next afternoon, Klein, who had had breakfast, began instructing Butler Walter and the newly-appointed butler assistant, Richardson, to deliver the gifts he had brought from the Southern Continent.

This filled an entire luggage bag, of which included Fermo coffee beans, East Balam tobacco, River Valley's grape wine, and human-bone sculptures.

They were to be gifted to the different neighbors around the neighborhood as a sign of goodwill from Dwayne Dantès. It was also to announce his return to the social scene.

“Oh yes, remember to mention to Member of Parliament Macht or his wife that this bottle of River Valley grape wine is suitable for making cocktails. It’s best matched with lemon juice,” Klein exhorted Walter.

Particular care was needed in gifting others—it had to take into account the receiver’s preferences, and obviously, the most popular product of the Southern Continent at present, Donningsman Hair Tonic, wasn’t suitable as a gift, as it would only appear to be a veiled attempt at ridicule.

Walter solemnly nodded and said, “Yes, Sir.”

After receiving no more instructions from his employer, Richardson glanced at the remaining pile of gifts and asked, “Where will they be sent to?”

“This is for the staff of the bursary foundation. I’ll deliver it myself,” Klein said with a smile.

He then pointed at the golden amulet in his hand and said, “I missed the birth of Dr. Aaron’s child, so I’ll need to express my apologies in person. Heh heh, I’ll head over in the afternoon and plan on gifting this amulet with Southern Continent characteristics to that child.”

Of course, as a baby, Will Auceptin Ceres probably won’t like it… Compared to this, “He”—I’ll just call him he-would rather have ice-cream… Klein grumbled inwardly after answering Richardson. After the butler and Richardson left, bringing gifts and male servants to the different neighbors, Klein got into his carriage and headed straight for the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation at 22 Phelps Street.

After alighting, he headed forward with his valet, Enuni,

carrying plenty of gifts behind him. Along the way, he greeted and gifted any members of the staff he saw.

Soon, Klein arrived at the second story and arrived at one of the director's office. He knocked gently on the door.

"Please come in." Audrey Hall's gentle voice sounded.

As a rather senior Spectator, she had already noticed that Mr. Dwayne Dantès had come to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. She had been patiently waiting for him.

Klein pushed the door and entered, taking out a small gift box from his inner pocket before saying with a warm smile, "I've returned from the Southern Continent. Well, my business went very smoothly. I brought some gifts for everyone, hoping to share my happiness with everyone."

He had specially mentioned this to indicate to Miss Justice that he remembered her request.

"You leave me no reason to decline it," Audrey said with an expectant smile.

This didn't mean that she cared for the gift Mr. World gave, but more a result of being curious as to what Mr. World would give.

After receiving the gift box, she tore open the wrapping in front of Dwayne Dantès and discovered an accessory with a white feather adorned with pale yellow patterns as its highlight.

"This is a decorative ribbon," Klein explained. "People of certain

social standing in East Balam will enjoy wearing items with such white feathers on various parts of their body. Out of all the places, it's considered most noble and meaningful to attach it to a hat. This is said to be a tradition from the worship of feathered serpents. Heh heh, feathered serpents are symbols for Death over there."

And the feather he got a Southern Continent craftsman to craft into the hat was a byproduct of the Artificial Death project. It could be sacrificed.

Klein had once obtained three of them. He had used one in Bayam by using the copper whistle messenger and summoning the mutated monster which was corrupted by Artificial Death. The other was sacrificed to Artificial Death in the Southern Continent, allowing him to receive the revelation of Ince Zangwill being possessed by an evil spirit. This was the last feather.

As the present Artificial Death was equivalent to the Evernight Goddess to a certain extent, Klein, who was clearly a Blessed, didn't need to carry out such acts in subsequent rituals. He could use other materials to replace the feather, so he decided to turn the remaining one into a gift for Miss Justice. After all, she was also a believer of Evernight, and she might be able to contact Artificial Death at some critical moment.

Audrey held her present with a smile as she silently listened to Dwayne Dantès's description. For some baffling reason, an idea flashed in her mind: Don't tell me Mr. World really plucked a feathered serpent's feather for this hat...

Chapter 979: Joy of Life

“The traditions in the Southern Continent are really different from ours.” Audrey looked down at the feathered cap in the gift box as she marveled, “But it’s in line with my taste.”

The latter half of her sentence was partially genuine and partially out of politeness. On the one hand, she found the processed feather akin to a piece of artwork, and on the other hand, she found its style too obvious and extreme. It wasn’t something she would use as an accessory.

This was akin to how others would have their interest piqued by items with unique and mysterious patterns when visiting ancient ruins. They would be filled with praise over it, but they would seldom purchase similar items to place it at home or use it as an accessory.

Klein smiled in response.

“There are also many stark differences amongst the Southern Continent traditions. It’s almost completely different in East Balam from the highlands and river valley. Of course, they also have their similarities such as their adoration of gold. They believe that this metal possesses magical powers.”

As he said that, he pointed at the feather in Audrey’s hand.

“Legend has it that people who wear such accessories would receive the blessings of the feathered serpent, or in other words, Death.”

He was hinting to Audrey about how she could use the feather.

As a Sequence 6 of the Spectator pathway, Audrey easily read in between the lines. She understood that the hat accessory allowed her to receive a response from the so-called “Death” at critical moments, bringing about certain effects.

As for how she should use it, it was basic knowledge in mysticism. Audrey had a solid foundation and didn’t require Mr. Dwayne Dantès to explain in detail.

She faintly smiled without revealing her teeth and said, “I really like it. I will attach it to my hat in appropriate situations.”

Not bad. It’s so easy talking to Spectators… Klein returned with a smile and pointed at the door.

“I still have presents to hand out.”

“You will be the most welcomed person here today,” Audrey replied with a smile, a euphemistic way of expressing her gratitude.

Meanwhile, she was a little vexed. She was hesitant about finding an opportunity to inform Mr. World, who had been embroiled in Cuarón’s suicide, about Hvin Rambis. He had shown some deep interest and importance on the matter.

Oh, it’s almost Monday. I’ll leave it until the Tarot Gathering. It will be much easier to communicate when the time comes… I can also seek advice from Mr. Hanged Man and Ma’am Hermit on how to deal with my current situation, especially the problem of being wary against the cues and hypnotism from a High-Sequence

Beyonder. After all, I can't always pray to Mr. Fool ahead of time to receive an angel's blessing... On careful thought, such a form of hypnotism is truly terrifying... Carrying out instructions without realizing it... Audrey's mind was awash with thoughts as they bubbled.

This made her suspect that many people in Backlund's high society had been hypnotized, acting in ways that violated their true intentions and will.

In addition, she also came to realize something.

Every time her parents attended Mass at Saint Samuel Cathedral, the one in charge of the rites was definitely Backlund's archbishop. And to hold such a post, he was definitely a demigod of the Church of Evernight!

At times, His Grace will even visit in person to chat with us... This is to prevent such matters from happening? That's why Hvin Rambis's hypnosis effect on me didn't go overboard? Audrey watched as Dwayne Dantès left her office. After closing the door and sitting down at her desk, she picked up a fountain pen and mindlessly scribbled on it.

After she reined in her thoughts, the piece of white paper was filled with interlocking circles. There was a face with cold eyes and scattered lines.

At a glance, Audrey tensed up. She immediately used her spirituality and the friction between items to ignite the paper, turning it to ashes.

Her random drawing had, in a sense, reflected her true emotions and thoughts!

And to a good Psychiatrist, interpreting such pictures was a basic skill. Therefore, Audrey hadn't left any traces behind.

After a while, Klein delivered all his gifts and chatted with a few directors along the way. Finally, he entered a room meant for part-time directors like him to rest. He found a pen and paper, sat on the sofa, and began writing after some thought:

"Dear Mr. Azik,"

While in the Southern Continent, Klein had written about Adam's obtaining of 0-08, his successful revenge on Ince Zangwill with the help of Leonard and Daly. He then summoned the messenger via the copper whistle and sent it to the sleeping Mr. Azik. Without a doubt, he had yet to receive a reply to date.

Klein wasn't worried about mentioning Adam and 0-08 in the letter, because the Angel of Imagination definitely knew about his relationship with Mr. Azik. And sharing matters he encountered with someone familiar wouldn't garner any excessive reaction.

This time, Klein's letter didn't involve anything extraordinary. With a smile and gentle scribble, he shared the details about the bursary foundation which he learned from Audrey and the other directors. At the end of the letter, he wrote:

"...This is a really meaningful matter. I feel satisfied and happy about it. Mr. Azik, would you feel the same?

"When you awaken, perhaps you can attempt to do something similar. Every time you revive, you would be able to see the children who had received your help in the past. When that happens, although you might not remember them, they will definitely remember you..."

After finishing the letter and putting down the fountain pen, Klein carefully read it once, and after confirming that there weren't any problems, he blew the copper whistle, summoned the skeleton messenger, and allowed it to take the letter away.

Following that, he left the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation with his valet, Enuni. He came to the nearby Saint Samuel Cathedral and silently prayed for fifteen minutes in the serene and dark prayer hall.

Like before, Klein came to the donation box and threw a stack of cash in—a total of 80 pounds.

Taking this opportunity, he found Bishop Elektra and had a chat with him and listened to his sermon.

This also announced to the Church of Dwayne Dantès's return.

As for presents, Klein didn't directly give it since he was inside the Goddess's cathedral. Instead, Butler Walter would naturally deliver his gifts to the bishops' residences in private.

...

At tea time in the afternoon, Klein followed his schedule and left 160 Böklund Street and headed to Dr. Aaron's for a visit—Richardson had already informed them in the morning and had received permission to visit.

This time, Klein not only met Dr. Aaron Ceres, but he also met his wife, Wilma Gladys, as well as the newborn and his elder brothers and sisters who were a few years older.

“What a pity that I wasn’t able to participate in, uh…” Klein deliberated paused and successfully waited for Wilma Gladys to reply “Will” with a smile.

He reorganized his words and said, “Unfortunately, I was unable to participate in Will’s birthday party because of my trip to East Balam.

“This is an amulet that’s rather popular over there. It brings children good luck.”

As he said that, he handed the golden accessory to Dr. Aaron.

Aaron Ceres wasn’t a man who was good with words. He accepted it without declining it and nodded.

“Thank you.”

Following that, he held the string and hung the golden amulet into the pram beside him. Shaking it, he asked, “Will, do you like it?”

Wrapped in silver silk, the chubby baby raised his arm, swung it, and flicked the golden amulet away.

Flicked away…

The mood instantly turned a little awkward in the activity room. Klein chuckled and broke the silence.

“This is a reaction all kids have.”

At this moment, a maid had delivered the three-layered tray for high tea, allowing the hosts and the guest to switch topics of conversation, allowing the mood to return to normal.

As Klein drank his black tea and ate the pastry, he began talking about all kinds of interesting customs in East and West Balam. It left the couple and their two other children intrigued as they would question him from time to time.

During this process, Klein suddenly turned to face the pram and asked with a smile, “You don’t seem to enjoy my present?”

As he spoke, nothing abnormal happened to the couple and the rest of the people in the activity room as they continued wearing attentive looks.

In the illusion Klein created, he hadn’t finished his recount!

Will Auceptin, who had fleshy arms, scoffed as he said with a child-like voice, “What’s the point in having such gifts?

“You might as well give me Gwadar. At the very least, that can be drunk!”

Klein smiled as he shook his head and said, “I have some news for you. Ouroboros was injured by a particular person and will likely not be able to continue seeking you out for the time being.”

He didn’t dare mention Adam’s name or title. He didn’t even think about it, afraid that the leader of the Twilight Hermit Order would notice it; thus, discovering Snake of Fate Will Auceptin’s location.

As for a description like Amon's brother, Klein had temporarily avoided using it. He had no idea if Amon was still in Backlund and if the frequent mention of the Angel of Time's name would result in a crossing of fate.

However, Klein believed that the Snake of Fate was likely to guess who had injured the Angel of Fate. This was because the only ones who remained active in the real world and were of a higher level than Ouroboros were limited to Amon and Adam.

He had used the words "particular person" to eliminate the possibility of the assumption of the besieging of several angels or the use of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts.

Will Auceptin fell silent for a moment and said, "I did tell you that the deviation in your fate is a good thing in the long term."

After exchanging information, Klein was about to dispel the illusion when he suddenly heard Will Auceptin quip, "Oh, I suddenly have a craving for Gwadar, especially if it's iced."

"Such beverages aren't good for a baby!" Klein wore a serious look as he dispelled the illusion, reaching out his hand to receive the cup of ice-cream a maid had delivered.

Then, under Aaron's and Wilma's watch, he scooped some ice-cream with the silver spoon and teased the baby with a smile, "Will, do you want some?

"Do you want some?"

Ma'am Wilma immediately chuckled.

“Our Will doesn’t enjoy that.”

Just as she said that, Klein stuffed the spoon of ice-cream into his mouth.

“Waaa!”

The baby in the pram immediately let out a loud cry.

Chapter 980: Choice of Parasitic Target

After some placating, Aaron Ceres and Wilma Gladys finally managed to calm down the baby.

Phew... The thin and tall Aaron heaved a sigh of relief and got up. Nudging his gold-rimmed glasses, he nodded at his guest with an apologetic look. After organizing his words for a few seconds, he said, “Sorry about that. Children are often like this.”

“Indeed.” Klein smiled in reply, indicating that he didn’t mind it one bit.

Following that, he changed the topic of conversation and continued sharing his experiences in East and West Balam.

During this process, he made use of his Beyonder powers once more, making everyone in the activity room fall under the effects of an illusion. Then, he picked up the ice-cream which he hadn’t finished, changed the spoon and got up with a smile. Walking to the pram, he asked gently, “Will, do you want some?”

Without waiting for the chubby fellow wrapped in silver silk to reply, he said with a gentle tone, “You’re born now and should be able to fold a paper crane. This way, I don’t have to visit often. You should know how suspicious it is.”

Will Auceptin Ceres glared at him without giving him a reply.

Klein didn’t flinch as he took out a piece of high-quality paper and placed it in the pram.

Then, he bent down, scooping out some ice-cream.

"A price is always exacted for what fate bestows, isn't it?" Klein chuckled as he swished the spoon in his hand.

In the pram, Will raised his left hand, wiping the tears that hadn't dried from his face, and mumbled, "For Beyonders of the Fate pathway, the exacted price needs to be paid first before awaiting bestowment."

With that said, the chubby baby grabbed the piece of paper and folded a paper crane with great difficulty.

Klein stood in front of the pram and maintained the stability of the spoon, watching this scene with a smile.

A carriage set off from Pinster Street and headed for Saint Samuel Cathedral.

While passing by 160 Böklund Street, Leonard Mitchell looked out the window and seemingly muttered to himself, "Dwayne Dantès is back as well."

The slightly-aged voice rang out in his mind:

"Fate will ultimately intertwine."

"Old Man, you're becoming more of a charlatan after you woke up." Leonard couldn't help but mock.

Pallez Zoroast chuckled without a reply.

After coming to Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard entered the study of Backlund's archbishop, Saint Anthony, under a priest's lead.

Anthony Stevenson was wearing a black robe with red hues. His eyes were deep and his face clean-shaven. Standing by a cupboard, the shadow created seemed like an unknown existence that observed everything from the darkness. It stirred fear into anyone.

"Your Grace, you summoned me?" Although Leonard had already anticipated it, he still bowed in a rather lacking manner.

Anthony nodded gently and said, "You have already rendered enough services to apply to become a Sequence 5 Spirit Warlock. However, you haven't finished digesting the Soul Assurer potion; therefore, I'll be extracting you out of Soest's team and assigning you some separate missions."

Leonard replied, as per protocol, "I am at your command."

Anthony picked up a stack of papers on his desk and said, "These are cases with suspected paranormal activity. You are to investigate each case, mainly placating or purifying them. If you require additional assistance, you can select members from the Nighthawks team of each area of jurisdiction."

"Yes, Your Grace." Leonard would've done similar tasks even if Saint Anthony hadn't instructed him to do so. Therefore, he had zero objections toward such an assignment.

After receiving the stack of papers, he casually flipped through it and said, "Your Grace, what's Captain Soest's team busy with at present?" He had been focused on revenge over the past half-year, making himself appear desultory and insular. This

prevented him from building strong friendships with the Red Gloves teammates, but despite that, they were teammates who he had fought alongside with. He couldn't help but be concerned for them.

"They have been assigned to help Crestet finish a mission," Anthony Stevenson didn't answer in detail.

His Excellency Cesimir is also in Backlund... Leonard didn't ask further as he gestured four points across his chest in a clockwise fashion.

"May the Goddess bless everyone."

"Praise the Lady." Anthony did the same gesture.

After leaving the archbishop's study, Leonard headed down to the basement. He wanted to find a quiet room and list down his upcoming mission and run through them in the assigned order.

Midway while walking down the stairs, he subconsciously looked at the stained windows above him.

The sunlight was shining in, making the artwork made from the stained windows look even more solemn. It also accentuated the tiny bugs and dust that floated in midair.

Upon seeing this scene, Leonard suddenly recalled Old Man's description of Amon. He had the inexplicable feeling that the Blasphemer was everywhere.

He trembled inwardly as a thought came to him. He quickly

asked with a suppressed voice, “Old Man, I have a question.

“What is it?” Pallez Zoroast asked slowly.

Leonard asked with a suppressed voice, “Back then, why didn’t you parasitize a bug? They’re smaller and more concealed. You can easily hide in cathedrals without being worried that Amon would discover you.”

“How long can a bug live? Continuously switching parasitic targets is extremely burdensome on the body. This way, not only will recovery not be possible by parasitizing it, but it will even worsen one’s condition and shorten one’s lifespan,” Pallez Zoroast harrumphed and said.

Leonard was somewhat enlightened as he pressed, “What about other creatures? Those that live relatively longer lives and can enter a cathedral without being noticed.”

Pallez Zoroast immediately chortled before saying, “From the looks of it, you haven’t kept what I’ve said to heart. This will only serve to make you suffer in the future!

“The higher the Sequence is, the greater the inclinations towards losing control is, and the more madness accumulates. This is a trait of the characteristics, and it can only be resisted and suppressed. There’s no way to eliminate it.

“Therefore, for a Parasite, choosing a target for parasitizing requires one to consider these aspects. If one were to parasitize ordinary animals, it’s still alright for short periods of time, but once it goes on for too long, one will suffer the effects of the body’s construct and hormones. Heh heh, everything is reciprocal, isn’t it? A Parasite can influence the target, but so can the target influence a Parasite.

“When one parasitizes an ordinary animal, it’s necessary to frequently talk to someone to avoid forgetting one’s former identity. This way, the chances of exposure is extremely high, and if one doesn’t do that, the host will definitely influence the Parasite, causing them to lose the ability to speak. It will muddle one’s own existence until one doesn’t know he is. It would then result in madness and with the loss of control crushing the Parasite.”

Leonard was left alarmed as he nodded slightly.

“I understand… It’s no wonder you are so strict on choosing a parasitic target.”

“Are you trying to praise yourself?” Pallez Zoroast tsked. “To us, the best parasitic target is undoubtedly Beyonders of the same pathway. All aspects will be synchronized, and by nurturing them one Sequence at a time, they can be made as replenishments for one’s Beyonder powers. It would be the best medicine and a potential option for taking over the body.”

Upon hearing Old Man speak of such vile and terrifying matters so calmly, Leonard frowned slightly as he secretly heaved a sigh of relief. This meant that Old Man wouldn’t do the same to him.

Pallez Zoroast continued, “The second best choice would be Beyonders from the Seer or Apprentice pathways. The absorption of their powers wouldn’t incur too much a burden on the Parasite, allowing them to quickly recover. “The next choice would then be smart Beyonders of other pathways. At the very least, communication would be good and cooperation would be possible.

“As for you, hehe…”

Leonard was just about to retort Old Man when he suddenly saw a bishop walking down from above. He hurriedly shut his mouth, held onto the railings, and sped up his pace.

…

Half-past seven in the evening, 39 Böklund Street, Member of Parliament Macht's house.

Dressed in a tailcoat, Klein got off a carriage as he buttoned his clothes. Under the lit fountain's illumination, he entered the foyer and met Maury Macht, who was dressed in an olive-green military uniform with an orange-red sash across his waist. His chest was covered with medals, accolades of his achievements in war.

His wife, Riana, was wearing a shoulder-exposing dress. She greeted Dwayne Dantès with a smile, "Welcome, our traveler. Everyone has been waiting for you to share your experiences at Balam this time."

"Should I launch a travel column at a newspaper company?" Klein replied with a joke.

Macht knew that Dwayne Dantès had headed for Southern Continent to do business. Furthermore, it was a business he kickstarted. Therefore, after exchanging a smile, he came close and gave him a hug, suppressing his voice by saying, "Well done!"

Klein smiled with a nod and asked, "Do you like the present?"

He was referring to the bottle of River Valley grape wine that

could be made into a sour cocktail.

“It was excellent. I still fondly recall the taste,” Macht said earnestly.

Klein was about to enter the hall when he noticed something amiss. He did a cursory glance and asked out of puzzlement, “Miss Hazel isn’t in?

“Has she been sent to study at an all-girls public school?”

Riana sighed as she shook her head.

“No, she’s only sick. She’ll head for public school only in September.”

“She caught a cold?” Klein expressed the concern a guest should have.

Macht said with a helpless smile, “No, she was bitten by a rabid rat when she was at the manor in the outskirts. Her wound hasn’t healed completely yet.”

Hazel got bitten… by a rabid rat… Klein nodded in thought.

“Did she see a doctor?

“Oh, has that rat been caught?”

“The doctor gave her an injection to prevent any infections,” Macht said simply. “That rat still hasn’t been found. Perhaps we need to rear a few more cats in the manor.”

Chapter 981: Hazel's Decision

After hearing Macht's reply, and combining what he knew, Klein guessed that the rat in the manor was likely the Marauder demigod which had been by Hazel's side. As for why it went rabid and bit Hazel, he was unsure.

He nodded slightly and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"May the Goddess bless her."

After saying that, he walked past the host, entered the hall, and waited for the ball tonight to begin.

In a particular bedroom on the third story, Hazel was sitting on a reclining chair feeling dispirited, her feet curled up.

Her left hand was wrapped in thick bandages, but there weren't any more signs of blood. Her expression was heavy, nothing like her usual arrogance.

In the manor, her teacher, that was in the form of a rat, had suddenly bitten her. This resulted in her being stuck in a similar state, her entire being turbid and muddled. It was as though it wasn't her hand that was bitten but her heart.

To Hazel, although her arrogance stemmed from her upbringing, with her ability to absorb new information exceeding that of the average person's, her outstanding looks, her family's standing in high society, and her maturity compared to her peers, those feelings were still within normal boundaries before she gained

extraordinary powers. None of the aforementioned traits made her feel that she was different from others or that she was fundamentally superior to ordinary people.

Therefore, with her teacher, who maintained her sense of arrogance while being a representation of her fortuitous encounter and the source of her strength, suddenly becoming a real rat—to the point of not being able to speak clearly and even bite her without any reason-it left a deep impact on her. She began to question if supernatural powers represented being extraordinary or a monster.

Amidst her thoughts, Hazel subconsciously pulled her black-green hair to the back of her ear and felt frustrated with the melody that came from downstairs.

At this moment, she heard the creaking sound of the door as she turned her head in hesitation.

Walking in was a gray rat with slick fur. Its eyes were deeper than its kind, closer to dark red.

“Hazel,” the rat said in a deep voice.

Hazel was first taken aback before she reeled in delight. She hurriedly stood up and blurted, “Teacher, y-you’ve recovered?”

Just as she said that, she saw gray rats crawling out from the corner of her bedroom, balcony, and bed. All of them had dark red eyes but could only produce squeaking sounds.

Hazel took a step back in shock, overturning the reclining chair. Her body staggered, almost to the point of collapsing. It took her

a great deal of effort to recover her balance.

At this moment, she discovered that the red-eyed rats had vanished. The door had been shut tightly, having never opened.

Everything that had happened was a hallucination or a nightmare that stemmed from the worries inside her!

After a moment of silence, Hazel pursed her lips and sighed.

She sat back down, raising her hand to her temples.

As she massaged her temples, she frowned slightly. She had a nagging feeling that what had happened was too surreal.

Her dark brown eyes darted about slightly as Hazel removed the necklace she wore around her neck, clenching it in her palm.

The necklace's seven green gems were equidistant from each other. Embedded around them were tiny diamonds.

At this moment, one of the gems lit up slowly, emitting a green glow, giving her face a sheen and filling her eyes with mysterious symbols.

The scenes from before surfaces in the girl's mind as her blurry dream-like state gradually turned clear.

While observing the scenes, Hazel sensed something amiss. She confirmed that she hadn't been dreaming, nor was it a short hallucination from having her mind go adrift. Instead, she had

been thrown into an illusion for nearly ten seconds.

Cryptologist!

This... Hazel's dark brown eyes widened as she muttered a word filled with horror.

She jumped to her feet and looked around anxiously but failed to discover anything.

But the more she looked, the more terrified she became. She had no idea what she would encounter next, nor did she understand what the person who created the dream was up to!

The only thing she was certain of was that the other party's level and strength in the supernatural domain far exceeded hers!

This shattered what little pride she had left.

After a few minutes, the entire bedroom remained silent. The brisk melody from downstairs instantly connected oneself to the current dance steps.

Hazel finally composed herself, believing that nothing would happen next.

Only then did she have the mood or energy to consider the motives of the person who secretly cast the illusion.

As various thoughts surfaced in her mind, Hazel suddenly came up with a theory:

The person from before was here for her teacher!

Through the illusion, the person had confirmed her teacher's current situation!

Is it Teacher's friend, or an enemy? He's definitely headed off to look for Teacher. What do I do? He likely doesn't know where Teacher is hiding... No, all my neighbors know that I was bitten by a rabid rat... Hazel was thrown into panic as she clenched her necklace with increasing strength.

She couldn't be sure of the motives of the other party, nor did she know what she could do.

She wished to head to the manor and inform her teacher, but she was afraid of encountering danger and end up being sacrificed.

Furthermore, her teacher had seemingly lost the ability to communicate. Her warnings might not necessarily be conveyed.

Without realizing it, Hazel stood up and paced about in her bedroom. Finally, she made up her mind. Pursing her lips tightly, she walked to the door and said to her lady's maid outside, "I'm a little tired. I plan on sleeping now. Don't let anyone disturb me."

"Yes, my lady," the maid immediately replied.

After closing the door, Hazel began changing into clothes that allowed for greater movement. Her expression was extremely heavy as her teeth bit down on her lip.

She had finally decided to warn her teacher at the manor.

She didn't wish to become a seemingly arrogant person but, in actuality, was a coward, one who would abandon all principles upon encountering danger!

She found it despicable of herself!

While the bodyguards were focusing their attention on the ball's attendees, Hazel took the opportunity to enter the garden using a water pipe from the balcony. When leaving 39 Böklund Street, Klein was holding onto a cup of sweet and iced fizzy wine, discussing business in the Southern Continent with a few gentlemen.

He turned his head slightly, glancing at the garden. He had already noticed Hazel's actions thanks to his intuition.

...Although she's not a likable girl, she has quite a kind heart... Klein nodded indiscernibly and praised her inwardly.

He wasn't worried about Hazel's actions, because to go from North Borough's Böklund Street to Macht's manor in Backlund's northwestern suburbs would take three to five hours on carriage. And before she arrived, he would've already used an excuse to leave the ball, teleporting over directly to confirm the situation.

Although Macht's manor was in the northwestern suburbs, it was on the other side of the Tussock River. Hence, to head there, one needed to take a detour to an area with a bridge. It was fine in the day, as one could use the steam metro to head to the south side of the Bridge beneath the river. At night, there were only three bridges to consider. It was inevitable to spend five hours traveling.

Of course, as Klein had used Tinder before and had read 2-105 Blood Vessel Thief's information, he had some idea about the powers of the Marauder pathway. Therefore, he suspected that Hazel, who had an item of a higher level, could "steal" the flight abilities of birds and use that short period of time to cross the river. This way, she might arrive within three hours.

Regardless, I'll be faster than her... Klein retracted his gaze and began considering who his next dance partner should be.

Ten in the evening, Moose Manor in the northwestern suburbs of Backlund.

This place originally belonged to a viscount, and it had more than a hundred years of history. Macht had bought it after his marriage, spending tons of money to maintain it every year so as to invite friends over during winter weekends for a vacation.

At this moment, the land steward was arranging for the servants to check every corner and to lock all the windows and doors. This was a necessary procedure before they slept every night.

A few maids walked out of the wine cellar in a group, heading straight for the kitchen to ensure that all flames had been extinguished.

The moment they arrived, they heard squeaking sounds as they looked over, only to discover a grayish-white rat gnawing on a table leg.

This rat seemed to sense their gaze, but it didn't run. Instead, it turned its head and glared at them with its slightly red eyes.

Meanwhile, there were more squeaking sounds as red-eyed rats ran out from the roof beams, storage cabinets, and all kinds of miscellaneous, even appearing beside the furnace which had some water boiling over it.

The maids nearly screamed in fear.

As members of the lowest classes of society, they were no strangers to rats. They had even killed quite a number. However, it was their first time to encounter so many at once. They couldn't help but feel a heavy blow to their senses.

"We need to get Guede and the others to deal with this," a maid left the kitchen and suggested in fear.

Another maid nodded immediately.

"Miss Hazel was bitten by a rabid rat... These don't look normal in any way!"

As they spoke, they retreated a great distance back, distancing themselves from the kitchen.

At this moment, a figure quickly appeared on the table. He wore a white shirt and black vest under a dark-colored formal suit. On his head was a half top hat, and he had a pair of bright leather boots.

This figure slowly lifted his head while holding down his hat. He surveyed the surroundings, revealing his black hair and brown eyes. He had a thin face and cut features. He was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

Having left the ball ahead of time, Klein returned to Dwayne Dantès's residence and entered his bedroom. Then, he teleported over with Winner Enuni.

Of course, the latter had been left outside the manor to allow for any instantaneous switches in positions.

The rats reflected into his eyes as Klein pulled the human-skinned glove on his left hand, casting his gaze towards the flowerbed in the manor.

Almost at the same time, the rats in the kitchen stirred as their movements turned sluggish. However, they quickly returned to normal.

They had become a Bizarro Sorcerer's marionettes.

And Klein could control as many as 50 marionettes, a number that would rise once he finished digesting the potion!

Chapter 982: Bizarro Sorcerer vs Parasite

When he cast his gaze towards the garden, the scene of the area was naturally reflected in Klein's mind.

In the dark corner concealed by the flowers, grayish-white rats spun around wildly like they had been possessed. They kept squeaking as they attempted to push away their own kind and enter the core area.

In the core area lay a gray rat the size of an adult Loen Shorthair-a particular cat breed. Its eyes were slightly red like congealed blood.

Its tail was swishing about rapidly, seemingly in a bid to vent the irascible feelings within.

And whenever ordinary-sized rats approached, it would grab them and bite them to their deaths, causing rat corpses to pile up around it. But even so, this didn't stop the other rats from surging over.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly had two thoughts:

First, having his "intuition" boosted by the gray fog was a boon for a Bizarro Sorcerer's controlling of Spirit Body Threads. This wasn't apparent in open areas where the owner of the Spirit Body Threads could be instantly determined, but when inside a bustling city or a place with many buildings, Bizarro Sorcerers who lacked "x-ray vision" were unable to determine the owners of the Spirit Body Threads that bunched up from afar. It made it difficult to accurately lock onto an enemy unless they did something special, making them stand out from others. Of

course, Bizarro Sorcerers could also ignore the possibility of collateral damage and just indiscriminately control their targets.

Second, the Marauder pathway demigod that parasitized the rat was already on the verge of losing control. Not only was it several times bigger than when Arrodes showed it, but its condition appeared very unstable. It was filled with a violent and crazy aura.

Thankfully, I came in time. If I had waited a few weeks, who knows what kind of tragedy would unfold... A thought flashed across Klein's mind as illusory black threads appeared in front of him.

At this moment, he was less than fifty meters away from the mutated rat, making it completely feasible for him to control the Spirit Body Threads!

And at this moment, the huge rat with slick fur noticed something. It hurriedly stood up and turned its head towards the kitchen.

A glint flashed in its dark red eyes, instantly leaving the young man wearing a silk hat and black suit pausing in his spot.

It had "stolen" the main thoughts of the antagonizer for the next two seconds, leaving his mind blank. Furthermore, it didn't do the follow-up actions that a Sequence 5 Dream Stealer would've done! Right on the heels of that, this rat raised its right forelimb and attempted to "steal" the enemy's Beyonder powers.

At its level, it was able to "steal" three Beyonder powers from the same target and possess them for two hours. Of course, one attempt was limited to one power.

At this moment, the gigantic rat's thoughts turned extraordinarily sluggish. The actions of it using its powers seemed to be bound by invisible threads, making it appear extremely lethargic.

Initial control of its Spirit Body Threads had been obtained!

Its success at stealing Gehrman Sparrow's thoughts and throwing him into a daze was merely an illusion -a Bizarro Sorcerer's Illusion Creation!

Before Klein properly began controlling its Spirit Body Threads, Klein had already switched places with Enuni. As a marionette didn't possess any self-consciousness or thoughts, it was immune to the Beyonder powers of Thought Usurpation.

How could something that didn't exist be stolen?

And in order to trick the Marauder pathway demigod, Klein had used his illusion powers which had experienced a qualitative upgrade. He had also deliberately made Enuni, who wore Gehrman Sparrow's appearance, put on the corresponding act.

At this moment, he was outside Macht's Moose Manor, his straight line distance from the gigantic rat exceeded 500 meters. However, this didn't stop him from controlling his opponent's Spirit Body Threads. This was because a Bizarro Sorcerer could gift his Beyonder powers to his marionette. This included the control over Spirit Body Threads—the core for converting a target into a marionette!

This also meant that if there weren't any other restrictions, a Bizarro Sorcerer could use their marionette and extend his control of Spirit Body Threads from 150 meters to an unlimited range. After all, as long as there was a marionette placed every

thousand kilometers, he could rely on extending his influence by gifting his Beyonder powers.

Of course, there was no ability in the world without restrictions. On the one hand, Klein's maximum number of marionettes was fifty, and it was currently impossible to exceed this number. On the other hand, the only thing that a Bizarro Sorcerer couldn't gift his marionette was the ability to think and be self-conscious. Therefore, the limit of using a marionette to control a marionette was the limit of his control over a marionette—1000 meters!

Once he exceeded this range, the marionette wouldn't be able to do anything.

In addition, by gifting his Beyonder powers to his marionette, a Bizarro Sorcerer was effectively separating a maggot that was related to his Mythical Creature form. It was transferred into the marionette's body via the Spirit Body Threads. Unless he had prepared via giving the same marionette additional maggots, the marionette lacked the means of separating another maggot when converting a new marionette or giving the new marionette his Beyonder powers.

And at present, Klein could only split a maximum of fifty. Exceeding this number exerted a huge burden on his Spirit Body and produced signs of his soul fracturing. Recovery was impossible without effective treatment, and it was possible to not recover, even with excellent treatment. It would only increase the possibility of losing control.

Therefore, through Klein's experiments, the maximum distance he could control Spirit Body Threads was 1000+150 meters. And to be able to fully control a new marionette, it needed to be within 1000 meters. At the same time, if the marionette were to die, the maggot inside the body would return to his body according to the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence. However, there was

a chance of experiencing a loss if the process was interrupted.

While the Marauder pathway demigod's actions turned sluggish, the rats that had previously been turned into marionettes rushed out from Enuni's side. They aimed at the garden and opened their mouths in a bid to use Air Cannon to cleanse the target's location.

Suddenly, a dark red glimmer lit up in the gigantic rat's eyes.

Instantly, Gehrman Sparrow appeared in the dark corner of the garden, amidst the dead rats. As for the Marauder pathway demigod, it had arrived inside the kitchen where there were plenty of items on the table.

It had "stolen" Gehrman Sparrow's position!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The marionette rats shot out their Air Cannons without being able to stop midway, hitting the spot where "Gehrman Sparrow" was standing. It left the soil splattering and threw the flowers into the sky. It alarmed the servants in the manor as their bodies trembled violently. They had no idea what was happening and could only frantically run for shelter. The entire garden was leveled by Air Cannon, thinning the layer of soil within. If Klein hadn't directed the attack in that direction, the manor's main building probably would've collapsed.

Amidst the flying dust, the rats were left dismembered, but "Gehrman Sparrow" remained standing there, uninjured.

Winner Enuni had just released all the good luck he had

accumulated!

However, his control of the gigantic rat's Spirit Body Threads had been terminated as a result. And there were only a limited number of Spirit Body Threads. The rat marionettes were unable to interfere, for it might create pandemonium and cancel each other out.

Hazel's teacher, the Marauder pathway demigod took this opportunity to regain its freedom. Then, it turned around and raised its right forearm at "Gehrman Sparrow," instantly stealing his Beyonder powers of controlling Spirit Body Threads.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, it could accurately "steal" the power of the target. Typically, there were three options, and with better understanding, the higher the chance of success was. And this time, its luck was pretty good.

Of course, if the target's level was much lower, and if it clearly knew of the target's situation, it could "steal" anything it wanted.

Just as it lowered its right paw, the Marauder pathway demigod raised its left paw. The rat marionettes slumped to the ground and could hardly turn their bodies.

This was a large-scale "theft" that stole the rats' ability to walk!

Right on the heels of that, countless magical symbols appeared in the gigantic rat's red eyes.

It rapidly "decrypted" the puzzle and found where Klein was.

With a red glint, it raised both paws and instantly appeared beside Klein.

This time, it had “stolen” the distance between the two!

At this moment, the thin-faced young man in front of the rat vanished. Replacing him was a gray rat.

And around the surrounding trees, worms began crawling out as they opened their “mouths.”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Air Cannons bombarded the gigantic rat and ordinary rat.

While Klein was controlling the marionettes in the Moose Manor, he didn’t forget to convert new marionettes around him. This was, after all, a basic trait of a Bizarro Sorcerer. Then, swapping his body with a marionette, he had set up a simple trap!

Dust and soil flew high into the sky as the rat parasitized by the Marauder pathway demigod was completely inundated by it.

After everything settled down, a strong scent of blood emanated from the huge crater. There were pieces of flesh everywhere.

Dead? Klein looked at the blast-filled scene with the eyes of his surrounding marionettes.

However, he quickly frowned because there weren’t any signs of

a Beyonder characteristic appearing.

As his thoughts raced, Klein took out a gold coin and flicked it.

As the gold coin landed, scenes surfaced in his mind -revelations from his Astral Projection.

Compared to the past, as a demigod, Klein could use such a simple divination to obtain more information!

Chapter 983: In Your Name

Pa!

When the flicked gold coin landed in his palm, Klein didn't even see if it was heads or tails. This was because his mind was fixed on a particular scene:

Amidst the woods, the clouds high in the sky failed to completely conceal the stars that dotted the black velvet sky. The humming, clicking, and thrumming sounds of the insects spread far into the night, mixed with the two commotions of the two "explosions" inside Moose Manor.

Klein rapidly used his knowledge from astromancy, and he roughly gauged the exact location of the scene. Then, his body phased away, appearing beside Enuni before grabbing his shoulder.

During this process, Klein collected the transparent maggots he had implanted in the rats and insects before severing the connection of the Spirit Body Threads.

In just two seconds, he vanished from Moose Manor which was gradually turning chaotic and noisy, teleporting to the spot that he had seen in his mind.

The area was identical to the revelation which Klein had received. It was extremely silent, to the point of being able to hear the breeze wafting through the leaves and trees.

Illusory black threads, representing all the creatures with

spirituality in the region, surfaced in Klein's vision.

There were copious numbers of them, dozens being a gross understatement. To sieve through them and determine which was the problematic one couldn't be accomplished in a short amount of time.

However, he wasn't in a rush, because he had confirmed one thing:

His divination results could be trusted as long as the Marauder pathway demigod didn't possess any high-level items. After all, after becoming a Bizarro Sorcerer, not only were his powers elevated, the gray fog's powers also seeped deeper into reality. With these two combined, it made his divination powers far more outstanding than most saints, even without heading above the gray fog. It was unlikely that he was weaker than a Beyonder of the Fate pathway of the same Sequence. In contrast, the Marauder pathway demigod's condition was in shambles with its strength at an all-time low.

Therefore, Klein believed that the demigod was hiding in the woods and hadn't fled far.

Due to such reasons, he believed that waiting patiently was the best solution.

The Marauder pathway demigod was relatively weak, in an unstable condition, and close to losing control. After experiencing that intense battle and abandoning the rat's body, the situation only worsened. It was impossible to experience an improvement. Under such situations, if she didn't replenish herself or recover, it was only a matter of time before problems cropped up. Therefore, Klein could wait, while she couldn't.

As the humming, clicking, and thrumming sounds spread, Klein waited as he hurriedly converted marionettes. He made Enuni leave the region and hide about a thousand meters away. Meanwhile, he kept note of the possibility of having his Spirit Body Threads controlled, as he recalled that the enemy had "stolen" the Beyonder power from his marionette.

Suddenly, he heard a sound that resembled the panting that came from deep within the soul.

Right on the heels of that, a hysterical voice sounded from a tree diagonally ahead of him:

"Why are you forcing me?

"Why are you forcing me?

"Why are you forcing me!"

Amidst the sharp voice, the tree's outer bark rapidly peeled off, revealing the core wood beneath. And on it, holes cracked open as strange worms with about eight circles around them crawled out.

The transparent rings of these worms had many three-dimensional patterns as though time was swirling through them.

Suddenly, Klein lost all his thoughts, losing the Beyonder powers of Air Cannon and Paper Figurine Substitutes. He lost his belt, coat, and hat, making him appear like a sculpture of flesh.

However, to a marionette, this wasn't too serious a problem. After all, it was no problem for his actual body. The lost powers could be retrieved by switching maggots.

Yes, upon hearing the panting, Klein had swapped places with Enuni!

And a Winner like Enuni had no need to worry about his pants dropping after losing his belt. His waist swelled rapidly thanks to the powers of Faceless, stopping his pants from falling.

New marionettes in the form of insects and rats crawled out and surrounded the mutated tree.

At this moment, a voice with a hint of a smile sounded from an unknown location:

"Calm down. Don't be angry. Everything will be resolved."

The voice was filled with a persuasive force. The mutation of the tree slowed down as the ringed worms slowly shrank back in.

"Is that so?" Inside the tree, the vicious-sounding voice calmed down. There was some level of blankness to the voice, as though it was about to be convinced.

As for Klein, he found the words extremely reasonable. He couldn't help but reflect on the reason for pushing a demigod to the brink of losing control.

He had a vague feeling that he had forgotten something and was unable to recall the true reason for coming

Then, he saw a chuckling figure walk out of the woods.

“Relax, I have the means to stop you from losing control. All you need to do is to follow my instructions.”

The figure was wearing a black trench coat that resembled a robe. He matched it with black trousers and leather shoes. He had a broad forehead and a thin face. Wearing a tall hat and a striking crystal monocle, he appeared extremely refined.

Klein’s gaze froze as a word resonated through his mind: Amon!

The person before him was Blasphemer, Angel of Time, King of Angels, the son of the Creator-Amon!

Although he knew that it was merely an avatar, Klein didn’t waste any time. He immediately abided by the deepest cries of his heart and used Creeping Hunger to phase away.

During this process, Enuni snapped his fingers and lit the matches in his pocket and fallen leaves a distance away, allowing him to appear beside Klein with Flaming Jump.

Klein grabbed him and vanished with him.

In the event that Amon tried to stop him, or if Enuni wasn’t able to return fast enough, Klein’s plan was to abandon his marionette and Travel far away.

Under such circumstances, the death of a marionette to ensure his survival was definitely worth it!

Luckily, Amon's attention was placed on the peeling tree. He didn't stop him or, should it be said, it was the case that he didn't have the time to stop him.

After Klein and his marionette vanished, Amon halted and turned to look at where the two were originally standing. As though in thought, he nodded slightly and scoffed.

"A Bizarro Sorcerer of Evernight."

He then retracted his gaze and looked at the half-mutated tree and asked with a smile, "A descendant of Jacob?"

"Y-yes, do you know my ancestor?" Inside the tree, the rat demigod asked as though it had grabbed onto a floating board while drowning.

Amon stroked his chin and nodded indiscernibly.

"Of course.

"They tasted excellent." Inside the tree, the descendant of the Jacob family fell silent. Only after a few seconds did a voice filled with horror utter:

"Y-you are Blasphemer Amon!"

Inside the tree hole, the worm with rings began crawling out.

However, they quickly stiffened and froze in their spots.

Amon adjusted the crystal monocle and said with a smile, “That’s too late now, isn’t it?

“It might’ve been of some use if you had struggled and resisted from the beginning, but now… Do you believe that I’m here on my own?”

As he spoke, the trees around him shook as the leaves of different trees ruffled. Birds leaped onto the branches and let out crisp chirping. And even the night breeze had an indescribable feel to it.

“You…” The Jacob descendant inside the mutated tree’s speech came to an abrupt halt. Amon stuffed his hands into the pockets of his trench coat and casually laughed.

“I heard that your family has split into tiny families with zero interaction, afraid that the lot of you will be caught by me, right? Ah right, didn’t you establish a secret organization with Zoroast’s descendants, as well as other Beyonders of the Marauder pathway? I believe it’s called the Hermits of Fate.

“You’re probably a member, aren’t you? Let me see if I can replace you and infiltrate that organization. Heh heh, a secret organization meant to defend against Amon and deal with Amon has Amon participating in it. Just the thought of it is rather interesting.”

Having said that, he glanced at the mutated tree that was vigorously shaking and said, “Unfortunately, from what I can see from your fate, you didn’t undergo a good education in mysticism. You can’t be a member of that organization. Are you the only one left of this Jacob family branch?

“You wished to seek out a secret treasure left by the Jacob family

in Backlund, but you ended up seriously injured for some reason and ended up sealed?

"Ha, you even parasitized an ordinary animal. Yet, there are signs of you not talking to humans for an extended period of time… Aren't you very puzzled as to why you didn't receive any 'warnings' about this from the knowledge contained within the potion or the murmurs when you advanced to Sequence 4? Yes, it's because I've deleted them."

"No!"

A sharp scream filled with anger and viciousness sounded. There was an indescribable pain in it.

The mutated tree's tremblings intensified until it calmed down at some point.

Streams of light flew out from within and surged into Amon's body.

Taking out a piece of silk, Amon took off his monocle and wiped it as he mumbled, "How foolish. She actually believed me when I said it's too late. One flaw with fellows who are on the brink of losing control is that they're brainless and easily fooled.

"If she had carefully thought about it, how could she not realize the problems within? If I could quickly finish her off and steal her fate, why would I be wasting so much time chatting with her? An avatar is an avatar after all…"

After Amon wore his monocle again, the stream of light that flowed out of the mutated tree had been completed absorbed by

“Him.”

At this moment, a figure was passing through the woods-Hazel in hunting gear.

She seemed to sense something as she subconsciously looked over, only to see Amon.

Then, she revealed a surprised smile.

“Teacher, have you recovered?”

“Oh, someone has noticed a problem with you. It’s best that you hide!”

Amon listened in silence before curling the sides of his mouth slowly.

“Alright.”

Chapter 984: Active Response

Klein didn't directly teleport back to 160 Böklund Street. Instead, he went to sea with Enuni, found a secluded spot, and chanted the honorific name of The Fool.

Then, he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog. With a beckon, he summoned a paper figurine.

Immediately after that, he picked up one of the Cards of Blasphemy on the long bronze table in front of him, and he placed it inside his body.

Klein suddenly had an additional dark red robe. This appearance seemed to look like rust and settled gunpowder that had been stained by copious amounts of blood. As for his face, it was covered by a dark gold mask. The patterns on its were ancient and set off a contrasting appearance with the crown he wore that was embedded with gems that sparkled red, blue, and green.

This was a change that the Red Priest card brought about.

After repeated experiments, Klein had confirmed that certain traits of the Red Angel card were very compatible with the Paper Angel's interference effect with fate. It allowed the relevant powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog to be further enhanced. Therefore, he had chosen it instead of the Black Emperor or Tyrant cards.

After completing this, Klein, in the form of the Red Priest, picked up a paper figurine and shook it. He then fused it with the gray fog that surged over, throwing it at the rippling blob of light that

represented him offering a prayer.

The paper figurine quickly burgeoned, turning into an angel bathed in golden light. Flames crisscrossed behind it, taking on the form of twelve pairs of wings.

This War Angel then used the secret connection that was generated from a prayer to descend upon the world and enveloped Klein and Enuni with its fiery wings.

Only with this done did Klein relax. Putting down the Red Priest card, he returned to the real world.

He first sought out food for Creeping Hunger before returning to 160 Böklund Street with Enuni. One transformed back into Dwayne Dantès, while the other turned into a young man with mixed-blood.

After combing his hair, Klein walked to the balcony of his master bedroom, looking far into the distance where Macht's residence stood. He discovered that the place remained brightly lit, a clear indication that the ball hadn't truly ended.

Typically, a ball continued until midnight, and of course, people were permitted to leave before then. After all, most people that were willing to dance late into the night were young adults.

Phew... Amon is truly terrifying. Just a battle involving a Marauder pathway's demigod was enough to garner his attention, even if one was in the city and the other was in the suburbs... At "His" level, the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence should be extremely substantial. Yes, I can't eliminate the possibility that the demigod's mutation while being on the brink of losing control had caught Amon's notice... Klein couldn't help but recall everything that had happened,

afraid that he would find a thin, monocle-wearing young, refined man sitting in the reclining chair behind him while sipping from a glass of red wine when he turned around.

He felt lucky that he had already become a demigod and could converge the aura of the gray fog to prevent Beyonders of particular pathways from detecting it. Otherwise, with the interest Amon had shown in the past, “His” focus definitely would’ve been placed on Gehrman Sparrow instead of the Marauder pathway demigod. If that had been the case, he might not have left so successfully by teleporting As the Amon in Backlund was likely only an avatar, Klein was still rather confident of the Paper Angel’s interference. He believed that this King of Angels had no means to trace him all the way to 160 Böklund Street from a trail of breadcrumbs and also determine that he was Dwayne Dantès.

But this still didn’t ease his mind. This was because the Marauder pathway demigod was involved in Böklund Street as well!

She had encountered Admiral of Blood here and had been forced to trigger the explosives, finally parasitizing a rat… Here, she had been warned by a mirror, learning about the Marauder pathway angel who was in need of replenishments and that Blasphemer Amon was on the way… As she had refused to answer the mirror’s question, she was struck by lightning, and had to move to Moose Manor… In addition, Hazel—the target she attempted to parasitize but was her student on the surface—was influenced by a powerful illusion tonight, exposing her teacher’s condition… All of these factors combined might make Amon pay a visit… The more Klein thought about it, the more unsafe he found Böklund Street.

From his point of view, just the warning about a Marauder pathway angel in desperate need for replenishments was enough for Amon to take up “residence” in Böklund Street for a period of time!

Of course, there was an extremely small chance that the Marauder pathway demigod escaped and that nothing was divulged. However, Klein believed it was impossible. After all, even he had the confidence of handling the matter himself, much less Amon who had a certain level of control over Marauder pathway existences!

Sigh, I shouldn't have been wary against the grandpa in Leonard. If I wasn't worried that "He" would achieve another stage of recovery and cause Leonard harm, everything would've been settled rather quickly. I wouldn't be in this situation of attracting Amon... What do I do next? Regardless, I need to do something. Otherwise, not only will my identity as Dwayne Dantès be at risk, I might even implicate Leonard on Pinster Street and the ordinary people on Böklund Street. Who knows if Amon will suddenly parasitize them or not... As Klein's thoughts whirled, his expression grew heavy as he began seriously considering eliminating Amon's avatar.

His first idea was to establish contact with Leonard and come up with a plan with the grandpa in him, Pallez Zoroast. With this Marauder angel's knowledge of Amon who shared the same pathway, it was likely that "He" could come up with a good plan.

Klein immediately took out his pen and paper in preparation to write. But after making a few scribbles with the fountain pen, he paused.

He found the confidentiality lacking because describing in detail might result in having an effect on fate, allowing Amon to notice it ahead of time!

The more secure method would be to pull Leonard above the gray fog. The discussion can be held there and have him relay it and discuss it with Pallez Zoroast... Apart from this, what else can be done? Report it to the Church and get them to "disinfect" all of Backlund? Klein put down his fountain pen and muttered

silently as he considered other proposals.

He soon gave up the thought of reporting Amon, because Leonard hadn't done so previously. With the understanding that the grandpa in him had of Blasphemer Amon, it implied that this method was useless. Either there was a huge flaw, or it might end up affecting oneself.

It's better to ask Leonard first and gain a better situation of the exact situation before coming to a decision… Klein quickly made up his mind.

He temporarily suppressed the urge to draw the symbol to ask Arrodes or use the paper crane to contact Snake of Fate Will Auceptin. After dismissing Enuni, he entered the master bedroom's bathroom, took four steps counterclockwise, and arrived above the gray fog.

Sitting at the seat of The Fool, Klein conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made the fake person pray piously:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform Leonard Mitchell that I've discovered traces of Blasphemer Amon. I hope that he can head to your kingdom as soon as possible to discuss the subsequent actions. The time will be up to him to decide."

After throwing the prayer's content into the crimson star representing Leonard, Klein added as The Fool, "There's no need to hide it from Pallez Zoroast."

In the outskirts of North Borough, in a sparse forest.

Leonard extended his right hand and held down a blurry wild

wolf's figure.

The wolf whimpered as the flames burning in its eyes dissipated, returning to normal.

Its body faded away and vanished into the wind. However, it no longer had the bloodthirsty feeling it previously exuded. All was calm and serene.

In the Northern Continent, after the Pale Era, the seven orthodox Churches, along with the various nations, jointly pushed for a Cemetery Burial act which had been strictly carried out to this day. As the number of humans that turned into ghosts were rare, the only exception involved the difficult-to-detect deaths in the slums or drowning victims that couldn't be fished out in time. However, the spirits of the deceased weren't only limited to humans. All kinds of wild animals and all kinds of creatures with spirituality could become specters under certain conditions. Furthermore, it was impossible for them to head to human cemeteries to have themselves interred.

This often resulted in rumors of ghost sightings in the wild.

Just as he put the wild wolf to rest, Leonard suddenly saw a boundless grayish-white fog appear before his eyes as The World Gehrman Sparrow's prayers resounded in his ears.

Traces of Blasphemer Amon. "He" is still in Backlund... Leonard's eyelids twitched as he tensed up immediately.

As he had received Mr. Fool's instructions, he didn't hesitate to speak with a suppressed voice:

“Old Man, did you see it? Did you hear it?”

Pallez Zoroast’s slightly-aged voice resounded once again:

“No.

“Although I sensed an anomaly, I didn’t see or hear anything. It will only happen if I deepen my parasitization of you, allowing me to directly control your Astral Projection.”

Do you think I’m a fool? Hmm, from the looks of it, Mr. Fool’s response is done through the Astral Projection… Leonard thought before he said in deliberation, “Old Man, Klein informed me via Mr. Fool that he has discovered traces of Amon. He wants me to head over to Mr. Fool’s kingdom to discuss this matter.

“Do you have any suggestions?”

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a few seconds before he let out a long sigh.

“If he wishes to deal with Amon’s avatar in Backlund, tell him that unless he has the blessings of concealment, the outcome will be as you expect it to

be.”

By saying this, Old Man is giving preconditions. “He” means that “He” will only be willing to cooperate with the blessings of concealment? Leonard’s mind raced as he immediately found a dark corner and informed The World Klein via prayer that he could do it immediately.

As for the danger that resulted from losing control of his body in the wilderness, Leonard wasn't worried since he still had a Marauder pathway angel in his

body.

Before long, he saw a crimson tide surge towards him and inundate him.

Chapter 985: Blessed of Concealment

Above the boundless grayish-white, inside the magnificent palace.

Just as Leonard Mitchell's figure appeared to the side of the long bronze table, he subconsciously stood up and wanted to bow to Mr. Fool.

However, when he looked over, he found the seat empty. No one was sitting there.

Doesn't Mr. Fool usually sit there? A thought flashed through Leonard's mind as he cast his gaze to the other end of the long mottled table.

The World was sitting there silently as though he was fused with the gray fog in an indistinct blur.

"... There's only the two of us. There's no need to deliberately use Gehrman Sparrow's appearance," Leonard casually said to The World as he sat back down.

After discovering Mr. Fool's absence, he instantly became relaxed. He wasn't as reserved as he was in the previous Tarot Gathering—just short of throwing his leg up on the table.

"It's a habit," Klein replied succinctly.

Leonard nodded in thought.

“I heard that Gehrman Sparrow’s persona at sea is a cold, reserved, refined, and polite person. Your current performance matches that description very well. However, you wasn’t like this in the past, Klein. You have to remember that you’re only acting. Do not be affected by your persona as Gehrman Sparrow.”

Hey, I pulled you up here to discuss Amon, not to have a chat! Why do you show so little concern towards your grandpa’s matters? Klein had indeed made it a habit to use The World’s persona in such situations. But when this was pointed out by Leonard, he was a little embarrassed to change back into his original appearance. He tersely acknowledged that he would keep it in mind.

“Did Pallez Zoroast teach you about the part that ‘you’re only acting?”

“Yes,” Leonard answered frankly.

This grandpa seems pretty good. He mentioned such crucial information to Leonard… Compared to “Him,” the rat demigod from before was really up to no good. She didn’t teach Hazel any of the most common knowledge. Even if she did, she distorted some of it. Heh heh, no matter how unaffiliated you are, how could they not know anything at the level of a demigod? Even that half-crazy sea serpent, Kalvetua, knew how to respond to rituals or obtain sacrificial items. It even knew some theurgy and how to perform bestowments… Klein established a first impression of Pallez Zoroast.

However, he wasn’t hasty to make a judgment. After all, fishing was an activity that required bait. Just one instance didn’t prove much. Seeing Klein being silent, Leonard cut the small talk and got down to business.

“Where did you discover traces of Blasphemer Amon?”

Klein went straight to the point.

"I was pursuing a demigod of the Marauder pathway who was on the brink of losing control. However, I ended up encountering Amon in the outskirts of Backlund. All I could do was use Mr. Fool's powers to directly escape."

"Amon's avatar really is still in Backlund..." Leonard sighed before he asked in a rather curious and desultory manner, "Why were you pursuing a Marauder pathway demigod who's on the brink of losing control?"

After he asked the question, he realized something and swiftly added, "If it involves some plans of Mr. Fool, pretend as though I never asked."

Why? Isn't dealing with Beyonders on the brink of losing control or those who have lost control the duty of a Nighthawk? Klein sighed when he heard Leonard's question.

It stirred up memories of his time in Tingen City.

In that short two plus months, he had handled many similar matters. It included the Mandated Punisher of the Church of Storms who turned into a monster, Hood Eugen's loss of control, and Old Neil's corruption by the Hidden Sage. Although they were only a handful, they left a deep impression on him. It drilled certain actions deep to the bone.

Therefore, after taking into account everything that he knew, and coming to the conclusion that the Marauder pathway demigod was on the brink of losing control after rabidly biting someone, he didn't hesitate and used his illusion from downstairs. From that, he gained confirmation from Hazel and didn't even wait a day or two to make preparations. All he did

was do a divination above the gray fog and came up with a rough plan before taking action.

Such matters were emergencies for him!

In addition, Klein had long had the intention of getting rid of the Marauder pathway demigod because the malintent she had shown when dealing with Hazel was obvious. Furthermore, she had tried to entice Miss Magician to seek out treasure that was in actual fact a trap. If he wasn't a demigod back then, which meant a great difference in strength, he would've taken action back then. Besides, he was also afraid that he would trigger unnecessary accidents.

It was precisely because of this that he followed his predetermined plan to eliminate her once he confirmed the Marauder pathway demigod's condition.

The first stage of his plan was to lure the enemy out of Moose Manor to prevent her from producing her incomplete Mythical Creature form before dying, as that would've affected the ordinary people. The result was pretty satisfactory. With himself as the bait, he achieved his goal, but he failed to use the Air Cannon bombardment to finish the battle. This made the Marauder pathway demigod flee into the woods and parasitize a tree.

Klein actually had a second stage to his plan and had even prepared contingencies in the event he failed to eliminate her. To his surprise, Amon suddenly appeared, making him terminate all his plans and flee without any hesitation. Klein's contingency was to let a marionette escape the battlefield and write to the experimental demigod byproduct of the Numinous Episcopate, Patrick Bryan, to get his help. This Undying likely possessed the ability to traverse the spirit world after all. And if there were any additional unforeseen circumstances, he could summon Miss Messenger and make payment after the deed.

As his memories surfaced, Klein replied to Leonard with a sighing tone, “A secret.”

After pausing for a second, he asked, “Why didn’t you find an opportunity to inform the Church of Evernight about the arrival of Amon’s avatar in Backlund?”

Leonard hurriedly gave an explanation, indicating that if Amon’s actual body were to arrive, a deity’s descent was almost certain. He also explained that Amon could use the death of “His” avatar to see the corresponding changes in destiny; thus, finding the source of the stir and figuring out the activity range of the mastermind. It was also Amon’s style to circle about a superficial avatar but hide a dozen, dozens, or hundreds of avatars. Amon’s avatars could parasitize all kinds of creatures with spirituality. If one wasn’t a demigod, they wouldn’t even notice the parasite.

Towards the end, Leonard informed Klein in detail about the example Old Man had raised of how Amon would steal one’s destiny.

This sent a chill running down Klein’s back, thankful that he hadn’t been rash in dealing with Amon. Otherwise, Mr. Fool might’ve been replaced.

It’s no wonder Leonard didn’t report the matter… For Amon to appear so openly, “He” is actually fishing. Furthermore, he has even more avatars hiding in secret, and “He” can parasitize the microbes in the air… This alone sends my scalp tingling. The creatures I can control at the moment can’t even reach that state. The smaller the creature, the harder it is to see the Spirit Body Threads. It’s quite a special case… Sigh, I can’t use the Church’s power, unless it’s done by someone who is without any problems in every aspect… Klein commiserated as he gained a deeper understanding of Amon’s terror. It left him a deeper impression.

From his point of view, Leonard was an excellent candidate to report the matter to the Church of Evernight, but with Pallez Zoroast parasitizing him, he didn't dare expose his existence to Amon.

In addition, The Hanged Man could also shoulder this responsibility, but he was unable to provide the source of the news. This meant problems that deserved deeper investigations into.

One choice after another flashed across Klein's mind. Finally, he paused on himself-his identities as Klein Moretti and Gehrman Sparrow!

As a Blessed of Evernight, it's entirely reasonable for me to inform the Church about Amon's appearance in Backlund. Amon won't be able to pick faults with that.

And having involved myself with the battle with the Marauder pathway demigod tonight, as the Bizarro Sorcerer who witnessed Amon and is now in possession of the knowledge that the Angel of Time's avatar is here in Backlund, it's also very normal and not something that will garner Amon's suspicion. At the same time, as I'm a Blessed of Evernight, just the loss of an avatar likely won't incur "His" full wrath for revenge. After all, "He" might be facing a very possible trap-a deity's descent! Having a backer really feels good... However, a price is always exacted for what fate bestows... Klein quickly came to a conclusion over the matter.

Then, he habitually changed his point of view and began considering this matter from Amon's point of view.

Amon is definitely no stranger to Bizarro Sorcerers. "He" can determine my pathway from my control of the marionettes and my swapping of locations.

Since Amon allowed a Bizarro Sorcerer to flee, “He” must’ve made preparations to be exposed. “He” might even be hoping to attract the target “He” is looking for.

I was using Gehrman Sparrow’s face, but that doesn’t imply anything. A Faceless’s appearance is the least of one’s concern… Hmm, then how would Amon determine my identity? A powerhouse that lurks in the dark and a demigod of the Seer pathway… As the Church of Evernight and the Secret Order are in control of the formulas, ingredients, and a mermaid, there are almost no unaffiliated Bizarro Sorcerers. The descendants of the Antigonus family have all been wiped out. Therefore, a Bizarro Sorcerer is either from the Secret Order or a secret proxy that the Church of Evernight secretly nurtures…

Together with me being in Backlund, the answer is almost obvious…

Due to these reasons, Amon wouldn’t find it difficult to determine that the Church of Evernight is aware of “His” whereabouts and will begin an operation to wipe “Him” out. My reporting of “Him” will be within expectations. Not doing so would be abnormal…

Yes, “He” will definitely be hiding. Even if “He” replaces the identity of that Marauder pathway demigod, “He” wouldn’t come to Böklund Street anytime soon!

Having made this judgment, Klein immediately felt a little more relieved because it meant that he would have plenty of time to prepare!

“What ideas do you have?” Seeing Klein’s prolonged silence after he finished his description, Leonard couldn’t help but ask.

Klein reined in his thoughts and asked without answering him, “What suggestions does Pallez Zoroast have regarding this?”

“He’ said that if you wish to deal with Amon’s avatar in Backlund, you have to first obtain the blessings of Concealment,” Leonard replied truthfully.

Blessings of Concealment… Pallez Zoroast is openly trying to test me. Half the symbol behind The Fool’s seat represents concealment… Using Paper Angels and the Red Priest card, I can stir the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog, making it possible for me to disrupt Amon’s avatar. However, it’s probably unable to prevent “Him” from prying into fate itself… However, I still have another identity as Evernight’s Blessed, and another title of the Goddess is the Mother of Concealment… Is eliminating Amon’s avatar considered paying the price or receiving a bestowment? Seems like both… Klein thought before replying in a deep voice:

“Tell Pallez Zoroast that I’m a Blessed of Concealment. I will attempt to pray for help.”

He was referring to being the Blessed of the Mother of Concealment, but it was certain that Pallez Zoroast would understand it as being The Fool’s Blessed.

Chapter 986: The "Infectiousness" of Parasitizing

So Mr. Fool also has authority in the aspect of concealment… Leonard came to a realization as he understood why Old Man had specially mentioned the need for the blessings of concealment.

Without waiting for his reply, Klein added, "In addition, tell Pallez Zoroast that Amon might very well know that there's a Marauder pathway angel in the vicinity of Böklund Street."

This… Leonard's pupils dilated as he blurted out, "How would 'He' know that?"

It's not convenient to tell you why… Klein mumbled inwardly before replying rather sternly, "It's not like I'm Amon."

"Which of 'His' actions or words made you come to this conclusion?" Leonard asked subconsciously.

No, it's me who "told" "Him"… Klein chuckled as a response.

Indeed… Leonard nodded and said, "No problem. I'll inform Old Man of this."

He paused for a moment before asking, "Are you waiting for 'Him' to give a detailed plan?"

Klein tersely acknowledged.

“When it comes to the knowledge of Amon and the Marauder pathway, few are better than ‘Him.’”

Having said that, Klein, who had determined that Amon wouldn’t come to Böklund Street any time soon, calmly added, “There’s no need to be in a rush to respond. Give me the feedback at tomorrow’s Tarot Gathering.”

From the looks of it, things haven’t reached a critical stage yet… Leonard figured out the most important information from Klein’s words. He nodded slightly and said, “Alright, we will discuss this in detail at tomorrow’s Tarot Gathering.”

After settling this matter, Klein immediately got up and bowed in the direction of the “door of light.”

“Mr. Fool, we are done.”

Leonard stood up, but before he could do anything, his vision became a blur as the crimson stellar light inundated him.

When he snapped awake, he found himself in the sparse forest on the outskirts of North Borough.

“Is there anything you wish to tell me?” Pallez Zoroast’s slightly-aged voice sounded.

Leonard cleared his throat and said, “Klein told me that he’s a Blessed of Concealment. He can attempt to pray for help.”

“Blessed of Concealment. Indeed…” Pallez sighed and said, “Tell him that as long as he can really gain the blessings of

Concealment, I'm willing to provide help when it comes to dealing with Amon and finding all 'His' avatars hiding in Backlund."

Leonard wasn't surprised by this answer as he chuckled.

"Old Man, you don't sound as weak as you make yourself out to be!"

Pallez Zoroast chuckled without a hint of anger in his tone.

"Didn't you read through Roselle's Quotes? I recall that there's a saying that a starving camel is still bigger than a horse."

"That will depend on the breed of horse and camel," Leonard retorted habitually before asking, "Old Man, how should we deal with Amon? Do you plan on using yourself as bait?"

"Ahem!" Pallez snapped back, "If that were the case, what we'll be facing will be Amon's actual body and not 'His' avatars. When that happens, there's a high chance that it will instigate a deity's battle. I might still have a chance of escaping. As for you, perhaps you will return to Evernight's Tenebrous Heaven."

"..." Leonard could only reply with a chortle.

Pallez Zoroast continued, "Unlike the similar powers of other pathways, Amon's avatars can rapidly strengthen 'Himself' by absorbing the Beyonder characteristics of the Marauder pathway, thereby splitting even more Worms of Time, allowing him to parasitize different creatures. As long as there's enough Beyonder characteristics, this process can keep happening..."

“I-isn’t this like the spread of a plague?” Leonard felt a chill run down his back once again.

If one had enough Beyonder characteristics of the Marauder pathway, Amon’s avatars could go from parasitizing one person to the entire city!

“Pretty much.” Pallez Zoroast affirmed Leonard’s guess and sighed. “To deal with Amon, this is the only way to take action. Using Marauder pathway Beyonder characteristics at the demigod level to bait ‘Him’ out. As long as you successfully finish off one of his avatars, there are ways to seek out and eliminate the rest. However, Amon is a master of deceit. We need to be careful; otherwise, it might appear like we are baiting ‘Him,’ but in actual fact, ‘He’ is baiting you. On this matter, concealment is of utmost importance!”

“I understand.” Leonard sighed and turned to ask, “How strong can Amon’s avatar be?”

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a few seconds as though in recollection. Finally, he said, “In theory, ‘His’ strongest avatar can reach the equivalent of a Sequence 1, but it’s almost impossible for ‘Him’ to do so. This will make his mental state unstable and show signs of losing control.

“Typically, one of ‘His’ avatars is a Worm of Time, each starting off as a weak Sequence 4. However, each possesses the trait of an angel capable of shattering Beyonder characteristics. By absorbing sufficient amounts of Marauder pathway Beyonder characteristics, such an avatar can reach a level equivalent to a Sequence 2. However, Amon seldom does so. ‘His’ avatars will automatically fracture and create even more avatars.

“Furthermore, with the actual situation in Backlund, it’s very difficult for ‘Him’ to gather enough Beyonder characteristics that

can raise ‘His’ avatar to Sequence 2.”

Leonard thought carefully for a moment before asking, ‘So, we will be facing a group of Amons. Amongst them, a majority have the strength of a weak Sequence 4, with a minority having the normal standards of a Sequence 4, while an extremely small minority reaches Sequence 3?”

“With Amon’s style, it’s likely the case. However, you have to remember that Amon is good at deceit,” Pallez Zoroast warned. “In addition, based on the time since Amon’s avatar arrived in Backlund, the number of Marauder pathway Beyonder characteristics ‘He’ has gathered to date can’t be too much. After all, this is Backlund. Also, if the situation isn’t right, ‘His’ avatars will use the strongest one as the center and automatically gather together to achieve an elevation in strength. The most important matter when dealing with Amon is to not let matters develop to this stage. Otherwise, there’s no stopping Amon from escaping even if an angel of the Concealment domain arrives.”

“It’s truly difficult to deal with ‘Him.” Besides, it’s just an avatar ‘He’ randomly threw out to develop themselves. As expected of a King of Angels…” After Leonard made a poignant sigh, he suddenly recalled Klein’s reminder and hurriedly said, “The Angel of Time has apparently already locked onto a Marauder pathway demigod. Klein said that he encountered Amon while pursuing the demigod. Also, Amon seems to know that there might be a Marauder pathway angel hidden in the region around Böklund Street…”

Pallez Zoroast fell silent once again, remaining that way for a pretty long period of time.

After a while, with Leonard unable to stop himself from prodding for a response, “He” lamented with a sigh, “Why is your former colleague as troublesome as you?”

“What?” Leonard wore a blank look.

Palle Zoroast said in a peeved manner, “The reason why Amon knows that there’s a Marauder pathway angel around Böklund Street is likely due to him!”

“Old Man, y-you have the ability to decrypt?” Leonard asked in puzzlement.

Pallez harrumphed.

“I was using my brain!

“Otherwise, why do you think there’s the prefix of Böklund Street?”

… That’s true. Anything that has to do with Böklund Street can’t avoid Dwayne Dantès… Could it be some problem that fellow, Klein, created? Only then did Leonard come to a realization.

At this moment, Pallez sighed.

“Thankfully, he only said an angel and not my name. Otherwise, I suggest that we immediately leave Backlund.

“Tell him that there are currently two solutions:

“First, it’s to seek out a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact of the Marauder pathway or find a demigod of the Marauder pathway. Using them, we design a trap. This entire process requires the blessings of Concealment. Furthermore, it needs to be natural, reasonable,

normal, and in no way incur suspicion.

“Second, wait for Amon to enter Böklund Street. He might do a combination of ‘replacing someone’s identity’ and ‘infiltrating through the air.’ Therefore, your former colleague needs to see through the grafting of fate or notice the abnormalities in the microbes. Otherwise, no matter what plans are employed, it will simply be feeding Amon.”

Leonard’s eyelid twitched when he heard that as he solemnly nodded.

“I’ll discuss these matters with him tomorrow afternoon.”

“Alright.” Pallez Zoroast sighed and said, “Also, if all the Amon avatars in Backlund can be eliminated, most of the Worms of Time left behind will belong to

me.”

As a form of replenishing himself? It’s no wonder Old Man is willing to take the risk… Leonard asked in enlightenment, “Do those Worms of Time have the Beyonder characteristics of the Marauder pathway?”

“It might be the case in my hands, but not necessarily for others,” Pallez explained simply. “The Worms of Time left when Amon’s avatars die will indeed contain a sufficient amount of Beyonder characteristics in the beginning, but they will quickly deplete and return to the main body. The corresponding power is needed to prevent this phenomenon from happening.” Leonard first nodded before asking in confusion, “Why was the Luck Siphon charms made from the Worms of Time so powerful?”

Pallez instantly scoffed.

“Have you forgotten what the essence of the charm

is?

“Its essence is the power obtained from a high-level existence. It then uses a material that can handle this power, as well as the powers obtained from the corresponding symbols, to stabilize it. The Worm of Time’s role is to be a unique vessel. If the level is high enough, its essence is compatible, and there is sufficient spirituality, the requirements will be met.”

“Therefore, the power of the Luck Siphon charm actually comes from Mr. Fool?” Leonard asked in thought.

Pallez Zoroast chuckled and said, “Yes, you can try praying to Amon as well and use ‘His’ power to create Luck Siphon charms.

“Of course, the uniqueness of the vessel material will also affect the effects of the final product. In other words, different special materials will lead to different characteristics in power based on the response. Sigh, charms are a very profound and complicated piece of knowledge. It’s not something that can be completely grasped by having some cursory education. You have to put more effort into

it.”

Leonard immediately felt somewhat ashamed.

On Monday afternoon, using the powers of the mysterious space

above the gray fog to check on Hazel's family to confirm that there weren't any problems in the meantime, Klein patiently waited for the convening of the Tarot Gathering.

Dark red beams shot up in the ancient palace before gradually calming down.

Without a pause, Audrey got up and bowed towards the end of the long mottled table.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Chapter 987: "Warehouse Clearance"

After the greetings, everyone took their seats. Audrey swept her gaze across the third Card of Blasphemy placed beside Mr. Fool's right hand. She suddenly came to a realization that she had forgotten to obtain Roselle's diary entries from the Psychology Alchemists this week.

I've been caught up with the problem with Hvin Rambis all week... Audrey, who felt that she had already brightened up, instantly felt a little melancholic.

At this moment, Cattleya had looked towards the seat of honor at the end of the long mottled table. She bowed her head and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool. I haven't received any Roselle diary entries this week as well."

Queen Mystic hasn't provided any of the emperor's diary entries for two consecutive weeks. Did something happen? Leisurely sitting in his high-back chair, The Fool Klein felt somewhat puzzled as he couldn't help but have pessimistic thoughts.

However, he swiftly denied this possibility because Ma'am Hermit didn't show any anxiety or concern!

With the way Admiral of Stars presents herself as a fledgling in need of her mother in the dream world in the ruins of the battle of god, she definitely wouldn't be this calm if Queen Mystic doesn't reply to her for two consecutive weeks. Her anxiety might even prompt her to seek The Fool's help... That also means that she has received a reply from Bernadette in the past two weeks, but none of Roselle's diary entries were provided... Klein nodded gently and replied Cattleya calmly, "No hurry."

After saying that, his thoughts raced as he began analyzing the reason for Bernadette's actions.

First, Klein eliminated the possibility that she no longer had any more Roselle diary entries. Combining the frequency at which the emperor wrote diary entries, he surmised that the compiled diary would exceed ten standard books. Even if Bernadette only had a third of that, she was definitely capable of producing one or two books. In addition, the diary entries she had previously provided were just a tiny minority which touched on crucial intelligence.

Second, Klein didn't believe that Queen Mystic had gained the entire truth from the answers he had given.

Finally, he was also certain that she couldn't decipher the simplified Chinese she had in hand from the tidbits of feedback she received. After all, he didn't give a detailed translation, but vague answers comprising of a few words.

Combining all three points, he suspected if the diary entries Bernadette planned on providing next would be even more important. They were more key and pointed to a certain secret or extremely special, questions that made one unsure if they wanted to know the answer. Thus, this Queen Mystic was presently in a dilemma!

It's likely the case... I wonder what the emperor will write about. Besides, how is Bernadette able to know the importance of the entry... I should remember to get Ma'am Hermit to pass on my requests... While in thought, Alger had already turned to look at Leonard.

"I apologize. There's still no news of mystical items that meet your request at the moment."

“That’s very normal. That’s right. Uh, mystical items from Sequence 5 and 6 aren’t common to begin with.” Leonard nodded in understanding.

He was originally sitting very straight, but when he found that The Moon and The Magician weren’t so uptight, he also relaxed, relieving the straightening of his back.

Upon seeing this, Klein controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow and said with a hoarse voice, “I have a mystical item that suits your requests in various aspects. It’s just that it has quite a number of negative effects that make it difficult to avoid. Do you want to consider it?”

He was referring to the Word of the Sea.

Klein had never had the intention of selling this item that almost required sealing to Leonard, as he felt that his dear poet friend couldn’t withstand the negative effects of Word of the Sea. The belting of songs that didn’t discriminate between ally or foe, the trait of tripping the wielder, or the flaw of being prone to lightning strikes weren’t easily avoided. Klein was only able to use it by teaching the Word of the Sea above the gray fog a good lesson, and having Winner Enuni wield it to not be affected. He had even converted the flaws into something that could aid him.

However, after considering how Leonard had a Sequence 1 Marauder pathway angel parasitizing him, Klein had the feeling that Leonard might have the means to resolve the problem. Therefore, he ultimately made an inquiry.

“Oh, tell me about it.” Leonard believed that Klein wouldn’t scam him, so he expressed his intentions of getting to know the exact situation.

The World Gehrman Sparrow glanced at The Hanged Man and said slowly, “It can release lightning on a target…”

He roughly described the Beyonder powers of the Word of the Sea and the negative effects, leaving Leonard somewhat enticed despite frowning.

It can actually be used as a staff to allow me to fly… Even at Sequence 5 Spirit Warlock, I’ll need to seek out a suitable spirit before I can fly… Besides, the offensive strength really is formidable. There are quite a number of traits… But the three negative effects are quite terrifying… I’ll return to ask Old Man to see if “He” has any means to reduce the negative effects… Leonard pondered for a few seconds before saying:

“I’ll take some time to consider it. How about I give you an answer next week?”

“No problem,” The World Gehrman Sparrow replied without any hint of surprise.

As for the other members, even if they were interested in the beginning, all of them gave up the thought of inquiring about the price once they heard the negative effects that the Word of the Sea possessed.

At this moment, The Fool Klein’s mind was focused on another matter. He was wondering if he should take this opportunity to do a “warehouse clearance sale.”

He had advanced to Sequence 4, and after becoming a demigod, many of the items and characteristics he had before were no longer of much use.

I can keep Creeping Hunger. I should keep it just for Traveling alone. In addition, it can Graze one Sequence 4 saint. It has room for further growth. Furthermore, the combination of the various Beyonder powers it has is pretty good… The value of Death Knell is no longer that great, but after activating Lethal Attack mode, the damage it does on a fixed target exceeds that of Air Cannon. At the very least, I can still use it at Sequence 4. Yes, it also has room for growth… The first two items that surfaced in Klein's mind were the two items he frequently used.

From his point of view, as long as he obtained more powerful bullets, he could produce terrifying effects with Death Knell. The only problem was that such bullets were equivalent to high-level charms—nothing that could be easily found. Even if he sought out the materials to make them himself, he had to consider the chances of success when praying to some high-level existence or if it was possible for there to be a backlash.

On this aspect, Klein came up with a few plans—pray to the Goddess; request Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin to provide help; go through Leonard to get Pallez Zoroast's help; use the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog and also get Leonard to make a trip back to Tingen under the guise of a mission, so as to steal some of the powers of the Eternal Blazing Sun's divine blood from 3-0782, the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem.

Flaring Sun Bullets are definitely the nemesis of creatures like evil spirits… I have some idea on how to use the materials via borrowing the power of the mysterious space above the gray fog. Amon's Worms of Time can be used to make Luck Siphon charms. My Worms of Spirit can also be made into Beyonder bullets. As for how it can be done, I'll need to ask Pallez Zoroast… Klein began anticipating the upcoming chat with Leonard.

Worm of Spirit was the name he gave to those transparent maggots.

Following that, he began considering the other items and characteristics.

Sun Brooch? I currently lack such powers and items... Although I can use the control over Spirit Body Threads to deal with evil spirits, I can keep it and allow my Paper Angel to have one more additional change. Besides, I can also lend it to Danitz from time to time.

Flower of Blood? I can't sell it. The Tarot Club doesn't have any Aurora Order members. I'll continue letting my marionette use it. Having one additional life is one additional hope.

Green Essence? I can sell this. I can transfer my ailments already. Creeping Hunger also has a Doctor grazed.

Murloc Cufflink? There's no need for this either. If I have a sudden need for its powers, I can transform into a huge fish. And in the long term, I can just head above the gray fog to use Sea God Scepter to augment myself with the effects.

Broken Finger? I wonder if anyone would want it. Besides, I haven't fully investigated why the rat demigod was sealed. It might be of use.

I have 1 purifying bullet, 6 demon-hunting bullets, and 2 exorcism bullets left. I'll just randomly use them. There's no need for me to sell them.

Biological Poison Bottle? Sigh, I haven't been able to sell it all this time.

Blatherer's aura? This can be used to make charms or bullets. I'll

temporarily not sell it. But herein lies the problem, am I to pray to the Dark Side of the Universe? That can be struck off the list of options. I'll see if there are any replacement plans in the future.

An Interrogator Beyonder characteristic, a Lunatic Beyonder characteristic, 15 ml of a Thousand-faced Hunter's blood, 40 grams of Spirit World Plunderer powder, an eyeball of a six-winged gargoyle... Tarot Club members have no need for these. I might be able to reward the believers of Sea God or the Resistance in Rorsted Archipelago... As these thoughts flashed across his mind, Klein quickly made a decision.

As for items which were at least at the demigod level such as the Sea God Scepter, Groselle's Travels, the Giant King's Court key, he didn't consider selling them.

Then, he made The World Gehrman Sparrow say, "I have two mystical items for sale. Their levels are relatively low.

Cattleya immediately replied, "A low level doesn't mean it's useless. Many Low-Sequence Beyonders powers can even turn the tides of battles involving Sequence 5 Beyonders. I'm rather interested in knowing the detailed situation of those two mystical items.

Klein nodded gently and described the uses and flaws of Murloc Cufflink and Green Essence. After he was done, he said, "Murloc Cufflink for 500 pounds, Green Essence for 1,000 pounds."

Just as he said that, Audrey raised her arm.

"I wish to buy the Murloc Cufflink."

She actually wished to say that she wanted both. After all, the two mystical items have extremely minor negative side effects. However, considering how others might have their needs, she found it inappropriate for her to take them all. Audrey finally decided to only take Murloc Cufflink.

This could provide her a layer of illusory scales, preventing her from being easily caught. And more importantly, she didn't know how to swim. This could effectively make up for her weakness. As for the heat and the dry weather easily causing fatigue, she wasn't too worried about it. This was because, be it in East Chester County or Backlund, the temperature seldom exceeded 30oC. The humidity was also rather high.

Seeing Miss Justice having her eyes on Murloc Cufflink, the other members wisely gave up without raising the price, allowing the trade to quickly come to an end.

Following that, Alger bought the Green Essence ring. To him, although the water domain had certain restorative spells, they were inferior to a dedicated item. As a Beyonder who often had to engage in melee battles, it was of great importance.

As for attracting mosquitoes, Alger wasn't bothered. This was because he had illusory scales beneath his skin, preventing him from being afraid of bites.

After the transaction segment came to an end, Emlyn cleared his throat and asked a question.

Chapter 988: Joint Operation

Emlyn couldn't help but clasp his hands together, lift up his chin, and say to Miss Magician diagonally opposite him, "I've already confirmed that the ancient abandoned castle in Delaire Forest is an internal test that the Sanguine had given me, having hidden the key situation."

With that said, he felt as though a weight had been lifted off his chest. He no longer felt as hesitant, embarrassed due to the difficult situation he was in.

He surveyed the area and looked for Ma'am Hermit's and Mr. Hanged Man's reaction. He realized that they appeared to have expected it, showing no signs of surprise.

From the looks of it, they had already an idea when Miss Magician mentioned the problem with the intel... Emlyn nodded his head in secret and added before Miss Magician replied, "I'm very sorry. I will refund you the 300 pounds for the intel fee. In addition, I'll pay you another 300 pounds. Also, I will punish the Sanguine who deliberately omitted information."

Although Mr. Moon always wears a proud demeanor, he's rather sincere when a mistake has been made. He didn't find an excuse to push the blame onto... However, I've already obtained the ancient wraith's cursed item and remnant spirituality, so the matter is already over. He didn't deliberately wish to cause harm to me and Xio. There's no need for me to get so much compensation... Fors remembered Xio's exhortations. Without looking at her, she said, "It's only a matter of oversight. There's no need for compensation. Just refunding me for the intel fee is sufficient."

Just as she said that, she suddenly thought of something. *Since*

the ancient abandoned castle was a test of the Sanguine, didn't that mean that Xio and herself had been targeted by the Sanguine?

Fors finally couldn't hold back as she turned to glance at Xio. She found Miss Judgment shaking her head slightly, indicating that she hadn't discovered anyone monitoring them.

This... Fors felt puzzled and found it inexplicable.

She then allowed her thoughts to wander as she recalled the situation back then.

We did the exploration only after quite a while. The Sanguine had already lost their patience by then?

The boss of the town's inn knew of the ancient abandoned castle. He was a Sanguine in disguise? That's not right. Many of the locals knew of this matter. However, that place was too far away and there wasn't anything of value left inside. That's why, unless one was out hunting, people usually wouldn't head in that direction...

That's not right. If the ancient abandoned castle were that dangerous, why are the people who use it for shelter from the rain completely fine? They only describe it as creepy and a little scary? Yes, the Sanguine would usually seal off the passage that heads underground. They opened it for the test? This means that there was some form of monitoring...

Uh, because the ancient castle is too dangerous, the monitoring was done outside the forest and not inside? As Xio and I got lost, we circled around the monitors and weren't detected?

Mr. Fool didn't mention anything about it. It's probably not a huge problem… More attention needs to be taken when I return!

As Fors's thoughts raced, Emlyn said after some pondering, "…Okay."

He didn't insist on additional compensation, because he believed that the best form of compensation was to punish Ernes Boyar instead of giving money.

Then, he waited for Miss Magician to ask about the punishment, hoping that he could take the opportunity to make an inquiry to the other Tarot Club members. He wanted to see if he could get any good suggestions.

As for Fors, upon considering that it was an internal matter for the Sanguine and that although she was a victim, Mr. Moon hadn't offered a plan for action, she decided not to press further in consideration for his feelings. Instead, she decided to wait for the conclusion to see if it was satisfactory.

The palace that looked like a giant's residence turned silent as the mood turned odd.

Audrey looked opposite her and glanced to the side. Pursing her lips, she "curiously" asked, "Mr. Moon, how do you plan on punishing that Sanguine?"

Phew… Emlyn silently exhaled as he subconsciously looked at The World.

"He did so because of orders from the higher-ups. I believe that this mistake isn't something that deserves payment with his

life."

In between the lines, Emlyn was implying that Mr. World didn't need to intervene in this matter. There was no need to escalate the matter.

Seeing The World having no objections, Emlyn cast his gaze forward.

"I plan on leading that Sanguine to a particular cathedral of the Church of Earth Mother in Backlund."

Having participated in so many Tarot Gatherings, even if he couldn't be concerned about certain details, he knew the requirement of hiding matters regarding himself in the real world. Therefore, he didn't mention the Harvest Church.

The Church of Earth Mother only has one cathedral in all of Backlund. That's the Harvest Church! The rest are all in the outskirts and surroundings villages... Leonard held back his laughter as he looked up at the dome above.

"You wish to have the Beyonders of the Church of Earth Mother purify that Sanguine?" Fors blurted out in surprise.

From her point of view, this was no different from directly killing the person in question!

"Uh..." Emlyn was momentarily at a loss for words.

At that moment, Cattleya interrupted:

“The Church of Earth Mother has the habit of inducting the Sanguine into the church, converting their faith and making them priests or bishops.”

I see… With thoughts in mind, Audrey glanced at Mr. Moon without letting him notice it.

Getting that Sanguine to become a member of the clergyman, to pray daily at the cathedral and do voluntary work, so as to cleanse the heart. He would be stuck doing this for a very long period of time… Mr. Moon’s plan for punishment is really vicious… However, I like it! That fellow nearly made me and Xio turn into ancient wraiths due to the corruptive powers behind the door… Fors instantly felt her interest piqued as she asked, “Mr. Moon, how do you plan on luring the Sanguine into the cathedral of Earth Mother? Have you worked out a plan? Perhaps I can provide some help. Uh, you have to be careful. You mustn’t enter the cathedral of Earth Mother in order to punish him. Th-that way, the only thing you can do is to request Mr. Fool for help.”

Of course, that might be something Mr. Fool wishes to happen, allowing “Him” to have someone on the inside of the Church of Earth Mother… After saying that, Fors silently added.

Upon hearing that, Leonard nearly laughed out. He was extremely certain that Mr. Moon was the Harvest Church’s Emlyn White. Clearly, this Sanguine was already a priest of Earth Mother!

This is slightly akin to a drowning person pulling others in… Leonard held back his laughter, glanced at The World, and he found that his former colleague didn’t seem perturbed. He appeared extremely somber.

He couldn’t help but think, *Is this the power of a Clown, or is it a*

state that Klein is accustomed to?

At the end of the long mottled table, The Fool Klein nearly covered his mouth.

He never expected Emlyn to be so creative!

This was a little like multi-level marketing, yet it's a little different. After all, it's not necessarily a good thing for Emlyn to know of that… Klein leaned back into his chair as he awaited the development with piqued interest.

He had always kept in mind Miss Justice's advice during his last treatment session about not always wearing a thick mask. He tried his best to do so when opportunities arose so as to maintain a healthy mental state.

Upon hearing Miss Magician's words of concern, Emlyn felt even more awkward because he went to the cathedral of Earth Mother several times a day on a daily basis. He felt uncomfortable even if he skipped the weekends.

He cleared his throat and said, "I temporarily do not have a thought-out plan. I wish to get some suggestions from all of you. Yes, I hope that we do not have too intense a battle. It's difficult to ensure that the matter doesn't escalate, and I also do not wish for my identity to be directly exposed.

"Miss Magician, there are no problems regarding your participation, but we will absolutely not be meeting each other."

His idea of not directly exposing his identity meant that he didn't mind that Ernes Boyar and the other Sanguine could guess that

he did it. It was a way to instill shock and awe in them, but it was best that there wasn't any obvious evidence.

Fors tersely answered as she mimicked the other experienced members of the Tarot Club.

"First, you need to tell us what Sequence that Sanguine is roughly at and what he's good at."

Emlyn was already prepared as he answered, "It's equivalent to Sequence 5. He's quite experienced and is good at creating the effects of the full moon…"

Effects of the full moon? Fors was taken aback as she turned agape but was unable to say a word.

After Emlyn finished the introduction, Fors said with a hollow chuckle, "I recall that I have other matters to tend to. It might not be convenient for me to participate in this matter."

When in a state similar to the full moon, she would hear Mr. Door's ravings!

And this meant that she would instantly be heavily injured by the target, losing all her combat strength!

Emlyn frowned slightly, displeased with Miss Magician's sudden change in attitude.

At this moment, Xio, who had been listening silently, said, "I can participate. I just need a portion of the spoils."

Miss Judgment's tone is very firm. It's like she wants to exact vengeance... Emlyn mumbled silently to himself and glanced at Ma'am Hermit and Mr. Hanged Man, only to discover that they temporarily had no intention of speaking. It appeared as though they wished to observe what kind of plan the Backlund members of the Tarot Club could come up with.

As this involved her friends and how it could be the first mission that the Tarot Club members would participate in at the same time, Audrey was rather intrigued. After some observation, she said in deliberation, "I can hypnotize that Sanguine, allowing him to enter the cathedral of Earth Mother himself.

"However, to not expose ourselves and to ensure a high chance of success, it's best that he's in a lost or half-dazed state while I hypnotize him. Mr. Moon, can you do that?"

Emlyn was summarizing his powers and items to consider a solution when Leonard suddenly laughed.

"That's simple, but I'll only be responsible for making that Sanguine unconscious.

"Of course, the premise is that there's sufficient intel, and it depends on how we go about taking action."

Just as he said that, Xio nodded and said, "I'm good at tracking and investigation. You can leave intel matters to me.

"Alright. First, Mr. Moon will have to inform me of that Sanguine's name, address, and appearance."

"Alright." Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief before saying in a

somewhat lost manner, “Then what’s my part in all of this? Also, what kind of payment do you want?”

Chapter 989: Mentor Alger

Upon hearing The Moon's question, the rest of the Tarot Club members realized that the main instigator for the punishment had ended up with nothing to do!

According to the established plan, all he needed to do was provide the name, address, and appearance before waiting for the outcome. Miss Judgment was in charge of tracking and investigations to figure out the target's patterns. Miss Justice and Mr. Star would then choose a suitable location based on the feedback before Mr. Star threw the Sanguine into an unconscious state without attracting any attention. Miss Justice would then take this opportunity to complete a hypnotism act and make the target proceed to the predetermined location.

In this entire process, there was nothing for The Moon.

Uh... Audrey deliberated and said, "Mr. Moon, what you need to do is to ensure that the hypnotized Sanguine doesn't encounter any accidents on the way to the cathedral, without him struggling or being rescued..."

Upon saying that, Audrey suddenly realized a problem in the plan as she hurriedly added, "If that Sanguine is extremely resistant towards the Church of Mother Earth, the hypnotic effects wouldn't be as effective. Therefore, I plan on avoiding this point if possible. I will imbue in him the thought of nabbing some target he hates so that he wouldn't realize that he's entering the intended cathedral during the pursuit. Uh, how about letting you be the target of his hatred? This will require you to be able to ensure your own safety while maintaining a distance without being caught."

"...It's not a problem," Emlyn answered after some thought.

With Duke Olmer removing the mental corruption of the Sequence 5 Artificial Vampire Beyonder characteristic, Emlyn just needed to wait till a full moon to become a viscount. That would place him equal to Ernes Boyar. And this opportunity was available next week. When that happened, he didn't believe that he would be caught up to by a viscount just like him when he was equipped with the Ancestor's ring.

If it really won't work, I can borrow Miss Magician's spellbook. I recall that there are powers in the wind domain... Emlyn was rather confident.

By the side, Leonard felt a baffling sense of horror when he heard the conversation between Miss Justice and Mr. Moon.

To him, no matter how terrifying a head-on battle was, it was nothing compared to the horror of doing something that went against his own will without him realizing it.

He paused for a moment and replied to the second problem that Emlyn had raised.

"My payment is the same as Miss Judgment. I want a portion of the spoils."

To Leonard, this entire matter required him to determine the time and location to pull the target into a dream before he left. He didn't need to care if the operation was successful or if any accidents cropped up. It was as simple as heading to a coffee shop to order a cup of Desi coffee. The only thing that needed him to take into account was to not expose himself. Therefore, he couldn't bring himself to ask for an advanced payment, planning to obtain a cut from the final spoils of war.

In addition, he believed that this was a necessary thing to do in order to fully blend in with the Tarot Club. He didn't need to nitpick on such matters.

Audrey turned her head and glanced at Xio before retracting her gaze. Revealing a smile, she said, "My request is the same as Mr. Star and Miss Judgment. I'll take a quarter of the spoils of war."

In fact, she wasn't insistent on getting payment, because she believed that the Sanguine had bullied a Tarot Club member and her two friends. Punishing him was something she expected of herself. The reason why she took a portion of the spoils of war was to take into account Mr. Moon's feelings. She was afraid that her voluntary help would leave the prideful Sanguine embarrassed and angry.

Furthermore, Mr. Moon doesn't have any money, so the payment can only be the spoils of war... Audrey added silently.

Although she didn't deliberately keep count, based on her ability to take note of details and the memory of a Spectator, she believed that Mr. Moon, who had spent 5,000 pounds to purchase the Sequence 5 Artificial Vampire Beyonder characteristic, wasn't in the best financial state. Furthermore, he had to refund the intel fee that he earned.

Four participants, with each obtaining a piece of the spoils of war... That's very fair... Emlyn nodded and surveyed the area.

"Any other suggestions?"

Fors asked in disbelief, "It's that simple?

“That’s a Sanguine equivalent to a Sequence 5. The plan you came up with sounds like it would succeed very easily…”

In her mind, Sequence 5 Beyonders were the strongest among unaffiliated Beyonders. Some were even the host of gatherings. Even the powerful pirate admirals were of that Sequence, but now, in the conversation of The Star and the others, such a Sequence 5 was to be finished so simply. There didn’t seem to be any difficulties!

Upon hearing her question, Leonard thought and said, “As long as that Sanguine doesn’t have any items that resist my powers, even if he’s equivalent to a Sequence 5, I’ll definitely be able to throw him into an unconscious state for some time. It will just depend on Miss Justice to grasp this opportunity.”

“If I arrange the location and make preparations ahead of time, I’ll be fine,” Audrey replied in a confirmatory tone.

She was actually a little uneasy. After all, this was her first time in battle, but her confidence over her Beyonder powers and knowledge in psychological mysticism allowed her to say those words with confidence.

After Fors heard the response, she suddenly felt her mind a little adrift.

Without realizing it, apart from Mr. World, the rest of the Tarot Club members have the ability to finish off Sequence 5 Beyonders as well…

That’s right. Miss Justice is already a Sequence 6 Hypnotist. With the cooperation of a Beyonder of the same level, there really is a relatively high chance of hypnotizing a Sequence 5 Beyonder…

Just as Emlyn felt that this matter had been settled without needing any more questions to be raised, Alger, who had been observing from the side, spoke:

"As members of a secret organization, I believe that everything needs to be considered at a deeper level."

"Ah?" Emlyn and Leonard cast their gaze at Mr. Hanged Man with a puzzled look.

Audrey and Xio were taken aback before they realized something.

Alger cleared his throat and looked at Derrick.

"Since Delaire Forest's abandoned ancient castle was a test, why isn't the obvious Sanguine a test as well?"

_Exactly... I knew that Mr. Hanged Man would've given a warning..._The Fool Klein controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow to nod. Cattleya then looked at The Hanged Man with a look of approval and agreement.

This... Emlyn's pupils constricted, at a loss for a retort.

In an instant, he found himself too careless!

Leonard was taken aback. Immediately, he realized that he was too desultory. He had involved himself without fully understanding the details and without consideration of any latent risks.

Of course, this style had to do with his identity as an official Beyonder and its thought processes.

_As expected of Mr. Hanged Man. He considers all the details with such meticulousness... Audrey, you need to build up more experience!_Audrey focused on something else as she asked, “So we need to abandon the punishment and take action when the Sanguine are unable to maintain the secret surveillance?”

Alger chuckled and said, “There’s no need to. Just a few acts of misdirection would do.”

He then looked at Emlyn and said, “First, hand the investigation of the Sanguine to bounty hunters in Backlund. Use their existence to hide Miss Judgment’s actions. Second, when determining the location, try to do it near an orthodox deity’s cathedral. This will effectively disrupt any subsequent divinations. Third, before Miss Justice and the others take action, you have to do something that leaves one suspicious but is nothing eye-catching. Make it seem like you will be exacting revenge somewhere else so as to attract the ‘eyeballs’ of the secret monitor away; thus, creating the desired opportunity. This is combined with the first point. Fourth, only after the Sanguine is successfully hypnotized do you become the bait.”

Having said that, Alger paused.

“If there’s the addition of anti-divination and anti-prophecy at the demigod level, this entire matter will be flawless.

“Of course, Miss Justice, Mr. Star, you must be disguised during the operation, without leaving behind any traces.”

This speech left most of the members taken aback, especially Derrick. He couldn’t help show his respect and amazement.

Although he had no means of participating in this punishment operation, as a member of the Tarot Club, he couldn't help but be concerned and pensive about such matters that required a clear line of thought. He hadn't noticed any problems with the original plan of Mr. Moon and company, so now, he couldn't help but be impressed by Mr. Hanged Man's ability in such matters!

Emlyn thought and said, "You mean that I should use a superficial form of punishment to hide Miss Justice's and Mr. Star's secret operation?

"It's like... It's like I would make it appear that I'll take action in a particular corner of a square after the target leaves a coffee shop, attracting all the attention, but in actual fact, Miss Justice and company would have already completed the hypnosis inside the coffee shop without anyone realizing it?"

Alger nodded gently.

"That's right."

_I learned something new! Mr. Hanged Man really is an experienced Beyonder!_Audrey felt overjoyed receiving an epiphany.

"The problem now is where are we to find an item or charm with anti-divination and anti-prophecy effects at the demigod level?" Leonard also felt that he had enriched himself greatly as he asked.

He wasn't too worried about himself since he had an angel grandpa in him.

Fors made an utterance before saying, “I can lend out Leymano’s Travels. On it there’s Angel’s Embrace. I can also take one portion of the spoils of war.”

As she said that, she secretly glanced at The World Gehrman Sparrow, heaving a sigh of relief when he saw the gentleman silent.

Unbeknownst to her, The Fool Klein had a very simple thought: *Angel’s Embrace… That sounds so much better than Paper Angel…*

With the punishment operation finally confirmed, Audrey didn’t hesitate as she surveyed the area.

“I met the Psychology Alchemists’s councilor, Hvin Rambis, last week.”

What? Hvin Rambis is a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists? Leonard sat up in surprise. He had the urge to immediately report it to the archbishop and gather a team to arrest him.

It was an occupation hazard.

Chapter 990: Inner Fears

Almost instinctively, Leonard looked around the table and realized that none of the other Tarot Club members showed any hint of surprise. Instead, they were listening attentively.

They knew of it long ago? That's right. This is only my second gathering. I haven't had the chance to learn about many things… The secrets that get exchanged here sure are plentiful… Leonard retracted his gaze and returned to his original sitting posture.

After a slight pause, Audrey glanced at Xio, who sat two seats away from her, before casting her gaze at Mr. Hanged Man. She continued, "He attempted to cue me to interact with different nobles and understand their true attitude over different matters. I would then inform him of them. Thankfully, Mr. Fool had provided me with the blessings of an angel. So I wasn't influenced in any way. Uh, what should I do next?"

You can even get blessings from an angel? Leonard looked around in surprise once more, only to see no reaction from the other members of the Tarot Club.

Obviously, he wasn't surprised that Mr. Fool had a few angels in existence under "Him." After all, the name and title corresponding to Death Consul was one that he had heard numerous times.

He was just surprised that the Tarot Club members were able to pray for assistance at that level. He viewed this secret organization in a new light, finding it more impressive.

Meanwhile, Xio keenly caught onto a few keywords:

Noble... Psychology Alchemists...

Combining it with the blonde hair, emerald-green eyes of Miss Justice's blurry figure, she began to connect it to a particular friend: Audrey Hall!

However, she couldn't be sure because blonde hair, black hair, blue eyes, and green eyes were common among the Loen nobles. People just had different combinations. Besides, no one knew how many members the Psychology Alchemists had developed in the noble circles. Therefore, Xio couldn't directly point it at Miss Audrey from the traits she noticed.

As she tried to do a deeper level of observation, Alger had said, "There's no need to pay too much attention to this. The various orthodox Churches will provide protective measures to their believers with a rather important status. They will prevent them from being assassinated or hypnotized. This comes from experience that has been built up over a thousand years of history. It wouldn't be that easily overcome. From another angle, if the Psychology Alchemists really can control the nobles that simply by hypnotizing them, the ones ruling the country wouldn't be the royal family and the three Churches. Clearly, reality is in conflict with that.

"Yes, just as you said, Hvin Rambis only gave you a cue to observe the true attitudes of the different nobles on different matters. This means that he's holding himself back greatly, afraid of doing anything too overboard. It's to prevent himself from leaving behind any clues. In addition, your true status among the nobles should just be in the periphery. You have no way of directly involving yourself in various political matters. Therefore, in contrast, the protection and monitoring over you wouldn't be too strict. This is also why Hvin Rambis targeted you."

Mr. Hanged Man's analysis is really detailed... Although he often taught Little Sun and the others, he would secretly gain

something during the process, wishing that he could get more useful information from the feedback. However, there's none of that this time. Hmm, it's the same for the suggestions for the punishment operation from before as well… On careful thought, his change has been happening for quite some time. It just wasn't too obvious in the past. I even missed out on it… Audrey's professionalism stirred up as she quickly did a mental analysis of The Hanged Man.

She quickly had a theory, suspecting that Mr. Hanged Man was trying to transform his standing within the Tarot Club!

Ever since Ma'am Hermit joined the Tarot Club and showcased her resources and channels at sea, Mr. Hanged Man has been unknowingly been searching to transform himself in a bid to distinguish himself from her… Before problems cropped up with the Artisan, this transformation wasn't that obvious. Even Mr. Hanged Man didn't realize it himself. It was only recently that he seemed to finally come to a realization and thought it to be true… Indeed, to maintain one's standing in the Tarot Club, the raising of one's strength is one aspect, but providing help to the entire group is another aspect… Audrey's mind raced as she turned her attention back to the topic at hand.

She pondered for a moment and subconsciously, her tone turned heavy.

"Does this also mean that the orthodox Churches will have certain levels of surveillance, control, and guidance for the important nobles?"

This was something that she had thought about while in the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's office.

She had subconsciously drawn a scene that represented her concerns on this matter!

In psychology, elements she drew out in such a state often didn't point to something particular. It was more like an abstract expression. The "cold eyes" mostly represented her fear for people monitoring and controlling her and her family.

Combining it with her subconscious drawing, her worry of Hvin Rambis's cueing, and the celebrant of the Mass at the Church of Evernight her parents attended being Backlund's archbishop, Audrey's interpretation was that not only was she afraid of the hypnosis and cues of the Psychology Alchemists, but she had also become fearful of the othordox Churches. She couldn't be sure if they would directly use their Beyonder powers to imbue thoughts into aristocratic believers with high standings, so as to guide them into doing actions that violated their true will.

This was sacrilegious and rebellious to Audrey, who had received an orthodox education from a young age. Therefore, she had tensed up back then, immediately burning that drawing.

After hearing Miss Justice's question, Alger scoffed.

"Isn't that very normal? When living in human society, one has to accept a certain level of surveillance, control, and guidance.

"I know what you're afraid of, but think about it. Compare someone using their power conferred from their standing, using money and weapons to control and guide others, to using Beyonder powers to do something similar. In essence, is there any difference?

"The difference is that one knows that they don't wish to do it but ends up having to do it; the other is that they do not even have the thoughts of being unwilling to do it."

Audrey nodded and said, "Yes, this means the loss of freedom of

one's mind and thoughts. It's the most terrifying."

Alger chuckled once more.

"How can there be a completely free mind and thoughts? By choosing your faith and beliefs, you're naturally bound by your faith and beliefs. Yes, let's focus only on the Loen Kingdom. The three Churches are equal, and together with the royal family, this creates a balance between each other. If the Church of Storms goes overboard towards its believers, that believer can easily convert their faith to the Church of Evernight. Therefore, under most situations, the orthodox Churches will tend to use their standing and beliefs as a religion to guide important believers instead of using Beyonder powers."

Balance... Audrey pondered over this term. She came to a new realization of the kingdom's upper circles and the entire world. This was something she had come into contact with before but had never deeply understood the word.

At this moment, many of her thoughts matured.

"Thank you for your explanation, Mr. Hanged Man." Audrey sincerely addressed him with an honorary title. "Then, how should I deal with Hvin Rambis?"

Alger calmly said, "The problem with him isn't anything to panic about. You fully have the ability to run circles around him. You can provide him unimportant information while keeping the core secrets to heart. You can seek this opportunity to obtain potion formulas and even their Beyonder ingredients.

"After some time, when there are corresponding changes, you can consider switching strategies. Of course, you can't be too careless. Duke Negan is an example of this mistake."

Just as he said that, sitting at the bottom of the long mottled table, The World Gehrman Sparrow glanced at Miss Justice. He said with a hoarse smile, “When the time comes, even if Hvin Rambis were to die, no one will suspect you.”

Even if Hvin Rambis were to die… die… He’s a demigod… Mr. World has plans of attacking Hvin Rambis? Uh, it’s possible. He has always been investigating Cuarón’s suicide case. He was even the one who informed me of Hvin Rambis’s true identity… Audrey’s eyes widened slightly as she felt perturbed.

Even when she hated and felt the most fear towards Hvin Rambis, she had never had thoughts of killing this Psychology Alchemists councilor. All she considered was the means to avoid being guided. On the one hand, it was because she didn’t have such thoughts, and on the other hand, it was because he was a demigod.

This meant the top-ranking power in the kingdom and Churches!

“I understand what needs to be done. Thank you, all of you.” Audrey drew a breath and politely thanked them.

…Klein sure sounds bombastic these days. Yes, he even wishes to get rid of Amon’s avatars in Backlund. Hvin Rambis is really nothing… Leonard looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow with mixed feelings.

Cattleya and company also remained silent.

With the topic of the Psychology Alchemists coming to an end, Klein controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow to make him look towards himself.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to communicate privately with Mr. Star.”

Klein temporarily didn’t wish to let the other members of the Tarot Club learn about the eradication of Amon’s avatars. It wouldn’t be good for keeping the matter confidential, and it might lead them to be targeted by Amon.

“Sure.” The Fool Klein naturally didn’t deny his own request.

As Leonard was feeling poignant at the possibility of private communication, he informed Klein of the main points in Pallez Zoroast’s reply. It also included the problem of the Worm of Time Beyonder characteristics loss.

This made Klein suddenly realize how he could use his Worms of Spirit to create charms and bullets.

Split off a few and kill them. When the characteristic contained in them return to my body, the remaining material can also be used like a Worm of Time!

The only problem is that killing Worms of Spirit deals a certain level of damage to myself. After all, each Worm of Spirit contains a part of my Spirit Body. Yes, I have to limit the number each time. Only after I fully recover can I do it again... In thought, Klein got The World Gehrman Sparrow to reply, “I will try my best to confirm if a blessing of Concealment is possible before I give you an answer.

“If there’s no problem, we can attempt to seek out Sealed Artifacts of the Marauder pathway at the demigod level. Of course, I will try to think of the means to identify the grafting of fate.”

Klein wasn't sure if "observation" from above the gray fog would allow him to see the truth of fate, just like how he was able to see his believers being parasitized. Hence, he planned on using the Paper crane to contact Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin and gain his expert opinion.

"Alright." As Leonard grumbled about how Old Man would've recovered further if demigod-level Sealed Artifacts at the Marauder pathway were that easy to find, he nodded slightly in response.

Chapter 991: A Ritual Without A "Reply"

After ending the private communication, Klein made The World Gehrman Sparrow look at Cattleya.

"Please inform Queen Mystic that I wish to meet her to talk about something. The exact time and location is up to her."

Queen Mystic? So Ma'am Hermit represents the royals above the Five Seas… Leonard was first taken aback before he came to a realization.

What's the matter? Cattleya frowned slightly in a wary manner.

"I will forward her your intentions, but I cannot provide any guarantees over her agreement."

"Okay." The World Gehrman Sparrow nodded simply, indicating that it was fine.

At this moment, Derrick finally had an opportunity as he asked, "Everyone…"

He glanced at Mr. Hanged Man and Mr. World before continuing, "The ritual needed for me to advance to Priest of Light requires pure darkness. I need to bury my entire body in ice that usually doesn't melt. In the City of Silver, such ice isn't difficult to find. However, how do we create pure but safe darkness?"

So that's the Priest of Light's advancement ritual. Little Sun sure is honest and simple… Due to her lack of experience and

knowledge, Audrey was unable to provide any substantial suggestions. All she could do was cast her eyes at the person she believed was capable of resolving the problem: The World Mr. Gehrman Sparrow.

And at this moment, The World raised his hands to pinch his temples. As for The Fool Klein, he was rapidly trying to think of a solution.

Sigh, if this were the outside world, pure darkness is extremely easy to obtain. Ice that normally doesn't melt would be the most troublesome thing to obtain, but the City of Silver is the complete opposite… There, darkness is too dangerous. Just being within it will result in one's disappearance or suffering the attacks of strange monsters…

I can get Leonard to provide charms from the Evernight domain, and then I can stir some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. Using Little Sun's prayers, I can provide an area of artificial darkness. But the problem lies in me being unable to determine if this would bring the normal danger that the City of Silver encounters. This is not something that can be answered with divination. When matters do not involve myself, I can only determine if a matter is dangerous or not, or when matters should be done. And under such situations, there are too many elements involved, and the sources of danger are diverse…

Yes, I'll summon Arrodes later and ask it…

Klein had previously been considering the problem over Little Sun's advancement, but he had never been able to find an answer.

Seeing The World silent, Leonard, who had originally wanted to say that "creating pure darkness is extremely easy" slowly shut his mouth. He began pondering over The Sun's words and caught

notice of a word that he had ignored: Safe!

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, in the City of Silver, darkness is equivalent to danger? Leonard roughly grasped the key idea, but due to his lack of understanding, he was unable to provide any suggestions.

Finally, it was Alger who spoke.

He glanced at Derrick and said, “I will help you gather information and seek out solutions. But in the process, you might need to provide some help to confirm that it can be done.”

“No problem!” Derrick answered without any hesitation.

Right on the heels of that, he added, “There’s no need to rush it. I still have about a month before I can finish digesting my Notary potion.”

Alger nodded gently, indicating that this wasn’t something that needed any reminders.

At this moment, Cattleya deliberated for a moment and said to Derrick, “Perhaps we can consider this problem from another angle. Your advancement ritual wouldn’t last too long. We can simply increase the time you can survive in pure darkness to resolve this matter.

“I remember that you’ve mentioned that after being left in darkness with zero light, there are two dangers. The first would be the attacks from strange monsters that come from unknown origins, and the second would be a baffling instance of disappearance that is akin to evaporating.

“The former situation is easy to resolve. You can make a request to your Chief for certain Sealed Artifacts, or you can get him to stand guard by your side. As for the second case, I don’t know enough. You can attempt to ask your Chief.”

Derrick thought about it carefully and suddenly felt that this was a viable train of thought with a rather significant chance of success.

He immediately replied in pleasant surprise, “Thank you, Ma’am Hermit.”

The exchange and learning session continued until the gathering slowly came to an end. Seeing that it was almost done, The Fool Klein rapped gently on the table’s corner.

“Let’s end it here for today.”

“Your wish is our will!” Audrey and company stood up and bowed reverently.

After they vanished from above the gray fog, Klein left the area and returned to the real world.

He first took out his wallet and got the paper crane which was folded by Will Auceptin. Spreading it across the table, he picked up a pencil and simply wrote: “There’s something!”

After folding the paper crane and stuffing it under his pillow, Klein got into bed and genuinely took an afternoon nap.

In his hazy dream, he once again saw the pitch-black plains and

the towering steeple.

Passing through the plains and through the wooden doors, Klein arrived at the familiar corner.

A black pram came out of the thick shadows as Will Auceptin, wrapped in silver silk, sucked at his right thumb and derided angrily, “You are getting more and more impolite!”

Klein laughed dryly and said, “With our relationship, there’s no need for such pleasantries, right?”

Will Auceptin harrumphed and said, “Speak, what’s the matter?”

“This is the thing; I recently encountered Amon’s avatar,” Klein said directly.

The baby’s mouth widened a little as though he was about to cry. It took him great effort to control himself as he said, “I haven’t been born for more than a month!”

“...There’s nothing I need from you. I only wish to ask you a question,” Klein quickly added.

Will Auceptin raised his fleshy arm and waved it.

“What is it?”

Klein immediately said with a smile, “Amon’s avatar can steal the destiny of others and appear while replacing their identities. I wish to know how I can see through such a terrifying matter.”

Will Auceptin chuckled as he pointed up at the sky with his index finger.

"Pray for help."

From the looks of it, using the powers of the gray fog can be used to discover the grafting of destiny… Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he felt even more certain.

When he thought of the word "using," he was referring to using his marionette to pray to The Fool while he entered above the gray fog. Through the point of light representing his believer, he could survey the surrounding area to seek out any abnormalities. In a sense, this was equivalent to The Fool's observation, an equivalent to an augmented "true vision."

But the problem is that I can't stay above the gray fog to observe for grafting all the time. It might be the case that, in between two of the observation periods, Amon could've entered Böklund Street and have done something… Klein thought before asking with some deliberation:

"Anything you would like to remind me of?"

Will Auceptin turned his head away without looking at him as he mumbled, "You have to visit me and my parents once this week. During high tea…"

"No problem!" Klein agreed without any hesitation.

Only then did the baby turn his head back and giggle.

“Next week, around Wednesday or Thursday, there might be some changes in your destiny.”

Is that so… Klein nodded in thought as he watched the black pram slowly retreat into the shadows.

After waking up from his dream, he packed up his items and began setting up an altar without any rest.

This time, the target of his prayer was the Evernight Goddess “Herself,” and not Artificial Death. This was to prevent Amon from prying upon the source of the stirring via the changes in destiny and, thus, noticing something wrong.

How could the Evernight’s Blessed be praying to Artificial Death?

After setting up the ritual, Klein wiped his face and turned into the cold-looking Gehrman Sparrow, causing his height to drop a little lower.

After igniting the first two candles in front, Klein made the ordinary candle representing “himself” burn with a yellow flame. There were two candles in front. One was a candle made of night vanilla and slumber flower to represent Evernight, and the other was a candle made up of white chestnut flowers and wild rose to represent “Concealment.”

Following that, he created a wall of spirituality, dripped Full Moon Essential Oil, and burned some herbal powder that pleased the goddess. Bit by bit, he completed the ritual.

Towards the end, Klein took two steps back, activated his Spirit Vision, and chanted softly, “I pray for the power of the dark

night.

“I pray for the power of the mystery.

“I pray for the Goddess’s loving grace.

“…I encountered Blasphemer Amon’s avatar in Backlund. He was gathering the characteristics of a Marauder pathway demigod…

“…I seek for the blessings of Concealment so as to complete the mission of eradicating the Blasphemer’s avatars…

“Night vanilla, a herb that belongs to the red moon, please pass my supplication to the Goddess! “Moon flower, a herb that belongs to the red moon, please pass my supplication to the Goddess!”

After he was done chanting, Klein patiently waited for a while, but nothing happened. There wasn’t any reply.

This… The Goddess is in a critical period of gaining control over the Death pathway’s Uniqueness and is unable to respond beyond anything normal? Should I try to pray to Artificial Death? After all, if there are the blessings of Concealment, Amon wouldn’t be able to see it. If it doesn’t, then the source of stirring destiny wouldn’t point to me… Klein frowned little by little as he ended the ritual and cleared the altar.

He felt that he needed to find other solutions.

After he finished clearing the desk and turned around, prepared to head for the reclining chair, a figure suddenly appeared in

front of him!

The figure wore a simple linen robe with signs of patching. By the figure's waist was a belt made of tree bark. Raven-black hair cascaded down freely as the figure's feet didn't wear any socks or shoes, making them covered in dust and wounds.

It was a lady. She had extremely normal facial features. Her ghostly black eyes were no different from the common person, but just looking at her left Klein feeling a sense of extreme peace and serenity. Even though feelings of alarm rose up within him, they were unable to overpower the peacefulness.

Chapter 992: Arrodes's Congratulations

"You are?" Klein asked in a rather complicated state of calmness.

The lady in a simple robe nodded and said, "Arianna, Servant of Concealment."

Servant of Concealment... Arianna... Klein's eyes constricted, as he knew who the lady was.

As a former Nighthawk, how could he not be aware of the name "Arianna"?

She was the Evernight Cloister's matron, head of the thirteen archbishops, a likely candidate for the future Pope. Regardless of which identity she had, she was part of the general knowledge that couldn't be avoided in religious studies and mysticism!

As for the name, Servant of Concealment, Klein had read about it in Emperor Roselle's diary. Considering the similar name of Attendant of Mysteries, he suspected that this pointed to an angel. Meanwhile, based on the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation, with a Sequence 0 in existence, it meant that Attendant of Mysteries couldn't be a Sequence 1 angel. Therefore, Klein believed that the Servant of Concealment was likely Sequence 2 of the Evernight pathway.

This... It isn't that the Goddess didn't reply, but that she used a very special way to respond... "She" directly sent her servant over... Klein felt mixed emotions that could hardly be described.

He fell silent for a few seconds before giving a solemn bow.

“Good afternoon, Your Eminence.”

In the various Churches, if a demigod at the angel level walked the land, there was a need to address them as “Your Eminence” as a show of respect. Likewise, towards the pontiff, pope, and chief shepherd-representatives of the deities-one had to use “Your Holiness.” In addition, a Church’s head was synonymous with the Holy See or Apostolic See. Of course, many a time, the Holy See could also represent the Church’s headquarters itself.

Arianna tapped her chest four times in a clockwise fashion and replied in a pious manner, “May the Goddess bless you.”

She then said, “I’m an ascetic. You can just call me Ma’am.”

“Yes, Ma’am Arianna.” Klein didn’t insist.

Arianna looked at him calmly for two seconds and directly asked, “You plan to deal with Blasphemer Amon’s avatars in Backlund?”

“Yes, I wish to obtain the blessings of Concealment,” Klein frankly replied.

At this moment, he felt a little stumped because this was different from what he expected.

He originally expected the Goddess to answer by blessing him. Then, he and Pallez Zoroast could join forces to wipe out all of Amon’s avatars in Backlund. During this process, it wouldn’t expose Leonard or the Marauder pathway angel. But now, with the blessings becoming something corporeal that would be involved in the battle, Pallez Zoroast would be immediately be

discovered once “He” took action. When that happened, it was hard to predict what would ensue!

Don’t tell me I don’t need to ally with Pallez Zoroast? I’ll only get “Him” to provide intel and then split some of the spoils of war? Klein’s thoughts rapidly ran through his mind as Arianna spoke unhurriedly:

“I can provide the power of Concealment to shield everything that happens from the prying of fate. However, I cannot guarantee that I can eliminate all of Amon’s avatars in Backlund.”

Pallez Zoroast said that “He” has the means of doing so… The person who understands Amon the best is indeed a Sequence 1 of the same pathway… Klein thought and said, “Ma’am Arianna, I have already come up with a well-thought-out plan. All you need is to provide the power of Concealment. You do not need to be involved in the actual battle. Leave the rest to me.”

Arianna nodded and raised her right arm as she spread her palm.

Points of light lit up, profound and resplendent as they quickly outlined an emblem in her palm.

This emblem was completely crystallized, as though it was made of obsidian. It made one realize its existence when looking at it, but it appeared to vanish when not looking at it.

“This is my Evernight coat of arms. It doesn’t possess any characteristics or power by itself. The only use is that, when triggered, it will establish a connection with me, regardless of where you are in the real world,” Arianna explained simply. “Before you begin your operation, remember to use it. I will

provide you with the power of Concealment. If you need more direct assistance, use ancient Hermes to chant 'Arianna' when triggering it." This is equivalent to an itemized altar and ritual that points to her... Oh, at the level of angel, the range of responding to prayers has extended to the entire world? Klein instantly grasped the true nature of the Evernight coat of arms.

As a Bizarro Sorcerer, he did not have the means to reply to prayers. This was a trait that could be obtained only at Sequence 3. Of course, as Sea God and The Fool, he was very well-versed in such matters.

Klein didn't stand on ceremony as he accepted it and bowed sincerely.

"Thank you."

After saying that, he tapped four spots in a clockwise manner on his chest, forming the sign of the crimson moon.

"Praise the Lady!"

This way, he could still join forces with Pallez Zoroast. As long as he triggered the Evernight coat of arms without using ancient Hermes to chant Arianna's name, everything would be fine.

"Praise the Lady," Arianna replied piously.

Her figure then vanished as though she had been erased by an eraser.

This is a departure by entering a concealed state? Klein pursed

his lips in thought.

Meanwhile, he was filled with suspicion over Arianna's swift arrival. After all, the Evernight pathway wasn't well-versed in methods such as teleport. To go from Winter County all the way to Backlund required a significant amount of time.

My ritual isn't the kind that prays for a direct descent... Could it be that Ma'am Arianna happened to be in the vicinity, in the Backlund diocese? Isn't that too much a coincidence? If it isn't one, it only serves to exacerbate the problem. What is "She" doing in Backlund? The undercurrents are stirring... Klein retracted his gaze and patiently waited a while before turning back into Dwayne Dantès.

He found a pen and some paper once again and drew the symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

When the final stroke was written, the full-body mirror in the master bedroom produced a dark but pure light, as though a silent undercurrent was surging out from the bottom of a lake.

Right on the heels of that, fireworks appeared, bursting in the sky.

Colors of gold, silver, red, and blue exploded as words formed in the mirror:

"Welcome back, Great Master!

"Your humble servant, Arrodes, has witnessed the retrieval of a portion of your authority. I'm thrilled that you are gradually recovering your aura. You will eventually return to your supreme

position and make the entire world turn silent under your watch!”

This is really... passionate... There’s always something new... Klein nodded in silence.

Amidst the fireworks, those words dissipated and formed into a new sentence:

“Great Master, what instructions do you have for me?”

“I have a question,” Klein said calmly. “In a place where being in darkness can result in danger, how should one create a safe but pure darkness? There are two kinds of dangers involved. One, it will make a person directly vanish in the darkness, and two, it will cause strange monsters to appear and attack.”

The fireworks in the full-body mirror calmed down as aqueous light rippled. Silver words surfaced one after another:

“Great Master, are you referring to the Forsaken Land of the Gods?”

This magic mirror actually knows quite a lot. He also gave me a free question in passing... Klein nodded and said, “That’s right.”

Without any breaks in between, Arrodes’s full-body mirror produced new lines of Loenese text:

“The formation of the Forsaken Land of the Gods is related to the second Creator’s fall. The danger of night there stems from the transformation of two essential powers.

“First, it’s the remnants of the Evernight Goddess’s divine powers. Second, it’s the influence left behind by the Creator. “He” wielded partial authority over shadows, darkness, fallen, corruption, and mutation. The former makes creatures vanish into thin air, while the latter produced monsters in the darkness.

So the two types of dangers stem from different powers. It’s no wonder that there’s such huge differences… Arrodes called the ancient sun god the second Creator… This is very close to my theory… Amon’s and Adam’s father isn’t the reawakening of the original Creator, but a transmigrator who inherited a huge “inheritance”? Klein asked in thought, “In that case, the Evernight Goddess was involved in the fall of the second Creator?”

This was something Klein had vaguely expected. This was from the trait of humans evaporating in the darkness of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. It was very similar to the strange disappearances if one didn’t sleep at night in the ruins of the battle of the gods. And based on Little Sun’s description, King of Demonic Wolves, Flegrea, who wielded control over the Evernight and Concealment authorities, had long perished in the Second Epoch. It was impossible that “He” had done it.

Therefore, unless there was another deity of the Evernight pathway born in the middle, it was difficult for the two abnormalities to not have the Evernight Goddess involved.

On the surface of the mirror, the silver light rapidly converged forming a short sentence:

“That’s right.”

That’s right… Klein was just about to press on when he immediately shut up. He had just recalled one of his identities—

Blessed of the Evernight. Therefore, even without anyone watching him, he had to show respect to the deity and not seek out relevant secrets. Of course, time in the mysterious space above the gray fog was excluded.

He was just about to focus on the main question from before to urge Arrodes to list out solutions when he saw the silver words in the full-body mirror change:

“Great Master, your loyal servant, Arrodes, wishes a small favor from you. C-can we not discuss matters regarding the Evernight Goddess?”

At the end of the question, a simple stick figure was drawn.

Just as I wished… Klein deliberately pondered for two seconds and said, “Okay.”

The silver swirls on the surface of the mirror immediately turned brisk as words began taking form:

“As for the question you asked, there are two solutions:

“One is to accept the corruption and let oneself transform into monsters of the darkness. The reason why these creatures do not vanish into thin air during the night is because they have received the protection of the ‘Fallen’ authority. This way, all the darkness is equivalent to safety.

“The second is to create a darkness that comes with the dream world. This will allow the Spirit Body to receive the protection of the dream; thus, slowing down the encroachment of danger at night.”

Chapter 993: Another Possibility

Allowing the Spirit Body to receive protection of a dream to slow down the encroachment of danger at night... This is similar to the necessity to sleep when night fell in the ruins of the battlefield of the gods...

Also, the powers in the Forsaken Land of the Gods likely isn't under the Goddess's control. Once one vanishes in the darkness over there, they definitely won't enter the foggy town... Where will it point towards? Or would they stay in the same spot, unable to interact with companions and the real world until they die of starvation or old age... After reading Arrodes's reply, Klein was somewhat enlightened as he roughly grasped the crux of the issue.

However, he felt that this wasn't necessarily useful, because The Sun only required pure darkness so that he could be buried in ice that normally wouldn't melt to consume the Priest of Light potion. Once he entered a dream, there was no way for him to control his own body to complete that critical step. That way, even if he could remain in the darkness for prolonged periods of time, it would be meaningless.

Yes, I'll wait until Little Sun asks the chief of the City of Silver before coming up with an actual plan based on his answer... Of course, before that, I can try to get a corresponding solution from Leonard to figure out how to create darkness with a temporary dreamworld... Klein nodded slightly, acknowledging the answer provided by the magic mirror.

As for the first option of accepting corruption and turning into a monster in the darkness, it wasn't even considered. In the extraordinary world, this was equivalent to committing suicide which almost couldn't be reversed.

Upon considering how he still had one question left to ask, Klein deliberated and asked, “Where can I obtain the potion formula of the Seer pathway’s Sequence 3, Scholar of Yore?”

The full-body mirror’s surface had aqueous light ripple once again as it reflected a dark cathedral without any natural light.

Klein found this scene very familiar as he immediately recalled what it represented—this was where Zaratul, who had turned into a monster, hid!

However, this time, deep inside the cathedral, the cluster of blurry and huge maggots were no longer present.

Just as Klein’s pupils dilated, the silver words appeared beneath the scene depiction:

“Great Master, Zaratul has vanished!

“I can’t find ‘Him’!”

Vanished… Klein momentarily forgot to breathe.

Although he had long known of Zaratul’s return, since he was the one who began the chain reaction by opening the door to the foggy town, he never expected this big shot to secretly leave the cathedral; “His” whereabouts becoming unknown!

Even Arrodes is unable to locate “Him”… What is “He” plotting? The more Klein thought, the more a chill ran down his back.

Having become a Sequence 4 demigod, he could confirm one thing:

His control over the mysterious world above the gray fog was still insufficient. He could temporarily only converge the leaking specialness that it had augmented him with in the real world, making it difficult for Beyonders of corresponding pathways to see it, but it was unable to repress the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence. As for the gray fog, it had proven time and time again that he had an invisible form of attraction towards Beyonders of the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathway. Amongst them, the effects on the Seer pathway was most evident!

Besides, I myself am quite an attractive Sequence 4 Bizarro Sorceror. It's not impossible for Zaratul to suddenly come to Backlund one day... Klein maintained a deadpan expression and said to the full-body mirror that was switching scenes, "Got it."

Arrodes presented another scene which Klein was equally familiar with. It was the Antigonus family's "treasure trove" at the peak of the Hornacis mountain range.

Below this scene, silver words quickly surfaced once again:

"Great Master, there's another possibility, but I can't tell. I just know that it's easier than the first two."

The Antigonus family's notebook isn't there this time? That's right. It will lead the wielder to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to seek out the Antigonus family's treasure trove. It's basically the same as the previous option... What's the possibility that even Arrodes can't tell? Based on what I know about the factions in control of the Seer pathway, it's implying that I should pray to the Goddess for it? The Goddess is the Mother of Concealment, so "She" can choose whether Arrodes can see it or

not... Klein's thoughts scattered and quickly made a connection.

Of course, he didn't believe that directly praying for the Scholar of Yore potion formula would allow him to get it. It was too ridiculous, as though it was child's play.

From his experience as a Nighthawk, he suspected that he might need to make enough contributions before he could obtain the Scholar of Yore potion formula from the Evernight Goddess via a ritual.

Making enough contributions... This sure is a familiar phrase... Klein sighed as he began having some ideas.

Clearly, he had hints on how to do so—handle the Artificial Death faction of the Numinous Episcopate!

However, Klein suspected that the Goddess only had up to the Scholar of Yore Sequence for the Seer pathway potion formulas, and not the subsequent ones at the angel level. This was because the Antigonus family's angel didn't perish immediately back then but had hidden in a secret palace, losing control to become a monster and was in a half-sealed state. In addition, The Fool card was also there and hadn't been retrieved yet.

At this moment, Klein had the intention of asking about Amon's avatars, but he suddenly recalled that within the memories of the rat demigod, the warning about the Marauder pathway angel and Amon had been given by this very mirror!

As his thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein narrowed his eyes, looked at the full-body mirror, and nodded.

“Alright, that’s it for today. Head back. If there’s anything in the future, I’ll summon you again.”

“Yes, Master! Goodbye, Master~ Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly waiting to return to your side!” Light gathered on the mirror’s surface, depicting a stick figure waving its hand.

After everything returned to normal, Klein turned around and picked up the paper with the previously drawn symbol. With a snap of his fingers, he made it burst into scarlet flames.

The ash floated down as he spread open his left hand. In it were two maggots shimmering with solid mysterious symbols.

The two maggots squirmed gently, using their lifeforce to fill the entire bedroom with madness and bizarreness. The surrounding lights then dimmed and brightened from time to time in a non-uniform fashion. They were none other than the Worms of Spirit which Klein had separated from himself.

Suddenly, Klein reached out his right palm, suddenly pressing them towards the two transparent maggots.

Instantly, his palm paused, just short of touching the Worms of Spirit.

He raised his palm again, lowering it only to pause. He repeated this several times until he finally exerted his strength with a deadpan expression.

Amidst an invisible and illusory cracking sound, his head suddenly felt a stabbing pain.

This made his soul feel like it was being ripped apart. It was even more painful than encountering a gunshot or a slash wound.

Klein used his Clown powers to control the twitching of his facial muscles. After a few seconds, he raised his right hand to rub his temples, inwardly mumbling, *Indeed, the death of every Worm of Spirit deals damage to the Spirit Body. My current limit is six. Hmm, I'll temporarily stop trying. Let's see how long it takes to recover.*

Thankfully, this is a tolerable matter. Otherwise, it would be dangerous if a marionette is destroyed while the Worm of Spirit isn't able to be collected in time due to an intense battle...

Yes, it's different from Amon's Worms of Time avatars. A Bizarro Sorcerer's Worms of Spirit will not necessarily die when a marionette is destroyed. Most of the time, a Bizarro Sorcerer is able to retrieve them in time. It's because the distance between the body and the marionette isn't that exaggerated...

After confirming the situation, and waiting for the Beyonder characteristics contained within the Worms of Spirit to return to himself, Klein rummaged for some materials and set up a ritual to pray to The Fool.

After a series of tasks, Klein used the carcasses of two Worms of Spirit, two silver plates, and the complicated symbol which he had previously recorded down to make two silver-black bullets—of which the latter came from Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin.

The two bullets were carved with strange, indescribable patterns. They kept extending inwards as though they were coming together in the middle at one point. Their entire bodies were gloomy but not dark. Just one look at it made one's thoughts sluggish.

Klein flicked a gold coin and used divination, together with his spiritual intuition, to swiftly determine the abilities of the two bullets—the target would immediately enter a state of paralysis upon being hit!

The length of time that one was left in this state depended on the potency of one's Spirit Body. Even Sequence 3 saints would be in a state of stiffness for a second or two!

This already exceeds my powers. Of course, the premise is that contact can be made. Oh, this is a result of the gray fog's augmentation... These two bullets should be at the same level as the Fate Siphon charms. Although my Worms of Spirit can't be compared to Amon's and Pallez's Worms of Time, the amount of power I can now draw from the mysterious space above the gray fog is clearly superior to what I could do in the past... I shall call them, uh—Control Spirit Bullets... Klein drew Death Knell from his underarm holster, snapped open the cylinder wheel, and stuffed the two silver-black Control Spirit Bullets inside.

Following that, he spread open a piece of paper beside the altar and wrote:

"...Next, your mission is to seek out relatively high-level charms and Beyonder bullets. May God be with you.

"XXX who raised three requests from you."

This letter was written to Patrick Bryan of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction.

With a subordinate at my disposal, why let him go to waste? As Klein mumbled, he folded his letter. At the altar from before, he summoned Patrick Bryan's messenger.

The surface of the desk burst into pitch-black flames and quickly gathered together, forming a translucent bird with dark feathers.

This spirit world creature glanced at Klein before slowly lowering its head to bite at the envelope.

Watching it disappear, Klein nodded slightly and inwardly muttered, *Patrick's Contract Companion isn't of a low level either...*

He quickly reined in his thoughts, took out another letter, and fluidly wrote:

"...I have already obtained the blessing of Concealment. You can attempt to gather items at the Marauder pathway demigod level. In addition, I've found a way to crack the theft and replacement of destiny. You don't have to be too anxious.

"...Do you know how to create a darkness that includes a temporary dream world?

"...If you have the time, can you head to Tingen and help me use 3-0782 to create Flaring Sun Bullets. The Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem has the divine blood of the Eternal Blazing Sun hidden in it... Only by sufficiently raising your strength can we be more confident at dealing with Amon's avatars..."

Chapter 994: Prelude

At 7 Pinster Street, Leonard, who had specially returned home to participate in the Tarot Gathering, was just about to head to Saint Samuel Cathedral's basement to read the dossiers so as to make preparations for his placating of souls at night when his vision suddenly went into a blur. He saw the messenger in a dark, full dress holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

As a Soul Assurer, he could already see such creatures with Spirit Bodies.

After taking Klein's letter, Leonard didn't even have the chance to say thank you when Reinette Tinekerr turned around and walked into the void. She didn't even stay for long.

"...Old Man, why does Klein have a messenger of this level? Is this a perk of being a Blessed?" Leonard couldn't help but ask Pallez Zoroast with a suppressed voice.

He originally fantasized that it was standard for every Tarot Club member, but he later realized that he had been imagining things.

Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice chuckled immediately.

"It is likely to solely belong to Klein Moretti. Everyone receives some special fortuitous encounter, isn't that the case? Isn't it the same even for a fellow like you?

"Heh heh, I thought you would use 'incomplete angel' to describe 'Her,' but you ended up using 'messenger of this level.' Not bad,

you still remember my warning."

Leonard curled the corners of his lips, spread open the piece of paper, and read the content on it.

"He's indeed the Blessed of Concealment and Fate..." Pallez Zoroast quickly scanned the heading through Leonard's eyes.

Leonard didn't look at the ground. Instead, he took a few steps back and threw himself into the embrace of the sofa before saying, "Klein can see through the theft and replacement of destiny... Then, we don't need to rush to seek out items at the Marauder pathway demigod level."

"Even if you were in a hurry, you have no idea where to seek them out," Pallez scoffed.

Even for the gathering of the Hermits of Fate, similar items needed years to appear even once. And the next gathering was to happen at the end of the year.

Leonard was momentarily at a loss for words and could only cast his gaze at the last two paragraphs.

After a brief silence, he chuckled.

"I've always been curious as to where Klein received the high-level charm of the Sun domain when facing Megose. I thought it was provided to him by that Death Consul, but I couldn't understand why a Death domain angel would be gathering high-level charms of the Sun domain. Wouldn't that be suicide? Now, I finally understand.

“Old Man, I wielded 3-0782 before as well. Why didn’t you notice that there was a drop of the Eternal Blazing Sun’s divine blood hidden in that? If you could’ve stolen some of its power back then, things wouldn’t have…”

Leonard originally wanted to mock Old Man, but as he went on, he fell silent.

Pallez Zoroast sighed in his mind.

“If that drop of divine blood could be so easily discovered, that Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem wouldn’t have been in Tingen.”

Leonard fell silent for a few seconds before asking, “Then how am I to create an opportunity to get that Sacred Emblem to create the Flaring Sun Charm?”

Although Klein made it sound simple in his letter, Leonard knew that it wasn’t an easy task. This was because he wasn’t a Nighthawk of Tingen City. Even if he returned to visit his former colleagues and teammates, he had no authority to enter Chanis Gate.

Upon hearing his question, Pallez Zoroast replied in a peeved manner, “Why are you asking me something as trivial as this? Can’t you think for yourself?”

Leonard coughed uncomfortably as he began thinking seriously to seek out a solution.

“I’m currently working alone, but the archbishop has given me the authority to get the help of the local Nighthawks in the region of question.

“Hmm, if all the souls in Backlund have been placated, and if I haven’t finished digesting my potion, wouldn’t I have to do it at other dioceses?

“When that happens, if Tingen happens to have a paranormal accident, it will be very reasonable for me to return and get two Nighthawks and use 3-0782…”

After Leonard finished muttering to himself, Pallez Zoroast chuckled.

“Not bad. You came up with an idea so quickly.

“But have you thought about it? You are placating them, not purifying them. This is contradictory with obtaining 3-0782. It will easily incur suspicion.”

Leonard, who had been praised, immediately laughed.

“Old Man, that’s because you aren’t aware. Back when I joined the Nighthawks team, there was one line in the education I received: Only under the premise of having the ability to purify can placating achieve the best results.

“Emperor Roselle had also once said that to solve problems, you need a stick in one hand and a carrot in the other.”

Pallez Zoroast immediately tsked.

“Then follow your plan. Of course, that’s assuming that you can finish Anthony Stevenson’s missions in a week or two. If you haven’t obtained the Sun Flare Bullets before the actual operation

of eliminating Amon begins, then it would no longer be necessary."

Leonard recalled the list of missions written on the pieces of paper as his forehead twitched.

He then forced himself to forget about his worries and mumbled, "I wonder when the mission to punish the Sanguine will begin...

"I wonder if the Sanguine has a Sealed Artifact at the Marauder pathway's demigod level. "Temporary dreamworld... I can create it myself. I'll find a chance to make some charms, but can power at this level be able to resist the corrosion of the darkness in the Forsaken Land of the Gods?"

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Fors took out a novel, sat on the sofa, and watched Xio walk towards the lobby as she wore her boots to head out.

Finally, Fors couldn't hold back her puzzlement as she said, "There's no rush. That gentleman said that he wouldn't assign the mission that quickly."

Xio shot her a glance and said, "I'm a bounty hunter. I have other missions."

Upon saying that, she paused and said after some deliberation, "Fors, do you think that Miss Justice resembles Miss Audrey?"

Fors was taken aback for a few seconds before she snapped back to senses. She subconsciously waved her hand and chuckled.

“How is that possible…”

Just as she said that, the similarities began flashing through her mind, her eyes widening in response.

After a while, she whispered, “It’s not impossible.

“Spectator pathway, Psychology Alchemists, noble lady, blonde hair and green eyes… She’s the only noble I know that meets those criteria… Of course, I don’t know that many nobles. Furthermore, I have no idea if the ones I’m familiar with have anything to do with the Psychology Alchemists…”

Xio silently listened to her friend and said after some thought, “Fors, do you still remember the missions assigned to us by Miss Audrey? I originally thought that it was issued by Earl Hall, but on second thought, perhaps it came from the Tarot Gathering…

“Also, how did we know of Mr. Fool’s honorific name? Do you remember? It was from books we borrowed from Viscount Glaint! In the book cover was a strange ancient slip!”

Fors nodded in enlightenment.

“If we could discover it, as a good friend of Viscount Glaint, Miss Audrey, has a chance of discovering it as well! This can explain why she joined the gathering…”

“Yeah,” Xio agreed with Fors’s guess.

Fors opened her mouth and was just about to say something when she recalled that the matter with the Sanguine wasn’t

completely over. She immediately looked around warily and said, “Xio, we should lessen our discussions of gatherings in the future.”

“As for Miss Audrey, we can visit her once every week or two. We can continue observing when the time comes.”

Xio snapped to her senses and nodded heavily.

“Alright!”

She then opened her door and went to a particular bar in East Borough and sat by the bar counter.

Rapping on the table, she said to the bartender who looked up, “Any new missions today?”

The bartender gave a rough list without mentioning any investigations of a particular Mr. Ernes Boyar.

Indeed, I’ll have to wait till tomorrow or the day after tomorrow… Xio looked around, retracted her gaze, and asked in puzzlement and concern, “I haven’t seen Sherman in a while. Do you know where he’s been?”

Sherman was a young man who thought himself as a woman- one of Xio’s informants.

The bartender chuckled.

“Perhaps he ran off with some man. You do know that he’s

happy to do so if a man fancies him."

"This isn't something worth ostracizing him about," Xio rebutted seriously, feeling a baffling sense of concern.

She then exerted strength in her palm and jumped off the high-stool, prepared to seek out Sherman in the places he was usually seen.

Backlund Bridge area, Iron Gate Street, Bravehearts Bar.

Holding down his hat, Emlyn pinched his nose as he passed through the crowd that exuded all kinds of smells before finding the red-eyed Ian in the card

room.

"Mr. White, what is it this time?" Ian smiled as he led Emlyn into an empty billiard room.

Emlyn took off his hat and quipped, "Something trivial. Help me put up a mission to the bounty hunters. The details of the mission is to track a man named Ernes Boyar. Figure out his daily activities. The bounty reward will be 100 pounds."

"100 pounds?" Ian subconsciously asked.

For investigations like tracking, 100 pounds was quite a ridiculous reward. One had to know that if a bounty hunter was able to complete this mission on their own, they could rest for an entire year, even if they were supporting a family!

Emlyn nodded.

“The target is rather dangerous.”

After the discussion back with the Tarot Club, he had already thought it through. He believed that tracking Ernes Boyar was an easy mission. The Sanguine Viscount would definitely pretend as though he didn’t notice anything and deliberately follow a fixed trajectory.

Therefore, this 100 pounds was in fact payment for Miss Judgment to take the risk of participating in this operation. Of course, to aid in the misdirection and concealment, it was almost certain that more than one bounty hunter would complete this mission, allowing them to earn different portions of the reward. All Emlyn could guarantee was that Miss Judgment would earn the most.

“I see.” Coming to an understanding, Ian extended his hand. “Down payment, exact address, level of danger, looks and characteristics. It’s best if you have a portrait.”

Ernes Boyar then gave 30 pounds in cash and Ernes Boyar’s portrait.

“Red eyes?” Ian flipped through the pieces of paper in his hand and couldn’t help but blurt out.

“Yes.” Emlyn nodded gently and looked around him. He suppressed his voice and said, “There’s also something else. Help me seek out clues regarding the Rose School of Thought members in Backlund.”

“... Rose School of Thought?” Ian was taken aback as he asked in puzzlement, as though he had never heard of the name.

Chapter 995: "Conjoined Person"

Emlyn glanced at Ian, raised his hand to pinch his nose, and chuckled.

"It appears you don't understand me. It's okay. A more simple description is to gather information about foreigners that come from the Southern Continent, especially from the Star Highlands and the Paz River Valley.

"What information do you want exactly? There are plenty of pure-blooded people from the Southern Continent in Backlund. Those that you've mentioned are also common," Ian calmly asked without flaring up due to the contempt he received.

Emlyn laughed.

"The ones that are a bit more abnormal. They do things in a fishy manner and seem to all be mysterious. You should understand what I'm getting at."

"There are definitely many people you describe. In Backlund, they are either servants, workers, or thieves—being part of gangs. As the latter will all meet your criteria of being abnormal, fishy, and mysterious." Ian sincerely pointed out how unpragmatic Emlyn's request was.

Emlyn was already prepared for this. With an unobvious smile, he nodded slightly.

"Then, give me all the information that meets those criteria. I'll do the filtering. Oh, I'll pay 50 pounds as down payment for this

commission as the standard fees for the early-stage investigations. The subsequent payment will be counted based on how much information of value is provided. Each one will cost 20 pounds."

"Who is the one to determine its worth?" Ian asked after a few seconds of thought.

For him, having a 50-pound income for preliminary work like this was enough for him to accept the job. It was more than enough to hire a dozen people or so to investigate the areas from East Borough to Cherwood Borough for half a month.

He didn't mind how much he could earn from the 50 pounds, as there were many people here who relied on him for their survival. He needed to arrange jobs with payment for them to do from time to time; otherwise, he would never be able to be kept abreast with the latest developments.

Emlyn sized up Ian and scoffed.

"Of course it will be me. You should know how trustworthy I am."

"Detective Moriarty never told me that..." Ian mumbled and sighed. "Alright. Our last cooperation was still pretty good. I choose to trust you."

Emlyn nodded in satisfaction, took out his wallet, and counted another 50 pounds worth of notes.

During this process, Emlyn momentarily felt the pinch when he realized he only had 407 pounds in savings.

And now there's only 357 pounds... He looked away from the notes and handed the cash to Ian.

He didn't stay. Putting on his hat, he walked out of the billiard room and left the Bravehearts Bar.

On the street, Emlyn stopped pinching his nose and looked up at the flame-like clouds. His expression gradually fell heavy as he silently muttered, *That Wraith from before isn't around... Where did it go?*

Humph, Ian acted as though he had never heard of the Rose School of Thought, but his racing heartbeat had betrayed him...

Also, he actually didn't ask if Sherlock Moriarty is back in Backlund. He didn't even show any concern... Could it be that Sherlock has already returned to Backlund and that he has already met him?

...

Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam.

In an area near the harbor, Admiral of Stars Cattleya had brought along Frank Lee, who had his sleeves rolled up which revealed his brown hair, to an area outside a house with gas wall lamps. They came to an empty corner and watched as a figure appeared out of the shadows.

It was Bloodless Heath Doyle who was in charge of monitoring Artisan Cielf. He was thin and his skin was so pale that it was transparent. He looked so frail that a gust of wind could topple him.

“Did anything strange happen recently?” Cattleya nudged the gold-rim glasses on her nose.

Heath Doyle tersely acknowledged.

“Three days after you left, a stranger visited Cielf. He stayed for about fifteen minutes. I didn’t approach for fear of being discovered.

“Based on your instructions, I sent men to tail the stranger, but they lost his trail.”

“What did that stranger look like?” Cattleya asked with a slight nod.

Heath Doyle took out a piece of raw beef from a leather pouch by his waist. The blood on it remained fresh, but it didn’t show any signs of contamination. It appeared to be a pure piece of solid meat.

Right on the heels of that, this piece of beef melted in Heath Doyle’s hand, dripping to the ground like water. They then squirmed like they had life, drawing a portrait.

“This is the effect I want!” Frank Lee’s eyes shimmered as he watched this scene, expressing his intentions with excitement.

Under his gaze, Heath Doyle, had the intention to run, but he slightly slanted his body and pointed to the ground.

“Roughly like this.”

At this moment, a blood portrait had already taken form. It was that of a man with a mustache, with facial features that resembled that of the Paz River Valley. His greatest characteristic was the three ear studs on both his ears.

“Golden ear studs, thin body, not much fat, very athletic,” Heath Doyle added.

Cattleya retracted her gaze from the ground and asked, “And then?”

Heath Doyle tersely acknowledged.

“No one visited Cielf after that, other than his temporary servants and chef he hired. I got men to investigate them. They are clean.

“Cielf has an evening stroll at a fixed time every day. He will bring a prostitute home, allowing her to leave only at daybreak… I’ve been constantly tailing him, but I never discovered any contact with odd people.”

“He has been acting very normally all this time?” Cattleya asked with a frown.

From her point of view, not having any abnormalities made it most abnormal!

After all, this involved Rose School of Thought members that believed in the Primordial Moon.

Heath Doyle nodded in affirmation.

“Yes.”

Cattleya turned her head to look at the building’s main door and said after some thought, “I actually planned on using Beyonder powers to infiltrate and bring Cielf under control in the fastest speed possible before taking him away to prevent any accidents. But from the looks of it, the best solution is to knock on the door.”

Unknown danger was what terrified people the most.

At the thought that he had been busy with his experiments recently and hadn’t done his duty as first mate, Frank Lee hurriedly said, “Captain, I’ll go with you.”

Cattleya took off her thick glasses and hung them by her waist of her black warlock robe before nodding.

“Okay.”

With that said, she left the shadowy corner and walked towards the main door of Cielf’s residence.

As she approached, she looked up at the crimson moon that could be seen penetrating through the clouds. She curled her fingers and tapped thrice on the door.

Before long, footsteps approached and the door creaked open.

Cielf didn’t show any obvious changes from the previous time. He remained thin and dark. His eyes were somewhat puffy, and his brown eyes were trying hard to force a smile.

“Admiral, is there something this time?”

He stood by the door, blocking the gas wall lamp’s light behind him. It made the area appear dark and gloomy, as though he was sinking into the shadows.

Cattleya stared at him for a few seconds before saying slowly, “I have a new idea. I plan on making you a part of my crew.”

She stood there motionlessly without any intention of stepping inside.

Cielf’s expression warped as his voice turned somewhat dark.

“Why?”

Cattleya’s eyes seemed to freeze as she slowly said, “Because I’m a pirate.”

Pirates didn’t need reasons. They did whatever they did out of their own desires.

Cielf’s facial muscles twitched as a smile suffused his eyes once again.

“I can be your sailor, but as an Artisan, I’ll be of much greater use in a city.”

“I agree,” Cattleya destroyed his resistance. “But before then, I need you to spend some time on the Future to be partners with others.”

Cielf's expression gradually turned cold as he replied in an ethereal voice, "I'm afraid I won't be able to control myself. I have a strong urge to procreate every day…"

"Strong urge to procreate?" Frank Lee's eyes lit up as he asked, seemingly in confirmation.

Cielf was taken aback as he wasn't sure whether to nod or shake his head.

Frank then looked at Cattleya and asked in excitement, "Captain, is he going to be my assistant for my experiments?

"I love this trait of his!"

Cattleya fell silent for a few seconds before nodding heavily.

"Yes."

Frank immediately revealed a bright smile and offered his right hand to Artisan Cielf.

"Pleasure to meet you. Let me introduce myself. First mate of the Future, Frank Lee."

Cielf's expression returned to normal as he shook the man's hand with puzzlement. Then, he said, "Am I really going to spend a short period of time on the Future?"

"I guarantee it with my reputation on the line," Cattleya sincerely replied before inwardly adding, *It wouldn't take long*

before Her Majesty personally handles you…

"Alright. It's not like I can beat you." Cielf shrugged. "Please permit me to pack my personal belongings."

He then took two steps back, turned around, and walked to the staircase at the end of the foyer.

As he walked, he suddenly paused and said in an ethereal tone to Cattleya and Frank Lee, "Today's moonlight is as beautiful as it always has been, isn't it?"

Without receiving a reply, he proceeded forward and vanished from the staircase.

At this moment, Cattleya's heavy expression became obvious.

After Cielf opened the door, she had already noticed an abnormality with her eyes.

In the past, Cielf's Spirit Body was that of an ordinary human, but now, he was a conjoined person!

Under the illumination of the moonlight, this "conjoined person" was being nourished and was rapidly growing stronger.

This isn't a problem I can resolve. I have to write to Her Majesty. Also, I mustn't forget Gehrman Sparrow's request for a meeting… Cattleya sighed silently as she subconsciously looked up.

High in the sky, a crimson moon remained bright and silent

amidst the thin clouds.

...

Backlund, Hillston Borough, East Balam Military Veterans Mess.

Dwayne Dantès and Macht got off their separate carriages and entered the lobby together.

Chapter 996: Card Game

After entering the East Balam Military Veterans Mess, Klein handed his cane and hat to his valet, Enuni, only to see Colonel Calvin of the Loen Kingdom's Ministry of Defense wearing an army uniform, waiting at the foyer with a glass of red wine in hand.

This long-faced officer smiled as he raised his cup at Dwayne Dantès.

"Long time no see."

"It really has been a while." Klein smiled as he walked over.

Colonel Calvin immediately offered his right hand.

"Congratulations. You did pretty well. Everyone was very pleased."

"I was very pleased as well." Klein used a Loen-styled euphemism to express his pleasure in cooperating. He then shook hands with him.

Calvin retracted his arm and glanced at Macht before he said with a laughing sigh, "Back when you first introduced Dwayne, I was quite distrustful of your judgment, but now I understand how you're a Member of Parliament."

"Anyone who interacts with Dwayne can easily tell that he's an expert at this," Macht accepted the colonel's approbation with

the same Loen-styled euphemism.

Calvin retracted his gaze, sipped some red wine, and smiled at Dwayne Dantès, asking in passing, “How much did you earn this time?

“Don’t worry, I won’t raise prices in the future because of it. I’m simply curious.”

“20,000 pounds in gold,” Klein gave the midpoint value as an answer.

In actual fact, he had earned 25,000 pounds, but after paying Miss Messenger 10,000 pounds for “Her” services, he had only earned 15,000 pounds.

Calvin nodded.

“Not bad. If you need to convert those gold bars into gold coins, I can introduce you to someone from an imperial mint factory.

“How was it? Did you notice anything abnormal around Maysanchez’s area?” Klein said directly without thinking, “Yes!

“There was a place called Revival Square under his control that was destroyed by lightning.”

“That, I’m aware of,” Calvin replied with a rather heavy expression.

But you probably do not know that the person before you was the

one who created the lightning... Klein smiled and then said, “Also, Maysanchez seems to be maintaining a fragile balance among many factions, but in actual fact, he has already secretly aligned himself with a particular faction. Of course, I’m not exactly sure who it is.”

He had no intention of betraying the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. All he did was divulge a little to win the trust of the Loen military.

“The only thing that can be confirmed is that it isn’t us,” Calvin nodded and said with a deep look in his eyes.

“It’s unlikely to be Intis.” Klein helped him eliminate one of the wrong choices.

Calvin tersely acknowledged.

“That isn’t a bad thing either. The few factions surrounding Maysanchez are supported by Intis. If he wishes to expand, there’s no way he can circumvent them. When the time comes, perhaps we will have more arms sales on our hands.”

With that said, he offered a toast.

“Holy Lord of Storms, to riches for everyone.”

As believers of the Evernight Goddess, Klein and Macht smiled in response without giving a direct answer.

After taking another sip of red wine, Calvin pointed at the second floor.

“Dwayne, I brought you here today to play cards with a VIP. Texas Hold’em.”

“Which VIP?” Klein asked with piqued interest.

Calvin’s expression turned solemn as he said with an unobvious smile, “Admiral Amyrius. He has been given a post and is currently in charge of the Ministry of Defense.”

Admiral Amyrius… The admiral whose younger brother was stripped of his post as governor-general, had his mistress corrupted by the Mother Tree of Desire, and ended up losing his post as highest commander of the Central Sonia Sea’s navy? I’ve worked with him before and even pretended to be him for some time… Indeed, when it comes to a demigod, as long as they didn’t screw up too badly, and if they are willing to hold it in, they will always be able to step out of the nadir… Klein recalled everything that had happened at Oravi Island, turning wistful.

Towards Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt, he still felt some guilt towards him. Although most of what happened back then didn’t have anything to do with him, his mistress’s anomaly was ultimately a result of the Mother Tree of Desire’s wish to control him.

“That is to say that our future cooperation requires His Excellency’s approval?” Klein asked in enlightenment.

“That’s how it is.” Calvin nodded and pointed up the stairs. “Let’s head on up.”

When they arrived at the second floor, they stopped in front of a pair of dark red double doors. Calvin turned his head to glance at Dwayne Dantès.

“Your mission today is to lose money.”

Lose money? Klein sized up Calvin as he curled the ends of his mouth.

“I’ll try my best.”

By the side, Macht said with a laugh, “There’s actually no need to be too deliberate. Admiral Amyrius has excellent card-playing skills. It’s almost impossible if you wish to win any money. Heh heh, I always lose. Sigh, I just hope I won’t lose too much today. Otherwise, I wouldn’t even dare to return home.”

Klein nodded thoughtfully.

“I only brought 200 pounds in cash. Would that be enough?”

“Definitely not.” Calvin chuckled. “I’ve already changed chips worth 1,000 pounds for you. Just remember to return it.”

Loen’s best lawyers only earn about 1,000 pounds a year on the surface… You bunch of profligates… Klein sized up Calvin again.

This colonel didn’t notice it as he knocked on the door.

After a while, the double door creaked open, revealing the scene inside.

It was a hall paved with thick, soft carpets. There wasn’t a lot of furniture, making it appear rather spacious.

In the middle of the hall was a card table that could accommodate more than ten people. Surrounding it were luxurious-styled high-back chairs.

By the sides of the hall were gold-plated cutlery, marble-carved sculptures, coffee tables with books and newspapers, and a series of leather sofas.

Klein looked over and saw Amyrius Rieveldt sitting at the seat of honor. This admiral didn't look different from before. His black hair was neatly combed backward, with his blue eyes dark and profound. The corners of his lips drooped slightly, and his face was clean-shaven. He had an austere temperament, and he wore dark blue clothes with an epaulet. He was meticulous in every detail, appearing extremely serious.

When he swept his gaze, Klein found another "familiar person."

He had thick but neat black brows with a short and hard crew-cut of the same color. He had dark blue eyes and a high nose-bridge with a bushy mustache spreading out from his mouth. He had a long face with accentuated outlines as well as callous curves.

He was MI9's deputy director, Qonas Kilgor!

He was one of the targets for Klein's return to Backlund. He was the middle man in the dealings between the Demoness Sect and a particular faction in the royal family. He was one of the accomplices of the Great Smog of Backlund!

This brigadier general had abnormally broad shoulders, making his white shirt and black vest abnormally tight. He was playing Texas Hold'em with great focus.

There are two, no—three demigods at a card table. How can this even be played? Interesting… Klein sat down and began observing the others at the table.

During this process, an attendant delivered a huge stack of chips, worth a total of 1,000 pounds. In the first few rounds, Klein folded after looking at his cards. He acted very cautiously, acting as though he never called or raised unless he had good cards.

As for Admiral Amyrius, his style was the complete opposite of him. He was in no way conservative. He called almost every round, constantly raising in an extremely aggressive manner.

Every round that he was involved in seldom reached the point where everyone showed their cards. Most people failed to withstand such aggression and, with the admiral's domineering force, they would call a round or two before folding. At times, someone would attempt to call Amyrius Rieveldt's bluff, only to encounter four nines. The color in his face instantly drained as though he had been passed the death verdict by a judge.

Qonas Kilgor had a completely different style as well. He would occasionally lose a round, but the chips lost wouldn't be much, preventing him from having too great a loss. And in the next round after his loss, he would often be able to wipe out the person who won all his chips the previous round, forcing him to spend money to buy in again.

Is there a need? Why are you using powers to cheat when dealing with Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders or even ordinary people? Others might not be able to tell, but would I be fooled? One has the Arbiter pathway's dominance, and the other has the Baron of Corruption's Bribe… Klein looked at his Five of Hearts and Nine of Clubs as he shook his head indiscernibly.

He couldn't help but consider which powers of a Seer pathway

could provide him help if he wanted to cheat.

Turn all my opponents into marionettes? In that case, I can win as much as I want. I'm practically invincible, but it's of no pragmatic value. It's not like I'm planning for some deathmatch poker tournament…

Unfortunately, there aren't any mosquitoes here. Otherwise, I can use their Spirit Body Threads and turn them into marionettes to help me check out their hole cards…

Faceless only allows me to change myself, not the cards…

Magician's Illusion? The effects would likely be pretty good when playing with ordinary people or Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders. But there are two demigods here…

Use a Clown's ability to swap cards? It's useless. The dealing and shuffling of cards are done by the croupier…

As his thoughts raced, Klein realized that apparently only his powers as a Seer was of use here.

He threw out his two hole cards to indicate a fold before taking out a metal chip and allowing it to move between his fingers.

At this moment, Amyrius Rieveldt suddenly looked up at him and retracted his hands before pushing all his chips in.

Indeed… Klein nodded inwardly without a hint of surprise.

During his last cooperation, he knew that Admiral Amyrius was able to distinguish ordinary people from Beyonders from his "position." He suspected that he could even determine a Beyonder's level, or in other words their "position."

However, Klein wasn't too worried, because a Bizarro Sorcerer had concealment powers to a certain degree. This was also why he could converge the augmentation effect the gray fog had on him after he reached Sequence 4. This made him confident that Amyrius wouldn't be able to determine his level. However, he didn't attempt any corresponding interference, as he suspected that Amyrius was able to tell that he was a Beyonder.

Therefore, he decided to reveal a tiny problem, making it easy to be seen through and be grasped.

Chapter 997: "Gambling God" Dwayne

The core rules of Texas Hold'em were very simple. It was to use two hole cards and five community cards to form a hand with any five-card combination. Whoever had the biggest hand won. And the community cards were dealt in three phases. Three community cards to form "the flop" in the first phase, a fourth community card called "the turn" in the second phase, and a fifth community card called "the river" in the third phase. Each phase allowed players to fold, check, call, or raise. This continued until everyone was done or until one person didn't fold.

Klein fiddled with the chip in his hand as he divined the existence of any lucky instances within the next few rounds. However, he was unable to tell which exact round it was. After all, it was only a quick and simple divination with average effects.

Using this method to play with ordinary people and Low-Sequence Beyonders wouldn't be a problem as long as the correct strategy is used, but it's definitely inadequate against demigods. It's already quite a challenge to defeat a Mid-Sequence Beyonder... Must I close my eyes each round and do a complete dream divination? Heh heh, if that were the case, Dwayne Dantès might end up with the title "Sleeping Gambling God"... Klein sighed inwardly. He continued watching the round play out as he sat by the side. At present, he had already lost a big blind [1] and a small blind [2] when it was his turn.

At this moment, Klein noticed one point: The MI9 deputy director, Qonas Kilgor, had lost 20 pounds to Admiral Amyrius.

A successful Bribe... Admiral Amyrius should be able to tell that Qonas is using his powers as a Baron of Corruption, but he might not know that this MI9 deputy director is a demigod... The next

round will be interesting... Hehe...

Klein jolted to attention as the new round began. He didn't check his hole cards when the croupier handed him two new ones. Instead, he placed the metal chip he was playing with in his hand onto his hole card, taking on the stance of not planning to look at them.

After two people folded, the stern and old-fashioned Amyrius Rieveldt casually took a look at his hole cards. After counting five pounds worth of chips, he threw it into the middle of the table, having raised the stakes without garnering any surprises.

Another person folded as Macht called. Right on the heels of that, Qonas Kilgor, who had an unyielding personality, raised the stakes, throwing out a total of 20 pounds.

Calvin confirmed his hole cards once again before calling.

After one last person folded, Dwayne Dantès didn't do an actual count. He grabbed a handful of chips and threw it out.

The croupier who was in charge of counting the chips glanced at it before precisely announcing Dwayne's action, "20 pounds. Call."

"I thought it would be 50 pounds. From the looks of it, I'm still not very used to these chips," the white-sideburned Dwayne Dantès with an outstanding temperament said with a laugh.

However, he didn't add on the additional 30 pounds.

At this moment, no one made a move. It was Amyrius Rieveldt's turn again.

This admiral didn't even glance at the remaining players. Picking up five ten-pound chips, he threw them out.

"Another raise."

He didn't show any perturbations in his emotions, acting as though he was ordering a cup of black tea. However, that indescribable sense of dominance and the act of repeatedly raising the stakes pre-flop made the mood at the table freeze.

Such situations often implied that Admiral Amyrius had excellent hole cards. Perhaps they were a pair of Aces or a pair of Kings, or an Ace and King.

Macht decided to fold. Qonas Kilgor rubbed his high nose bridge and glanced around with his dark blue eyes before saying, "Call."

Colonel Calvin confirmed his cards again. After ten seconds of hesitation, he chose to fold.

Dwayne Dantès touched the metal chip on his two hole cards and smiled.

"Call."

After a round of expressing their intentions, there were only three players for the round. Then, the croupier flipped the three community cards in the middle of the table for the flop.

“2♠, 9♥, K♠.”

The person who was up first was Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt. He leaned forward slightly and said in a domineering manner, “50 pounds.”

He had immediately raised the stakes to 50 pounds!

Macht, Calvin, and company, including those who weren’t in the game, felt stifled for some baffling reason.

“…” Qonas Kilgor trembled slightly, but he ultimately grabbed 50 pounds and threw it out.

Dwayne Dantès glanced at the deputy director of MI9. Completely unfazed by the pressure, he said with a smile, “Call.”

Upon hearing this, Calvin turned his head and nodded at Dwayne Dantès with his deep blue eyes that resembled a nighttime lake, indicating his approval.

From his point of view, Admiral Amyrius’s domineering stance didn’t affect a person who came to lose money.

At this moment, the red-vested croupier revealed the fourth card —the turn.

“9♠.”

There were three Spades, increasing the chances of a flush tremendously. However, Admiral Amyrius still didn’t hesitate. He

calmly pushed a stack of chips.

“100 pounds.”

Qonas Kilgor’s fingers tapped on his hole cards, showing his lack of confidence. But ultimately, he choose to call.

Dwayne Dantès glanced at this deputy director once again and maintained his warm smile.

“Call.”

At this point in time, he had yet to see his hole cards, making Calvin somewhat worried. He believed that such an act was going overboard—a clear act of throwing money away. It wasn’t something Admiral Amyrius, who was relatively conservative, might find acceptable.

At this moment, the red-vested croupier revealed the final card—the river:

“2♣.”

As such, the community cards took form:

“2♠, 9♥, K♠, 9♠, 2♣.”

“200 pounds.” Admiral Amyrius pushed a pile of metal chips in with an extremely domineering attitude.

Qonas Kilgor took a deep breath before pushing two stacks of chips.

“500 pounds.”

This amount of money was half of his purported annual salary.

Is he trying to bluff? Calvin and Macht exchanged looks, believing that Brigadier General Kilgor had made it too obvious, making it easy to see through him.

One had to know that when playing Texas Hold’em, apart from doing risk management and probability calculations, it also involved psychological battles most of the time. Be it in terms of body language, expression, or the style used for raises, they made it easy to expose one’s hidden cards.

Of course, good players could also use these details to deliberately misdirect their opponents.

Dwayne Dantès sized up Qonas Kilgor before he laughed. Then, like the previous few times, he said, “Call.”

Amyrius raised his hands, prepared to push all his remaining chips, to pressure his opponents into folding.

At this moment, he suddenly paused. His deadpan expression wore a look of solemnity.

After a few seconds of silence, he calmly said, “Call.”

At this point, the hole cards could be revealed to compare each person's hand.

Admiral Amyrius flipped his card first. It was an A♠ and 10♠. It formed a flush with the 2♠, K♠, and 9♠. It was a rather high-ranking hand, with the only ones bigger than it being a full house, four of a kind, straight flush, and royal flush.

"It's your turn," Amyrius then urged Qonas.

Qonas first flipped open a single card—K♦. It made two pairs with the K and 9 from the community cards.

Following that, he picked up his second hole card. At that moment, the remaining poker cards at the red-vested croupier's end blurred.

Pa!

The hole card was flipped open, revealing itself: "9♣!"

"What?" Macht and company exclaimed, hardly believing their eyes.

This meant that Qonas Kilgor had obtained a full house—nines over kings!

It was bigger than a flush!

"Sorry about that. Full house," Qonas looked at Amyrius and said with a smile.

Then, he turned to look at Dwayne Dantès.

“You can reveal your cards.”

“I’m also very curious as to what my cards are.” Dwayne Dantès smiled. He picked up the metal chip that he had placed down on his cards and very casually flipped the two hole cards.

“Eh…”

“What?”

…

Calvin and company rubbed their eyes.

Dwayne Dantès’s hole cards were a very weak pair: “2♥, 2♦.”

There happened to be a very small pair in the community cards: “2♠, 2♣.”

They formed a four of a kind—the smallest rank when it came to four of a kind, but it was higher ranked than all the full houses!

“Praise the Lady!” Dwayne Dantès drew the crimson moon across his chest in pleasant surprise, looking as though he had never expected it.

“An interesting round.” Amyrius was taken aback for a moment

before he gently clapped.

Qonas Kilgor gave Dwayne Dantès a deep look and said with a laughing sigh, “I never expected the final winner to be you.”

Klein wiped the smile from his face as he inwardly grumbled, *It’s only right that I win over the two of you. On the one hand, Admiral Amyrius enjoys pressuring others and doesn’t really rely on his Beyonder powers to cheat. As for you, you placed your focus and Beyonder powers on Admiral Amyrius; thus, ignoring me. On the other hand, the one playing cards with you is actually named Winner Enuni.*

Without even looking at his hole cards, it was obvious that he was relying solely on luck!

At the moment he placed his chip on the hole cards, Klein had already swapped positions with Enuni as they switched faces with each other!

Although Colonel Calvin had gotten him to deliberately lose 1,000 pounds, Klein decided to win a killing after he saw Qonas Kilgor.

This wasn’t because he couldn’t bear to part with the money; instead, his main motive was to garner the attention of this MI9 demigod. He wanted to get familiar with him and build relationships!

Only by doing this could Klein have an opportunity to obtain intelligence from Qonas Kilgor and even carry out an assault on him. After all, he was a demigod. To deal with him in Backlund required sufficient care and caution. He would rather give up an operation if he lacked the confidence to guarantee a kill or lure him away from Backlund. Otherwise, he was bound to expose himself, ending up being surrounded by demigods and even

angels in Backlund.

In the subsequent rounds, Klein won and lost different rounds. In the end, not only did he keep his 1,000 pounds in chips, but he had even won nearly an additional 1,000 pounds. During this process, Calvin had gestured to Dwayne Dantès to lose, but he was left stupefied by the latter's ridiculous good luck that left him undefeatable.

After the game came to an end, a person walked over to Dwayne Dantès with a smile—Qonas Kilgor.

---

1. "Big blind" is equal to the minimum bet.

2. The "small blind" is normally half the big blind.

Chapter 998: Establishing Relations

With dark blue eyes, Qonas Kilgor, who had crew cut hair which was seldom seen among members of high society, held a cup of champagne as he walked up to Dwayne Dantès. He said with a smile, “You had great luck today. You also had plenty of courage.”
1

If he’s referring to me immediately folding after receiving a Bribe, with me rather losing a big blind, that’s not luck but knowledge… As for the other times, playing cards with all of you has pretty much drained all of Enuni’s recently accumulated good luck… Klein swirled the cup with pale golden alcohol in his hand and said with a laughing sigh, “For a person who doesn’t care about the outcome, there’s naturally nothing to fear.

“Heh heh, Praise the Lady!”

He was using a Loen-style euphemism to indicate that he was mainly here to lose money and that his good luck was all thanks to the blessings of a deity. It had nothing to do with himself.

Qonas hadn’t lost much tonight-approximately one to two hundred pounds. Although this was already a considerable amount when compared to his purported salary, to a brigadier general deputy director of MI9—a hidden demigod—his salary was the most trivial part of his income. Therefore, he didn’t mind it. He shook his head with a smile.

“Humans often have no way of seeing through the arrangement of fate.

“You are an interesting person. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

His final sentence was both a form of praise and also a part of the formalities. It indicated that their conversation was over.

However, Klein had “acted” all night to acquaint himself with this demigod of the Black Emperor pathway, so how could he give up? He first replied, “It’s my pleasure as well.” Then, he asked in a seemingly random manner, “Your Excellency, are you familiar with the manors in the Backlund suburbs? It’s best if they come with forests for hunting.”

According to the information Klein had received from Miss Justice, Qonas Kilgor didn’t enjoy holding banquets, balls, or saloons at his place. Neither did he accept invitations on such matters. It was unknown if it was a problem with his character or due to his job.

He had very simple hobbies. First, he enjoyed smoking cigars, especially Chieftain Cigars from East Balam’s Mikent-recognized as the best cigars in the world. Second, he enjoyed playing cards, especially Texas Hold’em. Third, he enjoyed hunting. He often headed to the Backlund suburbs during autumn and winter. He even headed to Awwa County or East Chester County for hunting.

Klein was already planning on buying a manor, an expenditure meant solely to integrate himself into high society. He hadn’t made any decisions yet, but after meeting Qonas Kilgor today, he suddenly added this request in a bid to garner his interest. When the time came, he could even invite this MI9 deputy director to hunt in the suburbs over an enjoyable weekend. He could then seek out an opportunity to take action.

Qonas Kilgor drank a mouthful of champagne and said after some thought, “I’ll help you take note of it. If there’s anything suitable, I’ll send someone over. Böklund Street, right? Yes, someone will inform you there.”

“Thank you very much,” Klein earnestly replied.

At the same time, he pitied his former valet, Richardson, who had now become an assistant butler. This young man who wished to better himself recently went out early in the morning and returned late at night. He had been gathering information about manors in Backlund’s suburbs, filtering out those that met the requirements and the ones which were on sale. He had been personally visiting them in a bid to list down options which were all flawless. He didn’t wish for his employer to spot something he fancied only to find out that it wasn’t for sale, or that the actual conditions were far worse what was described.

And after Klein suddenly changed his request, all the work that Richardson had done was undoubtedly made useless.

The all-evil “Party A” in contracts always changes their requirements and requests… Yes, after this is done. I’ll get Taneja to raise his annual salary by 5 pounds. As an assistant butler, he should naturally earn more than his time as a valet… 5 pounds… It was gone in just one or two raises in today’s game… Richardson’s annual salary is only enough to play a few rounds of Texas Hold’em… Klein sighed inwardly when he sensed eyes looking at him.

He directly looked back and realized that it was Admiral Amyrius Rieveldt.

This old-fashioned and stern middle-aged man nodded gently and retracted his gaze. He had no intentions of communicating with Dwayne Dantès, nor did he get anyone to arrest this unaffiliated Beyonder. After all, he was considered a working partner of the military, and it wasn’t rare for a merchant, an adventurer with wide connections, to be able to obtain a potion.

At this moment, Colonel Calvin and Member of Parliament

Macht walked over to Dwayne Dantès with wine glasses in hand.

“What happened?” Calvin asked with an exasperated and suppressed voice.

As Dwayne Dantès had won nearly 1,000 pounds, he and Macht had to change their strategies to prevent Admiral Amyrius from losing any money. They went from a tight strategy to an unrestrained one. They felt quite the pinch from losing several hundred pounds each.

As such, adding to everyone’s losses, Admiral Amyrius had won a total of nearly 300 pounds.

With regards to this, Klein spread his hands.

“I didn’t even look at my hole cards!” In between the lines, he meant that this was simply the blessings of some deity that controlled luck.

At the moment, the deities, angels, and secret existences who had authority in the fate domain included, but were not limited to, the Evernight Goddess, The Fool, Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin, Pallez Zoroast, Blasphemer Amon, and Snake of Fate Ouroboros.

“This is really such a vexing matter,” Macht said with a bitter smile while shaking his head. “Calvin and I don’t even dare to return home after what we’ve lost.”

They had roughly lost about half their purported annual income.

Dwayne Dantès, with grayed sideburns, revealed a surprised look.

“When did you guys lose?”

He then pointed at the pile of chips at his seat.

“I just happened to retain the 1,000 pounds I bought in at the beginning. The rest are yours, isn’t that so?” 1.

Calvin and Macht were taken aback as they exchanged looks. Then, they revealed smiles.

“We must’ve counted wrongly due to the anxiety.” Calvin gave an approving nod.

Klein laughed and immediately changed the topic. He then began looking at supper that was placed on the coffee table beside him.

City of Silver, in the spire of one of the twin towers.

Derrick Berg once again met the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad.

“You said that you have something you would like to ask me about?” Colin, who had quite a number of old scars on his face, calmly asked the youth who wasn’t considered too tall.

Derrick bowed and replied frankly, “Yes, Your Excellency. In the advancement for Priest of Light, I need pure darkness, but once I

do it, it will be extremely dangerous. I'm wondering if there are any solutions."

Colin Iliad listened seriously before nodding.

"You have to confirm one point: Is it pure darkness, or darkness with zero light? These two concepts are very different.

"If it's the latter, you can obtain that in the spire's underground dungeons. You've been there for some time, so you should know what I'm talking about."

Derrick had a deep fear for the spire's dungeons because it was there that he first met Blasphemer Amon. Not only did he see the former captain of the expedition team, but he had even been parasitized. Unless it was necessary, he really didn't wish to recall it.

At this moment, after receiving the chief's reminder, he began to slowly jolt his memories. He discovered that, under the spire, although each cell was given candles, one would have to wait for the guards to deliver food and medicine and ask for more once they finished burning. This didn't happen frequently, with it happening only thrice a day with the gaps in between being very long.

And in such an environment, phenomena like the appearance of monsters and the vanishing of humans never appeared.

Derrick recalled that he had been in darkness with zero light for some time without encountering any danger.

He pondered for a moment and hesitantly said, "The darkness

with zero light at the bottom of the spire has external powers involved?"

It was this power that prevented the darkness from making people disappear or producing monsters? Colin Iliad looked at the two swords that were hung up in a cross-like fashion on the wall. He looked up and sighed.

"Yes, that's why it's called darkness with zero light, not pure darkness."

Derrick frowned slightly as he tried to recall.

After a few seconds, he said without certainty, "If that's the case, the darkness outside the spire's basement isn't pure darkness as well. In many historical records, the nights before the Dark Ages didn't make people vanish or produce monsters. Now, the darkness must've undergone an abnormal change or had some other forces mixed into it to turn it dangerous."

"Not bad. For you to make such connections shows that you've improved... Therefore, let me ask you again. Do you need pure darkness or darkness with zero light?" Colin's light blue eyes revealed a hint of surprise.

This... Could it be that pure darkness only exists outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods? Derrick turned gloomy before he pumped himself up.

"Your Excellency, I'm not too sure either. I'll take some time to confirm this."

He believed that the experienced and strong Mr. Hanged Man,

Mr. World, and the other members of the Tarot Club could give him a good solution.

Colin Iliad didn't ask further as he said with a nod, "Go on then.

"Once you reach Sequence 5, even if you aren't able to become a demigod for a long period of time, you will have the chance of wielding certain Sealed Artifacts." 1

Backlund, Hillston Borough, Xio changed into a brown jacket and wore a cap, pretending to be a very ordinary short man.

She had officially taken the commission and had begun tailing and investing the gentleman named Ernes Boyar. There were also a few other bounty hunters who participated in this mission.

Ernes Boyar lifted his top hat and pointed his cane forward as he instructed the carriage driver, "To St. George Borough."

It was southeast of Backlund, separated from East Borough by the Tussock River.

Once he got on his carriage and took his seat, Ernes sniffed. He looked out the window and suddenly grunted.

As a Sanguine Viscount, how could he not have discovered the clumsy bounty hunters' tailing him?

Chapter 999: Instigation

When Ernes left on a carriage, the few bounty hunters hiding in the vicinity immediately appeared. Without being stingy about the costs involved, they immediately stopped any rental carriages that passed by. Some memorized the target carriage's traits and attempted to take shortcuts through the cramped, isolated paths to catch up to it. Others rode on the bikes they had prepared ahead of time, swerving through the crowds and carriages with their bells ringing. It was very easy for them to keep pace.

Among them, only Xio was completely composed. She remained in her spot, watching Ernes and her peers leave.

This transportation tool known as a bicycle is more useful than I imagined. It's no wonder so many bounty hunters have saved up to buy one. This can save expenses from taking carriages and save time walking... If one often has such tracking missions, then the money saved is enough to buy a brand new bike... The only problem is that this mode of transportation tool has very few models available. All of them have high seats... Xio was enticed.

At this moment, a tracked carriage drove over from the crossroads and stopped in front of her.

Xio happened to be at a station.

Glancing at the double-decker that stopped on the iron tracks, Xio took out a few pennies, walked over, and sat down by the window.

Such public carriages could seat nearly fifty people with its

double decks. It wasn't too crowded, allowing Xio to easily observe the scenery outside.

However, she didn't admire the scenery. Her mind was quickly outlining the exact appearance of her target: brown hair, red eyes, pronounced features, a nose bridge that was so high that it looked deformed, and an oil painting catalog in hand.

With her supernatural senses as a Sheriff, as well as the distance between them not being too great, Xio could vaguely grasp her target's current location and predetermined destination.

Therefore, she remained very calm and even took off her cap while using the glass windows to tidy up her coarse and stubborn blonde hair.

After several stations, Xio suddenly got up when the public carriage came to a stop as she alighted.

This was the Backlund Bridge area. She had sensed that the target had already changed direction and was preparing to head towards the bridge.

Xio immediately went on foot, planning to enter another street at the bend up ahead to board the public carriage that headed for the south bank of the Tussock River.

She had good luck, with a public carriage driving over just as she arrived at the stop.

Xio silently exhaled and took out another batch of pennies she had prepared, her urge to buy a bike strengthened.

This tracked carriage was very crowded, but with her domineering aura as an Arbiter, she was able to easily pass through the crowd, head up to the upper deck, and find a seat.

The carriage moved slowly as Xio casually looked out the window when her gaze suddenly froze.

She saw Sherman who she hadn't been able to find anywhere!

This young man who thought himself as a woman was carrying a paper bag with a few long loaves of bread and a stack of newspapers as he entered a narrow alley.

His brown shoulder-length hair had grown longer, and his gray-patterned trousers seemed tighter.

Although his figure disappeared almost as quickly as he appeared, making it impossible for the average person to notice, Xio, who was a Sheriff, easily made the necessary judgment.

Sherman stopped renting his place in East Borough and moved here? Seeing that Sherman was fine and that she was still tracking her target, she held back her urge to jump off the carriage to chase after him to ask him about his recent situation.

...

Sherman carried the paper bag with several long loaves of bread and a stack of papers as he passed through alleys and streets, making a huge detour before entering an apartment building. He followed the cramped stairs to the third story, took out a key, and opened the door to where he lived.

He seemed to possess some pretty good anti-tracking skills.

With a creak, the door opened as Sherman's eyes lit up. He saw a lady wearing a black dress in front of him.

This lady had a sweet, supple face and an impeccable figure. Even while standing at the window and blocking out the sunlight, making herself become cloaked in the shadows, she seemed to be gilded, making her appear holy and beautiful.

"Why are you here?" Sherman stared at her in surprise but couldn't help but size her up.

His unobvious Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

The next second, he turned his head and looked to the side as though he didn't dare look at her head-on.

"Ma'am T-Trissy..." Sherman stammered a greeting.

Trissy slowly smiled as she allowed the poorly-lit room to appear to become brighter. Then, she asked with a teasing tone, "Why don't you dare to look at me?"

"I-I don't know. I-l like men. W-why do I still have odd thoughts when looking at you..." Sherman continued looking at the ground to his side as he stammered an answer.

Trissy's expression immediately turned mixed before smiling as though nothing had happened.

“Females can also appreciate the charm of beauty within their gender.”

She paused for a moment before saying, “I came here today because I have a mission for you. Your original progress has been very fast, leaving me very satisfied. But it seems like it has recently stopped.”

Sherman’s face immediately wore a look of horror as he subconsciously took a step back.

“I-I don’t think there’s a need to do such things…”

Seeing Trissy silent, Sherman’s gradually eloquently stringed his words.

“I really don’t wish to instigate others into stealing, robbing, and murdering. That’s too evil, too despicable!

“Even at the very beginning, those people you got me to assassinate seemed to be a little overboard. Although they had indeed cursed me, beat me, ostracized me, and spread bad rumors about me, using all kinds of means to harm me in exchange for joy, their actions didn’t require them to pay with their lives.”

Unsurprised, Trissy smiled and said, “That’s not what you said back then. You hated them and had wicked feelings for them. Once you obtained Beyonder powers, you were so eager to seek revenge on them. I just made a tiny suggestion, and you planned several assassination missions. I always remember how you looked—stained with blood, trembling in excitement and fervor.”

Sherman couldn't help but retreat as he heard that until he was stopped by the door which had closed at some point in time. He then covered his face with his hands, shouting, "No!

"I have nightmares every night, dreaming of them surrounding me, covered in blood. They chase after me, bite me…"

Pa! The paper bag fell to the ground as the long loaves of bread were scattered. The stack of newspapers happened to drop just beside them.

"This is very normal." Trissy cut off Sherman. "This is a necessary psychological change for an Assassin. Think about it. Didn't you wish to kill them when they were bullying you?"

"…Yes," Sherman answered hesitantly.

Trissy then chuckled.

"Just treat it as self-defense when being bullied; thus, killing them."

Her speech had a natural allure that made one wish to listen and believe. Sherman rapidly calmed down and nodded.

"From this point of view, it does seem much better…"

Upon hearing that, Trissy's dimples appeared as she teasingly added, "Besides, they weren't your match when they were alive, so what's there to be afraid of when they're dead?

“Even if they become ghosts or specters, it’s nothing. You just need to seriously complete the ritual and consume one more potion, and then you’ll be able to burn all those souls to oblivion!”

“B-but I can’t bear seeing people turn ugly, crazy, and evil under my acts of instigation.” Sherman still seemed rather unwilling.

Trissy indiscernibly curled the ends of her lips as she said with her smile maintained, “Those are evil thoughts they had to begin with. It has nothing to do with you. Even without you, those evil thoughts will erupt at specific moments and situations.

“Also, the missions I arranged for you are all related to the gangs. Aren’t you most aware of what those people are like? Getting them to fracture and kill one another is mercy and kindness for people like you and the innocent people of East Borough.”

Sherman subconsciously widened his mouth, swallowing the words he was just about to say.

He instantly fell silent.

Trissy’s eyes swept past him and continued with a soothing voice, “You’re just one step away from your target. As long as you complete the remaining ritual, you can drink the third potion to completely become a woman.

“When that happens, you can use the name Shermane that you’ve already picked for yourself. What a nice sounding name it is, isn’t it? Then, you can leave Backlund as a woman, heading for Midseashire or Desi Bay where you can begin a brand new life. You will no longer have anything to do with this place. Yes, you will definitely be filled with charm. Many excellent men will

court you, and you can choose the one you like the most and are most satisfied with, walking down the aisle in a cathedral. You will have bubbly kids, and you can bring them up to be healthy children. You can bring them to Winter County for skiing, Desi Bay for holidays, and to the hunting grounds which are pleasures that only nobles have...

"Didn't you say that you were willing to do anything to regain your true self?"

Sherman's lips quivered, and after pursing them tightly for a while, he separated them and said, "Ma'am Trissy, I understand. I-I will proceed according to your instructions."

After saying that, he seemed to lose all his strength as he stumbled to the ground. He subconsciously reached out to hold onto a coat rack beside him.

During this process, his gaze happened to sweep past the stack of newspapers.

It had already spread apart, revealing a particular report:

"...Tycoon from Desi, Mr. Dwayne Dantès, shows interest in purchasing the Larryway Steel Company, believing that it has excellent profitability and a promising future..."

...

"Sir, are you really planning on buying Larryway Steel Company?" Enuni asked while walking upstairs at 160 Böklund Street.

Dwayne Dantès shook his head and smiled.

"That news is just pure fabrication. I've only met the owner of the Larryway Steel Company, Mr. Phil La Rivie, at a ball last week and had a chat."

By the side, Butler Walter heaved a sigh of relief as he warned, "Sir, the Larryway Steel Company is indeed seeking a buyer. There are quite a number of people who are considering the option."

That also means that this piece of news was released by the reporters under Phil's instructions so that he can sell it at a better price? Klein nodded in thought. He entered the room with the half balcony and prepared to head up above the gray fog. He wanted to use Enuni's praying point of light to see any abnormalities at Hazel's place.

This was something that he had been doing daily for the past few days.

Chapter 1000: Prelude

In the grand palace above the gray fog.

Through Enuni's prayer point of light, Klein saw the scene inside his valet's room.

As his vision pulled out and slowly extended out, he began taking in all of Böklund Street. Among buildings covered in fresh flowers and grass, Intis parasol trees that shielded the sunlight slowly swept past. There were slow-moving carriages that were elegantly or beautifully adorned, and youths dashing quickly on bikes.

Finally, Klein locked onto Unit 39—Member of Parliament Macht's residence. He then lowered his field of view and began observing every animal and human to see if there was any black-haired, black-eyed, monocle-wearing man.

Phew... There's no switching or grafting of fate... Nearly ten minutes later, Klein heaved a sigh of relief.

At this moment, a carriage drove into Macht's residence and stopped at their doorstep.

A young lady with curly black-green hair and bright, dark-brown eyes alighted from a carriage. It was none other than Hazel who had returned home.

She was wearing a dark green dress that didn't expose her shoulders. Her lips were slightly pursed, and she wore a relaxed look with a hint of joy.

Upon seeing Hazel in such a state, Klein's heart skipped a beat.

This was definitely abnormal!

From Klein's point of view, the rat demigod had only two outcomes after meeting Amon's avatar. She either had a trump card and managed to escape successfully at the cost of being heavily injured, or she had turned into a Beyonder characteristic to strengthen Amon's avatar. And regardless of the outcome, there was no way Hazel could find her teacher. She would definitely be in grief and pain, feeling dispirited and sad. So how could she be relaxed and happy?

With her taking the risk to head to the manor in the suburbs to inform her teacher, she's not a cold and selfish person... Her present state indicates that she has confirmed that her teacher, that rat demigod, is fine. She has even been rewarded, perhaps obtaining all kinds of knowledge about the supernatural world... This is in conflict with my theory of the rat demigod's outcome. No, it's not in conflict. Once you eliminate the impossible, whatever remains, no matter how improbable, must be the truth... Klein leaned back into his seat and came to a conclusion:

Amon had not only obtained the rat demigod's Beyonder characteristic, but he had also stolen her fate and had replaced her identity!

Therefore, to Hazel, her teacher hadn't encountered any mishaps and would only need a period of time to lie low... After making the confirmation, Klein silently exhaled and felt a little relaxed.

To him, the most terrifying aspect of Amon was that no one knew what form or identity "He" would use to appear. It could be possible that Member of Parliament Macht would one day wear a monocle, or that insects in the garden would turn around with monocles on their faces. Therefore, after grasping the identity

Amon might use to appear, Klein couldn't help but feel more assured.

As for Amon's performance being problematic in front of Hazel, Klein believed that it was impossible. After all, Amon was a King of Angels that was fundamentally good at deceit. Even if "He" mentioned something that differed from what the rat demigod had said, "He" could easily use the excuse of it being a test with what "He" now said being part of her formal education to fool her.

Of course, based on Pallez Zoroast's depiction, Amon definitely wouldn't appear as a rat demigod, so I shouldn't be careless... Klein did some observations before retracting his gaze and leaving the gray fog.

Inside his room, he sat on a reclining chair and drank some black tea with a lemon slice. He half-closed his eyes and considered how he could deepen his relationship with Qonas Kilgor.

After an unknown period of time, Klein suddenly opened his eyes and activated his Spirit Vision.

At the demigod level, he could already activate it at will.

Almost at the same moment, Reinette Tinekerr walked out of the void with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. One of them had a letter in its mouth.

"Whose letter is it?" Klein asked as he reached out his right hand.

“Sharron…” Reinette Tinekerr’s other head answered.

Miss Sharron? She should be making her final preparations for the advancement. Why would she suddenly write to me? Klein was slightly puzzled as he received the envelope.

After he opened it, he found very little content. There was only a simple line:

“Emlyn White is seeking out the Rose School of Thought.”

Emlyn is seeking out the Rose School of Thought? Klein pricked up his brows in surprise.

His opinion of Emlyn was a Sanguine who was afraid of trouble. Unless necessary, he didn’t even wish to head out. So how could he actively search for the Rose School of Thought?

This definitely isn’t Emlyn’s own will… Yes, Emlyn had mentioned that some important figure of the Sanguine was meeting him… This is a new mission that the Sanguine gave him? It’s very possible! However, why didn’t he mention it in the Tarot Club? Oh, it was focused on the punishment operation, and he had other clues, so he temporarily kept it from us? Klein thought as he leaned forward. Under the watch of Miss Messenger’s eight eyes, he took out a piece of paper and a fountain pen from his coffee table.

He wasn’t curious about Emlyn’s clues, because it was an obvious matter.

Since Miss Sharron knew that Emlyn was seeking out the Rose School of Thought and had asked their mutual friend, Detective

Sherlock Moriarty, about this matter, it meant that this Sanguine had likely asked the help of the black market arms dealer, Ian, from the Bravehearts Bar.

This also meant that, in Emlyn's previous commissions, he must've noticed Sharron or Maric; otherwise, it was impossible for him to mention the Rose School of Thought to an ordinary person.

I don't know enough about the Apothecary pathway. I can't determine how Emlyn discovered a Wraith or Zombie... Klein crossed his right leg as he placed the letter on his thigh and began scribbling:

"This is likely a mission the Sanguine's upper echelons gave Emlyn. They hate the Rose School of Thought members who believe in the Primordial Moon, and they have directed this anger at the other factions of the Rose School of Thought..."

Upon writing this, Klein paused and added, "I suspect that the Mother Tree of Desire has the intention of encroaching onto the authority of the Moon domain, but I'm unsure why the Primordial Moon believers would join the Rose School of Thought. This secret existence seems to have a very complicated relationship with the Mother Tree of Desire. They are at odds, but they have also cooperated. It's hard to tell..."

Putting down his pen and folding the letter, Klein looked at Miss Messenger who had been waiting. He asked with a chortle, "How did you know that I'll be replying?"

One of Reinette Tinekerr's heads succinctly answered, "Inkling..."

Right on the heels of that, the four blonde, red-eyed heads spoke one after another, "You..." "Seem a..." Little livelier..." "Recently..."

“Your expression…” “Has also…” “Become much…” “Richer…”

As Klein pulled out the box that was connected to his golden pocket watch, he took out a gold coin from it and said with a self-deprecating smile, “Repeatedly wearing a thick mask isn’t good for one’s mental health. I realized that after becoming a demigod.”

Therefore, unless he was in situations where he needed to disguise or hide his feelings, he limited the use of his Clown’s power to control his emotions.

Reinette Tinekerr didn’t say a word as the heads bit on the gold coin and letter before vanishing.

Watching Miss Messenger leave, Klein leaned back slightly and inwardly muttered,

I wonder if Miss Sharron and Maric will use the Sanguine to deal with the Rose School of Thought members in Backlund…

Miss Sharron is probably focusing her time and efforts on her advancement. She might not involve herself, but I can’t be sure about Maric…

…

Emlyn changed into his Church of Earth Mother priest robes, and then wore a red coat and a silk hat before walking out the Harvest Church. He then got into a rental carriage by the roadside.

After saying his destination, he casually cast his gaze out the window.

At this moment, Emlyn sensed something as he abruptly moved his body, leaving shadowy afterimages in his wake as he moved to the side.

Then, he saw a figure appear out of nowhere.

It was a young man whose coat wasn't buttoned, revealing the white shirt and black vest within. His brown hair was a little moist and messy as though he hadn't combed it in a while. His brown eyes were filled with temperance, as though he was restraining certain urges deep within his heart.

Upon seeing this pale corpse-like face, Emlyn tipped his chin and said with a smile, showing no signs of nervousness, "You have finally come."

"Aren't you afraid that I'm a member of the Rose School of Thought that's here to finish you off?" The young man's figure turned somewhat transparent.

Emlyn scoffed and said, "Would I not be aware of the Rose School of Thought's history? Or matters about the betrayal of the temperance faction and their escape?

"Well, how do I address you?"

"Maric," the young man replied. "Is this the information you received from the upper echelons of the Sanguine?"

Emlyn was taken aback as he tsked.

“You are smarter than I thought.”

He used such a remark to confirm the other party’s guess.

Maric slowly drew a breath and leaned forward slightly.

“How did you notice our existence from Ian’s side?”

Emlyn leisurely leaned back into the carriage and said with a smile, “Humans have the smell of humans. Wraiths have the smell of wraiths.”

Maric fell silent for a few seconds before asking, “You Sanguine wish to deal with the Rose School of Thought members in Backlund?”

“The important members,” Emlyn replied by making an emphasis.

“If that’s the case, we can use ourselves as bait to help you fish out the Rose School of Thought members. However, I need confirmation.” Maric rubbed his eyes and said directly, “I know you are unable to make the decision. You can first return to seek permission from the Sanguine. After you obtain their assurance, you know where to find us.”

Having said that, he handed a dossier in his hand.

“This is from Ian. It’s the initial feedback from tracking Ernes

Boyar. Many bounty hunters have completed this together."

Emlyn received the dossier and nodded in a rare look of solemnity.

"Okay."

Chapter 1001: First Movement

When the Wraith in front of him was gone, Emlyn White retracted his gaze, untied the thread on the dossier, and pulled out the documents inside.

As he read through them, Emlyn had a rough idea of Ernes Boyar's routine.

This Sanguine Viscount had a routine which was rather random- staying at home, out visiting exhibitions, partaking in wine tasting at manors in the city outskirts, shopping at department stores with female companions, or sketching female models. He was like the typical wealthy man.

However, Ernes had recently been visiting St. George Borough every other day to monitor the renovations of the furniture factory he had invested in. It was a bid to ensure that it could quickly resume work.

This way, the Sanguine Viscount's lifestyle became repetitive. The places he visited, the paths he took, and the places he had lunch were repeated every other day.

Emlyn pressed down on his temples, seriously filtering out three venues which were suitable for the operation.

The first was inside or at the entrance of the furniture factory owned by Ernes Boyar. The second was Saint Hierländ Square where he stopped along the way home for a meal and to feed birds. The third place was Backlund Bridge. Unless Ernes was willing to take a huge detour, he had to pass by this area when traveling between his home and St. George Borough.

These three spots meet the requirement of having plenty of people, making it chaotic. However, Backlund Bridge has too few entrances and exits. With the two ends locked down, one can only leave by jumping into the river, an act only chosen by idiots… Saint Hierländ Square comes under Saint Hierländ Cathedral, core to the Church of Steam in Backlund, and even the entirety of Loen. It's akin to the second Holy See. It meets Mr. Hanged Man's suggestion. It can effectively prevent conflicts from escalating, and it can interfere with any subsequent divination and investigations… Emlyn gradually had an inclination.

And once a living being had an inclination, they would unknowingly seek more reasons to affirm their choice, and Emlyn was no exception, without a doubt. The more he thought about it, the more he was convinced that Saint Hierländ Square met almost all the requirements.

First, Ernes wouldn't stay in the area for too long. He would have lunch at a restaurant with Sivellaus cuisine since he was born in Sivellaus County.

Secondly, there were several tracked carriage stops in the vicinity, making the area filled with traffic on foot. With most of them being people from the lower or middle class, accidents often happened.

Thirdly, with it as the origin, one would enter the area south of the Bridge if one didn't head to the Backlund Bridge. It would then be closeby to the Harvest Church.

Finally, at noon, the Saint Hierländ Cathedral would spew steam, turn its levers, and chime a clock. It was inevitable for everyone's attention to be attracted.

It's confirmed… Emlyn quickly made up his mind. Raising his

right hand and adjusting his bow tie, his red eyes were filled with anticipation.

At this moment, he suddenly frowned, sensing that something wasn't right.

Saint Hierländ Square was just perfect for the job!

It was so suitable that almost all the conditions were met!

Will Ernes be wary against my revenge? Why would he allow himself to stay in such an environment for such long periods of time? Even if he's stupid enough to not realize it, wouldn't the earls warn him? The corners of Emlyn's mouth curled up slightly as he understood the reason.

Saint Hierländ Square was the venue the Sanguine upper echelons had designated "for him"!

Heh... Emlyn chuckled, keeping his mouth curled.

He decided to request Mr. Fool to have a gathering for the few members and also invite Mr. Hanged Man to discuss the plan in detail!

This was different from the framework that they had previously decided upon. They needed to consider every detail and consider every problem!

At fifteen minutes to twelve, St. George Borough, Saint Hierländ Square.

In a private room on the third story of a restaurant northwest of the square.

A figure stood in front of the window, holding a cup filled with scarlet blood-like liquid. He was leisurely looking at the fountain nearby and the crowds that came and went.

He was a lanky person, wearing a formal suit meant for banquets. His light-colored hair that was nearly silver and his bright red eyes combined together to give him a sense of coquettish handsomeness. There was a constant faint smile lining his lips.

“My lord, will it really be fine? Emlyn seems to be different from before. This can be seen from his recent hunt of the Primordial Moon believers.” A middle-aged man in a dark suit walked to the window and said with some hint of worry.

The man who had been politely addressed cast his gaze at the square where Emlyn White stood. He was listening to a violinist busking on the street as he chuckled.

“Our preparations are enough even against a demigod, much less a kid who hasn’t even become a viscount.

“Besides, we don’t really plan on doing anything serious. Our only goal is to identify and make confirmations. This is a lot simpler than preventing certain people from escaping.”

As he spoke, the man with the light hair and bright red eyes raised his right hand slightly, rotating the ring on his left ring finger.

The ring was made of silver, and embedded in it was a strange gem with a ghostly-blue hue.

On a carriage driving towards Saint Hierländ Square, Ernes Boyar had his right hand over his left. He naturally rotated the ring on his ring finger that had a ghostly-blue gem embedded in it.

He casually looked out the window and saw a trackless carriage slowly drive over from afar. A paperboy slightly taller than 160 centimeters had a sling bag across his chest as he peddled his papers along the street. Quite a number of bicycles had replaced the carriages that were often seen last year. They darted through the crowds in St. George Borough.

Here, the number of workers wearing light blue or grayish-blue uniforms with hats had far exceeded the number of people in formal suits and top hats.

Ernes retracted his gaze as he chuckled. He had no fear about what would happen next. He even looked forward to

it.

He believed that he had made enough preparations.

He wore Oath of Rose on his left hand. It allowed him to share what he saw, heard, and smelled with Earl Mistral from a distance away. It made sure that nothing would go wrong while ensuring that their objective was met.

In his inner pocket where his silver pocket watch was, there was a Moon Paper Figurine. These could suffer a single lethal blow or an attack that targeted his Soul Body. It ensured that he wouldn't

suffer any serious injuries or death within a short span of time.

He also wore Alcohol Nemesis, a diamond brooch. It kept him brimming with energy with lucidity in his thoughts. It raised his resistance against spells that acted on the Body of Heart and Mind.

By his waist was a belt named Moonlight Sash. It could effectively reduce Sun and Lightning damage.

These mystical items were the accumulation of Ernes's wealth or were bestowed by Earl Mistral. It made sure that Ernes was a "target" that could hardly be quickly finished off or controlled.

With the Sanguine Viscount's natural resistance against Nightmare-type influences, Ernes was nearly without weakness. Even against a demigod, he could put up a fight as long as the latter didn't reveal their Mythical Creature form.

The only problem is that the negative effects of all these mystical items are quite excessive... Ernes's facial muscles twitched, but he quickly composed himself.

The Oath of Rose would make his thoughts appear in Earl Mistral's mind from time to time. And if he kept wearing it for a week without removing it, the pair who had the matching rings might very well end up in love, regardless of gender or race.

Moon Paper Figurine was an expendable item. It had nearly zero side effects apart from making the body slightly cold.

The Alcohol Nemesis brooch's problem was that it would deal continuous damage to one's liver and brain. If it was worn for

excessively long periods of time, it might result in one losing one's thoughts and logical reasoning. Therefore, one had to take it off for fifteen minutes after every half an hour of equipping it.

Once Moonlight Sash was worn, it made all senses much sharper, making it easy for one to see and hear things one shouldn't see or hear. At the same time, the wearer would feel itchy at intermittent intervals.

Let's hope they don't cower in fear and that this doesn't drag on… Ernes Boyar checked on his condition once again, casting his gaze of anticipation at the Saint Hierländ Square's entrance nearby.

On the other end of Saint Hierländ Square, Emlyn White, who was taking in the sights of the buskers on the streets, suddenly looked up at a bird that flew over.

Following that, he raised his hand to press down on his top hat. Bowing his head slightly, he briskly walked to the middle of the square, approaching the fountain.

In this process, Emlyn's figure kept moving as he mixed into the crowd.

However, this failed to avoid Earl Mistral's tracking.

This Sanguine Earl with silver hair rotated the ghostly-blue gem ring on his left ring finger and coldly said, "Take note."

At the entrance of Saint Hierländ Square, Ernes Boyar grew increasingly pumped. He knew that the operation was about to come-finally.

Emlyn still chose Saint Hierländ Square after all... Ernes cast his gaze out the window once more, warily watching the pedestrians on the street, the trackless public carriages that were about to pass him, the ordinary paperboy who was peddling his papers, and the elegant windows of the surrounding houses and shops.

He didn't believe that Emlyn's potential partners were hiding in there, because there were even more, better spots in Saint Hierländ Square that made it conducive to take action. However, he still kept up the required level of wariness.

Suddenly, his body lunged forward slightly as he nearly got out of his seat.

The carriage he was on had stopped without any warning!

Right on the heels of that, the horses that pulled the carriage seemed to be in a nightmare as they raised their front hooves, struggling wildly, flipping the carriage to the ground.

During this process, Ernes Boyar actually had ample space, time, and strength to help the carriage driver control the berserk horse. However, he didn't do so, because he saw a transparent wolf-shaped specter jump over from outside the window. It had thrown a rose within its body.

A rose!

Ernes Boyar's eyes widened as the carriage toppled.

He hurriedly jumped to the side and out the carriage as he made an illusory and incorporeal black chain extend out of the void. It

wrapped around the wolf-shape specter!

With a soft poof, the wolf-shaped specter dissipated without a struggle.

And when Ernes Boyar found his footing, he stood there motionless, his eyes turbid.

He had already been pulled into a deep sleep.

In a trackless public carriage that passed him by, a black-haired, green-eyed young man wore a thin trench coat. His back was facing the middle of the street as he focused on reading a notebook with a green-bronze hardcover.

Around him, the other passengers were either reading the papers or chatting. Some were looking out only to see the berserk horse quickly recover.

With a whoosh, the black-haired, green-eyed man flipped the page of the notebook.

The trackless carriage continued forward and gradually distanced itself.

Chapter 1002: Second Movement

Saint Hierländ Square, in the northwestern corner, at the third story of a restaurant.

When the wolf specter with the rose appeared in front of Ernes Boyar, the silver-haired, scarlet-eyed Mistral retracted his gaze from Ernes Boyar. Darkness suffused from behind him as countless tiny bats flew within.

Bribe... Just as this Sanguine Earl silently muttered this single word, he "saw" the toppled carriage, "heard" the neighing of the horse, and "smelled" all kinds of smells. However, he wasn't able to instantly find the origin of the disturbance and accident.

At this moment, his "vision" darkened as his "eyes" seemed to lose the ability to take in light. The din in his "ears" also halted!

Earl Mistral chortled inwardly as he immediately fused with the bats behind him, re-materializing beside Ernes Boyar.

Suddenly, in his black "vision," a point of light appeared.

This point of light rapidly expanded as it grew brighter and brighter. A golden figure with twelve pairs of pitch-black wings walked out of it!

The pairs of wings spread out, blanketing Mistral's "vision," causing light and darkness to mix. This created mysterious and complicated symbols that didn't differentiate themselves within the golden figure. It was both holy and corrupted, both light and dark.

_Angel!_Mistral's pupils widened slightly as he couldn't help but take a step back, terminating his previous thoughts.

...

In confusion, Ernes Boyar rapidly snapped awake when he saw a pair of limpid eyes that resembled crystalline gems or a lake. He felt a copy of the newspapers being stuffed into his hand.

In those emerald-green eyes were ripples. Deep within the emanating ripples were twirls of a vortex that seemed to suck in the soul of anyone who lay their eyes on them.

Ernes Boyar instantly became engrossed in it as he couldn't move his eyes away.

Then, he heard a gentle and ethereal female voice in his ears:

"Take this newspaper and follow Emlyn White...

"Take this newspaper and follow Emlyn White..."

This voice was layered as it resounded within Ernes Boyar's ears. It drilled into his brain, sinking deep into his heart.

Ernes Boyar nodded in a daze, sensing that there was more, but he couldn't hear it clearly.

The paperboy with a sling bag diagonally across his shoulders swiftly turned around and agilely passed through the bicycles, mixing into the crowd that came and went.

This “boy” had a pretty face as “his” messy hair drooped down and hid “his” brows. As “he” walked, “he” took off a black fishnet glove that “he” had worn at some point in time, stuffing it into “his” sling bag filled with newspapers.

As the wind blew, “his” clothes shrank as a spot on “his” exposed arm protruded out.

A few seconds later, Ernes Boyar suddenly jumped back from where he stood, doing so as though he had been trying to dodge something.

No good! I was influenced by a Nightmare’s ability! Just as he found his footing, his pupils dilated as he looked around his surroundings in a state of high alert, prepared for any impending attacks.

Although Ernes Boyar was perplexed about how easily he was pulled into a dream, he knew that it wasn’t time to consider the details. What followed next was key. He couldn’t afford to be distracted.

Ring!

A few bicycles passed him as they used their bells to warn the gentleman in the middle of the road to make way.

Ernes Boyar narrowed his eyes as he glared at him, his muscles under his clothes ready to deliver their might.

These few bicycles circled around him as the pedestrians came and went, some slowing down their footsteps and pointing their fingers.

Gong! Gong! Gong!

Twelve gongs were heard as the white steam spewed out from the chimneys of Saint Hierländ Cathedral. The holy hymns of praise resounded as the gears and levers got to work.

On the square, everyone stopped in their footsteps. At that holy moment, they either closed their eyes in prayer or were listening silently, regardless of whether they were believers of the God of Steam and Machinery or not. Only the pigeons that were being fed flew up and soared into the sky.

...

Gong! Gong! Gong!

As the gongs sounded, no one moved. Even Earl Mistral, who was inside a private room at the restaurant, stood there motionless with a heavy expression.

His “vision” had already recovered, but all he saw was workers wearing grayish-blue or light-blue clothes and bicycles of the same make. Apart from that, he discovered nothing. Furthermore, Ernes Boyar hadn’t been injured at all.

Of course, he had guessed that the paperboy was problematic from the newspaper in the Sanguine Viscount’s hand. However, he didn’t attempt to carry out a pursuit.

Clearly, the power that had borrowed the level of an angel didn’t belong to a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder. This also meant that Emlyn White’s faction had at least a demigod hidden in the vicinity. Mistral believed that once he took action, he was bound

to be stopped or even incur retaliation.

In a situation of being easily detected while not knowing where his opponents were hiding, Mistral believed that it spelled trouble. Carrying out a pursuit in such cases only exacerbated the matter.

Furthermore, to the Sanguine, this was only a test. If the faction backing Emlyn had mobilized a demigod, they could detain that powerhouse thanks to Ernes Boyar's protective measures. And through Oath of Rose, Mistral could confirm the attacker's identity. They had never thought of escalating the matter into an intense conflict. In their plans, it only involved Earl Mistral stopping the other party to prevent Ernes Boyar from suffering any harm.

In the present situation, they had lost the initiative. To forcefully carry out a pursuit might highly likely result in a demigods' battle. And in Backlund, around Saint Hierländ Cathedral, this was equivalent to suicide.

Besides, to Mistral, since the other demigod hadn't personally taken action and had only provided auxiliary help, to personally take action and make a pursuit would be a loss of decorum—and an insult to his reputation as a Sanguine Earl.

_Humph! I want to see what happens next!_Mistral's facial muscles twitched as he rotated the ghostly-blue ring on his left hand once more.

...

After the twelve gongs, Emlyn started walking again. He circled past the fountain and arrived at the other end of Saint Hierländ Square amidst the landing pigeons.

He then saw Ernes Boyar, who had his back hunched slightly, afraid to even move half a step. He saw the toppled carriage, the horse that was flicking its tail, and the carriage driver who wore a look of pain.

Emlyn walked over, took out a wallet, and pulled out 100 pounds. He handed it to the carriage driver and said, “This is your compensation.”

“Ah?” The carriage driver wore a blank but pleasantly surprised look.

The rental carriage wasn’t his. He was only an ordinary employee. After the carriage was damaged because of the horse being startled, he experienced a brief moment of feeling the pinch. Following that, it was anxiousness and despair that ruled over his mind.

Based on the so-called contract and other similar accidents he had seen over the years, he was responsible for all of this. This meant compensation from him and, with his income and family situation, meant bankruptcy!

During that short moment, all kinds of thoughts had surfaced in the carriage driver’s mind. They were mainly of three types. One was to scare the frozen gentleman and get him to pay compensation. This prevented his family from falling apart, with his children having to slave away at the factories at a young age. Another option was to immediately bring the horse to a gangster and sell it. Then, he would return home and leave Backlund with his wife and children. The last option was to arrange for his family to move from the place they rented. He would then plead with the owner of the carriage, hoping that he could repay it in installments. If the person wasn’t agreeable, he would rather be thrown into jail than reimburse him a single penny.

Now, having 100 pounds suddenly hit him left his mind groggy. He was at a loss for words.

100 pounds was enough to buy a brand new rental carriage and even more!

Emlyn ignored the carriage driver and looked at Ernes.

“Everything’s fine now.”

Aren’t you the biggest problem? How can it be fine with you here? Ernes lampooned as he rotated the ring with the ghostly-blue gem on his left hand.

For some unknown reason, he felt that he should believe Emlyn White and even approach him.

Emlyn shot a glance, suddenly turned around, and walked briskly into an alley.

Ernes subconsciously opened up his stride and followed closely behind. He kept holding onto the newspaper in hand.

The two Sanguine moved at extremely fast speeds, with one running and the other chasing. However, they didn’t dare reveal anything extraordinary.

When Earl Mistral sensed that the two Sanguine were beyond the reach of his spirituality, he used the connection between the paired Oath of Rose rings to follow behind unhurriedly.

Emlyn occasionally made detours, taking shortcuts and occasionally returning to spots they had been before. It made it difficult to guess where his destination was. As for Ernes, he was like a bull having seen a red cloth. He refused to give up as he followed closely behind.

Unknowingly, the two Sanguine arrived at Rose Street which was south of the Bridge.

At this moment, Emlyn suddenly sped up. He wasn't afraid that others saw him producing after-images as he dashed right into the Harvest Church.

Ernes did the same.

Not good! From afar, Earl Mistral was just about to descend upon them to stop the subsequent developments when Ernes's figure vanished inside the Harvest Church's entrance.

Kacha!

A tile at Mistral's foot instantly shattered.

After entering the cathedral, Ernes came to a realization. He then saw a figure wearing a brown priest robe stand up at the front of all the rows of pews. He appeared like a mountain.

At the same time, the entire cathedral turned heavy as if it was a jail. It seemed to fuse with the land itself.

Ernes's mind buzzed immediately as another voice sounded in his mind:

“After you awaken from the first hypnosis, throw all the items on you to Emlyn White.”

Amidst shuffling sounds, Ernes took off his sash, threw out the brooch, and slammed the various items towards Emlyn White. This included his silver pocket watch and a wallet filled with cash.

Pa!

The newspaper in his hand fell to the ground, throwing out a paper card that was stuffed within.

On the paper card was the goddess of justice sitting on a chair and holding a sword and scale.

It was the tarot card—Justice.

Chapter 1003: Ritornello

After throwing everything other than his clothes, Ernes Boyar was stunned for a moment before he snapped to his senses.

_What am I doing? What did I do?_This Sanguine Viscount finally recalled the matters he had deliberately forgotten—those pair of emerald-green, limpid eyes.

A psychological cue, no—hypnosis... Ernes Boyar looked around in anger and irresistible horror, instinctively taking in the situation he was in.

His gaze then landed on the mountain-like figure. He saw Father Utravsky with his thin and sparse brows.

Instantly, Ernes Boyar had all sorts of thoughts run through his mind and collide with one another. He quickly came up with one intense thought.

He didn't put up any resistance, and he immediately said, "I'll come here to do a month of volunteer work!"

Emlyn's predicament had long been spread amongst the Sanguine in Backlund. Ernes Boyar was well aware of Father Utravsky and knew that, even if he were to put up a fight, it was difficult for him to escape the fate of doing volunteer work. He might as well surrender and choose conditions that were more beneficial to him.

At the very least, I shouldn't have any cues planted in my mind and end up converting my faith to Earth Mother... This thought

flashed through Ernes's mind. He discovered a lantern in Utravsky's hand, and inside it was a strange candle that seemed to be covered in human skin with protruding lumps.

Under the candlelight's faint illumination, Ernes's pupils widened again. He only had one thought on his mind remaining as it kept resonating:

Another psychological cue...

At that moment, he felt the gloominess thicken in his heart.

"Alright," Utravsky nodded and agreed to Ernes Boyar's request.

Emlyn held back his smugness and pleased smile. He then looked at the items he had caught, looking like a farmer who had just reaped a bountiful harvest.

...

In a private room on the third story of a restaurant northwest of the square, the lights darkened as a huge shadow appeared.

Tiny bats flew out of the darkness and quickly clumped together.

Smoke rose up as the silver-haired, scarlet-eyed Earl Mistral appeared at the spot where the bats had appeared. Everything around him had been restored to normal.

His servant, a middle-aged man in a dark formal suit immediately stepped forward and asked with a bow, "My lord,

are you having your meal now?”

He couldn’t tell if things had happened smoothly, or if something had gone wrong, much less about the success of the outcome from the earl’s face. However, he didn’t dare inquire.

Mistral nodded and said, “Yes.”

He walked to the table with a composed look, took off the ring with the ghostly-blue gem, and sat down without showing a chink in his disposition. It was as though he had headed out to feed the pigeons.

…

This rich smell is rather unique, but it’s not bad… In the private room neighboring Earl Mistral, Klein was wearing a very ordinary face as he commented on the Sivellaus cuisine delicacy —lamb tripe.

This punishment operation was an attempt by the few members of the Tarot Club—one that didn’t need The World or Mr. Fool’s interference—but considering how Miss Justice and The Moon Emlyn had zero experience in such matters and lacked experience in other matters, he had come to the area incognito as a final safeguard.

He had previously used his marionette to pray to The Fool while he entered the attached bathroom of his private room to head above the gray fog. Using the corresponding point of light, he had taken in the entire square and its surroundings.

He kept holding the Sea God Scepter the entire time, prepared to

deliver a lightning strike to prevent any problems once he discovered anything amiss.

However, he ultimately didn't do a thing. Everything happened more smoothly than he imagined.

There was no need for him to consider the experienced The Star Leonard, but Miss Justice, who was participating in such matters for the first time, had exceeded his expectations. She wasn't nervous at all, not showing any signs of panic!

Indeed. A Sequence 6 of the Spectator pathway is far greater than Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of the other pathways when it comes to controlling emotions. Even if she felt uneasy, she would've resolved it with her Beyonder powers before the operation… Klein nodded indiscernibly as he continued sampling the other delicacies.

Outside the window, on Saint Hierländ Square, it became filled with lively music, an eclectic mix of the flute, violin, accordion, and seven-string guitar.

…

A rental carriage was slowly circling around the perimeter of Saint Hierländ Square.

Leonard Mitchell, who was prepared to return to the north bank of the Backlund Bridge, took one look at the pigeons in the middle of the square before asking with a suppressed voice, "Old Man, what's your take regarding the outcome of this operation?"

After he pulled Ernes Boyar into a dream, he flipped Leymano's

Travels and activated Angel's Embrace. He then left the scene on carriage, unsure of the subsequent developments.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast snapped back, "*In the Fourth Epoch, there's such a saying—believe in the might of deities.*"

This means that this matter has received the tacit approval of Mr. Fool, so it's bound to succeed? However, Old Man doesn't know much about the Tarot Club. Mr. Fool is a witness most of the time, so there's no so-called tacit approval... Leonard mumbled inwardly before diverting the topic:

"Why doesn't this saying feel complete?"

He had never informed Pallez Zoroast of the exact situation of the Tarot Club. All he did was give mention of the general situation of the Tarot Club and inform "Him" of the matters that had been approved by Mr. Fool.

Pallez chuckled and said, "*Indeed. There's also a second half of the saying: Do not trust 'Their' benevolence.*"

Believe in the might of deities, but do not trust "Their" benevolence... Leonard repeated in silence as he looked down at the notebook with a bronze hardcover.

He then muttered wistfully, "This is really akin to a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. Furthermore, resolving its negative effects is relatively simple."

Before this operation, consideration was given to the fact that Beyonders of the pathway involving the Moon domain, as well as the darkness, had relatively stronger resistance against

Nightmare-related effects. Leonard had originally planned on borrowing Creeping Hunger from The World Klein Moretti. However, after some subsequent discussion, Miss Magician mentioned the traits of Leymano's Travels, giving him a better option.

Hence, Klein, who was originally responsible for Angel's Embrace, lent him Creeping Hunger for three hours. Various useful Beyonder powers were recorded, such as Bribe—Weaken.

"*This is something from the Abraham family,*" Pallez Zoroast said with a sigh.

Leonard had long known of this as he nodded indiscernibly. He then asked, "Old Man, do you have the means of weakening or controlling the negative effects of the mystical item I previously mentioned?"

"*You call that a mystical item? That's something that requires sealing!*" Pallez first reprimanded Leonard. Then, he said, "*Didn't you say that it has a living characteristic? That makes it much easier to resolve.*"

Leonard felt relieved as he cast his gaze out the window again, taking in the sight of Saint Hierländ Cathedral, which had parts resembling factories.

...

In Phelps Street, North Borough, in the vicinity of Saint Samuel Cathedral, at the entrance of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

After changing her clothes, Audrey got off a carriage like an ordinary girl.

She had already gotten rid of her paperboy attire at a hotel room that had been prepared ahead of time. And that room was reserved by someone under Emlyn's instructions. It had nothing to do with her.

At this moment, there were people coming and going at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's entrance, but Audrey walked over without any hesitation.

No one looked at her, as though she lived in another world.

Audrey briskly walked into the foyer, went up to the second story, and headed for the director's office. And everyone who she walked past seemed to join her in playing a game, pretending as though they hadn't seen her. They weren't puzzled about why this unfamiliar girl was inside.

Audrey was just about to enter the office when she suddenly heard a familiar voice inside:

"Miss Audrey, this is the amount of donations we have gathered this week..."

Audrey couldn't help but curl the ends of her lips as she gently nudged the ajar door and walked in.

Inside the office, a staff member was holding a stack of documents, showing it to the person behind the desk.

Sitting behind the desk was a golden retriever with a pair of gold-rimmed glasses hanging by her neck.

It sat at the director's seat, casually flipping through the documents, and said, "That wouldn't be an issue."

The staff member then took back the document and smiled at the golden retriever.

"Then, I'll take my leave, Miss Audrey."

Behind her, Audrey held back her laughter as she walked to the sofa. She silently watched the staff member leave without interrupting the golden retriever from reading the other documents.

Susie seriously read the different documents, afraid that something wrong would happen to her acting; thus, affecting Audrey's matters.

After a while, she suddenly looked around in puzzlement.

"Audrey, are you back?"

"How did you notice?" Audrey stood up from the sofa and appeared within Susie's sights.

For this operation, she had specially spoken to Susie. She got the latter to replace her at work in the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. Then, with the golden retriever in tow, she hypnotized all the staff members who would interact with her that day, making them treat Susie as Audrey.

As for any possible visitors, she told her staff that there would only be guests in the afternoon.

And the signal to snap out of the hypnosis was the cathedral bells at two in the afternoon.

Susie jumped off the chair after seeing Audrey, saying in exasperation, “It’s almost two.”

That’s right... Audrey inwardly made a silly face as she rushed into the small lounge and changed into her clothes. She then used Lie’s Flame Controlling powers to burn her previous disguise.

After returning to her office and sitting at her seat, she felt completely relaxed. She clasped her hands together and lightly pursed her lips.

To be frank, she had always been nervous. However, she had successfully cast Placate on herself before the operation, preventing any slip-ups.

_It’s quite interesting now that I reminisce over it. We even discussed how we would compensate those who were affected... Audrey, well done!_A smile beamed on the blonde, green-eyed beauty as it grew brighter.

After this operation, she realized that her Hypnotist potion had digested by a significant amount. Furthermore, she had also confirmed one thing: The mystical item, Hand of Horror, which came with Bribe—Charm worked perfectly with Hypnosis!

Yes, I also learned that Mr. Moon’s name is Emlyn White... He

didn't bother hiding the matter, because he had to tell me. Otherwise, we wouldn't have achieved our goals… Yes, yes. Perhaps just giving the name of the cathedral was enough, but that will still expose his identity… I'm still feeling some anxiety. I was too stiff when hypnotizing. I actually used words that were too direct during the first level of hypnosis… Audrey cast Placate on her slightly agitated feelings as she reviewed the entire operation, hoping that she could draw from the experience and lessons of today.

Gong! Gong!

Saint Samuel Cathedral's bells chimed, indicating that it was two in the afternoon.

Many staff who were inside 22 Phelps Street at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation had their bodies tremble after hearing it. Following that, they continued with their work as though nothing had happened.

…

Gong! Gong!

Amidst the cathedral's bells, Klein, who had transformed back into Dwayne Dantès, once again walked to 160 Böklund Street's balcony and took in the situation of Macht's house.

At this moment, a carriage passed by his residence's entrance and drove to the end of the street.

Suddenly, Klein felt his perception trigger as a scene surfaced in his mind.

A gray rat was leaning against the carriage's window, leisurely watching the street scenery.

Chapter 1004: Third Movement

Gray rat... Klein's eyelids twitched as he didn't hesitate to turn back into his half-open room, leave the balcony, and enter the master bedroom. He then entered the bathroom.

He moved at an adequate pace, doing so as though he had been repeating this entire process like a daily routine.

Locking the bathroom's door, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and passed through the gray fog filled with ravings and roars, finally taking his seat on the high-back chair of The Fool.

And before this, he made his valet, Enuni, who was standing by the corridor, softly pray to Sea God Kalvetua.

Using the corresponding point of light, he beckoned for the Sea God Scepter and began expanding his vision. He then locked onto the carriage that was driving towards Macht's residence—39 Boklund Street.

And this time, the person leaning against the glass window and leisurely taking in the scenery was no longer a gray rat but a young man wearing a silk top hat and black trench coat.

He had black hair and black eyes. His face was thin with a broad forehead. He wore a crystal monocle and had a faint smile on his lips. He was none other than the Blasphemer, the Angel of Time, son of the Creator—Amon!

Although Klein was already mentally prepared, his anxiety made

his entire body feel chilly.

Amon had clearly appeared in “His” original form, but after stealing the rat demigod’s destiny, “He” appeared as a gray rat in everyone’s eyes without incurring any suspicion.

He and his brother, Angel of Imagination Adam, had certain powers which were similar. It left terror in the mind of others the more they thought about it, but it was intrinsically different!

If not for the gray fog and not for my deeper control of this place, I wouldn’t have discovered it either… Klein felt a mix of joy and alarm as he expanded his vision to seek out Amon’s avatars.

Compared to the grafting of destiny, the signs of Parasitizing was a lot clearer.

However, Klein didn’t notice anything this time.

Be it the other passengers in the carriage, the horses that towed the carriage, or the surrounding trees and air, there wasn’t any sign of Parasitizing!

This is different from what Leonard’s grandpa said… Shouldn’t the appearance of one Amon mean the accompaniment of many more Amons? “He” is clearly aware that “He” was discovered by a Bizarro Sorcerer of the Church of Evernight, and “He” suspects that Boklund Street is under surveillance. Therefore, “He” only sent a single avatar to investigate the situation? Klein frowned as he came up with theories. He was a little unsure of how to handle the current development.

Of course, he recalled Pallez Zoroast mentioning that as long as

one avatar was resolved, “He” could eliminate all the Amons in Boklund Street. And now, there was only one Amon in Boklund Street, a perfect time to take action!

I’ll first hear what the expert’s opinion is… Klein immediately conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow’s figure at the other end of the long bronze table and made him reverently and piously pray.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, please inform Leonard Mitchell that Amon has appeared at 39 Boklund Street, but there’s only one…”

While Gehrman Sparrow made the prayer, Klein didn’t stop monitoring the carriage. He saw Hazel in a light-colored dress alight and enter her foyer.

Amon, who was wearing a monocle and black trench coat, walked behind her with complete composure. Despite not having any concealment, the servants didn’t notice him at all. It was as though there was only air or some inconspicuous creature behind Miss Hazel.

Occasionally, the female servants would look at the ground and jump in fright. Just as they were about to scream, they would forget what they were about to do after their mouths opened.

Amon passed through the foyer and walked up the stairs. Pinching the crystal monocle, Amon stuffed “His” hands into “His” pockets.

Ringed transparent worms began squirming out of “His” body as they crawled in every direction before vanishing.

This left Klein's scalp tingling. He recalled Pallez Zoroast's description of Amon's Parasitizing power: a plague-like infection!

Hazel had been in an excellent mood recently. This was because her teacher hadn't truly gone mad. Everything that happened previously was only a test, and she had passed it with flying colors.

This made her gain plenty of knowledge about the supernatural world. She learned the essence of the potions and grasped the acting method. She also gained the opportunity to advance to Cryptologist.

She was currently a Sequence 7 Beyonder!

So the world actually has such a magical side to it... I wonder when I can become a demigod and shake off my mortal coils... Hazel glanced at the hanging wall clock and rubbed her sunken tummy. She decided to get her mother to bring forward the high tea session today. After all, there weren't any guests.

At noon, she had used the excuse of heading out for a meal to bring her teacher back. She also took the opportunity to act and hadn't had anything to eat.

Upon thinking that, she glanced at her teacher who was sprawled on a leather cushion on the sofa. The gray rat had raised its front paw and pressed on its right eye.

"Do you need any food?" Hazel asked reverently.

The rat lowered its front paw and answered unhurriedly, "There's no need."

“Alright, Teacher.” Hazel turned around and walked forward, opening the door to her bedroom.

Her lady’s maid was standing along the corridor, leisurely looking at the balcony at the end of the corridor as though she was admiring the afternoon sky.

Hazel indiscernibly frowned and said, “Guard this place. Don’t let anyone in.”

The lady’s maid shot one glance at her and smiled.

Yes, Miss.”

Only then did Hazel leave her bedroom and head for the activity room on the second story. She found her mother, Ma’am Riana.

This lady with the same black-green hair received a pair of gem-embedded glasses with a gold chain hanging from it from her lady’s maid. It was more an accessory than an eyesight-correction tool.

“Don’t tell me that you don’t like it?” Hazel asked in puzzlement.

The corners of Ma’am Riana’s mouth curled slightly.

“I like it now.”

As she said that, she wore the glasses.

As Hazel was just about to say something, she heard footsteps approaching.

She turned her head to find her father, Member of Parliament Macht, coming home early.

“Father, didn’t you say that you’d be at the Military Veterans Mess?” Hazel asked in passing.

There wasn’t anyone there today.” Macht raised his right hand and pinched the two sides of his eyes.

Hazel thought nothing of it as she nodded.

“Perfect, we haven’t had high tea together in a long time.”

“That’s right.” Member of Parliament Macht and Ma’am Riana laughed at the same time as a faint smile appeared on their lips.

At 7 Pinster Street, Leonard, who had just returned from Saint Hierland Square, threw himself onto the sofa as he lifted his feet onto the coffee table.

Having not received any “information,” he believed that the punishment operation had come to a perfect end, allowing him to look forward to the spoils of war.

“Old Man, didn’t you say that the Sanguine Viscount had many mystical items on him? Can you tell me what they are?” Leonard softly asked in puzzlement.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast harrumphed.

“Items of that level aren’t worth my notice.”

Leonard was just about to press further when his vision suddenly blurred. He saw the boundless grayish-white fog and Gehrman Sparrow’s blurry figure, as well as his prayer.

“…Amon has appeared at 39 Boklund Street, but there’s only one…”

Amon has appeared? That quickly? Leonard, who had already relaxed, retracted his feet immediately and sat straight up. He became more anxious than before the punishment operation began.

He hurriedly informed Pallez Zoroast of Klein’s words and asked, “…Old Man, what do we do now? Begin the operation? But there’s only one Amon avatar!”

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for two seconds before saying, “If there’s only one Amon, it implies that ‘He’ has other motives, but none of that matters.

“In the Fourth Epoch, there’s a saying—there’s no point crying over spilled milk. Since it has begun, we can’t falter. If we delay this any further, Amon will attempt to influence the entire street. When that happens, ‘He’ will definitely discover Dwayne Dantes’s abnormality.”

Klein returned to the real world and walked out of the bathroom.

He had already made the corresponding preparations. He had Creeping Hunger on his left hand and an emblem carved from obsidian in his right.

Then, he made Enuni snap his fingers and use Flaming Jump to enter 39 Boklund Street—Member of Parliament Macht's house—with the appearance of Gehrman Sparrow.

Control of the Spirit Body Threads was instantly transferred to Klein, but this only seemed to sink into the vast ocean without any reaction.

He had lost control of his marionette!

This… Klein's eyelid twitched as he heard the door to the master bedroom creak open.

It was Enuni.

This youth with Loen and Balam blood in him had pushed open the door and walked in, completely outside of Klein's control.

He then took out a crystal monocle from his pocket and rubbed it with his sleeve. Then, he leisurely wore it on his right eye.

He then looked at Dwayne Dantes, the corners of his mouth curling up.

"Found you."

The mood in the bedroom froze as Enuni, who was pinching on

the monocle, continued, “Flora Jacob’s destiny was filled with too many abnormalities, and they mainly came from this street. This piqued my interest, and I spent some time to distinguish and seek out the source. It took me so many days to find you.

“I’m no stranger to this mirror, and I can control it, but I’ve never seen it ingratiate itself so much towards one person. This really is an interesting matter. Perhaps, I should steal your destiny and see why that is the case? Ah, right. You likely do not know of its origins. It’s in no way simple…”

Chapter 1005: Fourth Movement

Wearing a monocle, Amon, who wore the appearance of Enuni, didn't seem like an infiltrator or assailant. Instead, "He" appeared like a visitor as "He" eagerly mentioned all the preparations "He" had done, as well as Arrodes's origins.

"He" paused before "He" could finish "His" sentence. Dwayne Dantès opposite "Him" had turned into a dirty gray rat.

The rat raised its right claw, pressing at its eye.

At the same time, in the garden of 160 Böklund Street, with his thin and cut, black-haired, brown-eyed face, Gehrman Sparrow appeared in the middle of a bunch of roses.

Back when Amon was saying something highly enticing, "He" had secretly split off a Worm of Time in an attempt to invade Klein's body in order to Parasitize him. However, Klein had been on high alert the entire time. He detected this attempt via the changes in his Spirit Body Threads, so he rapidly created a marionette at the critical moment and swapped locations!

Silently, Amon, who looked like a mixed-blood youth, appeared in front of Klein.

Behind "Him," a twelve-ringed transparent worm fell from the third story and returned to "His" body.

And at that instant, the earthworms in the garden's soil, the insects in the woods, the rats in the shadows all crawled out, either swarming towards Gehrman Sparrow and Amon or were

fleeing from this region.

The main reason why Klein had patiently listened to Amon was to use that time to create marionettes!

To a Bizarro Sorcerer, they were only complete with their marionettes!

Amon still wasn't in a rush to take action. "He" pinched the monocle embedded deep in "His" eye socket and looked around, saying with a smile, "Your actions often expose your problems. To a master of deceit, everything that you did was enough for me to detect your weakness.

"In such a tense and dangerous situation, you actually chose to convert rats, insects, birds, and earthworms into being your marionettes without considering your servants. What does this tell me? It says that you have outstanding moral standards. You still view yourself as human and are unwilling to harm them.

"Upon grasping this point, even if my avatar is inferior to you, it's still easy to break you down. You wouldn't even be capable of dying even if you wish for it.

"Ah, right. You can stop your attempts at secretly controlling my Spirit Body Threads. This is because you're controlling the Spirit Body Threads I stole. They belong to your butler, your maid, and your coachman. If this continues, I'm afraid you will feel a deep sense of guilt."

Even Spirit Body Threads can be stolen? No, it's more like grafting... Klein's expression froze slightly as he terminated his control of Amon's Spirit Body Threads.

He had been patient, allowing Amon to drone on with his drivel, mainly doing so because he was secretly trying to turn Amon's avatar into his marionette.

To a Bizarro Sorcerer, battles like this, where he stalled for time and exerted his influence in secret, should've been something he was best at and something he enjoyed the most. Unfortunately, he had encountered Blasphemer Amon, the current pinnacle existence of the Marauder pathway. Even if he was only facing an avatar, he could do nothing about "Him."

Klein actually suspected that Amon's words were a ruse, but he wasn't able to see through it. He didn't dare take the risk.

During such times, he needed the help of a Spectator!

"For you to say so much, I doubt it's solely to think of the means to Parasitize me, right? You should know that, before severely injuring me, it's very difficult to Parasitize a Bizarro Sorcerer who can see Spirit Body Threads," Klein calmly said as he wore Gehrman Sparrow's face.

Amon immediately chortled.

"You've finally noticed it."

"You're trying to steal my destiny?" Klein swapped locations with a marionette once again, constantly making his actual body appear in different corners of the garden.

"No." Amon shook "His" head, keeping "His" hands in "His" pockets while leisurely saying with a smile, "If a magic mirror like Arrodes is willing to listen to your instructions and

deliberately ingratiate itself towards you, it means that you aren't as simple as I imagined. I'm not a Beyonder of the Tyrant pathway, so I wouldn't be so rash as to directly steal your destiny. Heh heh, I suddenly have a feeling that directly replacing you would result in something I don't wish to see happening."

"How did you know Arrodes is ingratiating itself? Flora Jacob's destiny shouldn't have something like that." Klein appeared on a tree.

His different marionettes continued changing their locations.

Amon pulled out one hand and pinched "His" chin and said, "Didn't I say why? I spent time to gather information and seek out the source. Oh, I went to the Church of Steam and had a chat with Arrodes. It wasn't too frank, and it was willing to be tortured by me rather than reveal your true origins. Unfortunately, that was inside the Church of Steam; otherwise, I would've directly Parasitized it and learn of everything."

Even living Sealed Artifacts can be Parasitized? If Arrodes strictly abided by the rules, based on its answers in the past, "He" isn't too sure of my actual situation and only has certain guesses... Klein's eyes widened. Just as he was about to say something, he heard Amon laugh and say, "You really don't seem to be in a rush. What are you waiting for?

"Do you not know that my pathway's Sequence 2's name is Trojan Horse of Destiny? Although I'm only an ordinary avatar, I do have some powers that I can use, such as tinkering with your destiny, making certain errors appear for a certain period of time. For instance, no one will notice it no matter how much you cry for help.

"Heh heh, that also means that, even if you were to trigger the

Evernight Emblem in your hand, you will only be able to get the effects of Concealment, and you will not be able to transmit your intentions of seeking help, regardless of your prior agreements. Also, even if you were to shout for help or create an explosion, the pedestrians and servants in the room wouldn't be able to hear a thing.

"This is the reason why I was talking so much. For an ordinary avatar, certain matters take time.

"Alright, it's your turn to answer my question."

Klein didn't answer as he kept switching positions with his marionettes. However, Amon kept appearing in front of him as they continued their "conversation."

At this moment, he made one of his marionettes ask, "Since you've already completed the controlling of destiny, why aren't you taking action?

"You also seem to be waiting…"

Before this Gehrman Sparrow who was a thin "paper figurine" could finish his sentence, there was a strong gust of wind from afar.

Leonard, in a black trench coat and a black silver-inlaid cane in hand, flew to Böklund Street!

Klein, who had appeared to Amon's side, immediately said, "This is what I've been waiting for!"

As he said that, he triggered the Evernight Emblem that he had been clasping tightly.

Simultaneously, he snapped his left hand's fingers, igniting the tallest tree in the garden, making its scarlet flames soar into the sky.

And this huge, obvious bonfire, that would've been noticeable at a glance from across the street, was noticed by no one, be it the maids wiping the windows on the first story or the pedestrians strolling beneath the Intis parasol trees. Even in midair, Leonard Mitchell ignored this scene, rushing for 39 Böklund Street at high speeds.

And at this moment, Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice sounded in this Red Gloves's mind:

"Turn back. Head to Unit 160."

"..."

Although Leonard was puzzled, his experienced self didn't ask why when it came to supernatural matters. He immediately swung the direction Word of the Sea pointed and changed directions.

In the garden of 160 Böklund Street, Amon raised "His" head as "He" pressed the crystal monocle on "His" right hand, chuckling.

"This is also what I've been waiting for."

"He" ignored Gehrman Sparrow as his smile grew obvious. He

continued speaking in irresistible delight, “To be able to discover the abnormalities of fate in this region…

“It’s ‘Him,’ Pallez!”

As “He” spoke, this Blasphemer changed “His” actions and adjusted “His” monocle.

At this moment, a strange gloom fell over the entire street. It was as though the entire place had been separated from reality, turning into a secret.

In the activity room of 39 Böklund Street, Hazel looked out the window and muttered in puzzlement, “Is it about to rain?”

This wasn’t anything important, so she retracted her gaze and reached out her hand onto the three-layered tray for high tea.

Then, she saw her father, Member of Parliament Macht, strangely open his right palm.

Glimmers of light condensed out of thin air, forming into a crystal monocle in his palm.

Macht then wore this monocle on his right eye.

This… Hazel had already sensed something amiss as she frantically looked at the others in the room.

Her mother, Ma’am Riana, took off the accessory on her nose and wore a monocle that she had taken out of somewhere. The

servants standing beside her all took out a similar monocle and wore it on their right eye.

Thud!

Hazel stood up instinctively as she retreated repeatedly, toppling the chair over in the process.

This sound alarmed everyone in the room. Macht, Riana, and the servants turned their heads to look at Hazel.

Bit by bit, a smile suffused the corners of their lips.

“Ah!”

Hazel broke down as she let out a shrill scream.

This scream passed through the house and through the garden, drawing the attention of the pedestrians on the streets. At this point, Amon had already lowered “His” right hand from his monocle. Looking at the figure in midair, “He” said with a smile, “Pallez, it’s already 1350 of the Fifth Epoch. The technique of relying on the gathering of avatars to raise one’s level is already outdated.”

Behind “Him,” Klein didn’t waste any time as he reached into his pocket as though he was drawing a gun while he made Creeping Hunger turn transparent. A transparent book condensed in front of him.

However, Amon simply raised his hand and the glove vanished.

However, along with the human-skinned glove's disappearance, Gehrman Sparrow also did.

Pa!

Landing in Amon's palm wasn't a glove but a rat, a rat that had died after becoming a marionette.

On the other side of Amon, Klein, who wasn't wearing a hat but was wearing a shirt and vest, appeared. He then threw out the item he had previously taken out, and he threw it at his target.

It was a paper crane.

Chapter 1006: Finale and Ending

It was an ordinary paper crane, bursting into scarlet red flames just as it flew out, scattering ashes in the process.

Amon, who had been looking up into the sky, suddenly turned "His" head and looked at the paper crane who was a vessel of flames. "He" then raised His" palm again.

A cold glint had lit up in the eye beneath the monocle.

Suddenly, the flames on the paper crane's surface vanished. Klein and his ability to swap locations with his marionette vanished. Likewise for Flame Controlling, Flaming Jump, and Air Cannon!

In that instant, he had six Beyonder powers stolen—four of which were rather important ones!

If Amon was able to make a few more thefts, then Klein might've even turned into an ordinary person.

This was "Theft" at the angel level!

Amidst the extinguishing flames, the paper crane slowly floated.

Backlund, Dr. Aaron's house, in a black pram.

Wrapped in silver silk, Will Auceptin rubbed his mouth and eyes,

grumbling, “Life is just so hard…”

Before “He” finished “His” sentence, “He” took out what looked like a cane from somewhere. It was embedded with clear gems.

Pure bright light lit up, illuminating the calendar in the room clearly.

Today was Tuesday [1].

160 Boklund Street, inside Dwayne Dantes’s garden.

The paper crane which was already charred and incomplete suddenly froze in midair. Complicated chrome-colored symbols appeared out of it, instantly taking on the form of a huge, illusory, scaleless snake.

The dense patterns and symbols on the surface of the gigantic silver snake formed a wheel that was connected to each other. Around each wheel were different symbols.

With a sweep of the cold, bright red eyes, this giant serpent soared into the sky and stayed above Boklund Street. It curled its body and bit its own tail.

Its shadow blanketed the entire street like a mysterious and ludicrous wheel.

Suddenly, Macht, Riana, and several servants in 39 Boklund Street’s activity room wiped the smiles from their faces. They raised their hands in unison, taking off the monocle on their faces, allowing the monocles to turn incorporeal in their hands

before transforming into beams of light.

Immediately following that, they wore their eye accessories once again and pinched their eye sockets, either leisurely looking out the window or returning to their former state.

Hazel sat on the ground watching this scene. As she shook her head, feeling the world crumbling around her, she used her hands to hold her body up while rapidly retreating.

The cold glimmer in Winner Enuni's eyes vanished. The crystalline monocle was left cooked, and he no longer wore that supercilious look.

In addition, something in his body seemed to be extracted as a clear, thick, but transparent and mysterious Worm of Time took form above his head.

And amidst Concealment, this Worm of Time quickly transformed into a figure with black hair, black eyes, a broad forehead, and a thin face.

This wasn't time reversing itself on Boklund Street, because Klein and Leonard didn't suffer any of its effects. It was Amon having "His" condition return to a few minutes prior to this!

Snake of Fate. Reboot!

Although Will Auceptin had predicted that there would be some changes in Fate, things had happened slightly later. However, "His" influence that descended from afar came in such a timely fashion.

In order to gain this Snake of Fate's help, Klein had not only fed "Him" five different flavors of ice-cream, but he had also agreed to further compensation. The outcome of their negotiation was that Klein had to think of the means to create at least two items that could allow Will Auceptin to briefly regain some of "His" strength while in "His" weakened state!

When Amon suffered this unexpected blow, Klein didn't hesitate and drew Death Knell. He cocked it, gently pushed the cylinder, and aimed it at his enemy.

Bang!

He staidly and decisively pulled Death Knell's trigger, shooting out the Control Spirit Bullet he had long prepared.

A black stream of light flashed out, striking the illusory Amon figure with the sharp bonnet and classic black robe—the Worm of Time. This was even thicker and clearer than all the Worms of Time Klein had previously seen before!

The light scattered as Amon's figure quivered in midair and froze without being able to wear any expression.

And at this moment, Leonard, who had already arrived overhead, followed Old Man's instructions. Standing on Word of the Sea, he floated in midair, slightly spread out his arms, and relaxed his Spirit Body.

Both his green eyes immediately reflected a slightly gloomy, twelve-ringed transparent Worm of Time in each one of them.

These two Worms of Time had their heads and tails connected

together, forming a similar loop.

As the loop slowly spun, they projected a huge ancient mottled illusion behind Leonard.

This illusion looked like the surface of a wall clock carved from stone. There were twelve segments, each segment was either grayish-white or bluish-black. They were clearly demarcated from each other, and the symbols were all different. With just one look, Klein had the feeling that life was speeding past him.

Gong!

A bell gong that seemed to travel across time from ancient history resounded through the spacious secret world. Everything before Klein seemed to slow down, including the Amon figure above Enuni.

An indescribable invisible surge appeared, sweeping around that Amon figure before hurling it towards that huge, illusory stone-carved wall clock.

What was actually a Worm of Time—Amon's avatar with a monocle—suddenly extended a hand, aiming it at Gehrman Sparrow.

Suddenly, Klein saw the skin on the back of his hand rapidly dry up as they wrinkled up, producing unobvious aged spots.

The speed at which Amon's illusory figure was being pulled away slowed down, but the process couldn't be interrupted. Finally, it contracted into the form of a ringed worm and was thrown towards the illusory, ancient stone- carved wall clock behind

Leonard.

Gong!

Another bell gong sounded as the grayish-white and bluish-black clock's surface had an additional mottled hand.

This hand quickly rotated a few segments, speeding up the sound of the gongs.

Inside 39 and 160 Boklund Street, all kinds of resplendent glimmers of light flew out, pulled and attracted by that ancient, illusory, stone-carved wall clock.

Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

"He" had used the connection between the avatars and "His" higher level to strengthen the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence!

Gong!

Several streams of light from different spots in Backlund flew over.

After everything calmed down, Klein's current appearance appeared in his mind.

He had more white hair than black. His forehead and the corners of his mouth and eyes were covered with obvious wrinkles. His skin had sagged with several aged spots. He looked like an

elderly gentleman, ready to pass away at any moment.

At this moment, the clock's gonging sounded again.

The grayish-white hand on the ancient, illusory stone-carved wall clock began spinning counterclockwise!

One tick. Two ticks. Three ticks. Klein saw his skin rapidly recover its luster as the spots faded and vanished.

In just seconds, he recovered his original appearance. Life had seemed to begin flowing in him again.

Powers at the angel level are almost godlike... I only suffered some repercussions of it, and I nearly died of old age... I wonder if I can revive under such conditions... Klein observed his condition and hurriedly look up and said to Leonard Mitchell, "How should the people Parasitized by Amon be rescued?"

At this moment, the ancient, illusory clock behind Leonard rapidly faded away, turning into glimmers of light that drilled back into his body.

Leonard cocked his head slightly as though he was listening to something. After a while, he said, "The Beyonder characteristics of the Worms of Time in them have been sucked out. The remaining parts have either been absorbed or have some remnants left behind. However, it wouldn't result in having an excessive influence on them. Uh, Old Man said that it won't be excessive, but it might be from the viewpoint of an angel. In short, they can pray to the deities they believe in and see if they can obtain a complete purification. However, without them explaining what exactly happened, the deities might not give a response. If you're afraid of any remnant effects, you can consider guiding them to pray to... uh, that existence. All the

items that come from that will be yours."

Perhaps having personally "experienced" a battle at the angel level, and having seen the Snake of Fate's spectral form, Leonard's agitation and trembling could hardly be suppressed in an instant.

The people on this street are basically the believers of the Goddess, so how can I get them to pray to The Fool? I don't wish to be thrown into the foggy town... Uh, the Goddess is very aware of this matter. They will likely receive a response if they were to pray to "Her." Then, I can get Her Eminence Arianna to return the Worms of Time that they cough out to me... Uh, I can give "Her" some... As Klein's thoughts raced, he secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

He then asked in passing, "Will there be any side effects after a complete purification?"

Although he had some experience from Little Sun, this youth of the City of Silver wasn't an ordinary person.

After listening for a moment, Leonard said, "A little. As it's a deeper level of Parasitizing, even if ordinary people were to experience a full recovery, there will be some level of influence left on them, such as them liking to wear monocles."

"...Alright. Head back first. Leave the rest to me." Klein nodded and was glad that the parties involved in this battle weren't the kinds with obvious destructive might. Otherwise, it might not only be Boklund Street, but all of North Borough might not be left intact.

In Pritz Harbor, a black-haired, black-eyed, thin-faced young man wearing a monocle rode on a bicycle as he leisurely

returned home.

He wore an obvious smile as he opened the letterbox and took out the newspapers and letters inside.

After entering the house, the young man pinched the monocle on his right eye while tearing open the letters, reading their contents as he walked. This continued until he found a letter without any name on it.

“If all connection to ‘us’ in Backlund is lost, it means that Pallez Zoroast might very well be hidden in the vicinity of North Borough’s Boklund Street.

“Don’t ask us why we’re taking such risks. Life often requires some excitement, joy, and anticipation.”

---

1. **Author’s Note:** To make the plot run smoothly, the details of a Tarot Gathering was skipped. As for Will’s prediction, a deviation happened because of Amon’s ability to bore through fate.

Chapter 1007: Dealing With The Aftermath

On 160 Böklund Street, after watching Leonard fly out of the world of Concealment with the Word of the Sea in one hand, Klein turned his attention back onto his surroundings.

He first observed Winner Enuni. He originally imagined that he couldn't use the marionette that had been Parasitized by Amon, but to his surprise, he realized that he could control his Spirit Body Threads again!

This… Klein was first stunned before he came to a realization.

When Snake of Fate Will Auceptin used Reboot to reverse Amon's condition in time, it also made the things "He" Parasitize experience similar changes. Hence, Enuni had turned back into his marionette!

As expected of the strongest power of a Monster pathway's Sequence 1… Klein heaved a sigh of relief before allowing his figure to fade away from where he stood.

He "Teleported" back to his master bedroom, leaving a bunch of marionettes around to defend against any accidents.

Right on the heels of that, Klein entered the bathroom and headed above the gray fog. He used Enuni's prayer light and began observing the entire street with the Sea God Scepter in hand.

Without a doubt, his focus was on his residence and Unit 39. He found Butler Walter, Housekeeper Taneja, Member of Parliament

Macht, Ma'am Riana, and many servants having remnant signs of being Parasitized. They appeared somewhat in a daze.

As for Hazel, she was on the brink of total collapse. Her hands were on the ground, having pushed herself backwards into the corner. Her back was leaning close to the wall as she huddled into a ball, trembling.

Macht and company had noticed something wrong with her. They surrounded her in concern, hoping to know why.

However, Hazel would scream loudly whenever they attempted to approach her. She would resist violently, so all they could do was stand meters away, wearing a panicked and helpless look.

During this process, they would, from time to time, nudge their glasses or pinch their eye sockets. This only served to leave Hazel even more horrified. She appeared to be on the brink of losing control.

Klein felt horrified when he saw this scene above the gray fog. He imagined a scene:

Daddy Amon, Mommy Amon, Maid Amon, Footman Amon were circling around Hazel, trying to soothe her nerves but were helpless. They wore the same expression and the same monocle with different clothes.

Even if Hazel were to hold out and not lose control, she would definitely develop mental problems. At the very least, she would be in a half-crazy state... Klein's thoughts raced as he lowered the Sea God Scepter and returned to the real world.

Böklund Street and the several streets remained enshrouded in darkness. It exuded a serene, tranquil, and profound feeling.

This was a world that had already turned into a “secret.”

Klein took down a hat, wore it on his head, and “Teleported” to a director’s office in 22 Phelps Street—Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

Audrey had already changed into a light-green dress and was daydreaming with a fountain pen in hand, reminiscing over every detail of the punishment operation in the afternoon. Susie, on the other hand, had gone out for a stroll.

Suddenly, this noble lady sensed something and looked up.

A black-haired, brown-eyed, thin-faced figure with cut facial features was rapidly reflected in her emerald, limpid eyes.

This figure wore a white shirt, black vest, black trousers, and black leather boots. He had a cold expression, his body was bent slightly as he held one hand over his top hat.

Audrey was first taken aback before she recalled who this person was.

Gehrman Sparrow!

Although she had never met him before, she had already seen his extremely lifelike picture on the papers and wanted posters.

Klein realized that he hadn't changed back to Dwayne Dantès based on Miss Justice's reaction. However, he wasn't too mindful of that. He released his hand from his top hat and straightened his body. He said with a nod, "There's something that requires your help."

His disguise had also been stolen by Amon. But after a Reboot, it was returned to him. He just didn't have the time to change back into Dwayne Dantès.

Mr. World, who's already a demigod, needs my help? He's in need of therapy because of some mental problem? No, it doesn't seem to be the case... Audrey pursed her lips as she put down her fountain pen in anticipation and curiosity. She stood up and gave a serious reply:

"No problem."

Klein didn't waste any time and walked over. Grabbing her by the arm, their figures faded away as they vanished from the spot.

Instantaneously, they appeared outside the activity room at 39 Böklund Street.

This is "Teleportation? Audrey's eyes turned slightly as she instinctively wanted to ask something. However, when she felt the heavy atmosphere and the screams, her face immediately wore a solemn look.

"There's a patient?" she asked without much doubt.

It's really easy to talk to a Spectator. There's no need for much

explanation... Klein tersely acknowledged and said, “Yes, she encountered a supernatural incident and suffered a terrible fright. She’s on the brink of losing control.

“Do you have the means to not be seen by the people inside?”

There was no need for him to say his last sentence, as a large-scale illusion was enough to resolve the problem. Furthermore, after receiving the blessings of Concealment, ordinary people likely didn’t retain much of their corresponding memories. However, after witnessing Adam’s powers of invisibility, Klein was rather curious if Miss Justice had such skills at Sequence 6.

_Mr. World is feeling curious... That’s really rare... He doesn’t seem to be wearing a thick mask and has changed to a thinner one. He’s a really good patient who heeds medical advice..._Audrey’s chin moved slightly as she nodded.

“Yes.”

As she spoke, she glanced at Gehrman Sparrow who reached out for the handle and pushed open the door after receiving her response.

Member of Parliament Macht and Ma’am Riana completely ignored this beautiful girl as they discussed in a panic about hiring a doctor. As for Hazel, she remained curled in a corner, trembling vigorously like an abandoned baby animal.

“Miss Hazel...” As a senior Spectator, Audrey didn’t have the problem of forgetting others.

She observed Hazel’s condition and frowned slightly. She turned

her head and said to Gehrman Sparrow, “Uh, Mr. Sparrow, can you briefly explain what she encountered?

“Only with sufficient knowledge can I quickly resolve the problem.”

Klein was already prepared as he quickly and succinctly explained, “She’s a Beyonder of the Marauder pathway, a student of a demigod who had nefarious thoughts. Her teacher attracted Blasphemer Amon’s avatar and ended up getting herself killed, her destiny and identity were stolen.

“As such, Amon infiltrated her family, Parasitizing her parents and servants. Just now, while we were eliminating Amon’s avatars, she realized that her parents and servants had all turned into Amon. Uh, she didn’t know that ‘that’ was Amon, but she understood that it was a strange existence.

“If you have anything you wish to understand at a deeper level, things which do not involve the psychological treatment, you can always ask during the next gathering.”

Blasphemer Amon? Mr. World and company have eliminated Amon’s avatar again, no—avatars? Audrey was somewhat shocked as she instinctively glanced at Macht and company. She couldn’t imagine that they had once been Parasitized by Amon and had turned into “Him.”

To have everyone Parasitized… Audrey recalled Mr. World’s words and felt more afraid the more she thought about it. She felt her entire body turn cold as she couldn’t help but think of herself if she were in Hazel’s shoes.

This left her somewhat stifled as she subconsciously cast Placate on herself.

“Is the supernatural world always this cruel and terrifying, or is it just occasionally?” After calming down, Audrey muttered softly.

She didn’t wait for The World Gehrman Sparrow’s reply, because from what she had seen at the Tarot Gathering, she knew the answer very well: *Always!*

Looking back at Hazel, Audrey walked over, filled with pity. She crouched down and first used Placate.

Hazel looked up blankly and saw a perfect, flawless face, as well as that pair of emerald-like eyes.

At that instant, she seemed to return to the ball of that previous night, having witnessed this lady “descend” like an angel.

She instantly calmed down. She saw ripples rise up in that pair of limpid, green eyes. They were serene, calm, and deep.

“There’s no need to be afraid. Calm down. Everything is already over…” Audrey used Hypnosis to directly communicate with Hazel’s Body of Heart and Mind. She heard hysterical screams and the horror that was taller than mountains and deeper than the ocean.

Taking into account Hazel’s condition and encounter, she quickly came up with a plan for treatment. She directly Hypnotized Hazel and made her forget today’s encounter and the existence of her teacher. She was only capable of vaguely remembering her identity as a Beyonder and other general knowledge.

Hazel gradually calmed down before she slowly fell asleep.

“After you awaken, that terrifying experience will no longer exist, and I was never here.” Audrey used a gentle voice to complete the last step of the Hypnosis.

Following that, she slowly got up and observed Hazel for a few seconds.

She pursed her lips and whispered without turning her head, “I made her temporarily forget the corresponding memories, but that memory remains. It’s just hidden deep down. In future gatherings, I’ll continue treating her, guiding her to slowly remember and accept this memory. Only then can her mental problem be completely resolved. Otherwise, perhaps a familiar action or sentence will jolt her awake. She will then break down once again, and perhaps it will result in a direct loss of control.”

Miss Justice is becoming more and more professional… Klein sighed as he asked cautiously, “Then you will have to Hypnotize all the people who were Parasitized. They are not to show any hobbies that don’t originally belong to them, like the wearing of monocles.

“Also, let them pray to the Evernight Goddess after fifteen minutes to obtain complete cleansing and purification.”

Audrey nodded with abnormal seriousness.

“No problem.”

Klein immediately stood to the side, watching this noble lady “cue” everyone who had been Parasitized in this house with the greatest feelings of pity.

Chapter 1008: Splitting

Minutes later, Klein—with the face of Gehrman Sparrow—walked out of 39 Böklund Street with Miss Justice Audrey and headed for places where the other Parasite victims were.

After a few silent steps, Klein suddenly looked ahead and said, "It's not rare to see such matters happen among unaffiliated Beyonders. Without any suitable guidance, it often implies that they're constantly dancing at the edge of a cliff with the possibility of falling at any time."

Audrey tersely acknowledged and said after a few seconds, "I know. Compared to before, I'm not as... not as..."

She deliberated for a moment before breaking into a grimacing smile, as though she had found a suitable adjective she required to mock herself.

"Naive."

Phew... She then exhaled without hiding it as she looked ahead. "If I had known that the mysterious world was so cruel and terrifying last June, I might not have raised the request of becoming a Beyonder."

Klein turned his head slightly and took a look at the noble lady's face. He asked in a seemingly casual manner, "If I were to give you the chance now to completely leave the mysterious world, would you accept it?"

Audrey was taken aback as she slowly pursed her lips and said,

“No…”

After giving such a response, she seemed to relax a little as she smiled and continued, “Under the premise of knowing how cruel and terrifying the mysterious world is, the me from last June would’ve given up being a Beyonder. But the me of this year wouldn’t.

“This might be the price of growing up.”

“I understand what you’re getting at.” Klein continued forward at the same pace as he said, “After those victims are completely purified, a number of them will spit out Worms of Time. They can be used to create Fate Siphon charms. It’s a demigod-level item that can switch the fate between two parties for a short period of time. When the time comes, I’ll give you one as payment for today’s treatment.”

Audrey was about to decline it before she fell silent again. She then nodded gently and said, “Okay.”

Just as she said that, she suddenly paused. She turned her head to glance at Gehrman Sparrow and smilingly said with a mixed expression, “I know why you just asked me that question.”

Klein chuckled without giving a direct answer.

Audrey retracted her gaze and immediately felt a lot better. She asked as though they were having a chat, “I participated in the punishment operation at noon, and I dealt with the Amon aftermath in the afternoon. Today is really a ‘Tarot Day’…”

Her words were a double entendre as she said with utmost

wistfulness.

From her point of view, noon was a cooperative operation that involved five members—The Moon, The Star, Judgment, Justice, and The Magician—with different levels of involvement. In the afternoon, the Tarot Club's The World and Justice had involved themselves in the elimination of Amon's avatars in different ways. This was indeed a day to remember, and in a sense, it could be considered a "Tarot Day."

Klein nodded in agreement at Miss Justice's words, but he didn't tell her that The Star Leonard had also been involved in the afternoon operation. Furthermore, he was the main force in the operation.

"Amon's avatar must've been difficult to deal with, right?" Audrey finally found an opportunity to raise the question.

She stared at Gehrman Sparrow, making no attempt to hide the curiosity in her green eyes.

Klein smiled.

"If I had done it alone, you wouldn't be seeing Gehrman Sparrow, but Amon here instead."

"Having your destiny and identity stolen?" Audrey asked in enlightenment.

Klein tersely acknowledged.

"We'll discuss the specifics in the future. In short, to eliminate

all of the Amon avatars in Backlund this time, we had mobilized angels.

"If you were to encounter Amon's avatars in the future, never believe that you have the means to handle 'Him' alone. Immediately find an opportunity to seek help. Yes, 'His' trait is the wearing of a monocle. He enjoys pulling off harrowing pranks..."

Angels were mobilized... I wonder if it was that Death Consul or the angel from the Fate domain, or... Audrey looked up at the sky and saw the clouds frozen in midair. They appeared like props under the dark background.

Like an attentive student listening to a teacher, she seriously nodded and said, "I will keep that in mind."

The two continued walking, occasionally silent, occasionally breaking out into a conversation until they entered 160 Böklund Street.

After a few minutes, inside the activity room of Hazel's house.

Macht and company suddenly had the strong urge to sit in their seats, raise their hands, and place their clasped hands before their mouth. They then began to piously pray and chant the Evernight Goddess's honorific name.

After an unknown period of time, they coughed in unison until their tears and snot flowed out.

Cough! Cough! Cough!

Without realizing it, they separately coughed out worms with twelve translucent rings.

The moment these worms fell to the ground, they vanished without garnering any notice.

Similar things happened in other places of Böklund Street, but everything was quickly restored to normal. And the darkness had faded away at some point in time as the clouds began churning again from the sweeping winds.

Amidst her parents' coughing, Hazel slowly regained consciousness. She was puzzled as to how she fell asleep on the sofa during high tea.

She felt that she should've been in an excellent mood, but she just couldn't bring herself to smile. She felt as though there was a feeling of indescribable sadness and pain bearing over her heart.

Upon seeing her parents' concerned gaze landing on her, not only wasn't she touched, she even felt a little fearful. She trembled like an introvert who wasn't accustomed to making contact with others.

Hazel knew that this wasn't her personality, but she couldn't control herself.

However, she didn't find it weird or puzzling as she continued enjoying the high tea pastries.

Macht and Riana felt the same. They had a nagging feeling that there was something hazy about their memories, but they just

couldn't recall what.

...

160 Böklund Street. In the master bedroom which had its curtains drawn.

A figure suddenly outlined itself across the coffee table. It was the barefooted Arianna—leader of the ascetics, matron of the Evernight Cloister, head of the thirteen archbishops of the Church of Evernight. She was wearing a spartan robe with tree bark as her belt.

In the lady's eyes, the gray sideburned Dwayne Dantès was about to leave the sofa. On the coffee table in front of him were nine transparent ringed worms.

"Good afternoon, Ma'am Arianna," Klein said with a solemn bow. "Thanks to your help, Amon's avatars in Backlund have all been eliminated. You can choose a portion of these spoils of war."

He had previously prepared a marionette beside every person who had been Parasitized, and he used an Illusion to bring these Worms of Time back.

After hearing him, Arianna tapped her chest four times in a clockwise fashion and replied in a pious manner, "Praise the Lady."

"She" didn't decline the offer or stand on ceremony. She reached out her right hand, and two Worms of Time flew up and landed in her palm.

“Amon must have certain guesses about this. You still have to be careful in the future,” Arianna said simply before her figure vanished inch by inch as though she had been erased.

Watching this archbishop leave, Klein sat down and picked up a pen and paper, writing to Leonard Mitchell.

He wanted to ask what other effects the Worms of Time had other than creating Fate Siphon charms!

He believed that he couldn’t turn all the remaining Worms of Time into Fate Siphon charms, as it would be too monotonous. It made it easy to be countered, and it prevented him from handling different situations. Therefore, he had to consider other possible uses.

With the Worm of Time as a vessel, he could use the powers stirred from other symbols, patterns, and labels that differed from The Fool. This would likely result in different effects from the Fate Siphon charm. And this was something Pallez Zoroast was an expert at.

After writing his letter, Klein took out the adventurer’s harmonica and blew at it.

Reinette walked out of the void with the four blonde, red-eyed head in hand. The eight eyes paused before looking at the remaining seven Worms of Time on the coffee table.

Miss Messenger looked at it for three full seconds before retracting “Her” gaze. She then bit on the letter and gold coin which Klein handed over.

“Still 7 Pinster Street,” Klein succinctly said.

Reinette Tinekerr’s remaining three heads replied, “In the future…” “You…” “Can seek…” “My help…” “In such…” “Matters…”

“The payment…” “Will be the…” “Spoils of war…”

Klein was taken aback as he said, “Alright.”

After Miss Messenger returned to the spirit world and vanished from his room, he frowned and muttered, *Since she can recognize the Worms of Time, it means that she knows that this battle might have escalated to the level of angels…*

She wasn’t afraid at all…

Miss Messenger is stronger than I imagined?

…

7 Pinster Street. Leonard received Klein’s letter from Reinette Tinekerr’s mouth.

He still felt a hint of excitement as he eagerly unfolded the letter and read it.

After the messenger left, he immediately asked with a suppressed voice, “Old Man, there should be other ways to create charms, right?”

Just now, Pallez Zoroast had given him two Worms of Time from Amon as today's reward for the risk he took.

In Leonard's mind, the slightly-aged voice replied with a smiling tone, *"Of course, once I sleep for a while and digest what we received this time, I'll teach you. It wouldn't take too long. Also, do not go to Böklund Street any time soon."*

"Why?" Leonard asked in surprise.

Pallez Zoroast chuckled and said, *"All of Amon's avatars in Backlund have been eliminated, and it is in no way a trivial matter. The number of people who can do that is just a handful. So, do you think 'He' will have some guesses?"*

This... Leonard's nerves tensed up again.

Pallez continued, *"However, there's no need to be too worried. 'His' true body wouldn't be able to enter Backlund, and having recovered quite significantly, I don't have to be too worried about 'His' avatars. In addition, I've found a piece of information from Flora Jacob from 'His' memory fragments. Somewhere in Backlund hides the treasure of the Jacob family.*

"We shall wait until the end of the year for the gathering. There, we will seek out and cooperate with the other descendants of the Jacob family to excavate that treasure trove to share the items inside. When that happens, even if Amon gathers a large number of avatars, raising it to almost the level of a Sequence 1, there's no way he can truly defeat me. Heh heh, to ensure balance, Dwayne Dantès can also be involved in it."

Chapter 1009: Payment Is Always Exacted for What's Bestowed

Leonard immediately felt very relieved when he heard Old Man Pallez.

He cast his attention back to the angel-level battle that happened in the afternoon and asked rather curiously, "Which pathway's angel does that giant serpent phantom belong to?"

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a moment before saying with a sigh, "Snake of Fate. The councilor of the Life School of Thought. A Sequence 1 angel.

"I never expected 'Him' to join them..."

Councilor of the Life School of Thought? "He" has also become a Blessed of Mr. Fool? The corresponding card is the Wheel of Fortune? Leonard's eyes widened as he realized that Mr. Fool's faction seemed comparable to the seven orthodox Churches. It was truly unfathomable.

Death Consul... Snake of Fate... Incomplete messenger... There are three angels under Mr. Fool... It's no wonder Klein was able to become a demigod so quickly... Just how long has it been and I've already been embroiled in a battle at the angel level. It's really unimaginable how things will develop in the future... Leonard held the letter and sat on the sofa. He felt another sense of urgency towards digesting his Soul Assurer potion and advancing to Spirit Warlock.

He had been busy placating the souls in the Backlund region

recently, but due to the numerous missions, he was still far from completing them. He couldn't find an excuse or opportunity to visit Tingen City to steal the powers from that drop of the Eternal Blazing Sun's blood. Furthermore, the arrival of Amon's avatars had been quicker than he had expected.

South of the Bridge, Rose Street, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White, who had changed into a brown priest robe, stood in front of a long table with candle stands. He watched Ernes Boyar working hard at wiping the altar before he raised his right hand and casually pointed.

To the side. Left side. That spot's dirty."

Ernes Boyar, who also wore the clergyman attire of the Earth Mother, shot an angry look at Emlyn, but he still listened to his instructions and re-wiped the area he hadn't wiped seriously.

"I know you're very mad. It's how I felt when I learned that you deliberately hid key information from the ancient castle intel you sold me," Emlyn said with a smile, completely unfazed by his glare. "Also, I forgot to inform you. I'm also a viscount. It happened last week."

Sanguine Viscounts corresponded to the Moon pathway's Sequence 5 Scarlet Scholar. The advancement ritual required the illumination of the full moon. Apart from that, one had to gather different metals, gems, and Beyonder creature blood that represented the different moon phases. It was rather complicated.

However, Emlyn had long obtained the promise from the Sanguine upper echelons that a free advancement ritual would be held for him. He could advance easily once the full moon

came.

As for the digestion of Potions Professor, he had completed digesting it without putting too much effort into it. This was because he often taught commoners who were willing to learn at the Harvest Church to learn about herbs and medicine, and even combinations of some special potions. And apart from usually collecting dolls, researching history, and doing volunteer work at the cathedral, he loved thinking about the different potions and considering how they could be used in different battle situations.

"...You're a viscount?" Ernes Boyar abruptly stood up straight as he wore a flabbergasted look.

Among the Sanguine, as they were all long-lived, they had quite a huge population. The number of Beyonder characteristics was limited, so advancing was a very difficult endeavor. One had to be in a long line before they had the opportunity to advance. However, Emlyn White had only been a Baron for half a year!

Ernes remembered that it took him six years to go from Baron to Viscount. This was because his father had suffered an attack from Artificial Vampires. His passing left him the inheritance.

"Of course." Emlyn's smug smile grew obvious, but he remained restrained. "I obtained a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristics from Artificial Vampires."

Ernes Boyar looked at Emlyn, momentarily at a loss for words. He felt that he had suffered a heavier blow than needing to do volunteer work at the Harvest Church.

Your expression is rather interesting." Emlyn tsked and said, "Perhaps one day, you'll have to address me as lord when I

become an Earl."

"Preposterous! What arrogance!" Ernes blurted.

I'm already very humble. I didn't mention I would become a Duke or even a Princeps... How am I to be the Sanguine's messiah without being an angel? Besides, in our Tarot Club, Mr. World has already advanced to become a demigod. Ma'am Hermit won't take much longer. This will definitely be a club filled with demigods... Emlyn chortled without arguing with Ernes like he usually would. He took on an attitude that whatever Ernes said was beneath him.

Of course, he also understood that the advantage the Sanguine had after the Scarlet Scholar stage no longer existed. Becoming an Earl was in no way easier than an Artificial Vampire advancing to Shaman King.

The digestion of the Scarlet Scholar potion is still relatively simple. All one needs to do is sincerely like the moon, worship the moon, and study the moon. This is what most Sanguine do usually...However, the corresponding ritual is in the hands of the demigods. Without their approval, even if I were to obtain a Shaman King Beyonder characteristic from The Sun, I won't be able to become an Earl... Emlyn might be arrogant, but he knew very clearly what was required of him subsequently.

There were two core powers of Scarlet Scholar. First, it was to create an environment that was advantageous to them. When the enemy wasn't good at spirituality or things related to the spirit world, they could create the effects of the full moon. On the contrary, they would also make the moon vanish if necessary. Second, it was to gain an instantaneous blink and a spectral form state under a certain area of the moon's illumination. Even if they were smashed to bits by an enemy, they could still reform themselves under the moonlight.

And the strength of these powers was derived from one's comprehension and research of the moon domain as Scarlet Scholars.

As for the strengthening of darkness-related spells, the enhancements of potion effects, and the resistance towards Nightmare-like influences, they were just supplementary.

Ernes was enraged by Emlyn's attitude. Just as he was about to speak again, he saw the mountainlike half-giant, Utravsky, walk out from behind the cathedral.

He hurriedly bent his back and bowed his head as he continued cleaning the altar.

Emlyn White also picked up his cloth and the candle stand, wiping its surface with great proficiency.

In the silent atmosphere, he thought of something: If he were to leave the Harvest Church now, would the upper echelons of the Sanguine force him to hand over the mystical items and supernatural props he obtained from Ernes.

This... I really have no reason to reject their request, because some of the items don't belong to Ernes in the first place... Emlyn thought about it seriously and decided to return to the room later. He would set up a ritual and sacrifice the spoils of war he received to Mr. Fool. When the time came, he could split it with the other members like The Star and Justice.

Uh, Oath of Rose cannot be sacrificed. It's only one part of the pair. Whoever obtains it will be discovered and identified by the wielder of the other ring... I'll just treat it as a spoil of war. I'll hand it over to Marquis Nibbs tonight. I should be able to exchange it for some rewards... As for the rest, I won't participate

in the splitting... Emlyn very quickly came up with a plan.

As for whether the Sanguine upper echelons would bear a grudge over this, he wasn't too worried. This was because he would also mention in passing about the cooperation that the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction had requested while handing over the Oath of Rose.

This matter had happened last week. He had planned on informing the Sanguine upper echelon, but in the few minigatherings, The Hanged Man had advised him to do so after the punishment operation. It would accentuate his importance and mitigate any anger or resentment.

Striking with a stick, and offering a carrot? At that moment in time, Emlyn suddenly had a deeper understanding of the suggestion.

160 Boklund Street. Inside Dwayne Dantes's bedroom.

The spoils of war received are pretty good. A diamond brooch that can raise one's energy and maintain lucidity while resisting spells that act on the Body of Heart and Mind. A paper figurine that can prevent any fatal damage and Psychic Piercing. A belt that can produce Sun and Lightning damage. A wallet that contains more than 300 pounds... After receiving the sacrifice and returning to the real world, Klein silently sighed as he sat in front of his study desk. He then took out a transparent maggot.

Upon seeing this maggot, he felt his head ache, recalling the pain of having his Soul Body fracture.

This was a Worm of Spirit that he had fractured from himself. It was to be made into the payment given to Snake of Fate Will Auceptin.

He already had an idea on how to replicate the item which could briefly allow someone to restore their strength. It was to use the Worm of Spirit as a vessel and copy the complete symbol from before to garner a response from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

For this, the outcome of his divination was that it would be rather successful.

That item's true essence is actually one of the powers of the Seer pathway's Sequence 3, Scholar of Yore. To borrow a portion of one's power from one's past self... Responding with The Fool's identity would definitely work...

The only problem is that the corresponding dimensionality, mystery, complexity, and danger of the symbols cannot be directly engraved on different metal plates... According to Will Auceptin, I have to use Cogitation and draw on my spirituality to draw it on the Worm of Spirit...

If it succeeds, I'll make myself one. I'll look at myself from the past and see if it will be Klein Moretti's childhood or myself hanging in the cocoon above the door of light... If it's the latter, it's best if I can confirm how long I've been hanging... Klein entered a Cogitation state while in thought. Then, he kept constructing symbols with his mind, allowing his spirituality to repeat this process outside as it penetrated the Worm of Spirit.

This was a complicated and difficult task. If he wasn't careful, it might lead to failure.

As the invisible symbols fell and augmented the Worm of Spirit, Klein suddenly trembled. The Worm of Spirit ignited by itself and turned to ashes.

Looking at his empty palm, Klein felt a headache. After a long period of silence, he silently muttered, Life sure is difficult...

Chapter 1010: Consultant Fee

After rubbing his forehead, Klein was just about to split another Worm of Spirit when he suddenly saw Reinette in her dark, complicated-looking dress walk out of the void and stand beside the desk.

In the mouth of one of Miss Messenger's heads was a neatly folded letter.

"Who's it from?" Klein asked in passing.

Reinette Tinekerr's remaining three heads replied, "The..." "Mushroom..." "King's..." "Superior..."

Mushroom King? Klein was stunned for a full two seconds before realizing that it could be Frank Lee.

And Frank Lee's superior was Admiral of Stars, Cattleya.

"The 'Mushroom King' is Frank Lee?" Klein asked in confirmation as he reached out to take the letter.

With the four blonde, red-eyed heads' hair being held, they were made to bob up and down as though they were nodding.

Miss Messenger even gives others nicknames... That's not right. Frank doesn't just specialize in mushrooms. His "domains" include cows, malt, fish, Rose Bishops... It's because Frank has had a breakthrough in his mushroom experiments, so Miss Messenger saw a boat-full of mushrooms? Klein couldn't help

but draw a breath as he hurriedly unfolded the letter.

He was worried that the letter was Ma'am Hermit's plea for help.

Of course, he wasn't too anxious because, at the most critical juncture, an experienced pirate like Admiral of Stars would definitely choose to pray to Mr. Fool.

This letter did come from the Future's captain, Cattleya. On it were neatly written words:

"... The Queen has already confirmed the time and place. Wednesday, 11 p.m. Same place.

"...I've no idea what you said to Frank Lee, but I can tell that he has been very excited recently. He has done many experiments with the Artisan. He said that he would be able to produce another phase of results in three-to six-months time. He also made it clear that if he were to obtain the Druid potion, he could save on making many intermediary objects and directly produce the final outcome. All I can say is that I wish you the best.

"...I hope that everything will come to an end before the Artisan completely breaks down. He has already begun regretting his faith in the Primordial Moon..."

Should I be happy that the securing of the City of Silver's food supply has progressed, or should I be worried about accidents? Klein rubbed his temples and decided to put the matter aside. After all, Ma'am Hermit, who was almost about to become a demigod, was watching Frank. If some unexpected development really happened, she would definitely seek help.

Phew... Having finally confirmed his meeting with Queen Mystic, he heaved a sigh of relief and flicked his wrist, burning the letter in scarlet red flames.

After watching Miss Messenger leave, he continued splitting a Worm of Spirit when he suddenly frowned. He felt that the desk and the letter's ashes in the trash can were abnormally off-putting.

Subconsciously, Klein got some tissue and wiped the desk before covering the trash can.

After doing all of this, he looked at his dirtied hands and stood up. He headed for the washroom and turned on the tap.

As he washed his hands, he caught sight of the toilet beside him through the corner of his eye. He frowned bit by bit again.

"Today's cleaning wasn't done well enough..." Klein softly muttered and suddenly sensed something wrong with him.

Amidst his thoughts, his spiritual intuition quickly explained why he was feeling this way.

This was a side effect of using Death Knell!

As he had already become a demigod, allowing him to have a qualitative change in his Spirit Body and attain godhood; the corresponding negative effects had been reduced by more than 90%. The terrifying weakness of germaphobia ended up becoming a trait of cleanliness OCD.

Likewise, the period of weakness dropped from six hours to one hour. And the thirst that Death Knell gave him was no longer as obvious.

"Thankfully..." Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he skillfully pulled out the toilet brush from the side.

Eleven in the evening, above the gray fog, due to Emlyn White's request, all the members who had involved themselves in the punishment operation- Justice, The Star, Judgment, The Magician, and The Hanged Man

-appeared inside the ancient magnificent palace.

"These are all the spoils of war." Emlyn threw 3,000 pounds that he had just sacrificed in the middle of the table and explained, "One of the mystical items was Oath of Rose. It's a paired ring, allowing the wearers to be able to share their senses and thoughts with one another within a normal-sized city regardless of the distance. It's very valuable, but only one of the rings was acquired. It would spell danger for anyone who takes it. Therefore, I handed it over to the Sanguine upper echelons and received 3,000 pounds in return."

He originally thought of keeping the 3,000 pounds as his spoils of war, but he decided that it was better to sacrifice it and make it be one of the options.

After a pause, Emlyn introduced the other items, listing their uses and negative side effects. He had even added more to the description-knowledge stemmed from his penchant for Sanguine history and some shared by Ernes Boyar under Father Utravsky's watch.

He is doing it with the intent of flaunting... Otherwise, with Mr.

Moon's character, he wouldn't say so much... Oh, the reason for him being relaxed is due to Mr. Fool's absence... Audrey watched as a bystander without saying which item she wanted.

Alger glanced at the spoils of war and said to Emlyn, "Have you met the Sanguine upper echelons? Has the hunting of the key members of the Rose School of Thought been confirmed?"

"Pretty much. I've also established contact with a member from the temperance faction. However, he wishes to carry out the operation after September." Emlyn didn't hide the truth, believing that Mr. Hanged Man could provide useful pointers.

Indeed, Alger nodded and asked, "It has to be after September?

"This means that they are waiting for something that will drastically change the situation..."

Klein, who was waiting for the mini-gathering to end somewhere else in the ancient palace, suspected that it had something to do with Miss Sharron's advancement when he heard that.

According to Miss Sharron, she should've been able to attempt the demigod ritual in July... Don't tell me that this ritual will last at least a month? If that's the case, it's quite different from the other pathways... Klein had a theory he wasn't too sure about.

"Possibly." Emlyn thought for a while before agreeing with Mr. Hanged Man's words.

Following that, he surveyed the area and said with a smile, "You can begin choosing."

Audrey had Mr. World's promised Fate Siphon charm, and Leonard had obtained the corresponding rewards from Old Man Pallez. They appeared rather calm with the spoils of war "offered" by the Sanguine Viscount. None of them rushed to speak as they politely waited for the others to go first.

In addition, they had either experienced an angel-level battle in person or witnessed the horror brought about by Amon's avatars. Furthermore, they had confirmed that the Tarot Club contained potent forces, and they were suffering from some level of mental fatigue.

Xio looked to her right before looking forward. Seeing everyone being so modest, she broke the silence.

"I was involved in a very simple part of this and didn't take much of a risk. Furthermore, Mr. Moon has already paid 60 pounds in advance. I'll just take the cash in the wallet."

As she spoke, she took the handcrafted wallet, took out the cash, and counted it.

"335 pounds."

Emlyn surveyed the area and nodded when no one objected.

"Okay."

As for the handcrafted wallet, Xio threw it in the middle of the table and returned it to Mr. Moon to handle it himself.

With Xio taking the lead, Fors said, "I only lent out Leymano's

Travels and didn't take on any risks. I'll take that Moon Paper Figurine…"

Compared to the mystical items, such expendable Beyonder items were relatively lower in value.

However, to The Magician herself, she wouldn't have selected a mystical item even if she was qualified. This was because she could hire the corresponding member to Record it if she needed a particular power of the mystical item. As for Moon Paper Figurine, an expendable item that could take a fatal blow and Psychic Piercing once, it couldn't be Recorded. It was definitely the first choice for someone who feared for her life.

After saying that, she waited for a moment. Only when no one objected did she take the Moon Paper Figurine.

Emlyn then cast his gaze at Miss Justice. Leonard extended his hand and said with a smile, "Ladies first."

Audrey didn't decline the offer as she swept her gaze across the items on the table. She pointed at the diamond brooch and said with a smile, "I'll take this."

She had heard Mr. Moon mention that its name was Alcohol Nemesis. It kept the wearer brimming with energy with lucidity in their thoughts, giving them resistance to influences on the Body of Heart and Mind.

Thankfully, I had first used Bribe-Charm to be safe, and with Ernes still being in a half-conscious state after waking up from the dream, I wouldn't have been able to Hypnotize him… This item is also useful to me. At the very least, it will give me another layer of protection when facing the higher-level members of the Psychology Alchemists… I don't have to worry

about the negative effects if I don't always wear it... Audrey thought thankfully as she retracted her gaze from the diamond brooch in satisfaction.

After the selection, Emlyn didn't give Leonard the chance to speak as he directly said, "This Moon Sash is yours."

From his point of view, the Moon Sash was worth more than 5,000 pounds, something more valuable than the 3,000 pounds in cash.

Actually, I was leaning towards taking the 3,000 pounds... I have to buy the Word of the Sea, and the price is still 10,000 pounds after Klein gave a discount... After spending that, I'll only have 650 pounds in savings... Leonard ultimately didn't reject it as he nodded.

"Okay."

Emlyn finished distributing the spoils of war and picked up the remaining 3,000 pounds in cash. He then split a stack and pushed it to the side.

"Mr. Hanged Man, this is your payment. 1,000 pounds."

"You should call it the consultation fee." Without Mr. Fool present, Fors was also a lot more relaxed.

Alger didn't stand on ceremony as he nodded, reaching out to take the stack of cash.

"The compensation for the carriage driver will also be borne by

me." Emlyn surveyed the area in a rather good mood.

11 p.m. on Wednesday, at the south entrance of the Backlund Bridge.

A figure quickly phased into existence in the night sky, with one hand on his hat and the other hand by his buttons.

He had black hair, brown eyes, and sharp facial features. This strongest adventurer with the cold expression was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

Chapter 1011: Roselle's Other Warning

It was late at night with the thick clouds concealing the moon. It was dark across the Backlund Bridge.

Just as Klein "Teleported" here, he saw green pea vines descend from the sky like a storm that enveloped his surroundings before he could look around.

They intertwined and quickly formed a forest. They stacked upwards in layers, making it impossible to see its peak.

Klein released his right hand's grip on his top hat and familiarly followed up the path paved by the vines.

It didn't take long before he saw a naturally-formed swing made out of green plants. He also saw Queen Mystic Bernadette who stood beside the swing.

This eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle had a head of long chestnut hair. She wore a blouse with laced flowers that formed a bow tie. She matched it with a gray dress that went past her knees and a pair of Wellington leather boots. She also wore a bonnet with a hanging black fishnet.

"You've grown faster than I had imagined." Bernadette's blue eyes behind the black fishnet reflected Gehrman Sparrow's figure.

Klein replied without any change in expression, "Praise Mr. Fool."

As he said that, he inwardly lampooned, *This is what it means to strive to be stronger, relying on oneself rather than on others!*

Queen Mystic nodded slightly as she said with a gentle but emotionless voice, “I know why you want to see me.”

Without waiting for Klein to say a word, she tilted her head slightly and looked at the vine swing beside her. She said in a tone as calm as a lake that had countless undercurrents beneath it, “I feel that he hasn’t really perished completely.”

...Does that mean you believe that Emperor Roselle hasn’t died completely? He lives somewhere in this world, with a chance for him to return? Klein didn’t expect to hear such a straightforward and sensational words right at the beginning of their conversation. Although he easily controlled his expression, he was somewhat at a loss for a reply.

At the same time, he noticed that Bernadette referred to Emperor Roselle as “he” instead of “He.” Regardless if they were using ancient Feysac to speak or the normal daily language used in Loen or Intis, they were completely different words.

This means that deep down in Queen Mystic’s heart, Emperor Roselle isn’t an angel, but a father... Klein calmed down his emotions and deliberated before asking, “Why do you have such thoughts?”

Bernadette retracted her gaze from the vine swing and said with the same gentle voice, “Towards the final stages of his life, although he was crazy and radical, everything he did had preparations in place. I believe that he must’ve prepared something for himself.

“You should know that he attempted to switch pathways in his

later years and tried for the vacant Black Emperor throne. This required him to build nine secret mausoleums in the form of pyramids.

"After he died in the White Maple Palace, the Churches of the Eternal Blazing Sun and Steam jointly found eight mausoleums and destroyed each one of them. However, the ninth mausoleum remains to be discovered. No one knows where it's hidden.

"If he had already become Black Emperor, he can definitely awaken inside that mausoleum. If he fails, I believe that there's a possibility of using it for his resurrection..."

Bernadette's voice softened as she spoke. Towards the end, her voice was ethereal and nearly indiscernible.

You aren't that confident either... It's mostly a kind of hope and expectation... Klein sighed.

Suddenly, he recalled the words by King of the Five Seas Nast.

Emperor Roselle liked to stand in front of a particular floor-to-ceiling window and look to the west.

From Roselle's diary, Klein knew that "He" had discovered the Abyss's entrance in the Fog Sea west of Intis. There, he had found a primitive island and believed that it was filled with oddities and was worth exploring.

Could it be that... Emperor Roselle built the last secret mausoleum in the Abyss or on that primitive island? Klein thought for a moment before smiling.

“You seem to understand the Black Emperor pathway very well.”

He suspected that Emperor Roselle had left the Black Emperor card as a bookmark and had used Bernadette’s name in ancient Feysac as the activation incantation because he partially wanted to inform his daughter of the corresponding ritual. In the end, Bernadette had seemingly grasped the information via other means.

The lips behind Queen Mystic’s fishnet veil produced a slight curl.

“I’ve already investigated this matter for more than a century. And to figure out the details, I’ve suffered the infusion of knowledge from the Hidden Sage.

“I can tell that you, and Mr. Fool who’s backing you, have a deep understanding of this… I’ve always been curious why you’re so interested in his matters.”

From the current situation, and in terms of seniority, you could call me uncle… The emperor and I might very well be “roommates” who had been hung up for many years… Klein lampooned to relieve his emotional upheavals. However, he replied in a calm tone, “You can raise this question to Mr. Fool.”

He didn’t plan on telling Bernadette that the ninth secret mausoleum might be somewhere in the Fog Sea, very likely to be on the primitive island, or in the Abyss. It was more suitable for The Fool to answer the question.

Queen Mystic wasn’t surprised by Gehrman Sparrow’s response. She cast her gaze west to a certain spot far away.

Although he couldn't see Bernadette's gaze, Klein could vaguely sense that this lady was looking at the place where she had her childhood. She was looking at her spiritual home, the home where she could no longer return to.

At that moment, in the green vines and deep darkness, there were a lot of subtle emotions and dreams that hid deep in the heart, fermenting.

In just a matter of seconds, Queen Mystic retracted her gaze and gently said, "After my matters in Backlund ends, I'll pass a few pages to Cattleya and get her to ask the question on my behalf."

"Why don't you ask next week?" Klein didn't hide his puzzlement.

Bernadette calmly replied, "I feel that the answer will affect my mood, and a bad mood will result in my failure."

A failure because of a bad mood? What sort of matter has such strict requirements? A clash with a demigod of the mind domain? Or perhaps, after she resolves the knots in her heart, will she have the confidence to attempt to become an angel? Klein nodded in thought without pressing.

This was a secret of hers, something that it was best not to ask about unless necessary.

Queen Mystic then said, "When he wrote those few diary pages, I was sitting opposite him. I wanted him to teach me how to interpret and write those symbols. He didn't agree to it and only ruffled my hair. Back then, I was already of age…

“I can tell that he was worried, apprehensive, and in a difficult position when he wrote those pages. Finally, he told me that if I can really become an important figure of the mysterious world as Zaratul predicted, I must make sure to remember—be careful of the ‘Spectator.’”

Be careful of the “Spectator”… Klein couldn’t help but inwardly repeat Roselle’s warning.

He believed that the emperor wouldn’t be broadly referring to the Beyonders of the Spectator pathway. He was definitely pointing to a particular special existence, some special matter, or both.

Emperor Roselle was a member of that ancient secret organization… That ancient secret organization’s founder and leader is… Klein’s eyelids twitched as he didn’t dare to think any further, afraid that a particular existence would hear his thoughts.

“Perhaps there are detailed descriptions on that diary page,” he said, hoping to see that diary page as soon as possible.

“I know.” Bernadette nodded.

She didn’t continue on the topic. After two seconds of silence, she said, “I should thank Mr. Fool and you on Cattleya’s behalf. Obtaining the blood of a Snake of Fate is very helpful towards her future.

“Although the advancement ritual of a Mysticologist doesn’t have any requirements on the Mythical Creature’s pathway, the best choice is still the Fate pathway. This will make it a lot easier for her when she advances to Sequence 3.”

“Why?” Klein asked with the mindset of learning new knowledge.

After all, it was impossible for a Blessed to know everything. Even a true god was incapable of that!

Bernadette’s eyes turned slightly vacant.

“Another way to call ‘prying into the secrets of fate’ is ‘clairvoyance.’ The Mystery Pryer’s Sequence 3 is called Clairvoyant. This also why I’m in Backlund.”

Due to a particular future prediction? Klein mused, having a guess and some level of enlightenment, “Many pathways seem to have the ability of clairvoyance.”

The corners of Queen Mystic’s mouth curled up slightly as she sighed and said, “In ancient times, many Beyonder creatures believe that gathering similar powers would lead to a qualitative change and breakthrough, but all of them went mad without exception or lost control. Only after the first Blasphemy Slate appeared did all creatures realize that balance—the kind of balance needed to walk on the edge of a cliff—was key to the path of extraordinariness.”

Therefore, a domain’s powers can be scattered across many pathways, concentrating on a few main pathways while the other pathways share the remnants? Hmm, a negative example is the King of the North from Groselle’s Travels, Ulyssan… Klein fell into a deep thought without pressing.

After a while, Queen Mystic broke the silence.

“If you have nothing else, let’s end it here today.”

Klein thought for a moment before saying, “Alright, if you need any help, you can find me through Admiral of Stars.”

Bernadette nodded gently as her figure suddenly turned transparent before turning into a cluster of bubbles.

The bubbles scattered and flew off before vanishing immediately. The dark green pea vines retracted and vanished into the night.

Klein seemed to be held by an invisible hand as he landed gently on the Backlund Bridge.

He reached out his hand to press his top hat and surveyed his surroundings. There were rows of houses lining the banks, emitting faint yellow lights. Amidst the gushing sound of the surging river and the darkness of the night, everything appeared serene, silent, warm, and peaceful.

I hope none of this will be destroyed… Klein sighed as his figure quickly turned transparent and faded away.

Chapter 1012: First Day of September

“Dear Mr. Azik,

“Ever since September was ushered in, Backlund’s temperature has been dropping day after day. Recently, the elderly can already be seen wearing gloves when outdoors.

“Just like last year, the smog has begun to envelop the city. This would happen one to two days a week, or even more. Clearly, the environmental measures governing air pollution aren’t something that can be resolved in a year or two. It will take at least five years. Something that should be worth being happy about is that the pungent smell in the air has already lessened significantly. My Sanguine friend is very pleased with such weather.

“Another delightful change is that more and more students, postmen, and technical workers have bought bikes. The number of carriages on the streets has decreased, implying that the smell of horse feces and the stench it brings is no longer the main pollutant in Backlund’s air. Of course, they still occupy a rather important position. As you know, those ladies and gentlemen who think highly of their standing wouldn’t casually lower their own standards of 1冷邮 However, based on my observations, their kids are gradually having a growing interest in bikes.

“I’ve been leading a normal life during this period of time. I go to Saint Samuel Cathedral and the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation a few times a week, participating in their activities and continuously donating cash. I occasionally visit the turf club, watch plays and orchestras, or play cards or golf at the club. During weekends, I either participate in balls, banquets, or saloons.

“I forgot to mention that I’ve already bought a manor. It formerly belonged to Duke Negan and is called ‘Maygur.’ It has its own excellent vineyard and brewery, as well as a huge forest and plantation on it. It can be used for farming and hunting. Its main building has a huge rectangular shape with four stories. It has a large number of rooms, and a casual tour of the place without walking out the door would take me more than ten thousand steps. At the same time, it also has a large number of sculptures, oil paintings, decorations, and exquisite cutlery. It’s simply palatial.

“Perhaps my description is a little exaggerated. After all, I’ve never seen a real palace. This is also the first manor that I own. I still remember my time in Tingen. I lived in a rental apartment with only two bedrooms with my brother and sister. Every day, we slept to the smell of coal.

“This was introduced to me by Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor. It cost me 20,000 pounds. You don’t have to worry about my financial situation. I made a huge sum of money from the Southern Continent, and I also sold some mystical items. Currently, I still have more than 17,000 pounds in cash and 15,000 pounds worth of gold bars, including various gold coins, soli, and pence.

“I’m rather satisfied with Maygur and have sent my former valet, Richardson, to be the land steward. It’s now autumn, and I’m going to invite guests to enjoy a pleasant weekend there. I hope Richardson can make adequate preparations.

“The mysterious world in Backlund hasn’t changed for now. I hope it will continue like this.

“The magic mirror I previously mentioned to you has been restored to normal. However, it seems to still suffer from post-traumatic stress due to the damage Amon had dealt it. As long as I question it about what happened, it will automatically change

the color of its text and give an erroneous answer and repeatedly request me to compliment it.

“It also has different views on leaving the Church of Steam. It seems to have decided to stay a little longer, believing that it would be safer that way. It has even thought of showcasing its danger and become a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. I have to say that I’m always surprised with the way it thinks.

“Thanks to some of its answers, I’ve found a way to create pure darkness. It is to create it with a charm of the Evernight domain that has dreamworld properties. It’s considered a response of the Evemight Goddess and is categorized under pure darkness. In addition, after repeated tests, I’ve finally figured out the way to carve the godhood symbols through Cogitation and create the item I want.”

Upon writing this, Klein, who was sitting on the sofa while using his thigh as his table, stopped writing and rubbed his temples.

Repeated failures implied the repeated loss of Worms of Spirit, and every separation was a damaging blow to his Spirit Body. It took him a long time to recover.

Therefore, in order to have redundancies to prevent any accidents, Klein never pushed himself to the limit. After separating three or four Worms of Spirit, he would choose to rest for a few days before beginning the engraving process. Such breaks took him this long to master the method and create a finished product.

Glancing at the rectangular “diamond” beside him, he saw layers of complicated symbols that extended into the void from the constantly refracting light. His head felt a little dizzy as though he was witnessing a part of history.

I'll call it the Yesterday Once More charm... Klein retracted his gaze and continued writing:

"The coastal regions have had another storm brewing. The two Houses of the kingdom have entered the traditional phase of debating over bills. With the footsteps of the new year approaching and getting louder, it makes me worried for some baffling reason.

"May you recover quickly and wake up soon.

Your eternal student, Klein Moretti."

Putting away the pen and folding the letter, Klein blew Azik's copper whistle and summoned the skeleton messenger that stood nearly four meters tall.

Unlike before, this messenger had only shown its head and one arm. The rest were beneath the floorboards on the second floor.

This made it appear significantly shorter than Klein.

After all, I'm now barely considered a Blessed of Death... Klein handed the letter to the messenger as he watched it crumble into bones, gushing down into the ground like a waterfall.

After doing this, he picked up the Yesterday Once More charm on the armrest.

This was his first successful product, and he planned on using it first. After all, making it again was easy now that he had the experience.

As for whether borrowing strength from his historical self posed any dangers, Klein had already performed a divination above the gray fog ahead of time. He believed that if it involved the real Fool or the owner of the door of light, then he would have the mysterious space above the gray fog to block it for him.

And the result of the divination was that it was very safe.

After staring at the diamond-like charm for a few seconds, Klein no longer hesitated. He opened his mouth and said a single word in ancient Hermes, “History!”

He had attempted it in the real world and not above the gray fog because he was worried that the mysterious world would sever the connection to the past.

Amidst the echoing of the jarring word, Klein injected his spirituality into the Yesterday Once More charm.

Light that appeared like scattered fur lit up, illuminating the surroundings with bright and pure light.

Vaguely, a scene flashed past Klein’s eyes:

It was him dancing leisurely with Daly Simone beside Ince Zangwill’s corpse;

It was the gray-sideburned and exceedingly handsome Dwayne Dantes;

It was Gehrman Sparrow pressing down on his top hat while landing on the Black Tulip thanks to the blessings of the wind;

It was the Sherlock Moriarty who struggled during the descent of the meteor;

It was Klein Moretti who summoned sunlight when he heard the baby's cry in the Blackthorn Security Company;

It was the pale university graduate who raised the revolver and aimed it at his temple.

Beyond this, all the scenes vanished. All that was left was the grayish-white fog.

And only when the powers of the charm were exhausted did Klein find himself at the end of that fog.

Indeed, my transmigration is related to the gray fog, that mysterious space, and that strange door of light... This basically verifies it. I was sleeping in a cocoon in the past, hanging above the door of light. I've no idea how long I was in that state... Compared to his first time seeing the door of light, Klein, who had made the confirmation, remained calm as though he had long expected it.

Phew. Next, I'll make two Yesterday Once More charms for Will. This charm isn't of much use to me... I won't be visiting him this week. It will incur suspicion if I feed him ice-cream every week. Their maid is already looking at me in an odd way... Also, since I've mastered the Cogitation engraving method of the godhood symbol, I can bring forward the creation of the extraordinary bullets made with the Worms of Time. Yes, Leonard said that he will be visiting Tingen in the next few days. Let's see if the power of the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem can be stolen... Klein rubbed his forehead and left the sofa.

At a previous Tarot Gathering, Leonard had already informed

him of the four types of godhood symbols and magical labels he learned from Pallez Zoroast. They came from the Marauder domain, and it was said that one of them was capable of misdirecting the enemy, making them make errors in judgment. Another was to steal three Beyonder powers that the target had formerly used, beginning with the most recent power. The third would cause the enemy to lose plenty of vitality if the enemy could be affected by it, making them enter an aged state. Finally, one of them could create Worms of Time that didn't live long. They would secretly Parasitize the target's body and allow the charm-user to control them.

Among the seven remaining Worms of Time that Klein had, he had already made three into Fate Siphon charms and had given Miss Justice one and kept two. This also meant that he still had four Worms of Time, allowing him to try out each of the four effects. Of course, his intuition told him that the chances of a successful product weren't guaranteed.

As for Leonard's two Worms of Time, one had been made into a Fate Siphon charm. He had followed The World Gehrman Sparrow's instructions to pray to Mr. Fool and had received a reply. The other relied on Pallez Zoroast's help to create a Parasite charm.

After busying himself with a series of tasks, it was evening. Klein had five successes and one failure. He obtained two Yesterday Once More charms, one Parasite bullet, a Deceit bullet, and a Deprivation bullet.

The only failure was the Aging bullet, seemingly due to the inability to use sufficient powers from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Looking at the three similar-looking bullets that were a mix of transparency or translucency, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He took out Death Knell and loaded the bullet. In the revolver were

three of his Control Spirit Bullets.

After clearing the altar, he walked out of the room and headed for the second floor. Upon entering the dining hall, he said to Butler Walter who was waiting for him, “Invite the guests to a hunting trip over the weekend in the city outskirts using the name list.”

“Yes, sir.” Walter was already prepared for this, remaining stem and serious.

Tingen City, 36 Zouteland Street.

Leonard got off the carriage as he looked at a newly built building with a mixed expression. He momentarily forgot to enter.

Chapter 1013: Individual Growth

The 36 Zouteland Street of the past was just filled with a cement foundation, with each floor's two windows forming the shape of an arch with their covers being shut. It had the architectural traits of post-1300s of the Fifth Epoch, and the natural lighting wasn't very good.

After its reconstruction, the bottom floor had a small sheltered porch with two oriel windows that extended to the second floor. The thinner portion of the window frames had a wall and a decorative column that supported a thin stone beam. Above the oriel window was a parapet that connected straight to the third floor.

This was a three-story architectural style that had been made popular in recent years.

His thoughts seemingly going adrift, Leonard had a feeling that he had come to the wrong place.

After falling into a daze for about ten seconds, he stepped into 36 Zouteland Street with a silver inlaid cane. Following that, he walked up the stairs, turned around a bend, and saw the black door and vertical signboard:

"Blackthorn Security Company."

When he arrived, he seemed to gradually find a sense of familiarity. He sped up his pace and pushed open the ajar door.

A brown-haired girl who held the Tingen City Honest Paper up

vertically on the desk moved the papers to the side when she heard the unconcealed footsteps, revealing a smooth forehead, light-brown eyes, and a pretty face.

"...Good afternoon, Rozanne," Leonard greeted somewhat hesitantly.

Rozanne first wore a look of surprise before her expression fell. She said in an abnormally cold tone, "Good afternoon. "Congratulations on avenging Captain and Klein."

Leonard widened his mouth, at a loss for a response. He didn't even press down on his top hat despite his dislike of wearing hats.

He forced a smile and nodded slightly. Then, he went forward in silence, passing Rozanne, planning to enter the door beyond the partition.

Just as he was about to enter the office, he suddenly heard Rozanne say rather softly behind him, "Live well..."

Leonard slowed down his pace slightly before nodding his head heavily.

When he entered the interior, he instantly saw Frye standing by the captain's office.

This Corpse Collector still had a paleness that resulted from not being under the sun for a long while. He had black hair This Corpse Collector still had a paleness that resulted from not being under the sun for a long while. He had black hair

Leonard solemnly looked at him for a few seconds before exhaling, trying hard to coolly smile.

“Long time no see.”

“Good afternoon, long time no see.” Frye pointed to the captain’s office. “I’ve already received the telegram and know of your request. I’ll get two team members to carry out the operation with you. Also, you need to fill in a Sealed Artifact request form.”

Slightly surprised, Leonard said with a smile, “You’re the captain now? You aren’t as silent as before…”

Leonard had actually finished digesting his Soul Assurer potion and could advance to Sequence 5 Spirit Warlock, but to obtain the power of that drop of the Eternal Blazing Sun’s blood, he deliberately kept it a secret. He continued placating the souls around Backlund and finally, through his hard work, found an opportunity to come to Tingen.

Yes,” Frye said with a gentle nod. “Actually, I don’t like to speak much, but I have to do so as the captain.”

Leonard nodded slightly.

“When did you become a captain? Why haven’t I heard of it…”

“Recently,” Frye succinctly replied before giving an explanation. “Shortly after you left, I became a Sequence 8 Gravedigger. I finally advanced to Spirit Medium last month. And it just so happened that the previous captain was transferred away.”

“That’s fast…” Before Leonard could finish his sentence, he had punched himself in the head. “Look at my memory. I forgot that Klein had already shared some experiences with everyone.”

He lowered his right hand and said to Frye with a smile, “In that case, you still have room and time to make further progress. Perhaps you might become a deacon.”

Frye shot a look at him and retracted his gaze.

“I’ll likely not choose to continue advancing.”

“Why?” Leonard took a few steps out and came to Frye’s side, asking in puzzlement.

Frye looked up at the ceiling and said in a calm and heavy voice, “I wish to stay here.

“Protecting this place, always.”

Leonard fell silent and didn’t give a response.

He observed his surroundings and felt that there were quite significant changes, but there were also many things that remained immutable.

Frye fell silent for a while before saying, “I’ll dispatch two members to follow you.”

As he spoke, he headed for the basement. Leonard then subconsciously followed by the side.

The office right at the bottom had its door open. A few Nighthawks were in there playing cards—Fighting Evil.

When they sensed their captain approaching, they hurriedly put down their poker cards and stood up.

Leonard swept his gaze across them and saw two familiar faces. They were Royale, with her smooth black hair, and the white-haired, black-eyed Seeka.

At the same time, he also saw a few unfamiliar faces. He saw the pence, soli, and poker cards on the table.

For a moment, he felt his mind adrift as his vision blurred up.

In the Rorsted Archipelago waters, in a small harbor neighboring a fishing village, at the bottom of the Future.

Frank Lee rolled up his sleeves and crossed his arms, seriously looking at the mushroom in front of him.

The mushroom, together with its cap, stood at a height of 1.8 meters tall. Its white surface had a few bright red spots that resembled eyes, a nose, and a mouth.

Apart from that, its stem had protruding spores. They had thick and strong-looking white hypha that resembled tentacles.

Frank sized up this gigantic mushroom and surveyed the area, looking at the wooden walls, floorboards, and the mushrooms of different shapes and sizes before saying to Artisan Cielf, “Not bad. This experiment has made progress again. This mushroom

has a strong inclination to reproduce, and this will make it hungry, making it eager to replenish itself with monster flesh and blood.

“Be it roasting or boiling, these can cease its activity, making it not as dangerous.

“Hmm, how does it taste? Didn’t you try it? The offspring that it produces have random flavors: beef, fish, and malt. Some are even filled with milk. One of them is enough to satisfy any requirements for breakfast. See, the crew no longer enjoy drinking anymore. There are mushrooms that can be plucked everywhere… I believe that when out in the wilderness, to fill one’s stomach, one has to carry dry rations and hunt wild beasts. That’s just too troublesome. If we can let our bodies grow mushrooms, wouldn’t it save the hassle?”

Artisan Cielf was a lot thinner than back when he was in Bayam. His eye sockets were deep and his eyes vacant. They were lacking in life.

Upon hearing Frank’s words, he seemed to recall something as his body trembled. He silently crouched down and opened his mouth, producing retching noises.

“Are you okay? I know it was tough on you. I’m really grateful for all you’ve done recently,” Frank said sincerely to the Artisan. “If it wasn’t for you, the mushrooms wouldn’t have such a strong inclination towards reproduction. Also, they have obtained abnormally strong vitality under the moonlight, allowing themselves to purify themselves. This effectively eliminated the poison that accumulates from devouring monsters. The only problem is that there’s no moonlight in pure darkness. This is the next problem that we need to resolve.”

Cielf didn’t say a word. After he finished vomiting, he

immediately stood up and turned to rush outside. However, a thick and strong white hypha reached out and pulled him back.

"R-return my mystical items to me! I want to die with these mushrooms!" he yelled frantically, his voice softening as his mouth was covered.

At this moment, green vines rapidly retreated from a certain spot of the fishing village, as though it was growing in reverse.

Cattleya walked out of it, her eyes dark purple with some silver hints to them.

Her ears continued resounding with the illusory ravings of the Hidden Sage; however, she no longer found it terrifying. She didn't find it unacceptable like before. Wherever she looked, there were countless indescribable figures looking as if they were shadows stacked upon each other, like an invisible gaze that was cast over from an unknown location.

Compared to the past, she could already see the unknown existence hidden behind the curtains. She could see the moons high up in the sky that were of different colors. They were either blood-red, silver, dark brown, or ghostly-blue, resembling eyes that looked down upon the land.

Cattleya's mind hummed as she hurriedly retracted her gaze, afraid to look further.

She had already dissected the Snake of Fate's blood and completed the ritual. Through that, she had obtained godhood, becoming a Sequence 4 Mysticologist of the Mystery Pryer pathway!

However, she remembered the Queen's warning:

Among all the Sequence 4 Beyonders of the twenty-two pathways, Mysticologist was the "job" that encountered danger the easiest. It was because they often saw things that they shouldn't see, hear things they shouldn't hear, and be aware of secrets they shouldn't be aware of.

Therefore, a Mysticologist needed to know how to curb their curiosity and control their respective actions in order to live long.

Removing the heavy glasses she hung on her clothes, Cattleya wore it, but all the various things she saw in the real world didn't vanish.

She curled her lips in satisfaction in a self-deprecating manner. She knew that the item could no longer seal her ability of prying into secrets.

She closed her eyes before opening them. Her eyes had turned black, no longer having the mysterious dark purple and silver hues.

Phew... Cattleya heaved a sigh of relief and slowly walked to the Future as though she had simply gone out for a stroll.

She didn't wish to announce her becoming a demigod, and she had no intention of quickly becoming the fifth royal over the seas. To her, this was a trump card in this dangerous world, one that she had to keep close to her chest.

South of the Bridge, Rose Street.

The carriage that Emlyn was on drove down the street when he saw the blurry figure in a white shirt and black vest with slightly messy hair appear opposite him. It was that wraith-like young man.

“Long time no see, Mr. Marie,” Emlyn said with an unsurprised smile.

Marie nodded slightly.

“I’m here to tell you that we’ve already made the preparations. We can discuss the actual operation.”

Chapter 1014: The Growing Group

“Alright,” Emlyn replied very calmly.

Marie didn’t speak further as his figure vanished.

He knew that it was impossible to come up with a specific plan in an instant. Emlyn White had to first seek the opinion of the upper echelons of the Sanguine; therefore, he didn’t stay.

This might be a chance for me to obtain godhood and become an Earl... Emlyn smiled as he watched the Wraith, Marie, leave silently.

He had yet to digest the Scarlet Scholar Beyonder characteristic. The so-called opportunity to become an Earl referred to the promise of obtaining a free ritual and the corresponding potion formula.

The carriage continued forward and stopped at the entrance of the Harvest Church. Emlyn looked at the grayish-white fog in the sky with a look of satisfaction, pressed down on his silk top hat, and unhurriedly alighted the carriage before entering the cathedral’s door.

After changing into his brown priest robe, he picked up a cloth and a pail of water and began seriously wiping the surface of the candle stands.

After Father Utravsky, who appeared taller, finished his morning sermon, Emlyn stopped working and grumbled, “Why was Ernes allowed to return?”

“He only requested to do a month of volunteer work.” Father Utravsky wasn’t annoyed by Emlyn’s repeated question from time to time, appearing extremely patient.

Upon thinking of his encounter, Emlyn immediately felt indignant. He couldn’t help but mumble, “He was forced to do volunteer work, not out of his own accord. He can’t be allowed to decide on the period. He needs to serve at least half a year!”

Father Utravsky replied with a smile, “He did well. He worked hard the entire month, guiding the devotees and copying the bible. I could clearly sense that he had already realized the value of life and the joy of the harvest.”

Emlyn’s facial muscles twitched slightly.

“Is he also—no, is he soon going to become a believer of Earth Mother?”

“No, I didn’t force him to change his faith,” Father Utravsky said gently. “I only taught him the teachings of Earth Mother and to sense the traces and fragments that life brings. I hope that he will recall the home for the soul, the mother’s embrace, whenever he feels lost.”

Emlyn’s lips quivered, but he ultimately didn’t say a word. He lowered his head and continued wiping.

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Fors sat on a high-back chair, her gaze focused on an empty glass bottle on the desk in front of her.

She had finally digested the Astrologer potion some time ago. Today, under Xio's watch, she had concocted the Asmann's brain and the ancient wraith's cursed item into the Scribe potion. She mustered her courage and drank it.

At this moment, she felt her brain rapidly expanding. The grand folds and white matter rapidly increased as her body gradually blurred, separating into individual cells.

Those cells formed a haloed "door" that circled her brain.

Fors subtly heard the familiar ravings, but they were indistinct and blurry, preventing her from identifying the exact words at all. To the experienced her, it didn't affect her in any way.

After an unknown period of time, Fors finally regained control over her brain and cells and could sense her body's existence.

Almost at the same time, a large amount of knowledge resonated in her mind, making her understand how to use the powers of a Scribe.

The mutated "brain" reproduced the Beyonder powers used by the target before driving a portion of the vitalized cells to form corresponding symbols, patterns, and labels for complete storage.

This was "I came, I saw, I record," which used one's soul as a pen and one's Spirit Body as the paper!

At present, I can only record one Beyonder power that has the influence of godhood. The higher the target's Sequence, the higher the chances of my failure. Even targeted at Sequence 4,1

might not be able to succeed even once in ten attempts... I can record eight Sequence 5 and 6 Beyonder powers, and the effects are half of the original. I can record twenty Sequence 7 to Sequence 9 Beyonder powers with their effects being almost like the original... When the potion is digested further, I'll enjoy an enhancement in all these aspects... Fors concluded the knowledge and her experiences before silently muttering to herself.

This appeared to overlap with Leymano's Travels, but Fors felt that no one would ever find having too many Beyonder powers being excessive. Besides, the two were complementary. After all, she could rent Leymano's Travels to other Tarot Club members and be paid with Beyonder powers. However, she was unable to rent herself out.

At Sequence 6, an Apprentice finally has sufficient combat strength! Fors reined in her thoughts as she sighed to Xio.

She then took a pen and paper and began writing a letter:

"Dear Teacher, "I'm very pleased to inform you that I've finally become a Scribe. I'm just one step away from my dreams of 'Traveling'..."

After writing a few sentences, she saw Xio stand up and walk towards the door from the corner of her eye. She hurriedly shouted at her, "Hey, shouldn't we head to a restaurant to celebrate?"

Xio replied in a stern manner, "Your overflowing spirituality is rather serious. You'll need several days of Cogitation to keep it under control. Uh, you aren't allowed to smoke or drink. Don't overly indulge yourself in your emotions."

After the advice, she added, “I still have commissions to do. I almost have enough to exchange for the Judge formula.”

“...Alright.” Fors threw up her hands.

After leaving the house, Xio unlocked the chains and got onto a bicycle specially created for youths. She then rode towards Hillston Borough.

According to the intelligence she had previously obtained, Viscount Stratford had reserved lunch at a luxurious restaurant.

Upon reaching the restaurant, Xio secured the bike to a street lamp and found a secluded comer to observe the people passing by.

After an unknown period of time, a carriage drove through the thin fog. There was a coat of arms with a flower and two rings engraved on it.

Xio’s focus intensified as she watched the carriage stop at the restaurant’s entrance. She then saw the grizzled Viscount Stratford, who was in his forties, get off first. He then extended his hand to the passenger behind him like a gentleman.

It was a lady draped in a dark red cloak.

Xio couldn’t see the lady’s face and only noticed that the lady’s jaw was soft and her skin fair.

On the Blue Avenger at the Northern Sonia Sea.

Alger Wilson's feet left the ground as he floated behind the window of the captain's cabin. He stared at the deck and distant waves outside.

Having already digested a portion of the Ocean Songster potion, he had reported to the Church of Storms two weeks ago and had accumulated enough contribution points to obtain a Wind-blessed potion and successfully consumed it. This also meant that he was officially a Sequence 6. Of course, he had to redigest the Wind-blessed potion, but that wasn't too difficult.

The biggest problem is that the commotion created from digesting the Ocean Songster is too obvious... I should've bought that Word of the Sea and blamed the singing on it every time... Alger sighed silently, but he didn't feel too much regret. This was because even if he wanted to buy it back then, he didn't have the money for it.

Furthermore, he had figured out the way to digest the Ocean Songster potion.

I should be able to get the information soon and confirm who that Feysac navy officer that Mr. Fool wishes to investigate is... Alger retracted his gaze and floated back to the desk where there was a brass sextant.

At this moment, two sailors passed by the deck while belching.

"There seem to be sirens in these waters. I always hear their singing at night..." one of the sailors said in uncertainty.

His companion sneered.

“How is that possible? How can a siren sound so bad?

“It must be some noise produced by some sea monster!”

City of Silver, in the training field which wasn’t as crowded compared to during “daytime.”

A pile of blue ice was stacked there like a small mountain.

Derrick didn’t bring his weapon with him as he stood empty-handed in front of the mountain of ice, piously praying, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

After chanting the honorific name and making his request, he looked at the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad, walk towards the ice blocks from afar.

Colin, with two swords on his back, carried a bottle of light-emitting and hot golden liquid. He watched as Derrick exerted his strength to enter the ice block and bury himself inside completely without leaving a single crack.

A deep and hazy darkness descended. Even with the lightning streaking across the sky, it was unable to illuminate the interior.

In the blink of an eye, an indescribable surge appeared as though pairs of eyes were cast over from the depths of the darkness.

Colin Iliad could clearly sense that Derrick was in a deep slumber. Even though Derrick was being frozen in ice that normally didn’t melt and his body was trembling, he didn’t wake up.

Without any hesitation, he threw the potion bottle ahead of him. A wraith-like transparent figure floated above and enveloped it.

This figure passed through the blue ice and came to the cramped space where Derrick was. It took out the potion and placed it by Derrick's mouth.

Just as this action was done, it immediately retreated and left the ice blocks.

Whoosh!

Colin Iliad suddenly drew his sword and cleaved behind him to his right. A monster, whose rotting body was covered in eyes, burst out into yellow pus.

It wasn't known where it came from!

At this moment, Colin saw a radiant light emerge from the pile of blue ice. They scattered pure light, with a burning intensity, warmth, brightness, and vitality that was different from the surrounding lightning.

This filled Colin's eyes as if the light had come from the Dark Ages.

This City of Silver Chief watched intently and was motionless for a long time until another monster emerged from the darkness.

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Little Sun is at Sequence 5 too... Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he cast his eyes at the crimson star representing The Sun and cast it to another star.

That signified Miss Justice. Over the past month or so, she had completed many of the Psychology Alchemists' missions and had exchanged her contribution for the Dreamwalker's potion formula.

This also meant that she was about to meet Hvin Rambis again.

Chapter 1015: March of War

Backlund, at the residence of the furniture merchant, Hampres.

Audrey once again met the councilor of the Psychology Alchemists, Hvin Rambis.

This old gentleman remained warm and elegant, his white but lush hair was neatly combed. His blue, deep eyes seemed to contain infinite knowledge.

Upon seeing him, Audrey's eyes wore a vacant look before she came to a realization. It was as though she had finally awoken from a long dream and recovered her lost memories.

She wasn't surprised or puzzled by this at all, accepting this fact without any resistance as if it was something very normal.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Rambis," Audrey greeted with the etiquette that was flawless.

Rambis nodded slightly and replied with a smile, "Good afternoon, our girl."

Over the past month or so, he had gradually adopted the idea that she was the "pride of the Psychology Alchemists" and the "most important girl."

Audrey glanced at the diamond brooch at her chest and sat down with a smile, waiting for Hvin Rambis to speak.

In regard to the cue and guidance, she hadn't been affected at all due to her preparations. At that moment, when she heard Hvin Rambis call her that, she wished to ignore everything, etiquette or whatnot, rolling her eyes without being afraid of being exposed. However, she ultimately held back without exposing any problems.

Hvin Rambis looked at Audrey for a few seconds before saying with the same smile, "You've done well during this period of time. As a reward, we've decided to give you the potion formula for Dreamwalker."

As he spoke, he took out a folded piece of paper from his shirt pocket and placed it on the coffee table. He then pushed it towards the noble lady.

Audrey pressed down on her skirt and got up slightly. She picked up the piece of paper and unfolded it in front of Hvin Rambis.

Her gaze first fell on the main ingredients before she quickly skimmed the ritual.

"Main ingredients: One Dreamcatcher's heart, one mind illusion crystal or a mature mind dragon's complete brain." "Ritual: Seek out a harpy in the spirit world and sign a contract with it. Then, holding one tail feather, consume the potion amidst intense feelings of either joy or anger."

As though sensing Audrey's puzzlement, Hvin Rambis explained with a smile, "A harpy has the ability to give nightmares. It can snap people awake from their dreams, so the entire ritual's essence is to be immersed in a dream and be unwilling to wake up from it. Get pulled out of the dream via an external force, or else you might sleep forever or lose control and turn into a monster."

Audrey nodded in thought.

"The requirement to consume the potion amidst intense feelings is to prevent myself from sleeping too soundly and deeply?"

Yes, you've already grasped the crux of the matter," Hvin Rambis said with a smile. "If you don't know much about the spirit world and can't find a harpy, we can provide some help."

If the ritual's essence is for me to wake up from a dream, that means that the harpy isn't necessary. The blessings of Mr. Fool's angel can allow me to remain lucid in dreams. I can wake up whenever I want... Audrey's green eyes darted about and said with looks of anticipation, "I can try it myself first."

"Alright," Hvin didn't mind the girl's desire to take risks.

He paused and said, "I have another matter for you. If you do it well, we will provide you with all the ingredients of the Dreamwalker potion."

"What is it?" Audrey asked without any resistance, just like before.

Hvin Rambis said with a slightly solemn expression, "Find out the attitudes of your father, Earl Hall, the present Duke Negan, Admiral Amyrius, and the other nobles about a relatively major war."

"War..." Audrey repeated the word that she had often heard but found somewhat unfamiliar. She had a vague feeling that ripples had suddenly formed under the surface of a seemingly calm lake.

War... Above the gray fog, Klein listened to Miss Justice's prayer and fell into deep thought.

He was unable to determine whether the Psychology Alchemists; Hermes, or maybe even Adam—who was lurking behind them—welcomed or objected to a war.

As for whether the Loen king, the prime minister, and a number of nobles and the Members of Parliaments wanted war, the answer was relatively clear.

Last year, The Hanged Man had once asked Miss Justice a similar question. Her answer was that the king and prime minister had the tendencies of being war-mongers, but they had chosen to first focus on internal reforms and settle the connections over various matters.

Now, about a year had passed, and all the policies that had been implemented were on track.

In other words, it was time to start a war to snatch back the interests which Loen had lost in East Balam!

It's a revolutionary era. The strife between countries are intense, and once war begins, it's unlikely that it can be controlled... Furthermore, Adam, Amon, and the other Kings of Angels have appeared one after another, have already retrieved key items, or are seeking breakthroughs. A storm is about to descend on the mysterious world, and danger is lurking... Klein sighed and returned to the real world.

The next day, he first went to Saint Samuel Cathedral to pray according to his schedule and donated tens of pounds. Following that, he went to 22 Phelps Street, planning to participate in some of the business of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

The moment he stepped inside, Klein saw Miss Audrey Hall and a few of the foundation's staff coming down the stairs and walking towards the door.

This noble lady was dressed very simply today. Her hair was tied up into a simple bun, and she wore no other accessories. Her dress was light green in color, and her sleeves had a circle of frills. There were no laces or tassels.

"Good morning, Miss Audrey." Klein took off his hat as usual and bowed. He then nodded at the staff and greeted them.

After Audrey responded, Klein casually asked, "Where are you going?"

He knew that Miss Justice's main role in the foundation was to seek donations from the various ladies and gentlemen in high society.

Audrey replied with a faint smile, "Visit the various universities and show some concern to the students we helped previously."

Having said that, she blinked her eyes as her smile widened.

"Mr. Dantes, do you want to go together? Take a look at the children who had the chance of changing their fates due to your ideas and kindness. Oh, some of them are already young adults."

Although Klein had never thought of obtaining anything in return from the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, he truly wished that these actions could help the target group. Therefore, he was rather concerned about the progress and the actual situation. He nodded with a smile after some hesitation.

“I have no way of rejecting such an invitation.”

The group went out the door, and under Miss Audrey’s suggestion, they chose an untracked public carriage.

After getting into the carriage, Klein, in a gentlemanly-like manner, let Miss Audrey sit down first. Then, he sat opposite her and asked with a smile, “You seem to be very used to it?”

Audrey looked at the foundation’s staff beside her and said with a smile, “It’s not the first time. It’s impossible for us to take my own carriage every time we head out. They have to use public transportation.”

Upon saying that, she blushed in embarrassment and said, “The first time I was on a public carriage, I took out notes with one-pound face value. The lady who collected the money got me to buy a few copies of newspapers before going back to her.

“Oh, it’s cleaner than I imagined. The smell of the air isn’t that unbearable either.”

Klein nodded slightly and said, “This is because the truly poor are unable to take public transport like this. They’d rather walk. Under normal circumstances, they don’t have to head out, nor do they go somewhere too far.”

“Mr. Dantes, you seem to be familiar with such matters?” Although Audrey had guessed the reason, she still asked in front of others.

Klein smiled.

“Although I’ve never experienced it directly, I’ve seen too much of it.”

Audrey didn’t continue on the topic. Instead, she mentioned to the beneficiaries that they were visiting to confirm their education and living conditions.

Amidst their idle chat, they arrived at their first destination—Backlund University of Technology.

Based on Audrey’s identity and Dwayne Dantes’s social relations, they met the chancellor of the newly established university directly. He was a resident of 100 Boklund Street, Mr. Portland Moment.

This elder had a large build, a ruddy complexion, and a loud voice. Whenever he talked to his neighbor, Dwayne Dantes, and the distinguished Miss Audrey about the university’s establishment, he would complain about the Higher Education Commission from time to time.

Audrey and Klein listened with a decent smile and occasionally echoed his words.

Finally, they found an opportunity to raise the need to begin work.

Portland was just about to get his secretary when he suddenly heard someone knock on his office door.

“Please come in,” the chancellor said loudly.

The door opened without a sound. A black-haired, brown-eyed girl entered. She didn't doll herself up and was rather thin. She had nice facial features, and she looked to be seventeen or eighteen.

Klein's gaze suddenly deepened before he reined it in.

The girl hadn't expected the chancellor's office to have guests. In her anxiety, she hurriedly lowered her head and said, "I'm sorry."

"It's fine. They were about to leave anyway," Portland said without minding it. "Have you finished the item I got you to make last week?"

,fYes." The girl walked through the door and stood to the side.

Portland Moment then smiled at Dwayne Dantes and Audrey.

"Her name is Melissa Moretti. She's very talented with machinery. I happened to chance upon her and got her to help in my laboratory. Of course, she can only do some miscellaneous chores for now."

"Not bad." The corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he commended her with an obvious smile.

Audrey glanced at him and smiled.

There are always arrogant people who say that women have no talent in machinery, and this lady has proven them wrong."

Portland laughed and shook his head.

“There’s no need to bother about such comments. Alright, I’ll get my secretary to help you in understanding the conditions of those beneficiaries.”

Audrey and Klein didn’t stay any longer as they left the office.

Once they were out the door, Audrey stole a glance at Dwayne Dantes, but she didn’t say a word.

Chapter 1016: News from the Numinous Episcopate

160 Boklund Street, inside Dwayne Dantes's mansion.

Klein stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, watching as the rain began to descend along with the wind. The rain hit the ground and the glass, intersecting to form a mesh.

Ever since autumn, Backlund had started to rain again. It brought with it a lingering coldness and humidity.

Klein stood there motionless for a long time, watching silently into the distance through the blurry rainy scene, his eyes unfocused.

Only when his spiritual perception was triggered did he stop his wandering thoughts and turned his head to the side. Reinette, with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand, had a letter as she walked out of the void.

"Who is it from this time?" Klein asked Miss Messenger out of habit.

The last letter he received came from Sharron. The lady had told him that she had successfully completed the ritual and advanced to Sequence 4 Puppet of the Prisoner pathway.

Klein first sincerely congratulated her and apologetically informed her that he had already obtained what he needed and didn't need to visit Calderon City in the spirit world anytime soon.

Of course, he also indicated that there was a huge secret there that might have something to do with him. He would probably head there one day, and when that time came, if Miss Sharron had the time or was willing, he wished to obtain her support.

For Klein, on the one hand, he might have to head there to find the future ingredients he needed for his advancement. On the other hand, he believed that the magical city that involved ancient Death, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace, also might contain the method to heal Mr. Azik's incomplete Spirit Body's. Even if this Death Consul didn't have the means to advance, he hoped that by doing so, the former didn't need to repeatedly suffer the torment of losing his memories.

Of course, Klein had prepared a plan for that. It was to wait until he advanced to Sequence 3 Scholar of Yore. He could prepare more Yesterday Once More charms for Mr. Azik, or he could imbue him with the corresponding Beyonder powers to speed up the recovery of his memories each time.

At that moment, Klein had already received a letter. Reinette Tinekerr's four heads replied one after another, "From..." "That..."“Undying..."“Idiot..."

...Patrick Bryan of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction... Klein easily understood who Miss Messenger was referring to. This was because Patrick was the one who wrote the most to him over the past two months. He reported almost anything of slight importance and asked for instructions.

After a few times, Reinette Tinekerr gave him a nickname.

Miss Messenger never showed interest in such matters before. I wonder when it began... Most of the people who write to me have been given nicknames except Miss Sharron... As Klein silently mumbled, he unfurled the letter and gave it a quick

scan.

In the letter, Patrick Bryan said that the Southern Continent's orders were no longer about getting him to make various attempts to awaken "Death." Instead, they got him to prepare a special ritual and help the Death domain angel inside the mausoleum, Artificial Death faction's leader, Haiter, recover. It was to allow "Him" to have the means to temporarily leave the "land in which 'He' sealed 'Himself.'"

Such an order didn't seem problematic on the surface, but it was a little sudden. However, Klein still sensed something amiss.

The Artificial Death faction of the Numinous Episcopate in the Southern Continent had previously made Patrick continue the strange but dangerous rituals to awaken Death. I managed to trick them by instructing him to use excuses such as the inability to gather the materials or the ultimate failure of the experiment. Now, they've finally suspected that there's something wrong with Patrick? Klein nodded in thought.

He suspected that this was a test directed at Patrick Bryan, a test that pointed towards an angel!

An angel's response to rituals covered the entire world.

Yes, it's good as long as they don't suspect there's a problem with Artificial Death. After all, they've inherited a huge inheritance from the ancient Balam Empire. Who knows if they have a way to affect the Goddess's progress in controlling the Death pathway's Uniqueness. It could be a bane for both sides... Klein analyzed for a moment before heaving a sigh of relief.

As for the test by the Death domain angel, he didn't think much of it. This was because The Fool could also direct power at the

same level. With Angel's Embrace, a disruption effect could be made. As long as the High Priest named Haiter didn't descend in person and only exerted influence remotely, he could carry out misdirections in an ingenious manner.

After figuring this out, Klein flicked his wrist, igniting Patrick Bryan's letter with scarlet flames. As he returned to his desk, he took out a pen and paper and wrote:

"...You may proceed according to your teacher's instructions, but before the actual ritual, you must report this to me and gain my permission..."

As the interval between the receiving and sending of letters were short, Patrick Bryan likely remained in his original spot. Klein didn't summon Patrick's messenger and instead blew the adventurer's harmonica and handed the folded letter to Reinette Tinekerr.

Amidst the drizzle, Xio draped a simple raincoat lined with tree sap over her and hid in the shadows, staring at the side door of Viscount Stratford's residence.

It wasn't even evening, but the street lamps were already lit up. They emitted a faint glow in the rain.

After a while, a rental carriage drove over from afar and stopped in front of the side door in a remote area.

The viscount's valet that had been hiding immediately ran out, opening an umbrella.

He sheltered the cloaked woman down the carriage and quickly

passed through the side door. As for the rental carriage, it remained in its spot without leaving. It had apparently been paid a sufficient amount of money.

Xio still failed to see the woman's appearance, but she wasn't disheartened by it. She patiently waited in the cold rain as though she had turned into a motionless statue.

She planned on attempting to tail the woman once she came out to confirm her identity.

This was both an opportunity for her to obtain the Judge potion formula, and it was also the reason why she came to Backlund—to investigate the truth of her father's death!

And it was because she was spurred by such motives that Xio had persisted in monitoring Viscount Stratford to this day. MI9's other intelligence officers had already ended the mission due to the lack of any developments over the previous few months. Even the golden-masked man who had designated the mission hadn't asked about this in weeks. Clearly, he didn't place any importance on it.

Inside Viscount Stratford's bedroom, a beautiful brown-haired girl wore a silk gown and sat in front of a dressing table. She was fiddling with the skincare and makeup products as if she had discovered a treasure trove.

Viscount Stratford, who was already middle-aged, wore a male nightgown and walked to the beautiful girl with his hair still moist. He smiled at her reflection in the mirror and said, "Shermane, you no longer need those to add to your beauty."

"It's just a type of female instinct." The young girl named Shermane raised her hand with a smile, pressing down on the

viscount's palm that had been placed on her shoulder.

Viscount Stratford smiled gently and said, "When you touch them, you have a pure and innocent air to you. Heh heh, you make me discover my youth, like the days when I was only eighteen."

Without waiting for Shermane's reply, he continued, "My wife had already passed away for years. I always imagined I would live until the Lord beckons for me, but who knew that I would meet you. In a while, when the pressure accumulated in Backlund is relieved, I will find a chance to walk down the wedding aisle to the altar with you."

"Wedding… You want to marry me?" Shermane was taken aback as she asked in disbelief.

Viscount Stratford smiled and said, "Meeting you is a gift from the Lord. Although you aren't of noble birth, I've already married once. I don't have to consider such matters anymore. Of course, I'll think of means to raise your standing in society. Yes, I'll first find a merchant to recognize you as his illegitimate daughter…"

He droned on about his plan until he saw Shermane's eyes filled with tears in the mirror's reflection.

"The most precious thing about you is that you treat me ten times better than how well I treat you, and you don't hide it." Viscount Stratford smiled as he lowered his head and kissed the top of Shermane's head.

Shermane opened her mouth, seemingly crying and laughing.

Only when the drizzle stopped and night fell did Xio finally wait for the woman in a dark red cloak walk out and board the carriage.

After memorizing the carriage's traits, Xio tailed it from afar, using her Beyonder powers as a Sheriff and the empty streets at night to follow the target simply by walking or running.

She went all the way from Empress Borough to the Backlund Bridge area. Even with her stamina, she was almost at her limit, but thankfully, the carriage finally came to a stop.

Xio brightened up as she switched her target from the carriage to the cloaked woman and continued tailing her.

During this process, she was surprised that the woman had very good anti-tracking abilities. She would occasionally take detours and pause using obstacles.

However, this didn't stump Xio, since she was already an experienced Sheriff. She patiently tailed from afar without coming too close.

Just as she sensed that the woman wasn't too far from her final destination and that she was finally about to catch up to her, she suddenly caught the scent of a sweet, ethereal fragrance.

Xio's mind went into a daze amidst the fragrance before she completely lost track of her target.

As for the fragrance, it had vanished as though it had never appeared.

Xio's pupils widened slightly. She didn't dare to search her surroundings for any traces.

Inside a rental apartment, Trissy, with a gentle and sweet face that made one unable to resist looking at her, looked at the mirror reflecting Shermane and said, "You seem to be in a good mood.

"How was it? This final mission isn't too unacceptable, right?

"Once you complete it, you can leave Backlund and start your own life."

Shermane was taken aback as her expression turned complicated as though she was disheartened. It was as though she had suddenly snapped out of her dreams.

She didn't turn her head as her lips quivered while replying, "He said that he wishes to marry me..."

Trissy immediately pricked up her brows.

You mustn't believe a man's words during those times. You and I should know this very well.

"If he really wishes to marry you, he wouldn't be wary of you. He will wish to have a child with you. Heh heh, did he do so?"

Upon hearing her question, Shermane's mood turned sullen.

Trissy stood up and said with a smile, "I'm not stopping you

from pursuing your love. If you wish to turn this temporary mission into a permanent one, you should think about what needs to be done."

After ethereally finishing her sentence, she walked to the door and left the rented apartment.

While heading down the staircase, Trissy suddenly noticed her shoes. She chuckled and said in a seemingly self- deprecating manner, "Love..."

Chapter 1017: Maygur Manor

Backlund, Empress Borough, in the outskirts towards the northwest. This was a place that needed more than an hour via horse carriage. Maygur Manor was built by the side of the Tussock River, so it had beautiful scenery around it with flourishing vegetation within its confines.

Strangely enough, Backlund's city areas had perennial rain with relatively few sunny days. However, in the outskirts, the clouds tended to be thin, and the sun was always bright. Despite the short distance, the two places had completely different weather. It was most obvious within the northwestern outskirts. It was even a rather famous grape plantation in the Northern Continent. And by following the Tussock River from this region northwest for another fifty kilometers, one would again encounter weather similar to Backlund's city area.

Such situations left meteorologists puzzled. They couldn't find any suitable theories to explain the reason. However, Klein had a vague guess.

In the Fourth Epoch, this was the capital of the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire. It was also here that Blood Emperor Alista abandoned "His" humanity and became a crazy deity. Therefore, it was normal that the weather and terrain had changed forever in those very small confines. Leonard Mitchell had once mentioned information about this during one of the free exchanges.

Furthermore as an area with a long history and signs of early human activity, this "Land of Hope" buried countless ancient ruins. It was very possible that they could have an influence on the weather.

The carriage drove into Maygur Manor, passing by the fountain pond and small garden that was surrounded by the main building. Finally, it stopped outside the main door.

Just as Klein got off the carriage with Butler Walter, he saw the land steward, Richardson, lead two rows of male and female servants by the door, awaiting their employer.

Compared to 160 Boklund Street, there were more servants here, but they were mainly lower-class servants.

Looking at Richardson wearing a spanking new suit, Klein nodded with a smile.

“Well done.”

Without waiting for Richardson to reply, he took off his hat and handed it along with his cane to his valet, Enuni, while asking, “Have you prepared the activity room for the ladies to chat and for men to play cards in?”

| Yes, sir. IVe placed poker cards, tarot cards, and some board games. The piano, violins’ and other common musical instruments have also been moved inside,” Richardson answered eloquently.

Klein passed through the door and nodded.

“Where’s the smoking room for the gentlemen?”

“Like the ladies, it’s all on the second floor. They’re separated by five rooms.” Richardson didn’t need the servants in the manor to

remind him. He didn't even need to recall to give an answer.

To ensure that his employer's first hunting excursion was flawless, he had taken note of every nitty-gritty detail. Although it exhausted him physically, he was excited mentally.

Klein asked about dinner and the guest rooms and confirmed that everything was in place.

Before long, he received the first batch of guests after Maygur Manor had a change of name—now known as Dantes Manor.

Member of Parliament Macht and his family!

"This place is much bigger than my Moose Manor." Macht took off his coat with a smile and handed it to a servant while praising, "I've always heard of Maygur's wine being of excellent quality, but I've never had the chance of tasting it. I can finally have my curiosity satisfied today."

"I hope you won't be disappointed." Klein smiled modestly.

As a famous area for grape plantations in the Northern Continent, champagne, red wine, and white wine were considered the finest in Backlund's northwestern outskirts. But with the manor here mainly owned by the nobles, self- brewed alcoholic beverages were typically not sold to the public. Therefore, it was almost unheard of. Only people from high society or those related to them would know of this.

Maygur was one of the most iconic manors. The wine that it brewed was widely praised by people in the know. Red wine of certain years was even offered at more than a hundred pounds a

bottle by collectors.

However, for Klein to be able to buy this manor for 20,000 pounds, he naturally had to agree to certain conditions. All the wine from certain years were to be taken away by Duke Negan's servants.

Macht was rather clear about this and didn't expect to drink famous wine commodities. He said with a laugh, "You can open a few bottles and pour a small glass of each for me. Let me decide which of the remaining wine is most spectacular."

As a member of high society, he had never tasted the wine of Maygur Manor. The reason was simple: he was a member of the New Party, and the previous owner, Duke Negan, was the main sponsor of the Conservative Party.

"No problem," Klein immediately agreed as his gaze swept across Hazel's face.

Compared to July and August, this girl had clearly cheered up. She no longer felt apprehensive when facing strangers. Previously, it was as bad as not willing to participate in any banquets or balls. This made those familiar with her think she was sick.

And this was all thanks to Audrey. Whenever she met Dwayne Dantes at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, she had mentioned that she had recently met Miss Hazel Macht twice.

Such communication didn't seem problematic at first glance since Hazel was a common acquaintance of Audrey and Dantes. Finding a topic about a common friend was common in idle chatter. However, Klein could read Miss Justice's hints and understood that she had met Hazel twice at different balls and

banquets and had treated her twice.

After getting Macht's family settled in, Klein welcomed the second batch of guests for the weekend hunting trip:

Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor who had come with a friend that he had previously mentioned.

Klein knew this friend, but he didn't know Dwayne Dantes. He was a steam car mogul, Framis Cage. He was one of the main investors of the bicycle project. He had relied on a lawyer suspected to be a Beyonder with the Lawyer Sequence and had bought the 10% shares from Sherlock Moriarty at a cheap price.

Since he's related to a Lawyer, it can be explained how he's an Earl of The Fallen's friend... Klein went forward with a smile and hugged Brigadier General Qonas and Framis Cage.

"Welcome."

He then stepped back and said to the portly, light-blue-eyed Framis who was a quarter Feysac, "I heard your steam car is very famous. Why didn't you drive it over?"

Before Framis could answer, the manly Qonas Kilgor said with a smile, "No, you don't understand him. He will never give up the chance to showcase his steam car.

"However, the car's too heavy. On the way here, it fell into a ditch and couldn't be pulled out. Thankfully, I never believed his claims and rode on a carriage myself, following behind him. Otherwise, he would've had to cover the remaining distance on foot."

“The main problem is that our roads are terrible. They need to be renovated and rebuilt. They need metal tracks to be paved, just like steam locomotives!” Framis retorted and threw his hands up. “I was planning on seeking some investments from you. Haha, we can talk about it later.”

You were the one who invested in us previously, but now you’re asking me for an investment… Only then did Klein realize that he was a rather famous tycoon in the upper class of the kingdom!

He had donated shares worth more than 10,000 pounds and had purchased an expensive manor. He had also established connections with the military, so it was obvious he was rich!

But in fact, my current net worth is only fifty to sixty thousand gold pounds, perhaps a tenth of Miss Justice’s wealth… I wonder when I can really become a tycoon with a net worth of a million pounds… Klein thought in a self-deprecating manner. After some thought, he said, “It’s fine. I’m very interested in the fusion of machinery and steam. When I’m free, I can take a look at your steam car.”

“Spectacular,” Framis immediately said with a smile. “If I didn’t know that you had donated a large sum to the Church of Evernight, I might even think of you as a believer of the God of Steam.”

I’ve drawn the triangular Sacred Emblem on my chest in the past after all… Klein didn’t continue on this topic, afraid that Qonas would discover his intentions.

He pointed to the staircase and said, “Why don’t you head to the smoking room to try some of the prized cigar collections here?

“It wasn’t until I bought this manor that I learned that there was a room specially for storing cigars. Its temperature and humidity are maintained, but as you know, I can smoke, but I don’t like it.”

“Not bad. Do you have Chieftain?” Qonas Kilgor’s face suffused a smile.

“Of course.” Klein gave a positive answer.

There was only one goal in organizing this hunting trip. It was to hunt this brigadier general, deputy director of MI9. Therefore, he had taken into consideration all his preferences.

However, Klein wasn’t in a hurry to take action for this hunting trip. This was because he still lacked an understanding of Qonas Kilgor’s actual strength as a hidden demigod. He needed more gatherings and hunts to figure out his preferences, level of alertness, and the items he brought with him.

As a Magician, Klein didn’t perform unprepared!

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Fors put down the book in her hand and looked at Xio who was pacing around the activity room. She couldn’t help but ask, “What are you troubled about?”

Xio shot her a glance and said, “I’m frustrated over whether to inform MI9 about Viscount Stratford’s close relationship with an unknown woman, or to keep it from them until there’s further development.”

“Why are you keeping it from them?” Fors first asked in return before giving her answer. “Viscount Stratford is related to your father’s death, but you normally lack the opportunity or strength to confront him, afraid of being exposed and affecting your mother and brother. And now, he might encounter an accident because of that unknown woman. He’s in a relatively easy to deal with state. This is your opportunity, so you’re being hesitant, right?”

Xio fell silent for a moment before saying, “Yes.”

Fors closed the book, stared at her friend, and said in a serious manner, “Since you’re hesitating, it means you’re already inclined towards one option.”

Xio slowly nodded and said, “Yes.”

Fors fondled her slightly long curly hair and stood up, extending her right hand, and said, “I already know your decision. Well, do you need help?”

Seeing Xio hesitant to give an answer, she laughed and said, “I’m a Sequence 6 Beyonder!”

Without waiting for Xio to answer, she looked around.

“If you’re worried, we can still seek additional help.”

She was implying that they could get help from the members of the Tarot Club.

Xio thought about it and exhaled.

“Not for now. Let’s try it first. Uh, let’s head out now and continue monitoring Viscount Stratford.”

“Now?” Fors was taken aback. “Alright. But before that, let me use the crystal ball to do some astromancy to confirm the level of danger.”

After some work, she held the pure crystal ball in one hand and said, “There’s a certain level of danger.”

Chapter 1018: Unexpected

Empress Borough, by the side of Viscount Stratford's mansion.

Fors and Xio, who were dressed in black dresses, hid in a dark corner. They stared intently at the tightly closed metal gates as they patiently waited for their target to appear.

It wasn't raining tonight, so they didn't have to face harsh weather conditions. The carriage that remained parked by the side of the street lamps made it clear to them that their patience would be rewarded. It was only a matter of time.

After an unknown period of time, the gates produced a heavy metal groan as they slowly opened.

A figure in a black cloak appeared with its head bowed. The figure walked to the side of the carriage and nimbly boarded the carriage.

"Is that her?" Fors lowered her voice and asked Xio.

She didn't have Beyonder powers that could restore a target's characteristics from a mere description, and she had never seen her before. Therefore, she couldn't rely on her spiritual intuition or astromancy to make a judgment.

Xio nodded in affirmation and said, "Yes!"

As they quietly conversed, the rental carriage sped up and left the side gates.

Xio immediately left her hiding spot, prepared to use her Sheriffs Beyonder powers and the physical enhancement that being an Interrogator gave her to lock onto her target while jogging.

“What are you doing?” At that moment, Fors pressed down on her shoulder, foiling her plans.

“Track her!” Xio looked back at her friend in puzzlement.

Fors looked at the rental carriage that hadn’t completely pulled away from them and asked thoughtfully,

“Why are you tracking her for?

“Also, didn’t you say that the target has a rather powerful Beyonder protecting her once you enter the Backlund Bridge area?”

“That’s right.” Xio first answered the second question before saying, “Your question is very odd. The reason you track someone is to determine the target’s appearance, identity, and motives.”

Fors retracted her left hand from Xio’s shoulder and revealed a smile.

“Since the target is protected by a rather powerful Beyonder, it will be difficult for us to complete the tracking in the Backlund Bridge area. We won’t be able to find her residence and figure out her true identity. Do you wish to directly fight her guardian? Although you have me to help, are you certain about that person’s strength? How certain are you? Will it be very dangerous?

“Besides, once the battle begins, it will definitely alarm the target. This is the same as stopping the carriage midway and confronting her directly. It will foil your primary objective. It will alarm Viscount Stratford and prevent him from falling into a predicament that will offer you a chance to take action.”

“If we do it, then there’s a possibility of failure, but failure is certain if we do nothing,” Xio emphasized that she knew the situation well. All she wanted was to make an attempt and find an opportunity midway.

At this moment, the rental carriage had already turned into another street at the end of the road. Fors watched the back of it gradually disappear as she shook her head and smiled.

“No, no, no. We need to change our way of thinking!

“We should first attempt to figure out the target’s appearance. After daybreak, we can use her appearance to perform normal investigations in the Backlund Bridge area and then obtain information from other channels.”

“Your choice of words is very professional,” Xio said in thought.

“Of course. I’ve written detective novels before!” Fors answered without any sense of modesty.

“But how do I figure out what the target looks like without alerting her?” Xio raised the most critical question.

Prepared, Fors took out Leymano’s Travels and said with a smile, “Elementary. Using the Psychological Invisibility Miss Justice recorded!”

Although Audrey didn't encounter any situations that required her to use Leymano's Travels, she had rented it thrice out of curiosity. She studied the uses and traits of the Beyonder powers recorded, and she recorded her own Beyonder powers into it. This included the rather useful Psychological Invisibility.

As for her true identity, Xio and Fors were increasingly certain of it, but they didn't directly ask or do any further investigations. That was the most basic form of respect towards other Tarot Club members.

After hearing her friend's answer, Xio came to a realization and was instantly inspired.

Fors continued, "By using the Beyonder powers on this page, you will be placed in the sensory blind spots of all surrounding creatures. They wouldn't be able to see you even if you were to jump around in front of them. That way, you can directly board the carriage and stand in front of the target, openly taking in her appearance and remember all her traits.

"Heh heh, I sometimes think that people who use Psychological Invisibility might end up being squashed to death by huge creatures that happen to walk past if they're unlucky.

"Uh, don't make too much noise later. Don't speak to any nearby creatures, or else you will garner attention. Let Psychological Invisibility be dispelled automatically."

Yeah!" Xio nodded, then she raised another issue: "How do I prevent the target from discovering the sudden opening of the carriage door while it's driving?"

Without waiting for Fors's reply, she immediately pressed, "Did you record the Door Opening Beyonder power?"

“Guess?” Fors smiled as she handed Leymano’s Travels to her friend, telling her which pages Psychological Invisibility and Door Opening were on.

With this in mind, Xio immediately ran amidst the shadows, chasing after the rental carriage.

Before long, she saw her target. Her right hand immediately trembled as she made the bronze-green notebook reveal a yellowish-brown goatskin page.

She slid her fingers gently, and Xio seemed to see countless rippling light appear on the surface of a deep lake spread outwards.

When her vision returned to normal, she sped up and rushed to the side of the carriage.

To ensure nothing went wrong, Xio didn’t immediately take action. With a few wide strides, she overtook the horse.

She then turned around as though she was crossing the road. However, the carriage driver didn’t notice her, nor did he shout out to her or rein in the horse.

After confirming the effects of Psychological Invisibility, she sped up and dodged the horse’s galloping and came to the side of the carriage.

After a brief observation, she flipped through Leymano’s Travels and revealed a white page covered with strange patterns and symbols. Then, she reached out her right hand and pressed it on the surface of the carriage.

Her figure instantly turned transparent as she appeared inside.

The woman in a black cloak was sitting diagonally opposite her as if she was in thought, staring at the glass window where Xio stood. However, she didn't notice the bounty hunter who had suddenly infiltrated.

At such a close distance, even with her cloak lowered, Xio was able to see her face clearly. Furthermore, the woman wasn't as careful as she was while walking outside. Her every action appeared rather casual as the hood was only at her eyes.

Instantly, her appearance was reflected in Xio's eyes, overlapping with a face that still had some male characteristics. This was a Beyonder power of a Sheriff.

Xio's eyes widened as she couldn't help but shout, "Sherman?"

She could foresee that the woman who often entered Viscount Stratford's residence was rather beautiful, but she never expected the woman to be her friend, Sherman. He was once a young man!

A man who wasn't considered androgynous now looked beautiful. He had the charm of a woman!

At that moment, Xio couldn't help but size up Sherman. She couldn't associate her figure with the young man she used to know with each other.

If it wasn't for her Sheriff Beyonder powers that allowed her to confirm that the person opposite her was Sherman, Xio definitely would've imagined that she had made a mistake. And

even so, she still suspected whether the person wasn't Sherman and was instead Sherman's twin sister.

Upon hearing the surprised question, Sherman realized that there was another person in the carriage at some point in time—someone familiar.

Bounty hunter, Xio Derecha!

Having already changed her name to Shermane, she was first alarmed, but the words Trissy often mentioned instinctively appeared in her mind:

"You cannot meet people you used to know.

"Do you want your husband, your beloved to know of your former state?

"Only by completely severing your connections can you be reborn, doing so in order to save yourself!"

Such words quickly flashed across Shermane's mind as a terrifying thought emerged in her thoughts:

"Kill her!"

This thought seemed to come from a demon in the abyss as it constantly whispered in Shermane's ear as it resonated in her heart.

"Kill her!

“Kill this person who recognized you!

“Only by doing so can you truly escape the past and not lose the present!

“Kill her!”

Shermane didn’t answer Xio.s question. Her left hand slowly clenched up while slightly trembling.

Xio sensed the intense emotions running through the person opposite her and confirmed that it was Sherman. Immediately, she asked in concern, “How did you become like this?

“Where have you been all this time? Did you encounter something? Were you hurt?”

Shermane’s lips quivered as her left fist relaxed a little. She said with a sobbing tone, “I’ve already begun a new life.

Don’t disturb me again, alright?

“I-I don’t want to lose everything I have now. I don’t want to see people that I knew in the past!”

The more she spoke, the faster it became. It became obvious that it was a plea.

Xio was taken aback for a few seconds before staring at Sherman. Pursing her lips, she said, “Okay…”

She didn't stay any longer and reached out to open the carriage window and jumped out.

Shermane silently watched this entire process and finally exhaled before she slumped into her seat like she had lost all her strength.

It wasn't easy for her to control the demon in her heart.

At this moment, she saw a figure rapidly outline itself out of thin air beside her.

The figure wore a black, old-fashioned dress, but it didn't diminish her beauty and disposition. She sat there silently without a word, but it was impossible to not look at her.

Demoness Trissy!

"Why didn't you kill her?" Trissy asked with a smile, not revealing any gloominess. It was as like an idle chat where she would ask what she had drunk the previous night.

"S-she's one of the few people who didn't ostracized me. She even helped me..." Shermane replied in shock before frowning. "Why are you here?"

Trissy smiled and said, "I'm protecting you."

Without waiting for Shermane's answer, she said, "You seemed to be in a good mood when you came out."

Shermane recalled what had happened and bashfully said, “Maybe, perhaps, I have a chance of becoming a mother…” As she spoke, she touched her stomach with her right hand, the corner of her lips couldn’t help but curl.

“I feel him k-kicking me…” Shermane suddenly froze and blurted, “How could it be so fast?”

She wasn’t sure if she could get pregnant today!

Upon seeing her reaction, Trissy smiled even more charmingly.

Chapter 1019: Patience

“How was it? Did you take a good look?” Just as Fors left the street where Viscount Stratford’s mansion was, she saw Xio walk out with a down and vacant expression.

Xio nodded hesitantly.

“I did…”

Having said that, she seemed to come to her senses and said in shock, “I know her—no, him!”

“Him?” Fors was confused.

Xio habitually observed her surroundings before saying, “He’s Sherman! The Sherman I told you about!

“H-he actually became a woman!”

Fors was stunned as she subconsciously asked, “Were you mistaken?

“Could she be Sherman’s sister?”

Xio firmly shook her head.

“No, she admitted it herself and even told me not to disturb her.

She wants to bid farewell to her past!

“But… how did he become a woman…”

Fors’s eyes darted around as she suddenly recalled something. She said in thought, “It’s not impossible either… There’s a Beyonder pathway that allows a man to become a woman at a certain stage.”

She recalled Miss Justice mentioning something similar during a free exchange session.

“Ah? Really?” Xio’s widened as she asked in disbelief.

“Yes!” Fors had already recalled the exact conditions as she gave a rather confident answer.

“This…” Xio was momentarily unable to accept it, but she couldn’t find a rebuttal. All she could do was ask, “Which pathway is it?”

Fors replied, “Demoness!

“Uh, it’s the Assassin pathway.”

“Demoness… Sherman actually became a Demoness…” Xio repeated to herself.

Suddenly, her voice became louder.

“Could it be that she’s being taken advantage of?

“No, I must warn her!”

Just as she said that, Xio turned around and ran with great strides in an attempt to catch up with the rental carriage again.

However, she couldn’t find the target after attempting to pursue it for a few blocks. Sherman and the carriage seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

Xio gradually slowed down and finally stopped. She looked at the bustling streets ahead of her with a complicated expression.

Behind her, Fors passed through a few walls and finally caught up to her.

“Gone…” Xio whispered.

Fors also cast her gaze forward and thoughtfully replied, “We were discovered…”

Without waiting for Xio to speak, she turned around and sighed.

“Let’s return and find another opportunity.”

Xio didn’t take a step forward as she continued standing there.

After a few seconds, she said under Fors’s puzzled gaze, “Since

they discovered a problem, will they speed up their plans ahead of time?"

"It's possible! If they don't wish for their plans to be foiled, they might attempt one final strike tonight before we're prepared!" Fors immediately agreed with Xio. "Let's return to Viscount Stratford's place and hide in a more concealed spot. We'll continue monitoring it!"

Xio immediately nodded and replied without any hesitation, "Okay."

...

In the dock area, inside a warehouse with plenty of goods.

Shermane was sitting on a dirty wooden crate. Her hands were crossed behind her back as her body had thin but firm spider webs coiled around her.

She appeared as though she was encased in a transparent cocoon, unable to make a single sound.

"It's not a bad thing for you." Trissy stood in front of Shermane with a pitch-black flame that resembled ink burning in her palm. "At the very least, you can determine if he really loves you or is lying to you."

Shermane was angry and afraid. She desperately used her whimpers to express her wish, but Trissy was unmoved. She turned her flame-wielding palm around and pressed it into Shermane's stomach.

The flames seemed to have intelligence as they scattered like flowing water. Following that, they penetrated her skin and flesh in an attempt to drill inside.

Trissy's smooth, black hair flared up in defiance of the laws of nature. They were being pulled by invisible hands as they extended out in every direction. It stained the surrounding air with a peculiar smell.

The strands of hair thickened as they scattered into distinct strands.

Beneath them, dark beams of light surged, bringing about curses and words. They flowed rapidly, fusing into the pitch-black flames. Upon entering Shermane's stomach, they quickly vanished.

Shermane's face twitched uncontrollably, but she didn't feel any pain. It was as though it was purely on reflex.

She soon calmed down as she saw Trissy's figure turn faint and gradually turn transparent until it vanished.

Shermane's pupils widened as she struggled again, but she was unable to break free from her restraints.

She tried again and again like a flood was rising, centimeter by centimeter, inside the silent warehouse.

After an unknown period of time, the door to the warehouse opened with a thud and slammed into the two sides of the wall.

A figure staggered in—it was the middle-aged Viscount Stratford.

He didn't wear his white wig like he always did while outside. This revealed his rather high receding hairline and rather messy black hair. The latter was stuck together as though it had been drenched by a storm and was air-dried. But in the past few hours, the clouds were thin and the crimson moon high in the sky. It hadn't rained at all.

Drops of sweat dripped down Viscount Stratford's rather cut facial contours as there were countless black threads flowing beneath his skin.

His body was slightly hunched, and his facial muscles were somewhat twisted. His eyes were filled with pain and concern.

He surveyed the area and was delighted when he found Shermane. However, he turned anxious as he charged over without much confidence.

When Shermane saw him enter the warehouse, her face lit up as though it was covered in a halo.

She then revealed a worried and fearful expression as she attempted to shake her head frantically. However, her neck was held firmly by the spider webs that prevented her movement.

She reeled in anxiety, to the point of tears flowing out of her eyes, drop after drop—crystalline and frail.

Just as Viscount Stratford was about to reach her, a loud bang suddenly rang out between the two.

It was as though there was an invisible wall that separated him from Shermane, one that was couldn't be surpassed.

"If you wish to break the curse and take her away, you have to answer my question without hiding anything." At this moment, a figure quickly appeared in a corner of the warehouse.

Her facial features were charming, forming together into an abnormally sweet look. She resembled the lover that every young lad would fantasize about in his youth. She was none other than Demoness Trissy.

Without waiting for Viscount Stratford's response, she raised her right hand and conjured a pitch-black flame.

Viscount Stratford's face, hands, neck, and exposed skin instantly turned transparent as they protruded with blood vessels.

And in every blood vessel, there was a black flame silently burning as it flowed silently.

The pain in Viscount Stratford's eyes immediately reached a peak, but it vanished the next moment.

His expression turned extremely cold as a jibing look appeared in his eyes. It was as though the one being cursed wasn't him, but Trissy who was a distance away.

Trissy, who was in the corner of the warehouse, suddenly burst into black flames. Dense, countless spider webs appeared, but they couldn't be lit up.

In the blink of an eye, Trissy was like Shermane, being sealed inside a transparent cocoon. She couldn't move or escape.

In a ventilation vent high above the warehouse, a figure appeared. It was a woman whose age wasn't obvious. She wore a simple and sacred white robe. She had black hair, blue eyes, looking sweet and beautiful, giving off an indescribable charm.

"Katarina Pellè..." Trissy seemed to expend all her strength before she shouted a name.

At this moment, Viscount Stratford grabbed at his body, pulling out an illusory doll covered in thick black flames.

He glanced at Shermane and smiled at Trissy.

"When it comes to matters related to life, I would never be careless. After that fellow, Sikes, died, I knew that it would be my turn one day.

"Heh heh, since you're hunting me, it means there are obviously others who wish to hunt you. We're very patient, afraid of scaring you away. We did nothing and waited until today.

"Also, your gift was pretty good."

Upon hearing Viscount Stratford's words, Shermane, who was still struggling out of habit, instantly stopped moving. Her expression turned blank.

Her eyes widened, but there wasn't any focus. The look in her eyes seemed to sink deeper and deeper.

“Love…” Trissy suddenly laughed, seemingly mocking herself.

She wasn’t nervous at all.

…

Maygur Manor. Night had fallen.

After settling more than twenty guests and preparing the hunting trip the next day, Klein woke up not long after he fell asleep.

His intuition had been triggered as a scene formed in his mind.

Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor, who was wearing a shirt and pants, had flown out of the guest room’s window in secret. He landed outside in complete defiance of the laws of nature.

This… I haven’t even taken action… He came here for his own goals… With a thought, Klein controlled a cockroach outside and turned it into his marionette. He then used its “eyes” to observe the surroundings.

Almost at the same time, Qonas Kilgor appeared.

After this demigod left Maygur Manor, he immediately distorted the “distance” and quickly arrived by the bank of the Tussock River. He prepared himself to cross it.

The cockroach watched quietly without any reaction.

He's heading for the south bank of the Tussock River... What does he want to do... Does he have the preference of hunting in the suburbs so that he can attempt to conceal such actions? He also introduced Maygur Manor to me for this reason? Klein lay in bed and seriously analyzed Qonas's actions.

After the MI9 demigod stepped onto the south bank of the Tussock River, Klein suddenly recalled a matter:

Back when he escaped the underground ruins where Ince Zangwill and company were, he appeared somewhere in the northwest of Backlund. This was the south bank of the Tussock River, making it rather close to where Maygur Manor was.

Chapter 1020: Means of a Demoness

As his thoughts raced, Klein suddenly switched positions with his valet, Enuni, who was in the opposite room.

And under a grapevine 150 meters from the manor's main building, a slowly crawling centipede suddenly stiffened before it relaxed.

Almost at the same time, its body vanished from its location. Dwayne Dantè in his blue and white checkered pajamas had appeared.

Klein had swapped places with his marionette again!

He decided to use this method to secretly tail Qonas Kilgor and figure out where he was going or what he was planning on doing.

Although he could only "move" 150 meters a time, and it took two to three seconds in between "moves" due to the process of turning the target into a marionette, this was more concealed compared to Flaming Jump or Teleport. It made it difficult for Qonas Kilgor to detect him.

After all, he was dealing with a demigod. Even in domains where one's spiritual intuition wasn't the best, a demigod wasn't to be underestimated!

By the same logic, Klein didn't rely on Creeping Hunger to hide in the shadows. This was because it was relatively slow even though it concealed him rather well. It was impossible for him

to catch up to the demigod.

Under the dark night sky, from Maygur Manor to the south bank of the Tussock River, the rats, snakes, spiders, fish that were active in that stretch of land stiffened up and turned sluggish.

They were converted into marionettes one after another. With their help, Klein constantly "moved" without causing a stir. Soon, he arrived at the south bank of the Tussock River, and after catching up to Qonas Kilgor, he maintained a distance of one kilometer.

To a Bizarro Sorcerer, even if a marionette were to go beyond his range of control, it wouldn't immediately escape from its controlled state or die immediately. Without a Bizarro Sorcerer's consciousness as a catalyst, this process was rather slow and needed nearly ten minutes. Therefore, Klein wasn't worried that he would lose Enuni, who was lying in bed, while he did his tailing. As long as he returned within ten minutes, he could continue controlling his marionette.

Silently, Klein followed Qonas Kilgor as they went upstream. Passing through the dense forest, they climbed up a mountain beside the bank.

At this moment, Qonas Kilgor, who wasn't wearing a vest or coat, suddenly stopped. He checked his surroundings and widened the range of his search as though he was trying to claim his territory.

Upon seeing this, Klein didn't dare stay any longer. He immediately switched places with his marionettes and retreated repeatedly, pulling away to a distance of nearly three kilometers from the deputy director of MI9.

At this moment, he gave up control of the marionettes ahead of him. The death of a few bugs wouldn't incur any suspicion.

This was all too common in the outskirts and in the forests!

King of the Five Seas Nast can create a fighting environment that's favorable for him. Will Qonas Kilgor, who's also a Black Emperor pathway demigod, have the ability to demarcate such a region. He can change, boost, and use certain rules and make whoever tails him expose themselves without being able to hide? It's very possible! Klein warily took out a gold coin he placed in his pajama pocket. He ran it through his fingers and flipped it.

This time, he deliberately controlled his strength and didn't produce a flicking sound. The gold coin flew up in silence and landed in his palm.

Without needing to look down, the gold coin's face was naturally reflected in his mind.

It was heads!

This meant that the anomaly ahead contained extreme danger!

As expected of a demigod. Such abilities sure are enviable... However, do you think you can avoid my "tailing"? Klein scoffed inwardly and found an abnormally secluded spot and made himself turn into Gehrman Sparrow.

Following that, he clasped his hands and pressed it to his mouth, whispering:

“Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua…”

After praying, Klein immediately took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog. He sat at The Fool’s seat and beckoned for the bone scepter with blue gems embedded at its tip.

Then, with the help of his prayer, he utilized the Sea God Scepter’s responding to believers and saw the area around Gehrman Sparrow.

He then raised his field of view and took in the surrounding area. Using this as the origin, he expanded his vision to five nautical miles. This was the limit of what the Sea God Scepter could observe with the help of its believers.

And this way, the area where Qonas Klein had designated—one that no object could escape his notice—appeared in Klein’s vision.

…

In the dock area, inside a warehouse with plenty of goods.

“Love…” After Trissy chuckled, her figure grew faint as though she was bathed in the luster of a lake at night.

In the blink of an eye, Trissy, who had been bound tightly with layers of silk by Demoness of Unaging Katarina Pellè, turned into an illusory mirror.

It was a full-body mirror taller than a person. Aqueous light shimmered within as a ghostly halo grew out of it as though it was a door leading to another world.

At that moment, it didn't reflect the scene in front of it. Instead, it outlined a room.

The room was dimly lit. The bed and furniture had been diced up into countless small pieces which were scattered everywhere. Only the central region was spick and span.

Trissy stood there, wearing a dark black dress. Her hair cascaded down smoothly as it fluttered in the wind, accentuating her face's abnormal fairness. She looked like a female ghost as spoken in folk tales.

She wasn't actually present and was using the illusory mirror to project her figure and strength remotely. It was as though everything was real.

Therefore, she wasn't flustered at all when she was being controlled and hunted.

Upon seeing this scene, Katarina Pellè, who wore simple and holy white robes, didn't hesitate to let out a shriek.

Invisible waves quickly spread out as her hair flared up, each strand clear and distinct. They were thick and dyed with a grayish-white color.

The illusory full-body mirror suddenly vibrated and shook as though it was on the brink of breaking apart.

And in the messy room it reflected, the fragments of the bed, desk, and chairs turned grayish-white, losing their luster as though they were rocks.

The brownish-yellow floor in front of Trissy turned into grayish-white rocks as it quickly extended towards the only human in the room like a surging tidal wave.

Trissy didn't attempt to resist as she turned around and waved her hand back while leaping towards the open window.

In midair, invisible spider webs that belonged to her phased into existence. They turned dark as they spread towards the grayish-white colors.

At the same time, the dark and profound full-body mirror produced one crack after another. Amidst illusory shattering sounds, it broke apart and vanished.

However, before the full-body mirror completely vanished, the grayish-white colors receded in a strange manner inside the petrified room, materializing into a figure.

The figure wore a simple, holy white robe and had luscious raven-black hair. She looked both mature and innocent, as though she had a pair of profound and childlike blue eyes. She was Demoness of Unaging Katarina who had just been inside the warehouse a moment ago.

Viscount Stratford could no longer see the situation inside the "opposite" room once the ghostly glow dissipated.

He retracted his gaze and cast it onto Shermane. He wore a

mixed look in his eyes before he recovered.

“Trissy really was patient. To deal with me, she actually spent months to nurture a new Demoness.” Viscount Stratford shook his head with a chuckle. “What did she want you to gain from me?”

At that moment, with Trissy’s connection being severed, the spider webs around Shermane had loosened. They were unable to bind her and restrict her freedom.

This beautiful girl wore a blank expression as she replied with a vacant look in her eyes, “She wanted me to know who you are truly loyal to.”

Without waiting for Viscount Stratford to say a word, she asked hesitantly, her eyes making it obvious that she had difficulty finding the words:

“How many of those promises that you made to me were real?”

Viscount Stratford was taken aback before he chuckled.

“You’re probably the most silly and most naive Demoness I’ve ever met…”

Shermane’s expression froze on her face as the glimmer in her eyes that she found so hard to regain faded bit by bit.

…

Outside the warehouse, Xio and Fors were hiding in the shadows, observing the silent target area.

They had followed Viscount Stratford here!

Their patience had paid off, as they discovered this captain of the royal guards secretly leaving his mansion in the dead of the night, rushing to the dock area near the Backlund Bridge.

Using Xio's power as a Sheriff, they followed him all the way here by keeping a huge distance between them. They had also confirmed that he had entered the warehouse in front of them.

In addition, they also sensed that Viscount Stratford's condition had worsened as though he had been injured.

"Actually, we had the opportunity to take action while on our way here..." Fors looked at the warehouse's entrance and murmured.

Xio replied without looking at her, "But you said it yourself that you have a nagging feeling that things aren't that simple and wanted to wait."

"This might be the intuition of an Astrologer. It might also be an act of procrastination..." Fors replied in a self-deprecating manner.

They didn't say anything more as silence ruled once more. They continued waiting patiently.

At this moment, a pitch-black flame was ignited on the rammed

earth in front of them.

The strange flames rapidly dispersed and kept close to the ground as it swept away. It then outlined a row of Loenese text:

“This is the chance you’ve been longing for.”

Xio’s and Fors’s pupils dilated at the same time. Then, they looked at each other, at a loss for words.

After a few seconds, Fors finally couldn’t help but ask, “What do we do?”

Chapter 1021: Cross

Xio hesitated when she heard Fors's question.

"We were discovered..."

They had said something similar before, but they were repeating it again now. However, it didn't have the same meaning. Previously, it was referring to being discovered by the guardian or monitor when she recognized Sherman. Now, the crux of the matter was that their choice and corresponding actions were expected and arranged by the person behind the scenes. They had no secrets to speak of.

This meant that the chance that Xio had been longing for might've really appeared, but what lay behind this matter was inconceivable.

"If we follow the intention behind this 'message.' The final outcome will depend on whether she has good intentions, but that's not something under our control," Xio added from a rational angle.

The reason why she had used "she" to represent the person behind the scenes was because she had recalled the fragrance she smelled when she lost Sherman the other time.

Fors listened quietly and nodded in agreement.

Yes, we're too passive in this matter. The best option is to leave this place..."

As soon as she finished speaking, she looked at the warehouse. She opened her mouth but didn't say anything further.

She was reminded of the possible situation Sherman was in, and she suspected that "he" was in grave danger. However, she deliberately ignored it in the end and didn't mention it.

To her, Sherman was a person who existed in Xio's descriptions. He was no different from a character in a novel. If she had the strength and opportunity to save him in passing, she was willing to do so, but to bear the risk because of that and allow her friend to be rash, putting her life in danger was definitely not something within her considerations.

Xio nodded and said, "Alright, we'll leave now.

"However, the person who left that 'comment' definitely wouldn't be happy to see us do so. She will definitely hinder us.

"Uh, let's do it this way. We'll escape in different directions and make that person choose one person. Whoever successfully leaves this area will immediately cause a commotion and attract the official Beyonders."

"Why don't we directly cause a commotion here?" Fors subconsciously raised a question.

"It will definitely be stopped or foiled!" Xio gave her excuse.

Fors nodded thoughtfully.

"Makes sense.

“Alright, let’s not delay it any further. Let’s begin.”

Xio didn’t say another word as she took out her transparent, nearly invisible triangular blade. With her back bent, she leaped out of her hiding spot and ran out of the harbor amidst the shadows.

The triangular blade was a mystical item she had spent 500 pounds through Ma’am Hermit to get the Artisan to forge with the ancient wraith’s powder and remnant spirituality. It was called Wintry Blade.

Anyone hit by this weapon—even if it were a gentle touch—would be frozen stiff. They would even lose control of their thoughts as though they were possessed by a wraith. At the same time, once the battle continued, Wintry Blade’s enemies would gradually have their thoughts turn sluggish and their actions become rigid and dull, even if they didn’t touch the triangular blade.

And Wintry Blade’s negative effects wasn’t that terrifying. Furthermore, there was only one—the wielder would slowly lose their body temperature and transform into an undead. Once a certain time limit was exceeded, this process would become irreversible.

Therefore, Xio had recently enjoyed jogging more or riding a bicycle at lightning speeds to generate heat to resist the loss of temperature.

But even so, she had only managed to extend the time it took before she kept Wintry Blade away from her body from three hours to four hours.

After running a certain distance, Xio turned back and realized

that Fors had already passed through a wall and departed. She had vanished from where they were hiding.

After staring for two seconds, Xio bit her lip and suddenly turned around and changed direction.

She headed straight for the warehouse!

Soon, she arrived beside her destination, but she wasn't in a rush to enter. She looked up and observed the area above her, seemingly trying to find another passageway, one that was less noticeable to the people inside.

At that moment, her keen senses made her turn her head and see a figure appear around the corner of the wall.

The figure wore a black dress with a head of brown, curly hair. She had a pair of light blue eyes. It was none other than Fors Wall.

Didn't you leave?" Despite being surprised, Xio didn't forget to lower her voice.

Fors curled her lips and said, "Weren't you fleeing too?"

Xio was momentarily at a loss for words. After a few seconds, she asked, "How did you notice it?"

You didn't even mention Sherman. That's completely unlike you! I've already prepared a reason to persuade you!" Fors quickly replied.

Xio was taken aback as she said with a complicated expression, “You didn’t have to come back.”

Fors ignored her and pressed on the wall of the warehouse and said, “If we keep talking, perhaps we will no longer need to be stumped because it would already be over.

“Man, I actually didn’t think of such a good idea just now. I should’ve immediately insisted on going with you to save her. You definitely would’ve persuaded me otherwise and would think of doing it yourself. If we repeated the conversation a few times, everything would’ve ended on its own.”

Xio gave her friend a look and, without any hesitation, stood by her side with Wintry Blade in hand.

Fors immediately flipped Leymano’s Travels and augmented her friend with Beyonder powers. Then, she put away the spellbook and grabbed Xio’s shoulder with one hand, pressing the other on the wall again.

While Xio was waiting for Door Opening, she realized that Fors hadn’t immediately used her powers.

This best-selling author took a deep breath and quickly said, “After entering, we’ll hide and observe. After confirming that there’s a chance to do something, we’ll take action.

“If there’s really no chance, or if we can’t seize an opportunity for sure, we’ll leave as soon as possible. That way, we can at least avenge Sherman and not be buried alive with him!

“Only by being alive will all kinds of possibilities open up for

us…”

Xio immediately nodded and replied in a stern manner, “Okay.”

Fors wanted to say a few more words, but considering how she had wasted some time and couldn’t afford to waste any more time, she “opened” the illusory door and passed through the wall with Xio, coming behind a row of wooden crates.

With her no longer being a greenhorn in such operations, she instinctively crouched down and pulled out Leymano’s Travels and flipped to a particular page.

Xio similarly didn’t dash in. She bent down and moved her eyes to a gap between the crates and observed the empty region.

The female-looking Sherman was sitting on a wooden crate without any signs of anger. Her brown hair was gently fluttering in the wind.

And standing in front of her was Viscount Stratford. This captain of the royal guards tightened his collar and was surveying the area, a mystery as to what he was looking for.

“Unfortunately, you’re only a Demoness.”

“Don’t worry. I will let you die without any pain. You will be completely purified.”

As he spoke, he took out an item from his inner pocket.

Xio used her enhanced vision from the Interrogator potion, and she clearly identified the item.

It was a cross accessory covered in bronze. There were a few sharp, jagged protrusions, looking as though it had once impaled someone.

Its style and characteristics were things that the various nations in the Fifth Epoch's Northern Continent didn't possess. It exuded ancient vibes.

Very good. You know that resistance is futile," Viscount Stratford said as he pressed one of the fingers he used to hold the bronze cross onto the spike.

His bright red blood immediately flowed out and was absorbed by the spike, seeping into the object.

The mottled bronze on the cross's surface disintegrated, revealing a corporeal form beneath that was a blob of light.

In just a second or two, the item Viscount Stratford held had turned into a resplendent cross!

It emitted a pure and flawless glow, illuminating the surroundings in an abnormally bright manner.

The wooden crate's shadows quickly receded as the dark splotches on the wall evaporated like water.

Beside Shermane, the countless spider webs that originally belonged to Trissy floated up and struggled in the fire, melting in

just mere seconds.

The light grew brighter, but they weren't blinding. Black flames burst out of Shermane's body along with crystalline ice. They turned dim, transparent, and eventually vanished under the illumination.

Within the range of the resplendent cross, there weren't any traces of evil or abnormalities present. Not one inch of darkness remained!

Seeing Sherman's expression slowly distort, Xio couldn't help but shoot Fors a glance.

She could clearly sense the terror of the resplendent cross, and she was beginning to waver about saving her.

Fors also noticed what was happening and pointed to Leymano's Travels. She raised her left index finger and whispered into Xio's ear, "There's only one chance.

"I will work hard to create it for you. If it's not successful, or if you can't be certain of it, we will give up."

Xio didn't hesitate as she nodded solemnly.

Fors immediately straightened her body and flipped Leymano's Travels to the charred-yellow page.

This page was filled with complicated, twisted, indescribable symbols and labels. It gave one the feeling of a strong gust of wind.

Sailor pathway's demigod power—Hurricane!

After observing her surroundings once again and confirming that there weren't any other enemies, Fors's gaze penetrated through the gap in between the wooden crates and locked onto Viscount Stratford. She then slid her finger gently across the charred-yellow page.

With an exploding whoosh, a visible hurricane soared up beneath Viscount Stratford's feet and rushed upwards.

The captain of the royal guards wasn't able to maintain his balance from this sudden attack. He was lifted up by the hurricane and was slammed into the warehouse's ceiling.

Boom!

The warehouse's ceiling was torn apart by the hurricane as portions of it collapsed. Some of the fragments spun around amidst the wind as they flew higher and higher.

Viscount Stratford nearly fainted from being slammed, and he failed to hold onto the resplendent cross, allowing it to fly out of his palm.

When the spike with a sliver of his blood left his finger, the mottled bronze covered the cross's surface once more.

The flawless light vanished in turn.

Upon seeing this, Xio didn't hesitate to rush out of her hiding spot. Her eyes first reflected Viscount Stratford's figure before

two blinding bolts of lightning lit up.

Psychic Piercing!

Chapter 1022: Answer

Amidst the violent hurricane, Viscount Stratford was like a helpless leaf that was pitifully thrown about as though he could be torn to pieces at any moment.

In this state, he couldn't react at all, much less speak. All he could do was rely on a Disciplinary Paladin's powerful body to barely hold on, hoping that he wouldn't lose a limb or head inside this terrifying hurricane.

He originally believed that the hunt had succeeded and that Trissy's capture was at hand. Furthermore, he was extremely certain that his target didn't have helpers; hence, all his attention was focused on Shermane. To his surprise, he suddenly became the prey and fell into a trap without any prior warning.

Upon realizing that the hurricane was beginning to weaken and that he had only suffered some damage from the impact and didn't receive any fatal wounds, Viscount Stratford hurriedly tried to regain control of his body in preparation for the upcoming battle.

At that moment, he felt a stabbing pain in his head which felt as though a sharp dagger had been impaled into it before being twisted a few times.

This feeling was something that Viscount Stratford felt was both familiar and unfamiliar. This was because, although he had never experienced it directly before, he had "attempted" it on several targets to observe their reactions.

This was one of the Beyonder powers he was most proficient

with!

Psychic Piercing!

Bang!

Upon being attacked, Viscount Stratford, who had failed to adjust his physical state, slammed into the ground hard as the bronze cross loudly fell several meters away.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Xio held Wintry Blade and took a huge stride, dashing straight for Viscount Stratford who was struggling to get up.

As for Fors, she had already flipped through Leymano's Travels and flipped it open to a page that resembled a goatskin parchment.

As her fingers slid across the page, Viscount Stratford's shadows, which had surfaced once again, came to life, condensing into black chains that wrapped around its target, binding him tightly.

Viscount Stratford, who had just managed to catch his breath and become alert, still hadn't had the opportunity to choose the target for his "punishment" and apply certain restrictions when he once again lost his freedom. Even his mouth was bound by a shadow chain.

Abyss Chains!

It was Abyss Chains from the Sanguine or Moon pathway's Mid-Sequence Beyonders!

Fors had used it once and was rather fond of this Beyonder power. She found it very useful, so she had spent gold pounds to get Mr. Moon, who had become a Viscount, to record it.

Bang!

At this moment, Viscount Stratford suddenly unleashed power that surpassed his previous strength, tearing the shadow chains apart.

He had chosen the “bindings” restricting him to be the target of punishment!

But at that moment, Xio had already rushed in front of him like a high-speed train, thrusting that transparent triangular blade.

Amidst a splotching sound, the Wintry Blade stabbed into the target’s abdomen.

Viscount Stratford’s body stiffened once again as his eyes glazed over as though he had turned into an ice sculpture.

Xio released her hand and allowed Wintry Blade to remain stabbed into the stomach of the captain of the royal guards, seemingly hoping that the wraith which might’ve existed on the weapon would continue “Possessing” her target and forcibly bring him under control.

Right on the heels of that, she swung her arm and slammed a punch right below Viscount Stratford’s ear.

After two heavy blows, Viscount Stratford fainted without even

letting out a grunt. His stiff body collapsed once again.

After completing this strike, Xio left her back to Fors and immediately moved past the staggering Viscount Stratford, who had Wintry Blade in his stomach, and dashed to Sherman who remained sitting on a wooden crate.

Fors flipped through Leymano's Travels once again, using other Beyonder powers to add another layer of restrictions onto Viscount Stratford's body. Then, she walked out of the row of wooden crates she had been hiding behind and first approached that bronze ancient cross.

The scene she saw made her suspect that it was an item at the demigod level. In the parlance of official Beyonders, it was a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.

And with Viscount Stratford carrying and using it, she believed that the negative effects of the cross weren't that direct. She could attempt to pick it up.

Of course, as a former Astrologer, Fors took out the pure crystal ball as she walked, quickly doing a divination. "There are no problems..." Fors glanced at the outcome and quickened her pace.

At this moment, Xio had already rushed in front of Sherman. Looking at this friend who had turned rather beautiful, she was momentarily at a loss for words.

To her, Sherman's condition was in a terrible state.

This Demoness's hair was floating up with each strand turning thick as if they were tiny snakes.

On the ends of the “tiny snakes,” some had eyes or mouths. They appeared extremely bizarre and terrifying.

On Sherman’s face, a black paint-like mysterious pattern suffused out of her skin and was rapidly spreading across her body.

Her slightly vacant eyes quickly reflected Xio as she gradually recovered her spirit and, along with that, also came a little confusion and pain.

She opened her mouth and stuttered, “Xio… I’m in so much pain…”

Xio’s vision instantly blurred.

Although she was still lacking in many of the details regarding the mysterious world’s general knowledge—since the Tarot Club’s discussion was just way over her head, and the information she got from MI9 was mostly about secret organizations—she still knew quite a bit about losing control. Among unaffiliated Beyonders, it was something that couldn’t be avoided.

Therefore, Xio knew that Sherman was beginning to lose control. It was irreversible, and the situation would only worsen.

Sherman seemed to sense her state as she gasped for breath, revealing a weak smile. She said with difficulty, “Kill me… I’ve done… too many unspeakable sins… I’ve also obtained… what I’ve wanted…”

Xio’s tears dripped down. Without hesitation, she flipped her

hand, drawing her backup weapon—an ordinary revolver. She then placed the revolver at Sherman's forehead.

Sherman smiled as a mesmerizing charm appeared in her eyes once again.

"Call me... Call me Shermane..."

"Shermane." Xio couldn't help but frown as tears brimmed in her eyes.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

She repeatedly pulled the trigger and fired the bullets inside.

Fresh flowers bloomed at once, red and beautiful.

Fors pursed her lips unknowingly when she saw this.

After two seconds, she let out a long sigh. She bent down and reached out for the bronze cross.

Just as her fingers touched the item, it felt like she had touched fire. It was hot and scalding, hot enough to burn the soul.

Fors instinctively retracted her hand, feeling alarmed and puzzled.

She remembered that Viscount Stratford had never acted in such

a manner before.

As her thoughts raced, Fors glanced at Viscount Stratford and kicked the bronze cross towards the nearby Xio.

“Give it a try.

“Also, we have to leave immediately. The commotion from earlier will definitely attract the official Beyonders! Also, who knows what the person who left the ‘message’ will do!”

Xio, with her reddened-eyes, didn’t say a word. She bent down and picked up the bronze cross. She didn’t feel any sense of discomfort the entire time.

Uh… Fors didn’t ask why as she walked to the stiff Viscount Stratford’s body and warily looked around.

After Xio put away the bronze cross, she picked up Shermane’s corpse and returned to Viscount Stratford’s side.

“That item is very precious. His status is also very important. We’ll definitely be the targets of the royal family’s pursuit efforts. We need to do some interference…” Fors looked down at Viscount Stratford as she muttered to herself in thought.

She quickly made a decision. She raised her hands, lowered her head, and began piously chanting Mr. Fool’s honorific name.

She didn’t believe that them giving up the bronze cross would stop the royal family from pursuing them due to being perceived to have lower priority. Therefore, without any hesitation, she

prayed to Mr. Fool for help.

To her, sacrificing the item to Mr. Fool was better than staying there.

Almost at the same time, she saw a holy angel with twelve pairs of fiery wings.

A phantom projected out of the angel as it descended from the sky, wrapping her and Xio in layers of flaming wings.

Once this was over, Fors was just about to say something when she felt her body quiver. She felt a particular sense of horror and evil permeate from the void.

Her eyes focused as she didn't hesitate to crouch down, reaching out her hands and grabbing Xio and Viscount Stratford's calf.

At the same time, the final dark green stone with burn marks on her bracelet emitted a blue and illusory light.

In the blink of an eye, the bodies of Fors, Xio, Viscount Stratford, and Shermane turned transparent as they vanished from the spot.

In seconds, they left the docks area and appeared on the outskirts of St. George Borough.

During this process, Fors had even used her Beyonder power as a Scribe to "RecordM"Traveling.M

After observing her surroundings and confirming that there was no one around since they were in the forests, Fors released Xio and Viscount Stratford and straightened her body.

With the blessings of Mr. Fool's angel, there shouldn't be much danger. The person who "left the message" won't be able to lock onto us. Fors heaved a sigh of relief before saying with a lingering sense of fear, "The person who descended upon us towards the end was definitely a saint. Thankfully, we quickly escaped..."

Xio gently lowered Shermane's corpse and said in thought, "If the person who 'left the message' was monitoring Shermane, then she might've already found out where we live. We can't return there."

"Yes, we need to change our residence," Fors said with great experience. Then, she cast her gaze at the unconscious Viscount Stratford. "You can interrogate him now. Make every second count."

As she spoke, she handed Leymano's Travels to Xio and exhorted, "There's Telepathy on it and it's used with candlelight. Also, start with the simple and unimportant questions to lower his resistance."

Xio received the spellbook with a solemn expression. However, her wrist trembled, unable to hold Leymano's Travels. Pa!

The bronze notebook dropped onto the ground as Xio said with a frown, "It's like fire..."

Fors had the same experience earlier, so after some thought, she said, Throw that cross away and try again."

Xio followed her suggestion and successfully picked up Leymano's Travels.

"It cannot be held with other mystical items..." Fors said with a nod when she saw this.

Xio didn't harp on this problem as she quickly prepared a lit candle.

Then, she drew Wintry Blade and relieved Viscount Stratford from his stiff and dazed state.

After the captain of the royal guards gradually awakened, she triggered the corresponding page in the notebook. Viscount Stratford instantly fell into confusion, and only the faint candlelight remained in his eyes.

"Why did Shermane try to approach you?" Xio asked the question she had just thought of.

Viscount Stratford replied blankly, "She was investigating who I'm loyal to."

Xio was taken aback as she instinctively asked, "Who are you really loyal to?"

Viscount Stratford slowly said, "His Majesty, of course.'

Chapter 1023: Mason Dere's Death

His Majesty... Xio was a little confused and filled with confusion when she heard Viscount Stratford's reply.

She found it inexplicable that Shermane would deliberately approach this captain of the royal guards just to investigate where his loyalties lay. This didn't seem to be something of great importance or value.

As for Viscount Stratford's answer, it was very normal and without any faults.

Shermane paid with her life for such an answer? Xio originally wished to press for the reason behind Shermane's investigation of such a trivial matter, but she immediately realized that it might involve key intel too soon. It might cause Viscount Stratford, who hadn't entered the necessary "state," to put up resistance. So she gradually held back her instinctive urge.

She thought for a moment and asked, "Do you know Mason Dere?"

"Yes," Viscount Stratford answered blankly.

Xio Derecha continued asking rather simple and unimportant questions.

"Who is he?"

"He's the former captain of the royal guards," Viscount Stratford

answered simply without elaborating.

At this moment, Fors didn't listen to the Telepathy at such a superficial layer. She took out the pure crystal ball and placed it in Xio's pocket.

After transferring her items, she bent down once again and carefully attempted to pick up the bronze cross.

This time, amidst her trembling fingers, the soul-burning feeling didn't assault her. It allowed her to easily pick up the spiky item.

As expected, this cross cannot coexist with other mystical items... Uh, I still have Moon Paper Figurine and the remnant spirituality of the ancient wraiths, but it didn't react... This means that it can coexist with items that don't contain Beyonder characteristics, but won't resist spirituality and strength? If that's the case, will it also reject the Beyonder characteristic within my body? But it doesn't seem obvious... This is its other negative side effect, and it requires some time before it shows signs? Fors had a general idea about this ancient bronze cross. She then warily stored it away in a bag that contained all kinds of ritual materials.

After doing this, Fors looked down at the silver bracelet on her wrist. She confirmed that it was completely empty and was without any accessories hanging from it.

She had used up all five stones that allowed her to use Teleport.

However, Fors no longer felt as anxious as before. Although she believed that the "full moon ravings" would become clearer and more terrifying with the usage of each stone, she also knew that with Mr. Fool's help, this wasn't a problem. Over the past year, if not for her need to spend some time above the gray fog during

every full moon or Blood Moon, she would've almost forgotten that she was suffering the torment from the "full moon ravings."

I hope that the curse will be lifted one day... After retracting her gaze from the dull silver bracelet, Fors couldn't help but sigh.

She then sincerely thanked Mr. Fool in her heart.

...No matter what "His" real goal is, "He" has rescued me time and time again. It hasn't only been from the "full moon ravings"...

This cross's level doesn't seem low. I wonder if Mr. Fool will be interested and is willing to accept my sacrifice... I didn't have any good items or news to repay "Him" for his benevolence. I finally see an opportunity...

Uh... This is a common spoil of war. I only own half of it. I wonder if Mr. Fool is willing to accept a sacrifice that I only have half the rights to... No, Xio has also been rescued by Mr. Fool before...

Hehe, perhaps it might please Mr. Fool... If "He" is satisfied, he might produce a few Beyonder powers and allow me to record them in Leymano's Travels. No, Leymano's Travels might not be able to record a deity's powers. It won't be able to withstand Mr. Fool's powers... Hmm, the powers of the angels under "Him" will do too. No, no, no—I can't be too greedy. I'll be satisfied if Mr. World can demonstrate some of his powers for me to record...

Fors's thoughts wandered as she had expectations akin to a dream.

This was the instinct of a best-selling author.

As for why she didn't expect anything else other than the recording of Beyonder powers, it was because she realized today how important and terrifying Beyonder powers at the demigod level were.

If Leymano's Travels didn't have Hurricane recorded, she and Xio might not have been able to capture Viscount Stratford. They might not even succeed in escaping.

Even if she didn't include the bronze cross, Viscount Stratford himself was a rather powerful Beyonder. If he hadn't been injured by Hurricane in the beginning and left dizzy from the fall, their sneak attacks might not have reached this level of success. There was a high chance that they might suffer a counterattack.

Of course, separating the resplendent cross from Viscount Stratford was key to the victory of this brief battle tonight. And again, this was all thanks to Hurricane.

On careful thought, if we switched to a less pressing situation, and if the bronze cross and the demigod powers in the notebook were excluded, Xio and I might have a chance of defeating Viscount Stratford together. We might even have quite good odds...

The Beyonder powers recorded in the notebook are varied, and when put together, they're truly powerful. Together with Xio's Psychic Piercing and the effects of Wintry Blade, in a head-on battle, it's reasonable for Viscount Stratford to be defeated if he doesn't have any special mystical items.

A living Scribe with rich experience is actually this powerful...

The more Fors thought, the stranger she felt.

She realized that she had become rather formidable!

Back when they were dealing with the ancient wraith, she had already come to a similar conclusion.

And this time, their enemy, Viscount Stratford, was the captain of the royal guards of the Loen royal family. He was at least Sequence 6 and was probably Sequence 5. Furthermore, he wielded an item at the demigod level. The level of his strength was clear, so this immediately allowed Fors to benchmark her "level" in the world of Beyonders. Although their victory mainly stemmed from a sneak attack, a successful one was also a manifestation of one's strength.

I'm already a Scribe. With a good combination of powers, together with Leymano's Travels, I'm already a rather strong Sequence 5... The only problem is that I lack experience... As Fors reflected poignantly, she cast her gaze at Xio and Viscount Stratford, continuing to listen to their questions and answers.

At this moment, Xio's question had already reached a rather key topic that could easily result in resistance.

"How did Mason Dere die?"

After asking this question, Xio's expression suddenly turned complicated and expectant. She was also in a dilemma, feeling pangs of excitement and fear.

This was a question she wished to ask eight years ago. In these nearly 3,000 days, she had been constantly searching for an

answer, but she was also afraid that the answer wasn't something she expected. She was afraid that her father was really involved in a mutiny and thus was executed, marring his reputation.

Viscount Stratford didn't immediately answer Xio's question. He seemed to struggle before saying, "He discovered His Majesty's secret and tried informing the three Churches but failed. He was executed on the spot."

Xio fell into a daze for a few seconds before finally confirming the answer she received.

Although this answer shocked her, it made the heart in her mouth sink back to its original position as she calmed down.

"Secret... His Majesty's secret..." she muttered softly to herself and asked in a pressing tone, "What secret?"

Fors, who was beside her, was also shocked to the point of being dumbfounded. She never expected things to develop to this stage.

At that moment, Viscount Stratford's facial muscles visibly contorted. It took him a great deal of effort to say a few words : "That secret is..."

Suddenly, his body jerked violently. His confused eyes regained their luster.

Right on the heels of that, his body collapsed from the most minute part, instantly transforming into a ball of "fireworks."

The blood-red “fireworks” soared into the sky and exploded, illuminating the night sky as they were reflected in Fors’s and Xio’s eyes.

This… Having experienced this previously, Fors didn’t waste any time after her eyes momentarily blanked out. She immediately crouched down and grabbed Shermane’s corpse and Xio’s calf.

Their figures swiftly turned transparent as they vanished from the spot, Teleporting to the southern area of the bridge.

Above the gray fog, Klein, who was holding the Sea God Scepter, saw the “fireworks” that stained the sky red.

Back when Fors prayed to him, he had happened to be inside the magnificent palace observing Qonas Kilgor’s actions. He conveniently took in the Red Priest card and used the paper figurine he cut, stirred the powers of the mysterious space, and gave a response.

During this process, he discovered that the person lying next to Miss Magician and Miss Judgment was Viscount Stratford.

This was one of the targets he had placed great importance on. Although he hadn’t investigated him personally, he knew that there was something wrong with him. He knew that Demoness Trissy was targeting him, so he had remembered his appearance and characteristics at a ball.

Klein didn’t know what the two Tarot Club members were up to, but since it involved Viscount Stratford, he definitely didn’t write off its importance. He directly observed what subsequently happened to Miss Magician and Miss Judgment through the crimson stars.

After advancing to a demigod and obtaining even more authorities, he didn't need the Tarot Club members to pray to directly observe their vicinity via the crimson star. This was similar to specially marking out believers, but Klein had always held great restraint towards that and had never attempted it.

This made him hear Xio's and Viscount Stratford's conversation.

And since he knew the underlying truth, he knew very well what the true meaning and importance of "who he was loyal to" was.

Combined with the discovery of the king's secret by the former captain of the royal guards, Mason Dere, and how his attempt to inform the three Churches failed, Klein already had a guess.

He suspected that the greatest culprit behind the Great Smog of Backlund was the Loen Kingdom's king, George III!

Chapter 1024: Traditional Skills

Inside the palace above the gray fog, Klein, who was holding the Sea God Scepter, looked at the Black Emperor card and the Tyrant card on the table in front of him with a heavy look.

Although Viscount Stratford's answer could only prove that King George III hid a great secret, had played a crucial role in the Great Smog of Backlund, and was highly likely to be a mass murderer, it couldn't be said that he had spearheaded everything and was the true mastermind. After all, he might only be a puppet. But to Klein, this was already enough. The target was clear, and he had clues to investigate what they were planning.

Seeing that Miss Magician and Miss Judgment had left the area where the abnormality had happened and were practically safe, Klein retracted his gaze and continued to observe the actions of MI9 deputy director, Qonas Kilgor, via prayer vision.

After a while, after "securing" the territory and confirming that no one was tailing him, Qonas Kilgor walked to a mountain wall and took out an object.

His entire body was tainted with a ghostly-blue glow as he gradually became hazy and blurry.

Then, he disappeared into thin air, his whereabouts unknown.

A rather special form of Traveling via a corporeal ritual or item that allows him to teleport from point to point within a very short distance... Back when I came out from the underground ruins where Ince Zangwill was, I also passed through a similar "door"... Yes, this place isn't too far from the mountain where

Mr. A pursued me…

This setup needs a very suitable and secretive region. Without having any permission from the interior, just holding onto an activation item might not have any effect. And once something happens, destroying the corresponding ritual can prevent enemies from entering and stop them from finding the exact location… Klein nodded in enlightenment.

Combining the information which Viscount Stratford had just revealed, he had come to the initial conclusion that the king's secret and the ploy by the three factions were all hidden deep within the underground ruins. As long as one entered, the truth would be obtained through a careful investigation.

However, the difficulty in performing the investigations became apparent the more he thought about it—he had to first obtain the corresponding item and, using his disguise as a Faceless to fool the guards, he would "Teleport" in. None of these steps were easy.

According to Arrodes, Qonas Kilgor wasn't just a demigod of the Black Emperor pathway, he also possessed a rather powerful Sealed Artifact.

Even if Klein had made preparations, his odds of defeating the brigadier general of MI9 wasn't too high if he didn't seek the help of angels, much less finish him off in a stealthy manner without anyone realizing it. Furthermore, there were many difficulties in getting the help of an angel, as all of "Them" had their own extenuating circumstances that prevented "Them" from agreeing.

Even if I take down Qonas Kilgor without drawing the attention of anyone, I have to consider the danger that stems from entering… Based on what previously happened, it's impossible

for them to not be on guard against a Faceless…A cooperation effort between the king, the Psychology Alchemists, and the Demoness Sect guarantees that their ploy is significant. It's extremely possible that there's an angel within the underground ruins… Klein frowned as he was at a loss for a reliable angle for investigation.

He tapped the edge of the long mottled table and decided to break out of the confines of his original thoughts and consider it from a different angle.

A few seconds later, a flash of inspiration came to him.

Why do I want to complete all these steps by myself?

The king's secret and plans are likely detrimental to the three Churches of Storm, Evernight, and Steam; otherwise, the former captain of the royal guards, Mason Dere, wouldn't have attempted to inform the three Churches. As a Blessed of the Evernight Goddess—at least for now—isn't it obvious what I should be doing?

This can also count towards my contributions to exchange for the Scholar of Yore potion formula!

In an instant, Klein's thoughts became extremely clear. He left the area above the gray fog without any hesitation and returned to the real world.

Dressed in blue and white checkered pajamas, Gehrman Sparrow raised his hands once more and made a prayer gesture, he chanted in ancient Hermes, "The Evernight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity. You are also the Lady of Crimson, the Mother of Concealment, the Empress of Misfortune and Horror, Mistress of Repose and

Silence…”

This time, Klein didn’t hold a ritual because he wasn’t praying for a bestowment or response. All he wanted was to simply describe what Viscount Stratford had said, as well as his observations regarding Qonas Kilgor. Therefore, a direct prayer was sufficient.

After praying, Klein exhaled and stood in a remote area of the woods, patiently awaiting the possible developments.

In less than a minute, a figure suddenly appeared in front of him, like a quickly sketched portrait.

The newcomer was dressed in a simple robe. By the figure’s waist was a belt made of tree bark. Long hair cascaded down as the figure was barefoot. She had a pair of dark and serene eyes, and she was none other than the highest- ranking archbishop and leader of the ascetics, Servant of Concealment, Arianna.

“Good evening, Ma’am Arianna,” Klein bowed without any hint of surprise.

Arianna glanced at him and returned the greeting.

“Good evening.”

“She” didn’t make any small talk as “She” directly asked, “Qonas Kilgor is nearby?”

Yes, less than ten kilometers away.” Klein pointed in the direction. “He has already used an item to vanish from his place.

What should we do next?”

Arianna nodded slightly and said, “Wait for him to come out and find an opportunity to capture him.”

I-isn’t that too direct? You look quiet and plain, a cultured person —no, angel. Why are you so aggressive? If Qonas Kilgor didn’t head for the underground ruins and had gone to some other secret base, or if he wasn’t too deeply involved in the king’s ploys, to have the Church’s archbishop taking action on MI9’s top brass would definitely be breaking news. The kingdom’s fracturing would only worsen! Klein was momentarily unsure how he should respond to Arianna.

Although he would definitely attack Qonas Kilgor if he handled the matter himself, since the latter’s involvement in the slave trade and the silencing of others was enough reason, the problem was that a demigod of a secret organization attacking a military top brass and an orthodox Church’s archbishop attacking a military top brass was two completely different matters.

As though sensing Klein’s thoughts, Arianna calmly explained, “You will be the one taking action, not me.”

Klein was a little unused to “Her” style.

Arianna continued, “I will create a concealed world for you and provide you the necessary assistance.”

Battle in a concealed state? Fight with the help of an angel? Klein nodded with a thought.

“Then where shall the ambush be?”

Arianna answered succinctly, “In your Maygur Manor.”

...I share the same thoughts... But I didn’t want to say it myself... Klein took a deep breath and exhaled.

The choice for the ambush location stemmed from very simple logic—it was to do it when Qonas Kilgor was in his most relaxed and defenseless state.

Without a doubt, once Qonas finishes his secret mission and returns to Maygur Manor, he would believe that the most risky matters of the night were over. He wouldn’t have his guard up!

For the same reason, if the king’s secret and ploy was of utmost importance, it was possible for an angel to be “watching” over him while he returned from the underground ruins. Once he suffered an attack, the angel would be able to immediately respond. And only when Qonas returned to his normal daily routine would the monitoring be retracted. After all, there were only a limited number of angels, so it was impossible for “Them” to be so free.

Thankfully, I used the most covert method of tailing him, and the distance was far enough... From the looks of it, Ma’am Arianna didn’t place the responsibility of the battle onto me to avoid the risk and reduce the negative effects, but because maintaining a concealed state and preventing the existence inside the underground mins from noticing the battle will drain a great deal of “Her” energy... Amidst his racing thoughts, Klein had a better idea of how he should proceed.

At this moment, Arianna added, “The concealed world’s battle won’t damage the real world.”

That's pretty good... Klein muttered silently and said after some thought, "Then I need to immediately make some preparations."

"Alright," Arianna calmly replied.

"She" didn't even ask me what preparations I need. I was even prepared to say that I need a change of clothes... As Klein lampooned himself, he looked down at his blue and white checkered pajamas.

His left palm quickly turned transparent as he vanished from the spot.

Inside Maygur Manor, Klein's figure blinked into existence. Maintaining his appearance as Gehrman Sparrow, he quickly changed his clothes and wore a top hat.

Following that, he took out a piece of paper and used his finger to write.

The tip of his finger spewed out a scarlet flame, leaving charred marks without burning the piece of paper.

The charred marks quickly formed a complicated symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

With the formation of this symbol, the full-body mirror in the room turned dark as aqueous light rippled.

A silver outline appeared, forming one word after another:

“Exalted Great Master, your loyal and resilient servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

“Do you have something you would like to ask me?”

Yes.” Klein nodded and looked out the window. “What demigod powers and powerful Sealed Artifacts does Qonas Kilgor have?”

This was something he vaguely knew before. After confirming that Qonas Kilgor was a target, he gathered more information and now wished to know more so as to prepare a strategy meant to target Qonas.

The full-body mirror’s silver words warped and squirmed, quickly forming new words:

“Great Master, Qonas Kilgor is an Earl of The Fallen. To hide his strength, he wields a Sealed Artifact that also belongs to the Lawyer pathway. However, it also has some of the Arbiter pathway’s characteristics mixed into it. It’s called

Chapter 1025: Random Anomalies

The full-body mirror's silver words seemed to have a life of their own as they vanished and reformed:

"The Concerto of Light and Shadow is a pocket watch. It can restrict certain actions in a particular area, and it can also strip certain Beyonder powers from the target. When the two are put together, the limitations that are created far exceed the two types.

"The Concerto of Light and Shadow is also able to 'gift' certain negative side effects to the target, making him sluggish; eager; avaricious; or lose their fighting spirit, only capable of focusing his attention on money.

"Apart from these effects, the Sealed Artifact's wielder would have the ability to distort the target's speech, actions, intentions, and attacks. It can reduce a lethal blow into a serious injury, or it could repel an attack, turning progression into retrogression, escaping into leading a charge.

"The negative effects of Concerto of Light and Shadow are rather serious. Amongst them, the main negative effect to take note of is that once it's brought into combat, all the Beyonder effects produced in a certain region would intermittently experience random anomalies. It wouldn't distinguish between friend or foe, making it hard to control and unpredictable. That also means that Lightning Strike might still create a bolt of lightning, but it might splash the target with a blast of cold water or summon unknown spirit world creatures.

"Due to this reason, Qonas Kilgor has deliberately sought out a mystical item that can make him sufficiently lucky at critical

moments, hoping that the random intermittent effects will benefit himself. It's definitely useful to a certain extent, but it's not that great.

"...

"Qonas Kilgor also has a strange revolver. It originated from an anomaly during an evil god's sacrifice. It's called 'Réver's Shout of Despair'... It can shoot without bullets, and each shot possesses immense strength... It can shoot at a rapid pace like a miniature machine gun... Targets who are hit by it will suffer Réver's shout of despair before he died. They will suffer different levels of pain, dizziness, and confusion...

"The biggest problem with the revolver is that the wielder will also hear the shout of despair. It just won't be too frequent.

"...

"As an Earl of The Fallen, Qonas Kilgor no doubt has a qualitative change when it comes to 'Distortion' and the unreasonable 'Bestowment.' In addition, he can also 'Exploit' laws and 'Magnify' effects, and use 'Disorder' to disrupt order.

"Exploit can extend certain states for longer periods of time or end it ahead of time. It will make the rules more beneficial to himself. For example, after jumping into midair, the state of being away from the ground can be extended, achieving the effect of floating.

"Magnify can boost the effects or influence of his actions. It can make an ordinary attack become an execution. It can turn a hug from a distance away into a restriction.

“Disorder will influence the structure of objects, the standards of measurement, and the accuracy of attacks. It will make a seemingly massive building collapse, causing what seems like a huge distance to be shortened to that of a few paces, as well as allowing attacks that are aimed at him to miss their mark.

“Through Magnify, Exploit, and Distortion, Beyonders of the Lawyer pathway can achieve certain things that only Beyonders of the Arbiter pathway can accomplish.

“Of course, Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonder powers of the Lawyer pathway like Bribe are equally possessed by an Earl of The Fallen and are even stronger.

“…

“Great Master, I’ve finished answering your question. Is that okay?”

Your answer is like a guidebook. You must’ve been gathering information from the spirit world while delivering it… Also, must you seek praise even for matters such as this? Klein lampooned and nodded slightly.

“That’s right.”

After answering Arrodes’s question, he quickly got into the zone as he analyzed the powers and traits of the powerful Sealed Artifact which the demigod, Qonas Kilgor, had.

An Earl of The Fallen is indeed a Sequence 4 demigod existence. There are qualitative changes in various aspects. Be it “Bestowment,”“Distortion,”“Exploit,” and “Magnify,” none of them

are easy to deal with. I might suffer if I'm careless...

Rather, Disorder isn't terrifying. It's basically an enhanced version of the Sequence 5 Mentor of Disorder's power...

The Concerto of Light and Shadow does have traits of the Arbiter domain. And the most frustrating aspect about it is the negative side effects... To a Beyonder of the Seer pathway, my combat style is definitely closer to one of preparation, precision, and control. Once the battle begins, the moves will chain one after another. During this process, if a random deviation were to happen, the entire plan can easily be messed up and not be accomplished... It's very dangerous...

As he thought, Klein discovered that the main problem stemmed from the Sealed Artifact named Concerto of Light and Shadow.

As a Beyonder who liked setting up traps for his enemy, Klein didn't wish that after throwing himself into a perilous situation through his painstaking planning and hard work, he would realize that the item would summon a rabbit just as he was using the Fate Siphon charm to switch fates with his target to turn the tables and finish off his opponent. Or perhaps it would turn into fireworks to celebrate the death of the user.

Qonas Kilgor can reduce the effects by raising his luck, but I can't do it. Fortune or Misfortune that's not at the angel level won't be effective on me... However, I have the marionette, Winner Enuni... Klein thought as he gave Arrodes the second question:

"How can the intermittent random anomalies of that Sealed Artifact be avoided?"

Silver words appeared out of the ripples of the deep mirror, forming a new sentence:

“There’s no need to avoid it!

“Qonas Kilgor just needs to become unlucky, and for this, the demigods of the Evernight pathway are experts.”

Makes sense… According to the theory of relativity, as long as Qonas Kilgor is more unlucky than me, I’ll be the lucky one. Ma’am Arianna said that “She” can provide me with assistance… To “Her,” secretly slipping some misfortune onto Qonas Kilgor before creating the concealed state should be very simple and easy… Klein immediately nodded cheerfully.

“Very good. That’s it for today. I’ll summon you again if there’s anything else.”

“Yes, Master! No problem, Master! Goodbye, Master~” On the full-body mirror’s surface was a simple drawing followed by silver words.

Seeing the mirror instantly return to normal, Klein retracted his gaze and quickly simulated the battle that would happen in his mind.

Gradually, he came up with an idea, and grabbing onto that flash of inspiration, he proceeded forward in refining it.

After having a few tentative plans, Klein walked to the balcony and looked at the garden in the night sky, whispering, “Can you inflict misfortune onto Qonas Kilgor before the battle?”

After a brief silence, a calm and ordinary female voice rang in his ears:

“Yes.”

“Then it’s fine on my side,” Klein immediately replied.

Tranquility quickly returned to his surroundings.

A rather cold breeze blew by, and Klein expressionlessly stared at the manor for a few seconds. Then, he pressed down on his silk hat, pulled the human-skinned glove on his left hand, and drew Death Knell from his underarm holster.

Right on the heels of that, he flicked his thumb and made the iron-black revolver’s cylinder spin.

…

The night grew darker as the crimson moon occasionally tore through the clouds. Maygur Manor was completely in a state of deep sleep.

At this moment, a figure stealthily came from the Tussock River’s south bank, taking two to three steps to return to his room.

He was none other than the deputy director of MI9, Qonas Kilgor, who wore a white shirt and black trousers.

This demigod with a stout look surveyed the area and didn’t notice any abnormalities. He gradually revealed a smile and walked to the bar counter in the guest room. Getting a cup, he picked up a bottle of Maygur red wine. He prepared to pour some for himself to celebrate the wonderful night.

At this moment, his spiritual perception was triggered as he looked up abruptly.

He saw the buildings with a few grayish-white chimneys suddenly become covered in shadows as if they were dyed with ink.

To the side of the chimneys, on one of the steeple landmarks of Maygur Manor's main building, it was equally dark. The bright red moon was silently hanging behind the chimney.

The clouds and stars high in the sky had vanished. Apart from the gigantic crimson moon, there was pitch-black darkness.

Under the night sky, the flowers and trees were clearly in front of him, but they lacked any signs of life. They were dim, as though they were a great distance away.

Black and red, shadows and buildings, and the silence and plants presented themselves in front of Qonas Kilgor in such a strange state.

This… The demigod's pupils dilated as he didn't hesitate to respond.

He reached his left hand into his clothes and extended his right hand under his armpit, taking out two items.

Amongst them, he held a strange revolver in his right palm. It was entirely gray in color, bigger than an ordinary revolver. It looked like it was half the size of a sledgehammer that was used in classical battles.

Another unusual trait of the revolver was that it had six barrels, each rather thick. The mouth was dark, and its cylinder was embedded with more than ten ugly rivets, making it have a rather crude beauty.

Qonas Kilgor's left hand held an iron-skinned pocket watch. On the watch's face, half of it was filled with neatly arranged symbols that followed the order of time, while the other half was a chaotic mess. It even intruded into the neighboring region. On both sides, it seemed impossible to see the machinery behind them as they formed into a structure that looked even more complex and headache-inducing.

Almost at the same time, a figure emerged out of the gigantic crimson moon. It glided over at an extremely fast speed.

He grew bigger and clearer. He was a young man with black hair, brown eyes, and cut features.

The young man was wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat. He held a unique revolver in one hand, and a transparent human-skinned glove covering the other. Under the bright illumination of the surroundings, he seemed to be burdened with the weight of the gigantic crimson moon.

Gehrman Sparrow.

Chapter 1026: Two Restrictions

Upon seeing the young man in the black trench coat appear with a black revolver in hand, Qonas Kilgor, who was no stranger to all the important figures in the world, immediately responded.

The thumb on his left hand that held the iron-skinned pocket watch was rapidly moving, reaching for one of the metal buttons on the messy inlays of the pocket watch. He suddenly raised his right arm, aiming at Gehrman Sparrow with the six gray gun barrels that formed a circle.

This process was like a fleeting spark that quickly came to an end. As for Qonas Kilgor's left thumb, it had pressed down.

He overcame his instinct and didn't directly use Restriction from the Concerto of Light and Shadow.

This was because he didn't know Gehrman Sparrow well enough, unsure as to what he was best at. Furthermore, the person with Gehrman Sparrow's appearance might not be Gehrman Sparrow. Blindly using Restriction would only be a waste of an opportunity.

He intended to observe and wait for a while longer before he came up with a more specific order to distort the laws. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The strange revolver let out a roar of despair and spewed out a storm of black and icy bullets, instantly enveloping the enemy beneath the crimson moon.

At this moment, Gehrman Sparrow's figure turned transparent and incorporeal.

At the same time, the bullets tore through the target in the black trench coat, tearing apart the afterimage he left behind.

And behind Qonas Kilgor, Gehrman Sparrow, with a cold expression, quickly appeared. His body was half-crouched, and he was leaning forward. The black top hat on his head appeared blood red under the crimson moon's illumination.

He suddenly raised the black-barreled revolver in his hand, opening his mouth slightly while aiming and squeezing the trigger.

Bang!

The floorboard to the right of Qonas Kilgor exploded into countless fragments.

Gehrman Sparrow's shot had been ridiculously far off the mark. Furthermore, its destructive power was clearly lacking.

This was the Distortion power of an Earl of The Fallen. It caused the bullet's trajectory to deviate and have its power weakened.

Seizing this opportunity, Qonas Kilgor used "Disorder" to influence measurement standards, arriving above the balcony of the bedroom with one step.

Then, he half-turned his body, and with a smack, he pressed one of the metal buttons on his iron-skinned pocket watch. He then

solemnly said, “Teleportation is prohibited here!”

Silently, Maygur Manor, which was being illuminated by the gigantic crimson moon, experienced an unknown change. Gehrman Sparrow, whose body had rapidly turned faint after firing, appeared out of the void again.

He had failed to successfully change positions.

Concerto of Light and Shadow—Restriction!

To Qonas Kilgor, no matter what Gehrman Sparrow was good at, he had to immediately “Restrict” his obvious ability to teleport. An enemy who could do close-quarters Teleportation at a high frequency wasn’t only irritating, but also dangerous!

Realizing that his Teleportation had failed, Gehrman Sparrow’s expression remained unperturbed. His body quickly warped as the colors faded from his body, leaving a deep darkness.

This “deep darkness” suddenly collapsed across the ground, fusing with the shadows in the region where the moonlight couldn’t reach, making him indistinguishable.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bullet holes riddled the spot where Gehrman Sparrow was previously standing, tearing the ground open.

Boom!

The area collapsed immediately, revealing the room before. However, no dust was thrown up.

And despite such a stir, Maygur Manor remained blanketed in deep shadows. No one was awakened or gave a response.

Qonas Kilgor suppressed the urge to “Restrict” the action of hiding in the shadows. Holding onto Rever’s Shout of Despair and Concerto of Light and Shadow, he calmly observed his surroundings and waited for Gehrman Sparrow to appear once again before launching his attack.

However, inside the collapsed room, the shadows were silent, and there wasn’t any movement. And outside the window, the steeple and chimneys remained immersed in an icy-cold darkness. The gigantic crimson moon seemed to be hanging over the roof.

The plants in the garden, the grapevines far away, and all the various classical windows seemed to degenerate into the background on this night. Despite being visible to the naked eye, they were imperturbable.

All of Maygur Manor was cold, dark, and silent, just like a forgotten corner that didn’t garner the attention or incur discovery from others. There were no signs of life at all.

As a demigod, as an important figure in the intelligence community, Qonas Kilgor quickly had a theory. He suspected that the person was related to the authority of Concealment.

This gave him many ideas, but Gehrman Sparrow remained nowhere to be seen.

He actually didn’t sneak attack and even gave up the chance to deliver a barrage of attacks, leaving me so many openings… Doesn’t he know that a High-Sequence Lawyer or Arbiter is very difficult to deal with once they’re prepared prior to the battle? A

sense of puzzlement flashed across Qonas Kilgor's mind.

Using his observations of his surroundings and the relatively non-urgent situation, he quickly understood his current predicament. He knew that defeating Gehrman Sparrow wasn't key, but escaping the concealed world was.

If he couldn't leave this place, there might be more dangers awaiting him!

As long as I can leave this dark-styled Maygur Manor, even if angels were to descend, I don't have to worry since I'm in Backlund... Such artificial concealed worlds must have an opening. This is a law that cannot be avoided in the mysterious world... The usage and distortion of laws was what Lawyer pathway demigods were best at! Qonas Kilgor had many ideas come to him as he quickly made a decision.

He suddenly turned around and jumped from the balcony, flying off like he was a spring that was released.

This demigod of the military instantly reached a high altitude, but he didn't slow down or show any signs of falling.

He maintained this speed as he went higher and higher in altitude; thus, achieving flight.

Earl of The Fallen—Exploit!

This was the exploitation of laws. By extending the jumping process, he could maintain a much longer duration.

If Qonas Kilgor became a Sequence 2 angel, he could even jump onto the crimson moon with this Beyonder power.

While jumping in midair, Qonas Kilgor swung his right arm and released his “Disorder” Beyonder power.

He wanted to create a certain level of “Disorder” in Maygur Manor in this strange world. The true exit would then be exposed through the generated ripples.

Instantly, the flowers and grapevines in the background of Maygur Manor wavered. The black steeple, chimneys, and classical windows were covered in a faint shadow.

In the entire world, only the gigantic crimson moon which appeared to be right before them didn’t change. It continued hanging silently in the sky.

That’s the exit! Qonas Kilgor grasped the patterns from the disorder, and using some actual feedback, he determined where the exit was.

Without any hesitation, he exerted strength in his waist and used “Magnify” to forcefully change his direction, allowing him to rush towards the bright red moon.

At that moment, a figure appeared in front of Maygur Manor. It was none other than the cold-looking Gehrman Sparrow who wore a black trench coat and half top hat.

Whoosh!

A strong gust of wind appeared out of nowhere, sweeping Gehrman Sparrow upwards as he chased after Qonas Kilgor. Amidst the wind, he raised the iron-black revolver in his right hand and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

A bullet flew out, exploding into countless fragments.

They then turned into a storm that swept towards Qonas Kilgor.

Death Knell—Slaughter! It was a barrage of attacks!

Almost at the same time, Qonas Kilgor changed direction without any warning, plummeting instead of rushing towards the moon.

As a result, he dodged the bullet storm's assault as though he was prepared for it.

No, it wasn't the case—he was prepared! Although his main goal was to escape the changed Maygur Manor, he was still worried that Gehrman Sparrow would seize the opportunity to attack him. Therefore, he came up with a simple trap, planning to use his escape as bait to fish out the hiding Gehrman Sparrow. He could then take the initiative to heavily injure his opponent.

Halfway down, Qonas Kilgor's figure suddenly bounced back, having "Distorted" the direction he was heading in.

This time, his destination was the next "point" where Gehrman Sparrow was flying towards!

Right on the heels of that, he yanked his pocket watch-wielding left hand back and grabbed Gehrman Sparrow through thin air, pulling him from a distance of nearly a hundred meters away to just inches before him.

Earl of The Fallen—Magnify!

Whoosh!

Amidst the howling winds, Qonas Kilgor grabbed Gehrman Sparrow's clothes and pressed his strange revolver in his right hand forward.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Rever's Shout of Despair released countless bullets like a machine gun, instantly tearing Gehrman Sparrow's body into fluttering pieces of paper.

Qonas Kilgor's gaze froze slightly as he immediately moved his left finger and pressed one of the metal buttons on his pocket watch.

With a click, this Earl of The Fallen didn't hesitate to say in a domineering fashion, "Stand-ins are prohibited here!"

Just as he said that, the howling wind came to a stop. Maygur Manor returned to silence once again as it was blanketed by dark shadows.

Qonas Kilgor changed direction and began spiraling in midair in search of Gehrman Sparrow. However, there weren't any

anomalies in the dark night sky.

This Earl of The Fallen hesitated for a moment before preparing to continue rushing towards the gigantic crimson moon.

At this moment, figures appeared in the garden, vineyard, and manor's main building. They either grew or became taller, rapidly taking form.

They all had black hair and brown eyes with sharp facial features. They wore silk top hats and black trench coats. They were all Gehrman Sparrows!

The only difference was that some of them were of normal build, some with their backs sunk inwards. The rest were bloated while others just a thin layer.

Upon seeing this scene, Qonas Kilgor immediately recalled a dangerous enemy he had once encountered.

One of the leaders of Intis's intelligence department—a Bizarro Sorcerer!

Chapter 1027: Deceit

After Qonas Kilgor realized which Beyonder pathway his enemy belonged to, all the Gehrman Sparrows in the garden, vineyard, and main building, raised their left hand. They curled their middle finger, ring finger, and pinky, extending their index finger and thumb, making them take on the simple shape of a gun.

The index fingers that represented barrels and muzzles aimed at Qonas Kilgor in the air before their respective arms jerked up seemingly due to the recoil.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Amidst deafening noises, illusory doves appeared to the side of the Earl of The Fallen who was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers. They flew at him from every direction in a spectacular sight of utmost beauty.

This was the random anomaly that came about from the iron-skinned pocket watch and Concerto of Light and Shadow. It made the Air Cannons which could blast through houses turn into doves of peace that didn't pose any threat!

Having used "Disorder" to disrupt the enemy's collective volley, Qonas Kilgor wasn't surprised to see the doves fly up and disperse into the air.

He was already mentally prepared.

He had already endured the negative effects that the Sealed

Artifact had brought for years!

Taking advantage of this opportunity, he didn't hesitate to raise his hands which held the iron-skinned pocket watch and revolver, doing so in a bid to make them collide.

This was "Distortion," one that targeted all the Gehrman Sparrows beneath him.

To Qonas Kilgor, what frustrated him the most when fighting a Bizarro Sorcerer was that he was unable to tell if the enemy he faced was a marionette or the actual person unless the marionette was of a very crude level.

As such, he had many Beyonder powers he didn't dare use because they were ineffective against marionettes.

A large-scale "Prohibition" effect was still alright, but a single-target "Deprivation" was meaningless in actual combat. No matter how many Beyonder powers of a marionette were deprived, it didn't affect the actual body. When that happened, his opponent just needed to switch marionettes to resolve the problem.

Due to similar reasons, using "Magnify" on the mystical items on the marionettes was temporarily written off by Qonas Kilgor for strategic purposes.

Similarly, an Earl of The Fallen's "Bestowment" was of no use. It was even inferior to "Deprivation," as it could cause a Bizarro Sorcerer's marionette to lose its corresponding Beyonder powers. However, the negative effects "Bestowed" to a marionette was unable to interfere with it at all. Be it turning them sluggish, losing the will to fight, making them turn anxious, or only focus on money, it was meaningless to a marionette who was, in

essence, dead, without any ability to think or inclinations to take action.

Therefore, Qonas Kilgor decided to first resolve the problem of identifying marionettes and the actual body.

In this aspect, others might not have a solution, but a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Lawyer pathway definitely didn't have such worries.

There were rules to everything, and everything followed certain rules. As a Lawyer demigod, they were good at finding whatever loopholes there were to exploit them for themselves.

Together with his combat experience fighting other Bizarro Sorcerers, and how he had seriously considered solutions for dealing with them during the aftermath, Qonas Kilgor was quite certain that "Distortion" could suppress his enemy.

He knew that Bizarro Sorcerers could seamlessly switch between their actual body and marionettes. He planned on "Distorting" this, making the Bizarro Sorcerer only be able to switch to two to three marionettes!

This way, the difficulty of identifying the actual body and the marionette would be minimized.

Of course, if it wasn't for the fact that Distortion couldn't exceed certain limits, and area-oriented "Prohibition" effects had reached its limit, Qonas Kilgor definitely would've used a simpler method to deal with his opponent, such as forcing the Bizarro Sorcerer to only be able to swap with one marionette, or he would "Prohibit" swapping with marionettes.

Pa!

Qonas Kilgor smashed the Réver's Shout of Despair and Concerto of Light and Shadow together as though he was compressing a large area to a small area.

Earl of The Fallen—Distortion!

Silently, he produced a red glow with a deep shadow in his hand. It appeared as though he was offering it to the Gehrman Sparrows in the garden, vineyard, and main building. As for the thick and thin, normal, or terrifying crazy adventurers, none of them experienced any abnormalities.

Qonas Kilgor also suffered a random anomaly, one brought about by Concerto of Light and Shadow!

It had changed the Distortion effects to summoning a flower from the garden below.

And at that moment, the Air Cannons that had turned into illusory doves continued!

At that moment, the battle between two demigods turned ludicrous, comical, and funny.

Of course, be it Gehrman Sparrow or Qonas Kilgor, none of them thought that was the case—especially the latter. He once again felt a familiar sense of helplessness.

He didn't hesitate as he slammed his palms together again, completing the "Distortion." He wanted to rely on quantity to

resist the random anomaly effect.

However, Gehrman Sparrow wasn't a dead person who would abide by the etiquette of turn-based combat. The large swath of crazy adventurers either raised their hands in firing stances or used a Death Knell with questionable authenticity, aiming at the Earl of The Fallen in midair.

Meanwhile, Qonas Kilgor's heart stirred. He turned his head slightly to look up and saw that a figure had appeared once again inside the gigantic crimson moon that hung above the black steeple.

The figure was wearing a silk top hat, a black trench coat, a human-skinned glove, and an iron-black revolver. He had a cold expression and a deep outline. He was another Gehrman Sparrow!

The crimson moon seemed to weigh down on his shoulders as he glided down, his body expanding and turning clearer in the process. As for the iron-black long-barreled revolver in his hand, he had already lifted it and aimed it at Qonas Kilgor.

Bang! Bang!

A bullet that had transparent and translucent sections to it shot out from the muzzle, heading straight for Qonas Kilgor.

This was a Deprivation Bullet, one which was created using a Worm of Time that Amon's avatar had left behind!

It was different from an Arbiter pathway's "Deprivation." In essence, it was theft. It could steal the last three Beyonder

powers the target had used and become empowered with the ability to use them.

However, as long as the Arbiter pathway's "Deprivation" selected a target, then they could directly deprive them of their ability. Although this bullet's "Deprivation" effect didn't require contact in order to be effective, the target needed to be within a certain range and unable to leave the area. In short, one was unavoidable and could only be resisted or weakened through one's level or Sequence's characteristics, while the other could effectively be dodged if the shot was detected ahead of time.

Klein had given up on a sneak attack and had stalled for time because, on the one hand, he wanted Qonas Kilgor to use up all his "Prohibition" and "Deprivation" powers on Beyonder powers that appeared important to him. On the other hand, he was also waiting for the first random anomaly to happen. Then, he would seize the gap in between the two anomalies to steal Qonas Kilgor's three most powerful powers with the Deprivation Bullet.

For these two goals, he even handed Death Knell and Creeping Hunger to Winner Enuni and made him appear like the real Gehrman Sparrow instead of a marionette.

From the current developments, Qonas Kilgor was about to lose "Distortion,""Disorder," and "Magnify."

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The Gehrman Sparrows underneath collectively fired shots.

Suddenly, the Air Cannons and the Deprivation Bullet exploded, turning into red, purple, yellow, or green fireworks. However, they were unable to illuminate the deep dark sky.

Concerto of Light and Shadow had once again created a random anomaly!

It had produced its effects several times in a row without any pauses or delays.

Qonas Kilgor immediately smiled and slammed his hands together again.

All of a sudden, the young men wearing silk top hats and black trench coats under the gigantic crimson moon's illumination turned gloomy. Only two maintained their previous states.

The Earl of The Fallen's "Distortion" had taken effect!

This meant that Gehrman Sparrow could only switch places with those two normal marionettes!

Right on the heels of that, Qonas Kilgor didn't hesitate at all. He swung his arm and threw out the flower that was held together with the pocket watch out.

The flower sped up and seemed to gain weight of unknown origins. Like an arrow, it shot towards one of the normal marionettes.

This attack had been "Magnified" and also came with the effects of Bribe—Weaken!

Boom!

The flower was like a cannon that crashed heavily into the ground, causing a violent quake.

The surging waves it stirred up threw up the ordinary and unordinary humans in the vicinity, tearing or severely injuring them. The two marionettes which Gehrman Sparrow could swap with had been reduced to pieces of meat.

Qonas Kilgor maintained his calm. As he "Distorted" his trajectory in midair and circled the area while in flight, he raised Réver's Shout of Despair and aimed it at the Gehrman Sparrow that had descended from the crimson moon.

At the same time, he silently prepared a "Bestowment."

He wanted to give his target the negative state of "lacking the will to fight"!

But at that moment, Qonas Kilgor's mind suddenly turned adrift as his thoughts turned sluggish.

This... Turning into a marionette... Qonas Kilgor's mental state stiffened as he understood his current situation.

He then saw that Gehrman Sparrow, who had descended from the crimson moon, wasn't as far away from him as before. The distance between them was only about a hundred meters.

He had unknowingly entered the range where Spirit Body Threads could be controlled. He had stayed there for at least three seconds without realizing it!

Deceit!

A Deceit Bullet made from Amon's avatar!

When Klein, who was actually Winner Enuni, had pulled the trigger, he hadn't only fired a Deprivation Bullet, but had actually fired twice!

This was to prevent any random anomalies from happening.

With an anomaly having happened once, even if another anomaly were to happen, only one of the two bullets that had been fired in intervals that were slightly spaced apart would be affected. After all, it was an intermittent random anomaly. It was possible to have it happen two to three times consecutively, but four or five consecutive occurrences were rare. Therefore, by attacking numerous times, there would be at least one or more instances that wouldn't suffer an anomaly!

Just now, the firing of the second Deceit Bullet had been concealed by the collective volley from the marionettes.

This was also why Klein made Winner Enuni use Death Knell—it was to rely on his luck!

Finally, he successfully deceived Qonas Kilgor and allowed Winner Enuni to secretly enter a safe distance of 150 meters from him and begin controlling his Spirit Body Threads and obtained initial control.

The moment this began, it meant that the Beyonder power was taking effect. Since there weren't any anomalies, it meant that there wouldn't be anymore!

Chapter 1028: Saving Himself

No good... My Spirit Body Threads... have been controlled by him... Having met Faceless Beyonders, Marionettists, or Bizarro Sorcerers, and even fighting senior Beyonders and demigods, Qonas Kilgor wasn't unfamiliar with the predicament he was in. He was even rather familiar with it and knew quite a bit.

Therefore, he knew very well that he had fallen into a lethal trap. The time he had left to save himself didn't exceed fifteen seconds!

And in these fifteen seconds, his thoughts would turn more and more sluggish, and the speed at which he could come up with solutions would slow down. Towards the end, just the thought of a solution would take him several seconds. Yet, his stiff and dull body would require plenty of time to actualize his thoughts. This also meant that he had about ten seconds to save himself!

Of course, he had considered the corresponding response for the last few seconds. It was to abandon his body's control and reveal his Mythical Creature form. Through this, he could delay the time it took to become a marionette and then use his existence to disrupt the enemy, dealing a blow to them to a certain extent.

However, by doing so, even if he escaped the fate of becoming a marionette and even manage to defeat his enemy, Qonas Kilgor didn't have much confidence in continuing to live.

He wasn't a demigod who could freely switch between his human form and Mythical Creature form. He didn't have the confidence that he could maintain his rationale in a Mythical Creature form.

In order words, the outcome of escaping the fate of becoming a marionette by releasing his Mythical Creature form likely meant that the human, Qonas Kilgor, would die, while a monster of the same name would occupy his body.

Because of that outcome, Qonas Kilgor wouldn't make such an attempt unless it was necessary.

While his thoughts weren't too sluggish, and with how he could hear Rever's Shout of Despair in his ears, this demigod of the military quickly came up with his first plan to save himself.

He moved his right thumb at a speed that couldn't be considered slow.

Earl of The Fallen—Magnify!

Qonas Kilgor didn't wish to "Magnify" a particular state of his or the attack of a particular Sealed Artifact; instead, it was used to "Magnify" Rever's Shout of Despair's side effects!

This special revolver allowed the wielder to hear the roar of despair from time to time, a rather serious blow to creatures without godhood, easily pushing them to the brink of losing control, to madness, to a mental breakdown, or mind blanking. And at Sequence 4, the effects of the roar was greatly mitigated once his body possessed the characteristics of a Mythical Creature.

To Qonas Kilgor, this roar was enough to turn his mind adrift and generate irascible mood swings. It didn't have much of an effect on him, and he had already gotten used to it.

And at that moment, he wanted to “Magnify” the “roar of despair” to a state where even a demigod wouldn’t be able to tolerate it. He wanted to use the pain that came from this psychic piercing in his mind to escape the state of having his Spirit Body Threads being controlled!

As “Magnify” didn’t need any obvious actions, it was quick to show its effects. Opposite him, Gehrman Sparrow, who held Death Knell and wore a half top hat, was floating in midair with strong gusts of wind swirling around him. He didn’t make it in time to stop the Earl of The Fallen from successfully using this Beyonder power.

But in the next second, what Qonas Kilgor met in response wasn’t a terrifying roar but silence.

The ordinary roar that was originally present had vanished!

This was a random anomaly brought about by the Concerto of Light and Shadow!

Seriously… How unlucky… Qonas Kilgor’s thoughts slowly flashed past his mind. He didn’t have the luxury of time to feel disheartened as he immediately made a second attempt.

He raised his right hand in an unsteady manner, aiming Rever’s Shout of Despair at Gehrman Sparrow who stood 150 meters from him and was about to pull the trigger.

At the same moment, the strong winds that blew at his right hand suddenly disintegrated in an inward fashion, turning into scattered eddies.

Earl of The Fallen—Disorder!

Qonas had used this to withstand Gehrman Sparrow's interference.

Following that, there was a series of thumping sounds. Like a machine gun, Rever's Shout of Despair spewed out dangerous bullets without stopping.

Gehrman Sparrow's black trenchcoat covered body jerked repeatedly, but he wasn't hit.

The bullets grazed his outline and flew into the distance, shattering the windows and walls, causing one of the buildings to collapse in silence.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The subsequent bullet storm continued their barrage, and finally, Gehrman Sparrow was struck repeatedly!

Amidst splattering blood, Gehrman Sparrow kept struggling and shaking in the strong gust of winds like a paper figurine, looking as though he was about to tear apart at any moment.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The strange revolver finally stopped its "roar." And apart from his head, Gehrman Sparrow was riddled with nasty gaping holes.

Typically speaking, this was definitely a state that only the dead had. However, Gehrman Sparrow continued controlling the Spirit Body Threads as though he was unaffected.

The ridiculous wounds on his body slowly but resolutely healed.

This was the effect of Flower of Blood.

This Gehrman Sparrow was actually Enuni!

The reason why he didn't die in that storm-like attack was because he had released all his accumulated luck. It was also because Qonas Kilgor was sufficiently unlucky!

And the "roar of despair" that the bullets brought forth was nothing to a marionette.

Seeing that the violent attack failed to achieve the desired effect and that the amount of time he had left to save himself dwindled, Qonas Kilgor followed his thought out plan and slowly relaxed his five left fingers without any thought.

The iron-skinned pocket watch left his palm and dropped to the ground.

At such a critical moment, Qonas Kilgor decisively gave up the Concerto of Light and Shadow and made it stay far away from the battlefield so as to avoid the effects of its random anomalies.

Next, he might only have one or two chances to save himself. If another anomaly were to happen, the outcome was irreversible!

The Sealed Artifact which was a mixture of half order and disorder quickly plummeted to the ground. Qonas Kilgor moved his fingers with great difficulty as he faced Gehrman Sparrow, whose wounds were quickly healing.

He originally had two choices. One was to use the third method he had originally thought of to save himself, an action that only required a mere thought. The other was to “Magnify” his enemy’s injuries and make him die on the spot.

However, when Qonas Kilgor was still able to think relatively quickly, he didn’t expect “Gehrman Sparrow” to not die after suffering so many gunshots, even his control over the Spirit Body Threads wasn’t affected. There was no subsequent followup to this plan.

And at this moment, his brain was already like a sluggish mush. He had no way of thinking too much. He didn’t wish to waste any more time as he followed his plans.

Whoosh!

Around Gehrman Sparrow, who wore a transparent glove and iron-black revolver, the strong gusts of winds that held him up suddenly intensified and sent him flying up high.

Whoosh!

With the help of the strong winds, Gehrman Sparrow raced to the pitch-black sky under the watch of the gigantic crimson moon.

Earl of The Fallen—Magnify!

The strong winds that helped Gehrman Sparrow fly had been “Magnified” into a hurricane!

This way, the distance between him and Qonas Kilgor would stretch beyond 150 meters. That would terminate the process of turning the latter into a marionette!

Seeing his goal achieved, Qonas Kilgor, who had yet to regain his freedom, had his expression turn complicated bit by bit.

The hurricane rapidly expanded and swept over to him, engulfing him and throwing him high into the sky. It made it impossible for the distance between him and Gehrman Sparrow to open up.

He was truly unlucky.

Under the night sky, amidst the moonlight, the two figures became smaller.

Soon, the hurricane returned to normal as their momentum slowly diminished.

Seizing this opportunity, Qonas Kilgor.s nearly frozen mind had another idea.

“Stop…”

He stopped maintaining his power of flight and used gravity to plummet down like a meteor, doing so in order to rapidly open up a distance from Gehrman Sparrow.

Then, he ignored Gehrman Sparrow’s ability to control the wind and pursue him. He slowly pulled his left arm in front of his body like it was filled with rust.

It was the action of “closing a door.”

He wanted to use an Earl of The Fallen’s “Distortion” to create a wall-like seal in the air, putting an obstacle between Gehrman Sparrow and him, so that he couldn’t carry out his pursuit.

At that moment, the marionettes, the Gehrman Sparrows who were still alive underneath him, raised their left arms and made the gesture of firing a gun.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bullets shot out, enveloping Qonas Kilgor in midair.

After the shockwaves dispersed, Qonas Kilgor was covered with several bloody holes.

Due to the pain and the jolting of his body from the first few bullets striking him, he had finally snapped out of the state of having his Spirit Body Threads being controlled. The speed of his thoughts rapidly recovered.

Following that, he “Disordered” the subsequent volley at the critical moment and “Distorted” his injuries, preventing himself from dying. All he suffered were serious injuries.

And Gehrman Sparrow, who had many mystical items and was swooping down from above, he was obstructed by the invisible wall. He failed to catch up.

With another “Distortion,” Qonas Kilgor’s descent speed slowed down as he gently landed on the ground.

Before he could do anything else, his body froze again as he stood stiffly on the spot.

He felt that his hands and feet were resisting him and not listening to his commands. He felt that there was an unfamiliar object hiding in his body!

Then, he saw a figure walk out of Maygur Manor's master bedroom under the gigantic crimson moon's illumination and stand on the balcony.

He had black hair and brown eyes, wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat. His facial features were pronounced, and he was another Gehrman Sparrow.

This Gehrman Sparrow's right hand had the gesture of firing a gun. He then pulled back his hand and blew at it.

That was Klein himself.

What he shot out wasn't an Air Bullet but a Parasite Bullet delivered with an Air Bullet's might!

It was a Parasite Bullet created from a Worm of Time that Amon's avatar had left behind!

It could create a Worm of Time that couldn't live too long, allowing it to "Parasitize" the target and be controlled by the user.

Klein had deliberately taken out the bullet and held it in his hand, specifically to wait for this opportunity. He was waiting

for Qonas Kilgor to throw away Concerto of Light and Shadow and not have the ability to dodge or use Distortion.

The former was predictable when the Earl of The Fallen's Spirit Body Threads reached the state of initially being control. This was because he couldn't allow the random anomalies to influence his attempts to save himself, and the latter was all about patience.

Just moments ago, his patience had paid off. A chance appeared. Klein was the first to raise his hand and shoot.

Without the random anomalies affecting the outcome, he had accurately shot a Parasite Bullet into Qonas Kilgor's body!

If the thing that had previously taken effect wasn't a Deceit Bullet but a Deprivation Bullet, then the strategy would be different.

Briefly unable to control his body, Qonas Kilgor looked at the Gehrman Sparrow on the balcony remove his top hat, press his hand to his chest, and bow slightly at him under the gigantic crimson moon.

As Gehrman Sparrow's trench coat fluttered, his thoughts had turned sluggish.

Chapter 1029: Ruins No. 1

No... Qonas Kilgor stood on the spot as a strong feeling of despair emerged in his heart.

As a military demigod who had experienced many dangers, he had a clear understanding of his current situation. He could already hear the footsteps of death approaching him.

He wanted to struggle and risk it by revealing his Mythical Creature form, but his orders didn't do a thing with his sluggish mind.

His body had been "Parasitized" and was no longer under his control!

At that moment, Qonas Kilgor wasn't even capable of shedding a tear.

Under the gigantic crimson moon's illumination, one second after another passed. Suddenly, Qonas Kilgor raised his left hand and touched his crew haircut.

He had already become Klein's marionette.

In fact, he still had a chance at the final moment. As the "Parasite" effect didn't last long enough for him to become a marionette, he had those two or three seconds to reveal his Mythical Creature form.

But the problem was that his body also had the effects of

“Misdirection” and “Deceit.” As time passed, his thoughts turned more and more sluggish and wasn’t able to grasp that short opportunity.

Klein looked at his new marionette and exhaled silently. He looked up at the clear and bright red moon and said, “It’s done.”

Amidst the gigantic crimson moon, a black dot instantly appeared and descended from the sky. It was none other than the Church of Evemight’s archbishop, Servant of Concealment, Arianna, who wore a simple robe with tree bark as a belt.

In this concealed world, this ascetic didn’t use any Beyonder powers to float in midair. “She” cast her eyes at the Earl of The Fallen beneath.

“She” gently raised her right hand as Qonas Kilgor’s slightly blurry soul emerged from the military demigod’s head. Klein lost his control over his marionette as a result of this.

He wasn’t too surprised by this because he hadn’t sent a Worm of Spirit through the Spirit Body Threads over. His control over the marionette was essentially still at a Sequence 5 state and not at the demigod level.

“Where did you go just now?” Arianna asked calmly as she looked at Qonas Kilgor’s soul.

Qonas Kilgor’s expression twisted slightly before replying.

“Ruins No. 1.”

...Is this a contractual promise or a psychological cue? Klein, who watched the spirit channeling from the side, sensed something from the Earl of The Fallen's reaction.

However, this didn't affect anything because they were in a concealed world, one which no one knew of or could sense.

"Where is that ruin? Who did it once belong to? What is it being used for?" As an archbishop of the Evernight Goddess and an angel of the corresponding pathway, Arianna shared a certain amount of authority in Concealment. Therefore, "She" didn't start with the simplest questions but went straight to the point. "She" wasn't afraid of any accidents.

Qonas Kilgor's soul trembled slightly as he exuded a feeling as if he would automatically blow up, but ultimately, nothing happened.

He hesitantly replied, "That ruin is located deep underground at the Sterlewen segment of the Tussock River. It has a setup that interferes with the powers of divination and prophecy."

Sterlewen segment... This is quite far from the mountain where Mr. A was at and where you disappeared from. From the looks of it, you were very cautious. That point-to-point Teleport's effects are greater than I expected... Klein quickly conjured a picture of the terrain of Backlund's northwestern outskirts.

Qonas Kilgor continued replying, "That ruin used to belong to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. I'm not sure what it's currently used for. I'm unable to enter the depths of the ruins and am only in charge of sending in people and materials acquired via various means."

The name Blood Emperor Alista Tudor made Arianna fall silent.

About three seconds later, she asked, “What materials did you acquire?”

This time, Qonas Kilgor didn’t put up much of a resistance. He listed them down, including large amounts of mercury, iron ore, and ritual materials of different domains. Klein was unable to obtain any effective information from that because it was too well-rounded. It was possible to do anything.

They really are very careful. Using large amounts of sundries to hide what they’re truly searching for. Even the demigod in charge of these matters isn’t aware of the reason… This is very in line with the way a Spectator pathway Beyonder works. It was designed by the Psychology Alchemists? Klein nodded indiscernibly with a guess in mind.

Arianna didn’t seem to notice anything as she asked, “Do you have any guesses on what they’re doing? If so, what?”

“Yes, I suspect that they’re digging up something and attempting to make sacrifices,” Qonas Kilgor voiced out his judgment.

Arianna silently looked down at him for a while and said, “Who got you involved in the underground ruins?

“Who are the people who can enter the depths of the ruins?”

Qonas Kilgor struggled once again, but there were no anomalies.

He said hesitantly, “I received His Majesty’s orders. I was able to become a demigod because he provided me with the formulas, ingredients, and the opportunity. He even bestowed me with the Concerto of Light and Shadow, allowing me to act as a Sequence

5 Beyonder even in situations where I can't hide my strength.

"Apart from His Majesty entering the depths of the ruins, only two other demigods of the royal family can enter. One of them is Prince Grove, and the other is Duchess Georgina."

They both have Augustus as their last names… But the royal family doesn't only have two demigods… Miss Justice doesn't know much of these two and mentioned that they seldom participate in social events. Even their seats as House of Lords Member of Parliaments are given to their children… Yes, at the demigod level, even if they lack the Beyonder characteristics of not dying and not aging, it wouldn't be a problem living for more than a hundred years. It's really not suitable for them to hold official posts and repeatedly appear in public… Klein tried hard to recall, but he failed to gather anything else.

Arianna was silent for a few seconds before suddenly asking, "Have you met Correns in the underground ruins?"

"Who is he?" Qonas Kilgor asked in confusion.

Arianna didn't answer and continued asking, "Besides them, who else have you met in the underground ruins?"

Qonas Kilgor maintained his sluggish state which was characteristic of spirit channeling.

"People from the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists. The former was originally represented by Despair Nightingale Panatiya, but was changed to Saintess of White Katarina. The latter is Hvin Rambis."

“Did they enter the depths of the underground ruins?” Arianna asked meticulously.

“I don’t know. I wasn’t following them all the time.” Qonas Kilgor shook his head. “At least when I met them, they were all in the periphery.”

Arianna asked other questions in an attempt to draw out the general outline of the matter via other angles. However, it was obvious that George Ill’s arrangements were flawless. Even a demigod like Qonas Kilgor only knew about the mission that he was responsible for and could only move about in designated regions. He was unable to learn more.

After some thought, Arianna flipped up her right hand and gently pressed down, pushing Qonas Kilgor’s soul back into his body. Klein’s control over his marionette was restored.

This made Klein sigh inwardly.

The authority of Concealment is really impressive! Even if Ma’am Arianna were to question my marionette one day, I wouldn’t even know…

At this moment, Arianna turned her body and spoke to the Gehrman Sparrow on the balcony:

“A problem with George III has basically been confirmed, as well as where the underground ruins are.

“I will immediately meet with the archbishops of the Church of Storms and Church of Steam, convincing them to take action tonight and opening the ruins.

“Before I inform you, control Qonas Kilgor and pretend that everything is fine before making him vanish.”

Are you worried that the enemy will notice a problem with Qonas Kilgor while negotiating with the Church of Storms and Church of Steam, making it so that they can seal off the underground ruins or activate other emergency plans? Klein had a general understanding of the matter and nodded.

“No problem.”

Arianna, who didn’t have adorned hair, didn’t speak further. With a casual wave of her hand, the iron-skinned pocket watch flew over.

“This Sealed Artifacts was bestowed by George III. Perhaps we might be able to find some clues from its origins.”

Does that mean you’re taking it away? Klein replied without any objection, “I’ll leave it to you.”

He really didn’t have any complaints about that, and he even believed that it was only right. After all, half of the battle’s success was due to Arianna’s contribution with the concealed world and “blessing” him with misfortune. In the event that “She” didn’t take the Concerto of Light and Shadow, Klein would mention it. When it came to matters like this, he was always just.

And the Concerto of Light and Shadow was the spoils of war that he didn’t want the most. This was because it was at complete odds with his combat style as a Bizarro Sorcerer. The random anomalies would affect him, and the weakening effect was something worse than the enemy.

If Klein's spoils of war from this matter was the pocket watch, then he had considered tricking—no, promoting it to the Snake of Fate Will Auceptin. Only a Life School of Thought demigod who relied on luck to survive could commandeer the Concerto of Light and Shadow. And when that happens, with such a huge secret organization and a Sequence 1, they definitely had powerful Sealed Artifacts that could be used to trade for it.

Upon receiving his reply, Arianna gently nodded. She then threw the iron-skinned pocket watch back at Qonas Kilgor, making the Earl of The Fallen look no different from before.

"Her" figure vanished as though it had been erased by an eraser. Even the pitch-black world with the gigantic crimson moon hanging in the sky, the steeple, and chimneys were quickly wiped away.

In the blink of an eye, everything returned to normal. Klein was inside the master bedroom, and Qonas Kilgor was in a guestroom tens of meters away. Clenched tightly in his hand was Rever's Shout of Despair.

Then, this brigadier general of MI9 used "Disorder" to place the revolver back into his underarm holster and pick up the Maygur wine he had previously poured out and took a sip.

Chapter 1030: Joint Operations

Backlund, North Borough, Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The cardinal of the Church of Storms, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus descended amidst the wind, landing inside the steeple with a huge clock to the left.

He donned a black robe with the Storm symbol and had thick facial hair. His hair was short and stood up, colored in a dark blue that was almost black.

This muscular demigod cast his gaze to the other side and said to the figure who was already waiting there, “Horamick, do you know what happened? Why did Anthony suddenly invite us over here?”

The person he spoke to was dressed in a white priest robe and a clergyman’s bonnet. He had a genial and mild expression, and he was none other than the Church of Steam’s Divine Council member, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, the demigod, Horamick Haydn.

Upon hearing Randall’s question, Horamick calmly replied, “I didn’t arrive here much earlier than you. In fact, I only left the laboratory for a few minutes.”

He wasn’t only a clergyman but also a famous scientist. He was an emeritus professor at Backlund University’s physics department.

Randall Valentinus was just about to say something when he suddenly saw a figure walk up the narrow spiral staircase and arrive at the peak in the darkness that the crimson moon wasn't able to illuminate.

This figure was dressed in a black clergyman robe with red accents. By his chest hung five Dark Sacred Emblems. He was clean-shaven, and his eyes were deep, dark, and tranquil. He was none other than one of the thirteen archbishops of the Church of Evernight, Backlund diocese's person-in-charge, Saint Anthony Stevenson.

"Is there something that can't wait until daybreak? Or do people from the Church of Evernight enjoy discussing matters at night?" Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus asked.

Anthony came to a stop after walking up the flight of stairs and said with a serious expression, "A very pressing matter."

"What is it?" Randall asked immediately.

At this moment, Horamick Haydn also cast his gaze at Anthony Stevenson, awaiting his answer.

In similar situations, Horamick especially liked the existence of people from the Church of Storms. This meant that they would take the initiative to ask questions and that there was no need to be euphemistic. It didn't require him to say anything else.

Anthony looked at them separately and said, "It's related to the royal family. I'll let Ma'am Arianna do the honors."

Just as he said that, a barefoot, bun-haired female figure in a

simple robe with tree bark for a belt quickly outlined itself out of the shadows.

Upon seeing this figure, Randall and Horamick immediately bowed.

“Good evening, Ma’am Arianna.”

Their expressions turned solemn at the same time, for they had a deep understanding of how important and crucial the matter that was happening tonight was.

It was definitely not a small matter for a Grounded Angel to appear!

Meanwhile, they couldn’t help but be roused up. They realized that they had no idea when this matron of the Evernight cloister, the servant of Concealment, Ma’am Arianna, had arrived in Backlund.

Under normal circumstances, the three Churches, the royal family, and the military enjoyed a certain degree of tacit cooperationGrounded Angels and Grade o Sealed Artifacts wouldn’t appear in Backlund.

“Good evening, Archbishops,” Arianna answered without any signs of haughtiness.

She then raised her right hand and grasped onto thin air.

A faint light was emitted as it transformed into a scene along with the darkness. It was the entire conversation between

Arianna and Qonas Kilgor.

This secret that appeared to have been kept for quite some time had finally presented itself before others.

As they watched, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus couldn't help but say, "He actually advanced to Sequence 4 and became a demigod."

This archbishop knew Qonas Kilgor. He originally believed that this deputy director of MI9 was only a Sequence 5 and had relied on a Sealed Artifact with severe negative effects to obtain combat strength at the demigod level. He never expected it to be a disguise.

The Church of Storms's influence on the military was greater than the two major Churches.

No one answered Randall. After the secret was fully revealed, Horamick said, "One involves a secret ruin of the Blood Emperor, and with large numbers of people sent in... These two points put together cannot be anything good."

"Indeed!" Randall nodded in agreement. "Let's head to the ruins now!"

Arianna looked around and calmly said, "This involves the royal family and the king. It's best if you seek permission from your own Holy See."

In this angel's choice of words, the Holy See referred to their respective Church's headquarters, the core seat of power of the Church.

“Alright,” the two archbishops replied without any hesitation.

After a while, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus and Horamick Haydn received feedback from the Sealed Artifacts they carried. Together with Anthony Stevenson and Arianna, they headed for the Blood Emperor ruins that Qonas Kilgor had previously entered.

Arianna then took out an iron-black coat of arms with complicated symbols, and she tried to activate it.

“She” didn’t make any disguise attempt, and she stood there calmly as though “She” wasn’t worried that the guards in the ruins would recognize “Her.”

Seeing this servant of Concealment’s actions, Horamick seemed to be in thought. Randall wore a look of calm and didn’t believe that it posed any problems.

In the underground ruins, on a strange metal pedestal, a ghostly-blue beam soared up and formed a door.

Four black-armored guards immediately observed the situation outside through the ghostly blue beam and planned on using a predetermined method to confirm if the person who had summoned the Door of Teleportation was disguised, so as to decide whether the “door” was to be opened.

However, they didn’t see anything. The area outside was empty.

Just as they felt intense unease and confusion, a figure quickly outlined itself behind them. It was none other than the leader of the Church of Evernight ascetics, Arianna, who wore a patched

robe.

In the blink of an eye, the four guards fell into a deep sleep. Anthony, Randall, and Horamick entered the underground ruins one after another.

They didn't directly follow the path down. Instead, they passed through the hall, floating in midair as they overlooked everything.

This was a world ruled by darkness. Small amounts of light came from the strange moss growing in different spots, as well as the flaming torches that came from the human-sized buildings.

With their illuminating light, even Beyonders without night vision could grasp the overall appearance of the huge ruin.

On one side was a gray rock wall. It extended upwards without an end, and it seemed to be connected to the ground. On the other side, there was a bottomless dark valley as if it were the abyss where devils lived. A road paved with stone slabs lay in the middle connecting the halls and buildings together. From time to time, humans would come and go in silence.

The archbishops of the three Churches were just about to capture a few people who could enter the ruins to interrogate them about the situation inside when a figure flew out of the dark valley, heading straight for the demigods.

The figure had a long face and wore a white hairnet. Two curly mustaches grew above his lips, and he had thick brows. His eyes were slightly bigger and looked rather similar to a certain poker card figure.

He wore a gown and had a huge cloak over him. The tips of his shoes were extremely long, and his attire was unlike the current times. It was as though he lived a hundred years ago.

Archbishops, like Anthony and Horamick, were no stranger to him. He knew that he was Prince of Sonia, Grove Augustus, one of the demigods of the royal family.

“How did you enter?” Grove asked first, his expression a little surprised and uncertain.

They looked at each other, and Anthony took the initiative to say, “We’ve always been investigating the large number of mysterious disappearances, and we had locked onto MI9’s Qonas Kilgor. Through him, we found this place.”

Grove’s expression changed slightly as he looked at the woman who left one’s heart feeling tranquil. He deliberated and asked, “Ma’am Arianna?”

“Yes, I was in charge of the disappearance case,” Arianna answered succinctly.

Prince Grove smiled bitterly.

“We were too greedy. After discovering this ruin, we only thought of digging and retrieving the items inside. To keep it a secret, we even had certain connections with the Demoness Sect. Through the people they gathered, we built a passageway and held certain rituals.

“No, it’s not what you think. They were just normal rituals, and they’re still alive deep within the ruins.

“If you don’t believe me, I can lead you down to take a look. Apart from the unopened seals and buildings, there’s nothing.”

Upon hearing his reply, Anthony, Horamick, and Randall exchanged looks, registering the puzzlement in each other’s eyes.

This was completely different from their expectations!

This made them suspect that something was wrong. Things weren’t as serious as they had imagined

At this moment, Arianna said, “You even created the Great Smog.”

“No,” Prince Grove shook his head again. “That was a lesson we learned from cooperating with the Demonesses. They actually tried to control Edessak and used him to gain control over the kingdom. After it was seen through by us, they created the Great Smog. From that moment forth, we broke all contact with them.”

Having said that, he pointed below and frankly said, “How could we do such a thing just to secretly dig up the Blood Emperor’s ruins?

“As long as you head deep down and closely examine it, you will understand what I mean.

“Heh heh, don’t worry. With Ma’am Arianna around, no traps will work. Besides, ignoring the fact that we lack such power, even if we were able to secretly bury you in the ruins, the Churches will discover a problem. I don’t believe that you didn’t report this matter to your respective Holy Sees before coming. If you don’t return in a while, they will definitely take the

corresponding actions.”

Demigods like Randall and Anthony fell into thought as they cast their gazes at the simply-dressed Arianna.

Arianna calmly nodded. “Okay.”

The angel and three saints then entered the depths of the ruins under the guidance of Prince Grove. They discovered that there was a ruin hidden in the darkness, with no man having set foot there, as well as men and women who had been taught to form different rituals. Everything was orderly and serene.

Arianna, Horamick, and the other demigods acted according to their own thoughts and separately investigated the different regions. They even left and went further to investigate, but they failed to discover anything.

After receiving Arianna’s notice, Klein changed Qonas Kilgor into a servant inside the manor, making the MI9 deputy director vanish.

Then, he unhurriedly held a sacrificial ritual. He sent the items he received above the gray fog for further research, patiently awaiting daybreak.

Chapter 1031: Possibility

As the sky lit up, the manors along the Tussock River's north bank began to wake up amidst the morning mist.

The tall and portly Framis Cage came to the guest room where Qonas Kilgor slept last night. He knocked on the door and prepared to have breakfast with this MI9 deputy director.

However, there was no response.

Has the Brigadier General headed for the dining room? Framis Cage turned around in puzzlement and left the first floor.

After breakfast was over, everyone realized that Qonas Kilgor had vanished. Under Dwayne Dantes's lead, they headed outside the guest room and watched the land steward, Richardson, open the door with his key.

There was no one inside.

"Does Brigadier General Kilgor have a hobby of taking morning strolls?" Macht asked curiously as he pinched the two ends of his cheekbones.

Framis Cage shook his head without hesitation.

"No."

“Did you hear anything last night?” the chancellor of the Backlund University of Technology, Portland Moment, surveyed the area and asked.

Macht recalled for a moment.

“No, it was very quiet, perfect for a vacation.”

Beside him, Hazel looked into the room curiously, but she couldn’t think of any possibilities.

At this moment, Framis Cage raised his theory:

“Brigadier General Kilgor is an important member of the military, and he often needs to handle unexpected matters. Perhaps he had long left the manor and returned to Backlund.”

This steam car tycoon was clearly trying his best to downplay the matter.

He seems to know something. Or at least, he guessed that Qonas Kilgor came to Maygur Manor for some private, personal goal… Klein listened to their conversation as he said to Butler Walter and Land Steward Richardson with a heavy look, “Ask the servants in the manor if they had seen Brigadier General Kilgor last night or this morning.

“If they haven’t, send someone back to Backlund and visit Brigadier General Kilgor’s family. Inform them of this matter and let them decide whether we need to immediately make a police report.”

After giving his instructions, Klein stroked his white sideburns and said to Macht and his other guests, “Things aren’t clear yet. Perhaps Brigadier General Kilgor left because of an urgent matter and didn’t want to hold up everyone’s vacation. Let’s do this. We’ll continue with our hunting plans and return when the police arrive.”

As Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor’s companion, Framis Cage had raised an excuse for the crisis, one that was rather convincing, Macht and company agreed with Dwayne Dantes’s suggestion and left the area.

Hazel walked right at the back and glanced at Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor’s guest room and its neighboring room. She had a nagging feeling that something wasn’t right as she subconsciously wanted to use her powers as a Cryptologist to reconstruct the situation.

However, an intense sense of fear emerged deep in her heart. She had no idea what she was afraid of, so she eventually gave up on the idea.

She vaguely felt that she had some experience in such matters, and those experiences told her not to look at things she shouldn’t see or listen to things she shouldn’t hear.

After the guests and servants left that floor, a thick carpet that held the weight of the coffee table inside the room beside Qonas’s guest room began moving.

Bit by bit, it pulled itself up from under the sofa and coffee table without causing much of a stir.

Following that, the yellowish-brown carpet stood up and revealed its other side.

It was solidified flesh!

The flesh was squirming and reorganizing itself, and it soon transformed into a person, a mixed-blood young man. This was Dwayne Dantes's valet, Enuni.

And the one following Dwayne Dantes was Qonas Kilgor. He wore the same face and had the same build!

To Klein, there was no need to disguise Enuni in such a manner. He could get him to transform himself into another person and blend in with the servants, using an illusion to interfere with their senses, making them unable to discover the addition of this person. It was a simpler and more reliable method. However, "acting" remained important to a demigod. It was key to accelerating the potion's digestion and for resisting the inclinations of losing control and madness. Therefore, Klein would deliberately try to be bizarre in his handling of many matters.

Of course, he didn't wish to harm the innocent. Even in creating bizarre and eerie situations, he would try hard not to let others notice it. It was to prevent them from being left with a mental scar due to excessive fright.

The bizarre and eerie atmosphere was mainly for himself, to gain the approval of the potion inside him. This would undoubtedly accelerate the digestion rate of his potion, but without the feedback of a spectator, it meant that the "acting" wasn't complete enough. This made the speed at which he digested the Bizarro Sorcerer potion not as fast as he imagined. Despite doing so many things and trying out so many acts, Klein didn't feel that it was possible for him to reach Sequence 3 by the end of this year.

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom rental apartment.

Xio sat on an unstable chair as she stared out of the window in a daze, her expression a little gloomy.

Fors swallowed her saliva and sat opposite Xio, blocking her line of sight.

You seem to have lost all your motivation?

“Do you not know what to do after receiving that answer? It’s because you have no access to the king?”

Xio’s eyes fluttered as she slowly came to her senses.

“Whether it’s to redeem my father’s reputation or revenge, the chances are slim when facing the king. I can’t think of a way to complete something like that…”

“That’s because you’re too weak. When you reach Sequence 4 and become a demigod, you’ll discover many solutions, the only problem is that it’ll be more dangerous!” Fors tried encouraging her. “In addition, you can still use others. Just like the person monitoring Shermane. She too wanted to know who Viscount Stratford was loyal to. She must be interested in the king’s secret.”

“Shermane…” Xio repeated the name as her state of mind suddenly recovered.

Beside them, there was a bronze cross and a ghostly-blue gem that resembled a vertical eye on the table.

The gem’s exterior had thread-like patterns, the Beyonder

characteristic that appeared after Shermane's death. It made the things around it appear mild, and it accentuated their beauty. However, with the bronze cross around, its glow was confined to a small area.

"That monitor is one of the culprits behind Shermane's death," Xio said rather seriously.

They had already found a spot to bury Shermane, and Fors had flipped through Leymano's Travels to placate the dead Shermane.

Fors immediately nodded.

"Yes, it's why she was instigated to investigate the king's secret and come into contact with the latent danger.

"Didn't you say that she might be able to monitor where we used to live? We can find an opportunity to return incognito, throw a letter into the mailbox, and write that Viscount Stratford is loyal to King George III and that he has a huge secret. This way, I believe she will be able to see it."

Xio thought carefully and nodded solemnly.

"Okay."

After discussing what they were about to do next, Fors stood up and pointed at the bronze cross.

"It's time for us to show our sincerity to Mr. Fool for all the help we received. I plan on sacrificing it to Mr. Fool now. You don't have any objections, right?"

“No,” Xio replied without hesitation.

Maygur Manor. It was another evening. The news sent back by Qonas Kilgor’s family was to wait since this MI9 deputy director often acted in such ways, involving himself in matters of national security; therefore, Macht and company didn’t panic. They made use of the animals they hunted and roasted them over a bonfire at a party on the lawn behind the manor.

Seeing the gentlemen roll up their sleeves and busy themselves around the roasting rack, the ladies heading over to help from time to time, and the children running around eagerly, Klein held a cup of sweet white wine—a fine product of Maygur Manor—and sat on a white wooden chair, a smile suffusing his lips.

Beside him was his mixed-blood valet, Enuni, who stood upright while awaiting instructions.

And inside a particular room in the manor’s main building, a pair of eyes were silently looking down. It belonged to a person who looked identical to Enuni.

The evening breeze blew past. Just as Klein was about to get up and showcase what it meant to roast meat from Desi at the roasting rack, he suddenly saw a figure phase into existence in front of him.

It was Arianna who wore a simple robe and tree bark as a belt.

This servant of Concealment looked at Dwayne Dantes and said, “There was nothing special in the underground ruins…”

“She” then recounted the main points of what “She” and the

three archbishops saw, as well as the explanation given by Prince of Sonia, Grove Augustus.

That doesn't make sense... The first thought that appeared in Klein's mind was suspicion.

As Viscount Stratford had Saintess of White Katarina provide him with assistance, this clearly meant that the king's faction hadn't completely severed ties with the Demoness Sect.

Under the premise that the Great Smog of Backlund had already happened, their continued relationship with the Demoness Sect meant that it wasn't something that could be explained as hoping to keep the Blood Emperor's ruins for themselves

With such in-depth cooperation, would the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists not wish to split the spoils?

In that case, why wouldn't they directly seek the help of the three Churches?

Klein instinctively believed that the problem with the ruins hadn't truly been discovered. He suspected that there had been a leak during the entire process, allowing the king to make preparations.

With Ma'am Arianna around, the possibility of discovering something amiss via the methods of divination and prophecy can be eliminated...

From my killing of Qonas Kilgor to the three Churches' joint operation, the number of people who know of it doesn't exceed ten. Furthermore, they all involve the high-ranking members of

each Church. How is it possible that there was a leak…

Viscount Stratford's problem resulted in the people in the ruins deploying contingency plans? No, his standing wasn't at that level. Even Qonas Kilgor didn't know the exact situation, much less him. He was only in charge of liaising with the Demoness Sect and handling matters at the periphery. He might not even know of the underground ruins… Klein's thoughts raced as he sought the reasons.

He first eliminated the possibility of them being prepared due to Viscount Stratford; after all, the death of the captain of the royal guards wasn't that important or crucial.

As such, there were very few possibilities that could explain the situation. One, a person who knew of the secret amidst this sequence of events had deliberately or unintentionally leaked the matter due to particular reasons. Two, they had noticed something wrong with Qonas Kilgor's seemingly ordinary state, but Klein didn't notice anything.

The Psychology Alchemists are in cahoots as well… Could my thoughts be read and the secret revealed? But I have the gray fog augmenting me. No matter what, there will be some abnormality. It's just like when I faced that Spectator demigod with Anderson… The Psychology Alchemists originated from something Hermes left behind… Hermes is… As he thought about it, Klein's eyes suddenly widened.

He instinctively stopped himself from thinking deeper about it as he shot a look at Arianna and relaxed. He asked, "Is this place concealed?"

"Very," Arianna replied calmly.

People behind “Her” came and went, but no one noticed “Her.”

Klein exhaled as he formulated his thoughts.

Emperor Roselle once said in his diary that the members of that ancient secret organization are all important figures... Then, could it be possible that one of the high-ranking members of the three Churches is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order?

And could it be that the ruins which Arianna and the archbishops saw wasn’t the real one, but one “imagined” by Adam?

Chapter 1032: Forceful Purifier

Restraining his thoughts, and looking at the angel of Concealment across him, Klein deliberated over his words.

“Is there a possibility that the ruins you saw was actually ‘imagined’?”

He didn’t directly mention Adam or the Twilight Hermit Order, afraid that discussing such matters in Arianna’s Concealment zone would still be heard by the Adam who wielded the Spectator pathway’s Uniqueness and recently obtained 0-08.

As he was inside Arianna’s world of Concealment, Klein believed that thinking of Adam and the Twilight Hermit Order wasn’t likely to pose any problems, but it wasn’t necessarily the case when saying it out loud. After all, Mr. Door could freely discuss Adam with Emperor Roselle back then, not only because of the Beyonder powers of a Secrets Sorcerer’s Secret Keeping, but more so because “He” was also a King of Angels, a level not lower than Adam and Amon, perhaps even higher.

“Imagined…” Arianna repeated Klein’s keyword softly as though “She’ had figured out something

At “Her” level, “She” was no stranger to ancient history and the main characteristics of the twenty-two pathways.

Furthermore, “She” was also an angel that represented the authority of Concealment. She possessed the highest clearance in reading all the Church’s confidential information.

A few seconds later, Arianna observed Dwayne Dantès who remained sitting there.

“Psychology Alchemists?”

From Qonas Kilgor’s statement, it was obvious that the king’s faction was working with the Psychology Alchemists. And this was an organization that had the Spectator pathway in its control.

Klein first nodded and then added, “Their higher-ups likely do not have the ability of turning imagination into a reality.

“In this world, there are only one to two people who have such authority.”

Arianna nodded in thought.

“I understand.

“Now that the underground ruins are open to us, I will find a chance to verify it. If it’s true, it means that one or several archbishops of the Church of Steam and Storms are working for ‘Him.”

“She” didn’t raise the possibility that the Church of Evernight’s upper echelons were problematic, as the Goddess wielded the authority of Concealment. It was very difficult to keep such matters from “Her” for prolonged periods of time.

Klein couldn’t help but ask in surprise, “The underground ruins will be left open to the three Churches?”

“Yes, if it truly is ‘imagined,’ it means that their cooperation is on the brink of success and that they just need to delay things a little longer,” Arianna simply explained her theory.

This is also what I’m thinking… The tide of the times is coming in a bid to drown out everything… Thankfully, I’m a lot more prepared than before. I now have a demigod-level marionette, and in certain areas, he’s stronger than me. After all, he can use my Beyonder powers, while I can’t use his… Since I can’t digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion anytime soon and seek my advancement, strengthening my marionette is also an effective measure to protect myself… I can also take note of the Sanguine’s and Miss Sharron’s plot against the Rose School of Thought… Klein’s thoughts instantly turned clear.

He reined in his thoughts and casually asked, “Do all three Churches doubt Prince Grove’s explanation?”

“They don’t.” Arianna frankly shook “Her” head. “Qonas Kilgor had mentioned Katarina.”

But you don’t have evidence. After all, they can explain that, after they split with the Demoness Sect, Katarina was sent to discuss things and attempt to make amends, but was cruelly rejected. During this process, as they knew each other’s secrets, none of them took action at the meeting. It could then be explained that Qonas Kilgor, a demigod who wasn’t privy to the matter, made the mistake that the cooperation effort was still in place…

And faced with an angel family, one that wields at least half the forces in the military, the three Churches won’t immediately lose decorum with them unless there’s evidence. Firstly, they aren’t united, and they have to consider that if a civil war were to erupt, countries like Feynapotter, Intis, and Feynapotter, as well as the Churches of Eternal Blazing Sun, God of Combat, Earth Mother, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom might try to take advantage of the situation… Klein quickly came up with

an analysis of the present situation.

He simply mentioned, “There were signs of Saintess of White Katarina appearing over at Viscount Stratford’s side. I will try to find her.”

Apart from that, Klein still wanted to find the dangerous Trissy and eliminate her, making up for his mistake of letting her go just because he wanted to use her.

Her value was clearly not as dangerous as her!

“I’ll try to do so as well.” Arianna indicated that “She’ would investigate the clue regarding Katarina.

Hmm… I have to say that Ma’am Arianna’s attitude when discussing matters with me is rather comforting. “She’ doesn’t exude that condescending attitude an angel or archbishop has. “She” completely treats me as an equal.. After hearing Arianna’s words, Klein felt a baffling sense of poignancy.

He instead asked, “Has Hvin Rambis of the Psychology Alchemists been captured?”

This was one of the key figures mentioned in the information from Qonas Kilgor’s testimony, one of the clues that exposed the machinations of the king’s faction.

“He has gone missing,” Arianna answered succinctly.

As expected… The possibility of a leak has increased again… Hvin Rambis has gone underground, but that doesn’t mean that he

can't contact Miss Justice and other members directly... When the time comes, heh, Miss Justice has already hated him for some time... The only problem is whether Adam will appear in Backlund and "imagine" fake ruins. If that were the case, attacking Hvin Rambis might mean a non-zero probability that he's being watched by this King of Angels. It might even be the case that "He" will sit beside Hvin Rambis without anyone knowing... The more Klein thought, the more of a headache he had.

It had to be said that in an era in which deities rarely descended upon the real world, the two brothers, Adam and Amon, were the limits to one's level and strength. They were synonymous with being terrifying, powerful, frightening, and formidable.

A King of Angels was an existence closest to that of a deity!

Compared to Amon, I'm more afraid of Adam. "He" might be sitting beside you, listening to you and watching you smile while "He" reads your most truthful thoughts, making you die in the most natural, logical, but baffling manner... At this thought, Klein couldn't help but look around, afraid that the simple priest with pure-looking eyes and beard would be holding a tray, standing beside the roasting rack as "He" waited for the food and watched him with a smile.

Without a doubt, Klein didn't discover anything.

Noticing his reaction, Arianna calmly added, "He' isn't here."

Phew, thankfully, there's the blessings of an angel of Concealment... Klein controlled his thoughts and nodded gently, "I will take note of Hvin Rambis's whereabouts."

Arianna nodded and said, "After this matter is over, you can

attempt to pray to the Goddess for a bestowment."

That is to say that the Goddess is very satisfied with my performance up to now? When the time comes, "She" will bestow me with the Scholar of Yore potion formula? Klein roughly understood Arianna. He stood up and tapped his chest four times.

"Praise the Lady!"

Arianna also drew the crimson moon.

"Praise the Lady."

"Her" figure disappeared bit by bit as though she had been erased. Yet, the guests at the bonfire party didn't notice the arrival of the ascetic at all.

Klein sat down again and continued analyzing his situation from another angle.

Qonas Kilgor disappeared without any warning. From the evidence presented by Ma'am Arianna and the words "She" said, it implied that the MI9 deputy director is in "Her" hands. In other words, the assault on Qonas Kilgor is definitely related to the Church of Evernight.

Qonas Kilgor disappeared in Maygur Manor which belongs to Dwayne Dantès, and he is a believer of the Evernight Goddess...

From what the king's faction and the Psychology Alchemists know, Dwayne Dantès can likely be confirmed to be a secret

informant of the Church of Evernight...

This way, my safety can be guaranteed, but I can't avoid being observed and monitored. I have to be careful... I have to think of a reason to add a new servant. I can't keep having Qonas Kilgor or Enuni hide in this manner. This will make it easier for a problem to be discovered. Or maybe I can make one marionette turn into human-skin clothes, fusing with the other marionette...

As he thought, Klein stood up and placed the glass of sweet white wine on the table beside him. He then turned to walk to the main building of the manor and entered one of the bathrooms.

He then took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog. He summoned the Sea God Scepter and used the prayer point he marked as Enuni to observe every corner of Maygur Manor.

During this process, Klein's mind was somewhat tense, worried that he would see a priest wearing simple clothes while having a beard and golden eyes.

Of course, compared to seeing this priest, he was more afraid of the priest looking up and smiling back at him, raising the cup of wine in his hand.

Fortunately, after a series of inspections, he confirmed that there was nothing unusual with Maygur Manor.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief and retracted his spirituality. He then cast his gaze at the bronze cross on the long mottled table.

This was an item that The Magician and Judgment had recently sacrificed. They said that it was to thank Mr. Fool for “His” blessings, and hoped to please this existence.

It doesn’t look like its level is low… Klein picked up the spiky cross and used divination to quickly figure out the mystical item’s Beyonder powers and negative effects.

Both of them were one and the same.

The bronze cross could cleanse powers of degeneration, corruption, corrosion, darkness, evil, ailments, and other domains, quickly causing them to dissipate until nothing was left.

Due to this reason, this mystical item could also clear the mental corruption of Beyonder characteristics.

And it was precisely because of this potent purification that the bronze cross couldn’t coexist with other mystical items or be in contact with other Beyonder characteristics. It couldn’t exist on the same person. Furthermore, it also repelled the wielder’s Beyonder characteristic, albeit not in a manner that was as obvious. Over the passage of time, it would slowly cause a Beyonder’s characteristic to seep out!

This also meant that if one were to carry or wear the bronze cross for more than an hour, the Beyonder’s Sequence would drop by at least one Sequence. Beyond three hours, non-demigods would definitely be reduced to an ordinary person. Exceeding six hours, Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 saints would also lose their Beyonder powers. It was almost ineffective against angels because “They” had the ability to shatter Beyonder characteristics. “They” had extremely strong control over “Their” source of power.

It can be used to retrieve the characteristics of Beyonders who failed to advance without dying or from those who lost control… This cross's powers resemble the Sun pathway's Unshadowed… Klein nodded thoughtfully.

Chapter 1033: Let There Be Light

Scrutinizing the bronze cross in hand, Klein was certain that it was at least a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.

Apart from its purifying effects, this mystical item also possessed Flaring Sun and other demigod-level spells of the Sun domain. As for its negative effects, they weren't a problem to resolve if one used it properly. For example, helping people who stumbled into the Beyonder world and hoped to escape this madness to become normal humans again. It could also be used for people who consumed additional potions to secrete the Beyonder characteristic—though this required precise timing; otherwise, it easily caused one's Sequence to drop.

Of course, the body and soul that had been reconstructed by potions would definitely suffer from frequent conflicts with an ordinary human's essence. Beyonders who relied on this bronze cross to retreat from this "circle" would undoubtedly suffer residual effects, and the exact circumstances would be different depending on their pathways and Sequences.

This made Klein sigh. This was the most useful and valuable negative effect he had ever seen.

To him, the only problem was that this bronze cross couldn't be carried with him for extended periods of time. He couldn't hand it to his marionette either, as it would expel the marionette's Beyonder characteristic and drop its Sequence. And a marionette could no longer consume potions for advancements, as their Spirit Bodies were essentially dead.

As for letting ordinary creatures turn into marionettes, they would "praise the Sun" by wearing this cross for extended

periods of time and escape his control.

I can only leave it above the gray fog and take it out when I need it... To a Bizarro Sorcerer, this side effect isn't much. After all, I don't perform unprepared... I'll later confirm if it corresponds to an Unshadowed. If it does, I'll sell it to Little Sun after he finishes digesting the Priest of Light potion. I believe that the City of Silver's six-member council's Chief wouldn't be miserly to not exchange it with a Sealed Artifact of equal value. The Sun pathway is clearly more suitable for the Forsaken Land of the Gods than the other pathways... Klein thought in a good mood as he placed the bronze cross back on the long mottled table.

He didn't immediately make a confirmation and planned on leaving it until he returned to 160 Böklund Street. When that happens, he would also use dream divination to figure out the origins of the Sealed Artifact. As Maygur Manor was too close to the underground ruins, he was afraid that the royal family's angel or maybe even Adam was observing the area. If his experiments were to trigger some change and create a stirring in the gray fog, his biggest secret might be exposed.

Even if this Sealed Artifact doesn't correspond to an Unshadowed, it's definitely from the Sun pathway. At most, it's mixed with other Beyonder characteristics. No, it will be expelled, and the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun's trademark is a Sacred Emblem made of gold, an abstract sun, having nothing to do with a cross. Hmm, after eliminating this possibility, the only one related to the Sun domain is the City of Silver's Creator, the ancient sun god, Adam and Amon's dad, the suspected transmigrator...

It appeared in the hands of Viscount Stratford, so does this mean that, in a particular sense, it's the Twilight Hermit Order who's cooperating with the royal family, and the Psychology Alchemists is just a ruse? Of course, there are too many other possibilities. It might've been found by the Augustus family since they're quite a famous angel family in the Fourth Epoch and have a long history. Finding certain items of the ancient sun god is rather normal...

If this Sealed Artifact really was provided by Adam, could it be part of "His" arrangements?

Faced with Demoness Trissy, who is clearly involved with an evil god, and her partner, Viscount Stratford, who chose to use this purifying cross and gave up using other items. That arrangement is very reasonable. Upon deciding to eliminate Shermane, since he wasn't sure if she had been corrupted by an evil god and was afraid of accidents happening, he didn't use any direct offensive means and instead wasted time activating this Sealed Artifact. That too is also very reasonable… Yes, it's all very reasonable. I'm just not sure if there are signs of this outcome being arranged…

With this in mind, my phobia for 0-08 has reared its head again… Yes, Miss Magician and Miss Judgment had privately discussed Adam before. It involved matters regarding the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the Giant King's Court, and King of Angels…

This… even if it was arranged by Adam, why does "He" want to give this item to them?

Klein felt his scalp tingle as he thought about it. Composing himself, he decided to do further experiments after returning to Böklund Street.

He didn't hesitate and immediately returned to the real world.

As for the items on Qonas Kilgor, he relied solely on his divination powers without the gray fog's enhancements to gain an initial grasp on the situation.

Apart from the Concerto of Light and Shadow which Church of Evernight ascetic leader, Arianna, had taken, and the badge used to open the underground ruins, Qonas Kilgor had two other mystical items.

One of them was Réver's Shout of Despair which Arrodes had mentioned. It originated from a failed sacrifice and had two modes. One was an ordinary shot, its might was slightly weaker than a Clown's Air Cannon. The other was a machine gun sweep. It could spew out large numbers of bullets in one to two seconds. These two modes came with the shout of despair, having a certain level of influence on demigods at the saint level, but it wasn't too effective. Of course, not every demigod could withstand such an attack. Just like Klein himself, he didn't have a ridiculous body or defense to withstand it head-on.

The other item was Lucky Grass. It looked very simple, a four-leaved clover that had been made into a protective charm. Its power was to accumulate one's chance of success after a subsequent failed attempt. The negative side effect was that it magnified the wearer's character flaws.

Klein's appraisal on it was to change its name to "Mother of Success."

These two mystical items were of little value to Klein. He continued keeping them on Qonas Kilgor's person.

Instead, it was this demigod marionette that was his greatest harvest.

Lawyers had an acute grasp and knowledge of how to make use of loopholes in law, with the ability to guide and convince the target; Barbarian provided strength and a constitution that broke the rules; Briber had "Bribe"; Baron of Corruption had "Distortion"; Mentor of Disorder had "Disorder"; and Earl of The Fallen had "Bestowment,""Magnify," and "Exploit." They were all pretty good powers. If he hadn't obtained detailed information from Arrodes and made sufficient preparations and formulated a plan, together with the help from an angel of Concealment, Klein believed that he had no way of restraining Qonas Kilgor even if he had items like Fate Siphon.

In fact, instead of turning him into a marionette, using Creeping Hunger to Graze Qonas Kilgor would be a lot more discreet, making it harder to be discovered. But if that's the case, I can only use three of the Earl of The Fallen's Beyonder powers… As Klein thought about it, he walked out of the bathroom and returned to the bonfire party.

On the lawn, Macht was standing in front of the roasting rack, trying hard to make East Balam-styled roasted meat while sweat dripped down his forehead. Hazel was standing a short distance away, her eyes looking on brightly. She no longer had the arrogance from before and had a few black marks across her face—a result of the smoke. Portland Moment was holding a cup of wine, smilingly watching the relatively "young lad" being busy. From time to time, he would raise a metal skewer with chunks of meat and bite at it.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein's heart suddenly calmed down.

…

On Sunday afternoon, the group of people who went to the Böklund Street suburbs returned to Böklund Street.

Before dinner, Klein headed above the gray fog once again and picked up the bronze cross.

He first confirmed that the cross corresponded to the Sun pathway's Sequence 4 Unshadowed and had, rather uncreatively, named it Unshadowed Crucifix. Following that, he picked up a pen and wrote a new divination statement:

"The origins of this cross."

Klein didn't immediately divine if Unshadowed Crucifix had any traces of being "arranged," afraid that it might point to Adam and place "Him" in a state of vigilance. He planned on investigating the situation by figuring out the Sealed Artifact's origins. If the Unshadowed Crucifix's owner or former owner was Adam, the truth of the matter would undoubtedly point towards a "deliberate arrangement."

Putting down the pen, Klein looked down at the cross and exhaled heavily.

"I'm courting death again…"

He suspected that the Unshadowed Crucifix originated from the City of Silver's Creator, the ancient sun god, a powerful deity that was stronger than the ancient gods like Dragon of Imagination. Sneaking a peek at "Him" would cause damage that exceeded Klein's previous divination of Groselle's Travels.

However, things were no longer the same. Klein was now a Sequence 4 Bizarro Sorcerer, a demigod. The damage he could withstand as well as the amount of power of the mysterious space above the gray fog that he could use far exceeded his previous state back when he was a Sequence 5.

After spending a few seconds to calm his emotions, he leaned back in his chair, holding the Unshadowed Crucifix in one hand and holding the piece of paper in the other. He softly repeated the divination statement.

Over and over again, Klein used Cogitation as a jumping board to enter a state of deep sleep.

In the hazy world, a building whose original form was obscured by layers of grayish-white stood in a pitch-black environment.

Surrounding it were monsters.

A crack opened up on the grayish-white building's surface as a palm that had almost white skin reached out.

A figure walked out—a man. He wore a black clergyman robe and had a silver crucifix hung on his chest.

This man's hair wasn't long and was mainly raven-black in color. There was a faint hint of blond at the roots of his hair. His eyes were pure gold in color, and his skin was rather white. He had a deep outline and pronounced eye sockets. He looked quite similar to the people of the Northern Continent.

He took two steps forward, reached his hand out, and grabbed the very ordinary crucifix. His eyes gradually lost their look of confusion as the ends of his lips curled up slightly.

He said in a deep voice, "Let there be light!"

The pitch-black surroundings of the grayish-white building were immediately pierced by bright lights, revealing what it really looked like.

This was a deep valley where nothing could be seen above it; yet, the infinite light filled every corner.

And there was light.

The image of the next scene flashed.

A drop of golden blood that emitted light and heat dripped onto the silver cross.

Above the drop of blood seemed to be a figure that was formed of dazzling light. The face that he couldn't see clearly was looking up, seemingly being effused with pain and a sense of distortion in a very real manner.

He cast his gaze over towards the area above the gray fog, casting it at Klein, who was seated at The Fool's high-back chair. His deep voice sounded once again:

"Mysteries..."

Suddenly, without any forewarning, Klein's thoughts erupted with a boom.

Chapter 1034: Gains

The boundless gray fog boiled as the ancient and majestic palace burned.

The blazing flames condensed into a fiery blob, as though a blinding sun had risen out from this mysterious space.

A howling hurricane flipped the long mottled table, snapping the thick stone columns and causing half the palace to collapse.

Sitting at The Fool's seat, Klein's brain was boiling before holes exploded out of it. Charred maggots then began crawling out of the cracks.

He didn't die, and he had even very calmly reached out his right palm and tapped the armrest of the chair.

Above the gray fog, this mysterious space quaked in an obvious manner. Waves of power surged out one after another, calming the hurricane and extinguishing the flames. The blazing sun evaporated, inch by inch.

The thick stone pillars stood once more as the long mottled table returned to its original state. The magnificent and holy palace appeared as though it had never collapsed or suffered any damage.

Klein's head recovered instantly, and the charred maggots that had drilled out had turned transparent again before crawling back inside.

As expected, stronger than Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt… Klein muttered to himself as his expression couldn't help but warp. He couldn't help but massage his forehead. *It's painful… This pain is also clearly stronger…*

While muttering, he rapped the edge of the long mottled table and made the mysterious space above the gray fog quake once more.

Amidst the quakes, a pitch-black shadow abruptly emerged out of the palace's floor.

This shadow twisted and struggled before being wiped clean by the gray fog's powers, leaving nothing behind.

After nearly a minute, Klein calmed down completely and recalled the scene he had seen.

That should be the ancient sun god, the City of Silver Creator, Adam's and Amon's dad…

From the crucifix "He" wore, and that line, "Let there be light," there's a high chance that "He" is the first transmigrator. Perhaps he's Caucasian with a religious background…

"He" used a language that can stir the powers of nature. It's similar to Jotun, but it's also different. It doesn't belong to Elvish, Dragonese, and ancient Hermes… Yes, it has similarities with the ancient Feysac of the Northern Continent and the Dutanese of the Southern Continent. This allowed me to barely understand what "He" was saying despite me not knowing this language… This is the language "He" learned from that strange giant building?

"He" transmigrated there and inherited a rich inheritance?

The second scene was of "Him" suffering a betrayal, the scene of him being eaten by the Kings of Angels, White, Wisdom, and Wind?

To a deity who claims to be a Creator, that kind of corporeal pain and that distortion can only appear in such a situation...

Yes, the divine blood "He" dripped before "His" death fused with the silver crucifix, and it later turned into the latter's form, becoming a rather powerful Sealed Artifact.

From the looks of it, the Unshadowed Crucifix was obtained by one of the three Kings of Angels, or it landed in Amon's or Adam's hands. To "Them," this is an important item "Their" father left behind.

The previous possibility isn't too high. The cross's effects are extremely useful. Furthermore, its origins are a secret that needs to be kept. No one would give it to the Augustus family... From the looks of it, was it really arranged by Adam?

Why did "He" give the Unshadowed Crucifix to Miss Magician and Miss Judgment in a very reasonable manner?

"He" had discovered that the two ladies believe in The Fool after observing them for some time?

This cross was meant for The Fool that doesn't belong to this era?

"He" wishes to know where "His" father, who also doesn't belong

to that era, came from? But the problem is how does "He" plan on raising that question and obtaining an answer?

That City of Silver's Creator's level is extremely high. "He" was able to sense my prying despite the long stretch of history between us. He cast his gaze above the gray fog and cast it on this mysterious space. Furthermore, the influence "He" created not only openly caused destruction but also secretly invaded this place, creating a special shadow. It nearly lurked here, hidden…

Doesn't this mean that, once one obtains the authorities of several domains, a deity's level will also undergo a qualitative change?

What does the uttering of "Mysteries" mean? Is it pointing to me, or the original owner of this mysterious space?

Questions flashed past Klein's mind, making him come up with several theories, but the final answer eluded him.

Due to his fear of Adam, he believed that the best outcome for the Unshadowed Crucifix was to have the City of Silver's god-like Sealed Artifact shatter it and reform it into a pure Beyonder characteristic.

Reining in his thoughts and suppressing his questions, Klein conjured a new pen and paper and wrote down the knowledge he had learned from looking straight at the City of Silver Creator:

"Sequence 4: Unshadowed

"Main ingredients: One drop of the Sun's divine blood, or three adult Sun Divine Bird's feathers and a piece of Holy Brilliance Rock.

“Supplementary ingredients: 60ml of Sun Divine Bird’s blood, 30 ml of Holy Brilliance Rock liquid. 7 drops of mutated fingered citron juice, 10 grams worth of powder of the heart of magma.

“Ritual: Extract the strongest emotions that one is most unwilling to abandon before consuming the potion. Inject these emotions back again during this process.”

“Sequence 3: Justice Mentor…

“Sequence 4: Black Knight…

“Sequence 3: Trinity Templar…”

After doing all of this, Klein picked up the bronze cross again and observed it with a heavy expression.

He then threw Unshadowed Crucifix into the junk pile and stirred the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog to suppress it. He didn’t wish to see the paper figurines he cut begin to praise the Sun the next time he came.

…

In front of an ordinary house in Cherwood Borough.

A postman riding a bike braked and stopped at the door.

He then settled down his bike and took out a letter from his bag, glancing to check if the address was correct.

“It’s here… For Xio…” The postman briskly walked to the mailbox and threw the letter in. Following that, he didn’t delay as he got on his bike and kicked off.

After a while, a pitch-black flame suddenly spewed out of the mailbox’s mouth.

This flame burned quietly and quickly disappeared.

…

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

Audrey, who had brought Susie to the garden for a stroll, had just returned to the foyer when she saw her father, Earl Hall, come in from the outside. He had his brows knitted, seemingly in deep thought.

“Father, did something happen?” Audrey asked with concern.

This was the most basic of observations which she didn’t need to hide at all.

Earl Hall restrained his frustrated expression and said with a smile, “It’s nothing important. I just never expected Hvin Rambis to be a member of a cult.”

“He’s a member of a cult?” Audrey expressed her surprise appropriately.

She knew that Hvin Rambis was actually a member of the upper

echelons of a secret organization known as the Psychology Alchemists, but she didn't understand how this was suddenly exposed.

Earl Hall nodded solemnly.

"Yes, he's wanted by the three Churches. I'm still not sure which cult he's involved in."

"...Has he been caught?" Audrey's eyes darted around as she asked "curiously."

"No, he disappeared before the warrant was issued." Earl sighed. "It's really hard to imagine that he's a cult member. He's of excellent character and is knowledgeable. He's rational and objective in various matters and is filled with wisdom."

That's just the side he wants you to see... Audrey inwardly mumbled. Then, as usual, she entered the small prayer room at home before dinner. She faced the Sacred Emblem of the Evernight Goddess and got into a prayer gesture.

However, her low chanting was:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era..."

After chanting the honorific name, Audrey succinctly reported:

"Hvin Rambis has gone missing.

"He has been identified as a cultist and is wanted by all three

Churches…”

With that said, Audrey was about to solemnly pray to the Goddess when a boundless gray fog appeared before her.

In the middle of the grayish-white fog, a blurry figure sat on the chair, looking down from above and gently nodded.

“I’m aware.”

Just as this secret existence said that, the scene before Audrey’s eyes changed suddenly. It presented a figure who was concentrating on praying.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, the Church of Evernight has obtained intelligence from Qonas Kilgor and confirmed that King George III hides an extremely huge secret. For the obtaining of a Blood Emperor ruins in the Sterlewen segment of the Tussock River, he colluded with the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists to partake in human trafficking, creating the human disappearance cases that ultimately led to the Great Smog of Backlund…

“The Demoness Sect’s former representative was Despair Nightingale Panatiya and was later changed to Saintess of White Katarina. For the Psychology Alchemists, it’s Hvin Rambis…

“Please remind Miss Justice to be careful when she meets Hvin Rambis again. She needs to be constantly prepared to seek help.”

His Majesty… Audrey’s eyes widened as upheavals went through her heart. She found it difficult to control herself.

This was partly due to the fact that this news was shocking for a noble like her. In addition, it had to do with Lie which magnified her emotions.

Almost at the same time, a news report flashed in Audrey's mind. It was one that had left an unerasable impression on her:

"*...According to preliminary estimates, a total of over 21,000 people died in the smog, and the subsequent plague took the lives of close to 40,000 people. Among the deceased were young children, healthy young men, and women...*"

So that's how it is... What is the king plotting... The three Churches likely don't have any actual evidence; otherwise, Father wouldn't only be frustrated to this degree... Audrey felt an inexplicable sense of anger and sadness. It felt like particular principles she had upheld in the past had been ruthlessly trampled, or that values that had stood up to time were silently crumbling.

She subconsciously lowered her head and closed her eyes.

Then, she exhaled and whispered, "Thank you, Mr. Fool. Please convey my gratitude to Mr. World."

After her prayer, Audrey sat in the tranquil darkness and didn't move for a long time.

Chapter 1035: Diary Page in Advance

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom apartment.

Fors picked up a fountain pen and wrote on a piece of paper.

This was a letter for her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham. It was to tell him that she was in danger and had no choice but to leave where she used to stay. Replies were not to be sent there, and if he had sent a letter, he was to quickly change his address and change identities if possible.

After writing plenty of words, Fors put down her pen, folded the letter, stuffed it into an envelope, and adhered a stamp on it.

Then, she changed into outdoor attire and left the room with the letter she wanted to send.

She wasn't inclined towards heading out, but this new residence of hers not only didn't have alcoholic beverages, but it didn't even have coffee beans, instant coffee, black tea leaves, daily newspapers, the latest magazines, or novels.

For these, she had no choice but to personally head out to send the letter and buy some groceries outside East Borough.

As for Xio, she had already gone out. She wanted to mail a letter to her former rental apartment, indicating that Viscount Stratford's loyalties lay with the king. She wanted to see if it could drive Shermane's observer to take certain actions.

Seriously, after everything was over, I was so afraid that I nearly forgot to write to Teacher. If I had finished it earlier, I could've gotten Xio to do the mailing... Fors wore a bonnet that had a fishnet, walked down the dark staircase all the way to the bottom, and walked out the condominium.

This was in the periphery of East Borough where technical workers and low-level managers mainly lived. It was relatively safe and even had paperboys around.

As Fors heard chimes from time to time, she walked slowly along the side of the street.

At this moment, a postman stopped his bike, took out a stack of newspapers from his bag, and entered a condominium beside her.

Fors casually glanced at it and discovered that the copy at the top was News at Sea.

People who live here will actually subscribe to such a newspaper? Their job has something to do with maritime trade? Fors retracted her gaze as she mumbled in surprise.

However, this wasn't something that was worth paying attention to. She quickly walked towards the mailbox when she saw it at the end of the streets.

The postman entered the condominium and found a few targets from the rows of mailboxes, stuffing the corresponding papers into them.

Shortly after he left, a mailbox was opened and the newspaper

inside was taken out.

The person who retrieved the newspapers walked up to the third story, opened a room, and sat in a simple reclining chair, rocking in it as he read through it.

By the side of the reclining chair, there was a black wooden table with a stack of papers placed on it.

Some of them were stacked neatly with their front page facing up. Some were bent asymmetrically, revealing the articles. On them were the corresponding reports:

“Shocking! Crazy Adventurer Made Fugitive”

“Crazy Adventurer Appears Again; An Incredible Hunt”

“The Man Closest to The Kings At Sea, Adventurer Worth 90,000 Pounds”

“Story of Gehrman Sparrow And Three Female Pirate Admirals”

“Shooting To Fame In One Battle, Gehrman Sparrow Attempts Assassination Attempt on Vice Admiral Ailment At Night”

...

...

Shortly after Fors finished her purchases and returned to her rental apartment, Xio had finished her trip and returned.

The reason for their timely return was because it was Monday and it was almost three in the afternoon.

Gong! Gong! Gong!

The nearby cathedral's bells resonated as a crimson red beam of light surged at Fors and Xio at the same moment.

Inside the majestic palace, by the sides of the ancient mottled table, figures appeared simultaneously, taking corporeal form.

Like always, Justice Audrey stood up first, faced the seat of honor of the long bronze table, curtsied, and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

Miss Justice seems rather down... From the looks of it, the news last night is still affecting her... The Fool Klein nodded indiscernibly and acknowledged the Tarot Club members' greetings.

At this moment, Audrey, who wasn't in a good mood, noticed with her sharp observational skills that there was a bronze cross beside Mr. Fool's right hand.

Where did this cross come from? To be placed on the table by Mr. Fool, it's an item that's at least the level of a Card of Blasphemy... Who does it originate from? What use does it have? Questions flew through Audrey's mind, making her feel an irresistible sense of curiosity.

This was the first time Mr. Fool was placing something in front of him that wasn't a Card of Blasphemy!

Immediately following that, Alger, Cattleya, and the other Tarot Club members also noticed the bronze cross that was more eye-catching than a card. Like Miss Justice, they couldn't help but guess at the item's origins, level, and use.

Amongst them, Derrick felt a subtle calling from it. He felt that the bronze cross was drawing him in.

He then recalled a basic rule taught in lessons at the City of Silver:

Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

This is a high-level Sealed Artifact of the Sun pathway? Derrick suddenly came to a realization.

Fors and Xio recognized the bronze cross to be the Sealed Artifacts that they had sacrificed. Their pupils dilated as though they were trying to take a better look.

Mr. Fool places so much importance on this item? I-it's more important than what Xio and I imagined? Fors was stunned and couldn't hide her curiosity.

When it came to matters involving gods, her thoughts would never develop towards romance.

Xio shared similar thoughts with Fors, but she didn't say a word. She believed that Miss Justice would definitely take the initiative

to ask.

Just as Audrey was deliberating about raising her hand, Cattleya closed her eyes, turned her body, and faced the seat of honor.

Before she bowed and spoke, The Fool Klein suddenly chuckled, “Don’t worry. The glasses you conjure can seal your Eye of Mystery Prying.”

He knew very well that Ma’am Hermit had already become a demigod by obtaining godhood, turning into a Mysticologist.

This was partly because Cattleya had prayed to The Fool before she held the ritual and consumed the potion, hoping to advance under “His” watch. This way, even if she ultimately failed, she could be blessed and not lose control or go mad. She could always think of expelling the excessive characteristic and redo the attempt.

Towards this matter, Klein wasn’t too confident about it, because he had never attempted it before. Divination also didn’t give any answers, but since he had agreed, he believed that if she failed and didn’t die, it was definitely all thanks to Mr. Fool. If she were to lose control or go mad, she wouldn’t care if Mr. Fool was really a cheat. In short, Klein’s main purpose was to give her confidence so that she was in the best conditions for an advancement attempt. After all, Admiral of Stars wasn’t able to find other existences to give similar blessings.

After witnessing Ma’am Hermit’s advancement to a demigod, Klein heaved a sigh of relief while lampooning inwardly.

At times, acting as a god is harder than acting like a human. When believers encounter trouble, there are usually two outcomes —life or death. Their survival is naturally due to the blessings of

deities, and no one would care if death occurs…

On the other hand, after becoming a demigod and being able to use more of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog, The Fool Klein could easily see the Astral Projections of the Tarot Club members; thus, reading their current Beyonder pathway and Sequence.

After sealing her Eye of Mystery Prying, Cattleya heaved a sigh of relief and reverently said, “Mr. Fool, there is one page of Emperor Roselle’s diary this time.”

Emperor Roselle’s diary? Queen Mystic is done with her matters? But nothing abnormal happened in Backlund… Yes, no one noticed the infiltration of Amon in Böklund Street or the demigod battle in Maygur Manor… The Fool Klein nodded in an unperturbed manner and said, “Good. You can think of a question or request.”

As he spoke, Audrey, Alger, and company sharply learned something from this conversation.

Ma’am Hermit was worried that the glasses she conjured was unable to seal her Eye of Mystery Prying, and this wasn’t a worry she had in the previous gatherings.

This means that Ma’am Hermit’s Eye of Mystery Prying has been significantly boosted… Hmm, why would there be a sudden boost? S-she advanced to become a demigod? She’s our Tarot Club’s second demigod? Audrey connected this matter to Cattleya’s purchase of the Mythical Creature’s blood and immediately had a guess.

She then swept her gaze at the male members opposite her and realized that Mr. Hanged Man’s seating posture had unknowingly changed. He had apparently figured that Ma’am

Hermit had become a demigod. Little Sun's gaze was still staring at the bronze cross without any reaction. The Moon Mr. Emlyn hesitated for a few seconds before looking up at Ma'am Hermit. Mr. Star was like Little Sun, his eyes somewhat vacant as though he was waiting for the diary part to pass.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, can this question be accumulated with the next one?" Cattleya asked.

Accumulated with the next one... Queen Mystic still doesn't want to have her mood affected? Then why would she suddenly provide a diary page? Has she foreseen something? To maintain his image as The Fool, he didn't ask why and nodded gently.

"Sure."

Cattleya didn't speak further as she conjured that diary page, only to see it flash into Mr. Fool's hands.

Klein scanned it seemingly casually, taking in most of the information.

"19th July. Night of the Blood Moon.

"Mr. Door's answer allowed me to confirm one thing. In that ancient secret organization, the second Blasphemy Slate I saw wasn't complete!"

Chapter 1036: "Expected" Development

"According to Mr. Door, the main difference between the second Blasphemy Slate and the first Blasphemy Slate isn't that the latter has many unique Sequence names, but that the former had many additions. It was a secret the ancient sun god caught a glimpse of towards 'His' later years. Alright, as a true god, there's no such thing as later years. I'm just using the human concept of the period from 'His' birth to fall, so that would be considered 'His' later years.

"In other words, the second Blasphemy Slate's creator was the ancient sun god?"

"Towards this question, Mr. Door answered with almost certainty. 'He' told me that the ancient sun god's fall resulted in the birth of the Blasphemy Slate.

"Does that mean that it's considered a key relic of the ancient sun god?

"Then, who was the one who created the first Blasphemy Slate? The original Creator who truly created everything? And what were the additional pieces of knowledge that appeared on the second Blasphemy Slate?

"Mr. Door didn't answer, only saying that it involves too many secrets. It cannot be explained in just a few words. If 'He' were to return to the real world, 'He' would be able to tell me in detail.

"Heh, do you think I'll fall for it?

“As the Blasphemy Slate was mentioned, I recalled two questions that had been bothering me since a long time ago. What does it mean to be the trend of the times? Who defines the trend of the times?

“Mr. Door’s reaction was very odd. ‘He’ laughed for nearly twenty seconds before telling me, be careful of the ‘Spectator.’

“What has this got to do with my question?

“With ‘His’ reminder, I carefully recalled the contents of the second Blasphemy Slate and discovered an unusual problem. As a Beyonder of the Savant pathway, my memory is something I can be proud of due to my eidetic memory. However, I only recalled that Sequence 0 of the Spectator pathway is Visionary, but I have no impression of its ritual to become a god!

“I can clearly remember all the rituals for the other twenty-one pathways, but this is the only one where, not only do I lack an impression of, I have even subconsciously neglected it.

“I tried asking Mr. Door what the ritual is for becoming a god for the Spectator pathway.

“Mr. Door laughed and said with a teasing and leisurely tone, ‘didn’t you already say it?’

“This… The ritual for a Spectator to become a god is to make the development of the times to be in line with one’s expectations. Then, consume the potion for their advancement when it’s at a certain time node in that trend?

“I believe that’s the truth!

“Compared to ‘the times is part of the original Creator; only when the times develop according to a certain expectation can ‘He’ draw energy from it and revive,’ this seems more objective. Heh, I knew that among the founders of that ancient secret organization, there had to be someone with their plans apart from the zealots!

“On careful thought, this is really quite a terrifying matter. It’s fine when stuck in the Low- and Mid-Beyonder levels, but once someone is of a high standing, they might suffer an unknown and sudden destruction simply because their particular thoughts, ideas, or matters that they would like to push forward disagrees with a particular existence’s expectations…

“Be careful of the ‘Spectator’!

“I’m very curious how Mr. Door knows what’s on the second Blasphemy Slate, as well as the various rituals needed to become a god. ‘His’ answer was that ‘He’ had seen the complete second Blasphemy Slate, and with ‘Him’ were Solomon, Zaratul, Tudor, Trunsoest, Augustus, Einhorn, Sauron, Castiya, Zoroast, Stiano, Constantine, and company… These were families who reigned over all the Beyonders in the Fourth Epoch!”

The secrets contained in this diary page made Klein feel as though he was facing a Mythical Creature’s form, embroiling his mind in a storm of knowledge.

The Spectator’s ritual to become a god is to make the times develop according to one’s imagination? If that’s the case, Adam has been subconsciously preparing for this since the beginning of the Fourth Epoch… So the secret that King George III is hiding, and the possible developments, are in line with “His” expectations, to the point of “Him” giving a helping hand? Once the tide of the times come rushing in, with things not being capable of changing in short time spans, “He” will be able to become a god?

In that case, engaging in a deep investigation of the Great Smog is abnormally dangerous. Even if I'm currently a Blessed of the Goddess, having an official Beyonder's background and being able to cooperate with angels anytime, my safety can't be guaranteed. After all, the Goddess isn't able to descend for quite some time... Amidst his thoughts, Klein suddenly had the intention of cowering back.

If this were in the past, he could relax after reporting the matter to the Church of Evernight and even leave Backlund for a vacation. But now, as a Blessed of the Goddess, he had already promised to seek out Hvin Rambis and Saintess of White Katarina, making it very difficult for him to escape.

It was truly a case of "you win some, you lose some."

Furthermore, Klein didn't know how Adam wished for the times to develop. If a Great Smog of Backlund happened again, he really had no way of extricating himself. There were people he cared about, and he yearned for peace.

At the very least, I have to know what the king's secret is before deciding what to do... On the second Blasphemy Slate, apart from the Beyonder pathways and Sequence potion, what are the secrets it has? Klein retracted his gaze and made Roselle's diary page vanish.

Then, he looked around with a calm expression and said with a smile, "You may begin."

At this moment, Audrey didn't hide her curiosity. She raised her hand slightly and asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool, is there any special meaning to the cross beside your hand?

"If the answer requires an equivalent exchange, you can directly

make the request."

Klein placed the Unshadowed Crucifix on the table precisely because he wanted the Tarot Club members to ask. He could then use this opportunity to inform Little Sun and The Hanged Man, who might have a chance of using the cross, of the news. After all, such matters were beneath Mr. Fool to expect him to raise them.

Therefore, he smiled at Miss Justice.

"This question is nothing.

"It's something left behind by the sun god of ancient times."

Sun god of ancient times... Ancient sun god? The Creator that the City of Silver believes in? T-this cross actually has such origins? A captain of the royal guards who's just a Sequence 5 or 6 actually had a relic of the ancient sun god on him? Isn't that too much a coincidence? Fors couldn't believe her ears when she heard Mr. Fool's answer.

At this moment, The Fool Klein mentioned in passing, "Its level isn't too high, corresponding to an Unshadowed. It's greatest use is to eliminate the mental corruption of Beyonder characteristics and help people who have consumed excessive potions to expel the excess characteristics. It will allow those who do not wish to remain in the mysterious world to return to normalcy."

This power is rather fascinating... It's no wonder Mr. World once asked me if given a chance, will I be willing to completely leave the mysterious world... Audrey felt that her curiosity was satisfied.

Strange... It really is an item that makes me uncomfortable... Emlyn made a judgment as he looked to the side at The Sun.

Derrick was surprised and delighted, having a feeling that he had his dream fulfilled.

His dream was to free all the residents of the City of Silver from the curse and return under the Sun, and not constantly suffer the madness, pain, and torture.

And if such a dream could be fulfilled by the relic inherited from the ancient sun god—the Creator who the City of Silver believed in—it would truly appear to be destiny and inevitable.

He spoke before The Hanged Man.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, can I find a way to trade for this item?"

"As long as you pay a sufficient price," Klein said with a slight nod.

...Mr. Fool really is the best, the greatest! Derrick praised from the bottom of his heart.

As long as a sufficient price is paid... Alger gained inspiration from Miss Magician's rental of the notebook and hurriedly asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool, is it possible to rent the cross for a day or a few hours for a fixed price?"

He currently didn't have any plans on renting it. As his Wind-blessed potion had digested relatively quickly, he planned on considering the problem of purging the excess characteristic

after he consumed the additional Ocean Songster potion.

"Yes," The Fool Klein answered simply.

It can be rented? The Star Leonard had benefited quite significantly from borrowing Leymano's Travels previously. After he heard Mr. Fool's answer, he focused, seriously thinking if he had any need for the ancient sun god's relic.

A few seconds later, he realized that he didn't have such a need.

Not only was the Sun pathway good against wraiths and specters, the Evernight pathway was good at it too!

Furthermore, when he returned from Tingen to Backlund, he had already obtained four Flaring Sun Charms, planning to give half of them to Klein who had provided him the information, keeping the other half for himself.

As for purging the excessive Beyonder characteristics and leaving the mysterious world, he didn't need it. He was about to hold the ritual to become a Spirit Warlock!

At this moment, Fors glanced at Xio and felt pangs of regret.

She wasn't regretting them sacrificing the cross to Mr. Fool, but rather that she didn't attempt to use her powers or Leymano's Travels to "Record" the corresponding powers before sacrificing it.

Of course, this was mainly because she was rather timid. Without being able to use an Astrologer's means to determine

the cross's uses and effects, she didn't dare to rashly make attempts.

After all, I can still rent it from Mr. Fool in the future... She tried hard to cheer up.

Noticing no further requests, The Fool Klein retracted his grace, gesturing to the Tarot Club members to begin the transactions and discussions.

In fact, the Unshadowed Crucifix had someone who potentially needed it. It was the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter Anderson. This fellow had undergone various experiments after boarding the Golden Dream under Vice Admiral Iceberg's arrangements, doing so in a bid to digest the alien object inside him. There was already a certain level of success, but it wasn't enough to completely eliminate the latent problems.

Upon thinking of this, Klein silently mumbled, *I'll get Danitz to ask later...*

At this moment, Audrey raised a request for a transaction.

"Ladies and gentlemen, which one of you has a Dreamcatcher's heart, mind illusion crystal, or an adult mind dragon's complete brain?"

Chapter 1037: Gehrman's Problem

After hearing Miss Justice, Derrick very enthusiastically replied, "Our City of Silver's warehouse likely has the complete brain of an adult mind dragon. I'll inform you after confirming it when I return."

He originally wanted to say that even if there was the complete brain of an adult mind dragon, it was most likely filled with madness and distorted mental corruption, but after seeing the bronze cross, he felt that it wasn't a problem.

That simple? Audrey's eyes lit up when she heard that. Her depressed mood from last night had brightened up significantly.

Indeed, compared to the outside world where dragons are decreasing in number, the City of Silver, which has a history dating back to the Second Epoch, will likely possess such ingredients. Hmm, it's mainly because they do not have the higher Sequences' formula for the Spectator pathway, so even with the ingredients, they are of little use. Furthermore, they lack an Artisan and are unable to turn Beyonder ingredients into mystical items. At times, they'd rather just store them... Many thoughts ran through Audrey's mind as she asked with a faint smile, "If you do have it, what would you exchange it for?"

"I haven't thought of it..." Derrick felt a little embarrassed as he raised his hand and scratched the back of his head.

His main goal now was to obtain the Creator's relic from Mr. Fool, but he didn't have anything of equal value.

In the past, he would definitely be worried, but now, he quickly

came up with an idea despite his worries.

He decided to ask the Chief because he was certain that the Chief was interested in the Creator's relic.

Due to having such thoughts, he really didn't know what payment he needed from Miss Justice. He planned on figuring out the other matter before telling her.

"Alright, confirm it first. It's best if you can check if there's any blood of an adult mind dragon." Audrey didn't press as she nodded gently.

It was the hardest supplementary ingredient she needed in the Dreamwalker potion formula.

Audrey immediately looked around, indicating that she was done.

You don't have to look at me. Although I do have some savings, there's nothing I wish to buy. It mainly has to do with Teacher not having given me the Traveler's potion formula... Among the first five Sequences of Apprentice, I like Traveler the most. I've always been looking forward to heading to different places to take in their vistas and delicacies. But thinking of the long journey, the crowdedness or crude transportation tools, and the inns whose level of hygiene is questionable, I'll definitely be obstructed by all the bulky baggage... After I become a Traveler, these won't be a problem... Fors's thoughts gradually wandered as she fantasized about her future life.

Xio pondered for a moment and said, "Everyone, please look out for the potion formula for the Arbiter pathway's Sequence 6 Judge and Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin."

She had a chance of obtaining the Judge formula from her MI9 contact, but she believed that Viscount Stratford's death would definitely cause a storm in Backlund, and when that happened, many things might change. Therefore, she planned on getting the Tarot Club to make additional preparations. After all, it was only for them to be on the lookout and not to search for them.

Besides, at Sequence 6 and 5, that would make her a quasi-high-ranking member of MI9. For informants in the peripheral to apply for the potion formula, there was a high probability that she needed to undergo a new round of investigations. This wasn't something she could skip because of the contact who had been very friendly to her.

To Xio, who was anxious to advance to a High-Sequence Beyonder and figure out the secret of the king, she undoubtedly couldn't place her hopes in the military.

"Alright." Alger was the first to reply.

Due to the influence from the royal family and the military, the Church of Storms likely had some of the potion formulas of the Arbiter pathway. Of course, this wasn't something a "Sequence 6" captain responsible for acting as a pirate would know. He only had a chance of knowing them after he officially became a Sequence 5 and was summoned back to the Church or was assigned to deal with more important missions.

Following that, Cattleya said, "The potion formula of the Arbiter pathway is strictly controlled by the Loen and Feynapotter royal families and military. They seldom appear in the wild. However, I can try to help you obtain it, but not able to guarantee you success. Also, if you need it, I can provide you with a Judge pathway's mystical item. After its shattering and reformation, it will become the corresponding main ingredient."

When she mentioned the words “shattering” and “reformation,” Cattleya subconsciously thought of turning her body sideways as a hint to Miss Judgment that she could seek Mr. Fool’s help, but ultimately she held back.

As for the method to obtaining the potion formula, it was actually very simple. It was to take the initiative to listen to the ravings of the Hidden Sage and accept the knowledge “He” imbued. At Sequence 4, her level of tolerance as a demigod had undergone a qualitative change.

However, the Hidden Sage was definitely not an existence that lacked intelligence. “He” could attach negative influences in the knowledge in “His” ravings, and even send “His” powers down from above, corrupting the listener. Therefore, such actions were still dangerous. Cattleya had the courage to attempt it, not because she was rash and overly confident, but because she was a member of the Moses Ascetic Order.

As an ancient organization that believed in the Hidden Sage, the Moses Ascetic Order’s upper echelons had gradually found a relatively safe method to “listen” while under this existence’s influence. Likewise, the Hidden Sage didn’t have a ridiculous level of malicious intent towards members of the Moses Ascetic Order. “He” seldom brought harm, and most of the time, “He” was simply imbuing knowledge and letting them pursue “His” believers.

To her, as long as she controlled the frequency and quantity, she could obtain knowledge from the Hidden Sage in a rather safe manner. As for the tiny influence and corruption that came with it, she suspected that the process of entering the area above the gray fog every time she participated in the Tarot Gathering allowed them to be eliminated in a natural and simple manner.

The only problem was that the knowledge she received each time wasn’t something under her control. It depended on the

Hidden Sage's mood and thoughts at that particular point in time.

In a sense, this was a passive and irresistible secret deed ritual.

As for the Judge pathway mystical item that she was willing to provide, it came from the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter Anderson—a button. After she became a demigod, some of the items she held had little use. One of them was the button.

After hearing that, Xio didn't hesitate to agree.

"Alright, I'll consider purchasing it after obtaining the Judge potion formula."

I hope I can raise my Sequence again by then, allowing me to use the gray fog's powers that isn't just close to the level of an angel, but that of an angel. Only then can I shatter items and let the characteristic reform. Otherwise, I'll still have to bother Ma'am Arianna or Will Auceptin. Yes, if Mr. Azik were to awaken, things would be a lot simpler...

I wonder if the Unshadowed Crucifix can purge an item's Beyonder characteristic out. I don't think it will work. It can't coexist with those items, preventing them from even coming close... Other than this restriction, it should be possible in theory. I'll later try to use the gray fog's powers to force the Unshadowed Crucifix to be bound to other mystical items... Klein, who was listening by the sidelines, thought.

After discussing Miss Judgment's matter, the other members didn't seem to have any needs to make a transaction. Leonard had already covered up the weaknesses of his mystical item. Alger was working hard to become "legal."

Derrick was only thinking of the Creator's relic. Emlyn and Cattleya had just advanced recently, so they had nothing they needed for now.

Amongst them, Cattleya had the intention of renting the cross to see if she could cleanse the remnant corruption in Artisan Cielf. However, the Roselle diaries she gathered came from Queen Mystic and were used for obtaining answers. She believed she was temporarily unable to produce anything that would gamer Mr. Fool's interest.

I'll try to gather the emperor's diary out at sea... Cattleya secretly made the decision. After some thought, Emlyn said to The Magician, "Ma'am, in the next two weeks, I might need to rent that notebook."

"No problem." Fors was originally thinking of spending money to get Mr. Moon to add Abyss Shackles and other Beyonder powers to the spellbook, so she was very happy to permit his request. This meant, not only would she not be spending money, but she would even earn some money.

At this thought, she couldn't help but add, "Try not to record 'Full Moon.'"

She would be very troubled if Leymano's Travels's powers were mainly filled with "Full Moon."

While Emlyn nodded in agreement, Alger interrupted as though in thought, "Is the Sanguine's hunting of the key members of the Rose School of Thought about to begin?"

"Yes." Emlyn didn't hide the truth at all. "Once the plan is finalized, I'll get everyone to provide me with suggestions."

“No problem.” The first to answer wasn’t The Hanged Man, but The World Gehrman Sparrow who had been sitting silently at the bottom end of the long bronze table.

He’s interested in this? Not only did Emlyn think this, but the other members also had the same idea no matter how slow they were.

With The Hanged Man, The Hermit, and Justice agreeing to help Mr. Moon in plotting the Sanguine operation, the Tarot Club’s transaction segment came to an end, ushering in the free communication segment.

The World Gehrman Sparrow sat up slightly and looked at The Star Leonard.

“Help me ask if that person has seen the second Blasphemy Slate.”

“Blasphemy Slate?” Audrey and the other members immediately grasped the peculiar term.

They immediately had astonished thoughts:

The second Blasphemy Slate?

Mr. Star isn’t as simple as he appears! He knows someone that has seen one of the most important items in mythical legend!

Other than his identity as a member of the Church and official Beyonder, he had other secrets!

No wonder he has joined the Tarot Club...

Leonard jumped in fright as well, never expecting Klein to raise such a request.

After a few seconds of silence, he exhaled and said, “Okay.”

Chapter 1038: Name List

After answering, Leonard snapped to his senses and grasped the hidden message contained in Klein's request.

Does he mean that Old Man has once seen something like the Blasphemy Slate?

Without giving Leonard the chance to think, The World Gehrman Sparrow surveyed the area and mentioned something else:

"The Church of Evernight has confirmed that Loen King George III hides a particular secret from the intel they received from MI9's deputy director, Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor… He secretly sent people to dig up the Blood Emperor's ruins and colluded with the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists…"

Klein controlled the fake person and described the matter which he had previously told Miss Justice in greater detail. After he was done, he made special mention:

"The three Churches don't seem to have found enough evidence. With Hvin Rambis's disappearance, the matter seems to have calmed on the surface… There is reason to suspect that there's a traitor amongst the upper echelons of the three Churches."

…Something so major actually happened in Backlund this week? Klein seems to have obtained information from the Church… Why don't I know any of that? As he listened, Leonard shot a look at The World Gehrman Sparrow with an odd expression. He temporarily had his thoughts adrift, unsure as to who was the Red Gloves of the Church of Evernight and a target who was about to become a high-ranking member to be nurtured.

Recalling the past, he seemed to grasp something, but he was unable to fully grasp that spark of inspiration and develop the idea fully.

Xio, who had planned on sharing her encounter with Viscount Stratford and his testimony at the Tarot Club and seek assistance, was stunned to realize that the matter Mr. World was investigating overlapped greatly with her goals.

If I had known this would happen, I would've sought Mr. World's help when following Viscount Stratford to the dock area. We might've been able to circumvent the restrictions and obtain more clues... Xio looked around and deliberated over her words, preparing herself to speak.

At this moment, while Alger was feeling shocked, he connected it to the period three-to four-months ago, a period before The Star and Judgment had joined the Tarot Club. Back then, The World Gehrman Sparrow had requested the Tarot Club members to help take note of information regarding Qonas Kilgor, and he had accused Hvin Rambis of being the mastermind behind Cuaron's suicide.

Indeed, a simple suicide case by Cuaron wouldn't make The World expend so much of his time and energy. Matters he's investigating and the people he takes note of are very likely secrets that have an influence on the global situation...

Also, there might be a traitor amongst the three Churches' upper echelons? Which cardinal or high-ranking deacon could it be? Alger could sense the surging undercurrents and the scent of an opportunity.

Normally, he wasn't someone the Church of Storms placed a great importance on. The best outcome of a Beyonder who acted as a pirate for prolonged periods of time was to become a

Sequence 5 Ocean Songster. After returning to the Church, they could become an assistant to the Mandated Punisher's upper echelons. It was almost impossible for them to wield holy artifacts and become demigods.

Only with the situation changing and through frequent developments could he rely on the Tarot Club to showcase his capabilities and make great contributions. That way, he would be made a target to be nurtured.

Likewise, Cattleya seemed to see the dark clouds accumulating in Backlund, as well as the strong winds brewing there. She vaguely understood why the Queen had been staying in Backlund over the past half-year. As for Emlyn, he frowned, feeling once again that Backlund was no longer a safe place for the Sanguine to live in.

I can only hope that it doesn't affect my hunting operation of the key members of the Rose School of Thought… Also, I hope it doesn't make Father and me be that busy like the period after the Great Smog last year… Emlyn's frown deepened upon recalling that episode.

He swept his gaze from the corner of his eye at The Sun and discovered that the youth was sitting upright, his eyes vacant. He couldn't help but scoff inwardly.

"I will take note of Hvin Rambis's whereabouts." Audrey broke the temporary silence.

Judgment Xio also looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and said, "I'm investigating a matter that involves the king's secret. If you need my assistance, please don't stand on ceremony."

Having said that, she briefly mentioned the problem of someone

monitoring Shermane.

"Alright." Klein knew that it was Demoness Trissy and made the fake person, The World, nod and chuckle hoarsely. "Be it taking note of Hvin Rambis's whereabouts or investigating the king's secret, take note of any matters that seem too coincidental around you. If there are any coincidences, immediately inform me."

He didn't directly mention the Twilight Hermit Order or Adam, afraid that Miss Justice and company couldn't help but think about it in private and be overly anxious. If they were to reveal any problems, they might attract unneeded attention.

Too many coincidences... Fors and the other Tarot Club members repeated this phrase in their minds as they made their own guesses.

After about ten seconds of silence, Derrick said, "I'll be following the expedition team to the Afternoon Town camp after a period of making preparations and adjustments. This time, we might attempt to enter the Giant King's Court."

To Audrey and company, this wasn't something too sudden. They had long known that the City of Silver would launch such an operation after The Sun advanced to Sequence 5.

Therefore, they weren't shocked or surprised. Instead, they had the feeling that their patience had paid off, as though a mythical legend was about to unfold before them in a real, corporeal manner.

Alger thought and gave a vague reminder:

“When the time comes, listen to your Chiefs arrangements and try your best to pray to Mr. Fool frequently. If you’re stumped, you can request a mini-gathering for a discussion like The Moon.”

“Alright, Mr. Hanged Man.” Derrick had no problems with that since those were things he usually did or thought of doing.

After this matter was over, Alger turned to the seat of honor at the end of the bronze table and reverently said, “Honorable Mr. Fool, I have the answer to the matter you wanted me to investigate.”

Under the other members’ looks of puzzlement and curiosity, he continued, “There were five Feysac colonels who participated in the Konotop Sea battle in 1338. Two of them died in battle, and one died two years ago due to excessive drinking after being discharged due to age. One was promoted to Commodore and was transferred to the Imperial Navy College and became its vice-chancellor. One became a Rear Admiral and is currently serving as commanding officer of the Feysac Subjugation Fleet’s second squadron.

Just as he said that, Alger requested for the right to conjure a piece of paper filled with the detailed intel.

The Fool Klein allowed it to flash in his palm and quickly scanned through it.

He had made The Hanged Man investigate the Feysac Enmat’s colonel in the 1338 Konotop Sea battle mainly to seek out Creeping Hunger’s original owner. That naval officer had captured the Enmat’s second mate, Andy Haydn in that sea battle and “Grazed” him. He was one of the absolute victors, so it was impossible for him to have died in battle.

As for his subsequent discovery and encounter in that primitive island with The Hanged Man, they made Klein suspect that Qilangos had been given the glove by the Twilight Hermit Order.

Be it an official or periphery member, it's impossible for him to die that easily or die from alcoholism… Of course, I can't eliminate the possibility of being silenced… Klein thought quickly and remembered three names on the piece of white paper.

Boris… Died in 1347. Cause of death: Excessive drinking…

Suzdal… 48 years old. Commodore. Feysac Imperial Navy College's vice-chancellor…

Dmitriev… 45 years old. Rear Admiral. Commanding officer of Feysac Subjugation Fleet's second squadron…

Retracting his gaze, The Fool Klein nodded gently and said to The Hanged Man, "Continue gathering detailed information of the latter three. Figure out everything about their lives."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Alger agreed without hesitation.

This was an opportunity for him. After the mission was completed, he could attempt to request to borrow the cross.

After another round of exchanges, the week's Tarot Gathering came to an end. Leonard then returned to the real world.

Sitting on the sofa, he hesitated for a moment before placing his feet on the coffee table. Then, he asked with a suppressed voice,

“Old Man, have you seen the second Blasphemy Slate before?”

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast’s slight-aged voice sounded:

“No. The one who saw the second Blasphemy Slate was my great grandfather. Heh heh, who mentioned this?”

Leonard didn’t answer Pallez Zoroast’s question as thoughts resonated in his mind.

The Blasphemy Slate really exists!

Old Man’s great grandfather had seen the second Blasphemy Slate!

No wonder “He” could become an angel!

After a few seconds, Leonard asked curiously and expectantly, “Old Man, do you know the potion formula of Nightwatcher?”

Pallez Zoroast immediately scoffed.

“Naive! According to my great grandfather, it was an urgent situation and a limited opportunity. The Blasphemy Slate could disappear at any moment. Any smart person will know to grasp a complete Beyonder pathway before looking at the rest.

“In addition, the knowledge of the Blasphemy Slate appeared in its essence and not in textual form. Everyone who saw it needed some time to interpret it. When the Blasphemy Slate was taken away, not everyone managed to memorize a complete Beyonder

pathway, so how could they care about the others?

“I do have quite a number of potion formulas of the other pathways, but they were slowly gathered by the family over long periods of time. There aren’t many High-Sequence formulas among them.”

“Is that so…” Leonard chuckled dryly and asked, “Who took the second Blasphemy Slate away?”

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a second before saying, “If my great grandfather’s description isn’t wrong, that should be King of Angels Adam.”

“The seven deities—no, it should’ve only been six deities back then, didn’t participate in this matter?” Leonard pressed in puzzlement.

Pallez Zoroast laughed in an ambiguous manner. “At least not on the surface.”

Chapter 1039: Hope

A bolt of lightning streaked across the deep, dark sky, illuminating the entirety of the City of Silver. However, it didn't last too long, and it soon disappeared into the darkness, returning the world to its pitch-black state.

After Derrick Berg opened his eyes, he immediately got off the bed and dashed for the door.

He slowed down his pace as he walked, his expression clearly conflicted.

How should I mention the Creator's relic to the Chief? Directly tell the Chief that an item has caught my eye? No, no. Although, according to Mr. Hanged Man, the Chief has a tacit understanding towards such matters, I can't be too direct... Derrick was always a thin-skinned youth. Even when his parents were alive, he seldom made requests for items.

He paused in place, seriously trying to recall the discussions with Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, and the rest of the Tarot Club members, hoping to imitate them and find a reasonable excuse.

After simulating the possible developments all day, Derrick bit his lip and decided to be direct.

Carrying Thunder God's Roar, he pulled open the door, entered the streets, and headed for the twin towers that was north of the city.

Along the way, many City of Silver residents came out of their

houses, wearing smiles as they gathered at the training field.

This period of time was the harvesting season for Black-Faced Grass, a “festival” for the City of Silver to offer sacrificial offerings to the Creator. It was also one of the rare days when people could feel happy deep down in a darkness with harsh survival conditions.

Seeing children who were skipping about and adults wearing Black-Faced Grass amulets and rings while hearing their discussions and singing, Derrick’s heart calmed down as his footsteps grew firmer.

Coming to the spire of the twin towers, he passed the message and met the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad, in a particular room at the top of the tower.

This Demon Hunter was messy and grizzled as always, having not put effort into combing it. The wrinkles on his face were rather deep, leaving behind either deep or distorted old scars. His light blue eyes were deep with experience as though they could see through a person.

After Derrick saluted him, he nodded and said, “How’s your grasp of the Priest of Light potion?”

This was referring to the spirituality convergence and the corresponding familiarity with the various theurgical spells.

Derrick answered in a frank manner, “Almost grasped it.”

“Yes, there’s no rush. The other members of the expedition team have yet to make preparations. They still need a certain amount

of time, just like Lovia. She's gathering and searching for the ingredients needed for her advancement." Colin Iliad gave a casual mention.

Indeed, Elder Lovia will also participate in the expedition to the Giant King's Court... She's trying to become a demigod? Derrick was taken aback as he asked without hiding anything, "Elder Lovia has the subsequent potion formula?"

This was a problem that had plagued this Shepherd Elder all this time, preventing her from becoming a demigod for years.

"Yes." Colin gave an affirmative answer, but he didn't provide an explanation.

He instead asked, "Is there something this time?"

Derrick turned anxious when he heard this. He didn't make a request, but rather directly said, "Your Excellency, I discovered a relic of the Creator. It corresponds to the Sequence 4 Unshadowed of the Sun pathway."

The tall and muscular Colin in a linen shirt narrowed his eyes as the look in his eyes changed.

Those complex and indescribable emotions made Derrick freeze on the spot, causing him to momentarily forget what he was about to say next.

Amidst an indescribable silence, Demon Hunter Colin said in a deep voice, "Relic?"

Derrick's pupils constricted as he realized that he accidentally mentioned something of great significance.

He had felt pained that the Creator had been eaten for a very long time, knowing that "He" had completely fallen, never to return again. This made him develop the illusion that it was common sense.

Faced with the Chief's question and gaze, Derrick fell silent, momentarily at a loss for an explanation.

He hesitated for a few seconds and finally opened his mouth with great difficulty.

"Yes, relic.

"The Kings betrayed the Lord…"

He subconsciously used the term the ecclesiastic at Afternoon Town had used in referring to the Kings of Angels.

Colin looked at Derrick, his light blue eyes seemingly losing focus temporarily.

This Demon Hunter remained silent for a long while, and after nearly a minute did he calmly say, "Got it."

His voice subconsciously turned deeper. He didn't ask where the relic of the Creator that Derrick had discovered, or what it looked like and what its use was.

His eyes regained their depth as he didn't continue the topic. Instead, he said, "You've already become a Sequence 5. You have the right to know what holy Sealed Artifacts the City of Silver has. Once you're able to converge your spirituality and fully grasp the theurgical spells, I'll give you the corresponding information and take you to the place where they're sealed.

"If you have an affinity with one of the holy Sealed Artifacts and can reduce its negative effects, you can wield one."

The affinity he mentioned here referred to the similarity between Derrick's psyche and the remnant High-Sequence Beyonder's psyche mark on the Sealed Artifact. It could reduce the terrifying negative effects by deceiving it to a certain degree.

In the City of Silver, there wasn't a lack of common Beyonder characteristics and ingredients. Furthermore, everyone knew the acting method. The only thing preventing them from advancing was the rituals. At times, without a potion formula, it didn't stop a Sequence 8 from advancing to Sequence 7, or Sequence 7 to 6. As long as one had advanced correctly via consuming potions the previous time and had completely digested it, if one was willing to take the risk, they could attempt to directly consume a Beyonder characteristic to advance. The chances of success weren't too low, but from Sequence 6 to 5, without the help of a ritual, the chances of success were very low.

Therefore, in the City of Silver, there were a lot of Sequence 6 Beyonders, but Sequence 5 and up became rare. It was a level that earned serious considerations.

Why did the Chief suddenly mention this... He means that I can choose a holy Sealed Artifact to exchange for the Creator's relic. I haven't even mentioned this yet... Yes, I'll first offer the information to Mr. Fool and see which item will please him... Derrick was stunned for a moment before he came to a realization. He nodded heavily.

“Yes, Your Excellency.”

He didn’t say anything else as he bade farewell and prepared to participate in the harvest.

Demon Hunter Colin watched his figure disappear as he slowly walked to the window and cast his gaze at the altar near the training field.

There were already many people gathered there. They were circling the Creator’s altar, and they were using ancient dances to please the deity. Others were singing praises of the mighty existence.

They had obvious smiles on their faces, their eyes brimming with hope and anticipation. It was as if the Creator would return if they held on for a few more years, and all hardships would come to an end.

Such expectations had been repeatedly shattered in the past two to three millennia, but it rose up, again and again, to support their hearts in resisting the despair and burdens.

Colin Iliad stood by the window and watched intently.

…

Backlund, Böklund Street.

After returning from above the gray fog to the real world, Klein’s heart felt heavy.

Emperor Roselle's diary page allowed him to understand the secrets of the Spectator. He understood how dangerous it would be for him to continue investigating the king. Even with the Church of Evernight and the Goddess's blessings, it wouldn't be completely safe.

It mainly has to do with the Goddess's digesting of the Death pathway's Uniqueness. "She" won't be able to descend for quite a long period of time... I hope the Lord of Storms and the God of Steam and Machinery can react in a timely manner at the critical moment... Regardless, with Ma'am Arianna, Will Auceptin, and Pallez Zoroast, even against a King of Angels, it isn't an outcome that spells certain doom. Even if I were to die, "They" still have a chance of grabbing my corpse... The longer I hold on, the higher the odds of my survival will increase... Klein relieved his stress by making a self-deprecating comment.

Previously, above the gray fog, he had already decided the focus of his investigation. It was to pursue Saintess of White Katarina and Demoness Trissy whose current Sequence was unknown. As for Hvin Rambis, as long as he didn't take the initiative to contact Miss Justice, he wouldn't try to seek him out; otherwise, he might encounter an accident he couldn't fend off.

On the one hand, I'm waiting for Miss Judgment's feedback, and on the other hand, I should try to see if I can find Vice Admiral Ailment. By using their blood connection, I can try to lock onto the Saintess of White. This isn't too realistic. The three Churches will definitely come up with this method, so the Demoness Sect will definitely counter this... I'll later get Danitz to search for items related to Vice Admiral Ailment, and I'll use the gray fog's ability to interfere and screen... Yes, I'll also ask him about Anderson. This isn't too pressing. The Unshadowed Crucifix is still being experimented with... Klein retracted his thoughts and got out of bed.

He had already used the gray fog's suppression to bind Unshadowed Crucifix and the mystical item, Broken Finger,

together. He wanted to see if the Beyonder characteristic would be purged.

After resting at home for a while, Klein changed his clothes and went out with his valet, Enuni. He planned on praying at Saint Samuel Cathedral before visiting the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

This valet wasn't actually the Winner, but Qonas Kilgor. The real Earl of The Fallen had been turned into flesh with the Flower of Blood and was hiding inside the Earl of The Fallen's stomach.

Backlund's weather these days was often gloomy. The gas lamps lining the two sides of the road had yet to be lit up, but the houses on both sides of the street had already been lit up.

Klein watched all of this expressionlessly. He rode his carriage from Böklund Street to Phelps Street. He first headed to Saint Samuel Cathedral to pray before he wore his top hat and cane and walked to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

As he approached the door, he heard a ringing sound. He saw Miss Audrey riding a modified bicycle which didn't have a horizontal bar and was rather exquisite. She had come out from an alley.

She was wearing a plain white dress and a pair of black leather shoes. Her blonde hair was tied up as her green eyes were peeled on the road. Sitting on the seat harness behind her was a golden retriever who could maintain her stability no matter how much the bicycle shook.

Upon noticing the elegant gentleman with white sideburns, Audrey smiled brightly and greeted in a cheery tone, "Good morning~ Mr. Dantès."

“Good afternoon, Miss Audrey. You seem to be in a good mood?” Klein watched as she hit the brakes and used her foot to support herself.

Audrey pursed her lips as her smile brightened a little.

“You’re right. I am indeed in a good mood. After riding this for a while, all my troubles have disappeared.”

Chapter 1040: The Tranquil Surface of the Sea

Not bad, a Spectator's ability to adjust their own emotions are rather impressive... Klein commented inwardly as he looked at the golden retriever on the back seat of the bicycle. He then sized up the bicycle that looked different from the bicycles on the street. He casually asked, "Is this a new bike designed specially for women?"

"What do you mean specially designed for women? If you wish to ride it, you can too," Audrey replied with a smile. "I only told the people at the Bike Company that they needed to consider the requirements of the different demographics. This is their latest product they designed. It has yet to be industrialized. I was given a prototype to give them some feedback."

"An excellent idea," Klein praised with a smile before asking thoughtfully, "Do you know the owner of the Backlund Bike Company?"

Audrey's eyes narrowed a little as she answered, "Of course, I'm one of the major shareholders of the Backlund Bike Company."

Major shareholder... I almost forgot about that... She ultimately succeeded... Klein seemed to understand something as the comers of his lips curled up slightly as he shook his head in a self-deprecating manner.

"I see. My imagination still isn't good enough.

"How is it? How does it feel after riding it?"

Audrey held the bicycle's handles and darted her eyes about slightly, recalling as she said, "It's great. It's very suitable for women."

Honorable lady, that wasn't what you said a moment ago... Klein pricked his brows, but he didn't interrupt the girl.

Audrey smiled and continued, "To me, it can help me adjust my mood and relieve stress. It's like riding a horse. However, that requires special equipment, and I have to do it at the horse ranch in the suburbs. It | s impossible to get the horse to gallop at full speed at home or on the streets. It lacks that feeling, but bicycles don't have that problem. I can even head into the alleys which horse carriages can't enter. It allows me to take in different sights. Just now, I rode past a house and saw their garden blooming with flowers. It made me feel especially happy.

"Oh, when I encountered other people on bicycles, I feel very happy too. They work hard to live, carrying that little bit of hope. Although they're busy and in a rush, they don't appear listless. Alright, don't laugh at me. I know you want to say that those who can afford bicycles are definitely not those at the lowest rungs of society. I'm just happy for them.

"I hope that one day, I can ride through every street in Backlund."

Klein listened quietly as his mood improved.

With Miss Justice's description, it seemed possible for the scene to appear in front of him. And this was a trivial change he had brought to this world.

He laughed and said, "No, I have no way of refuting it. It sounds very interesting. This is what I wish to see in Backlund —the more the merrier.

“I originally had doubts about certain things, but now, I seem to have fewer doubts.”

With that said, he pointed at 22 Phelps Street, the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation’s door.

“Let’s go in. It looks like it’s going to rain soon.”

“Alright, I’ll park the bicycle.” Audrey got off the bicycle and pushed it and her golden retriever towards the back door.

There was a parking spot for bicycles which had been specially demarcated. It was indoors, so there was no need to be afraid of the rain. In an organization like the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, more and more of the staff who often needed to travel deep into East Borough were beginning to ride bikes. Of course, none of them dared to venture too deeply into East Borough on such a transportation tool, as everything could be stolen there.

As they approached the back door, Susie jumped off the bicycle. She turned back to look at the spot from before and said in puzzlement, “Audrey, that Mr. Dantes person had a mixed tone when he heard you say that you were one of the major shareholders of the Bicycle Company, but I failed to decipher his true meaning.”

Audrey pursed her lips and chuckled.

“I previously heard that Mr. Dantes was one of the people who attempted to compete with Hibbert for buying the shares of the Bicycle Company.”

“I get it now!” Susie revealed an obvious smile and felt happy for the accuracy of her observation.

Inside the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, Klein very gentlemanly waited until Miss Audrey returned with her Beyonder dog and followed them to the second floor.

At this moment, a staff came forward and said to Audrey, “Director, Chancellor Portland Moment from the Backlund University of Technology is waiting for you in the reception room.”

“Why is Chancellor Moment here?” Audrey asked in surprise.

The staff first greeted Director Dwayne Dantes before answering, “He didn’t say…”

Before the staff could finish his sentence, the stout and ruddy Portland Moment walked out of the reception room while combing his white hair.

He then pressed his hand to his chest and bowed.

“Honorable Miss Audrey, please forgive me for rashly paying a visit.’

In Loen, after getting to know each other, they greeted noble ladies by their last names and greeted the young ladies by name.

“It’s my pleasure,” Audrey replied politely.

Portland Moment was a chancellor who paid more attention to academics. Without any further flattery or pleasantries, he bluntly said with a smile, “This is the thing: I wish to add a mechanical laboratory to our technical university. The goal is to invent and promote various mechanical technologies that aids businesses and daily life. I wonder if you’re interested in donating or investing in them?

“Heh heh, Dwayne. How about it? Do you have any thoughts of working together? Don’t worry, I’ll definitely get a grant from the Higher Education Commission.”

It’s a very good idea, but Backlund and the entire kingdom might be falling into a maelstrom afterward… Klein was a little dazed after hearing Principal Moment’s words.

Audrey nodded slightly and said with a smile, “It sounds interesting, but I need to see more information. This is a responsibility for myself and my responsibility towards you.”

“I think so too,” Klein added.

Portland Moment chortled heartily.

“No problem. I’ll arrange the information when I get back.”

In the Fog Sea, on the Golden Dream.

Gehrman Sparrow is actually concerned about Anderson’s situation… Also, what’s the meaning of searching for items related to Vice Admiral Ailment? Many pirates are wildly going after something similar, but they hav^ succeeded… Danitz, who had received Gehrman Sparrow’s message, was completely

puzzled.

But regardless of his puzzlement, he thanked Mr. Fool seriously and carefully.

Following that, he put down his fishing rod and turned to enter the cabin, heading straight for the room where Anderson was residing.

He knocked on the door and opened it in one fell swoop. With his arms crossed, Danitz stood at the door and said to Anderson, who was composing a portrait, “How is it? How’s the digestion of that thing in your stomach?”

Anderson put down his brush, glanced at Danitz, and replied heavily, “It already knows how to call me Daddy.”

Danitz subconsciously took two steps back.

Anderson immediately returned to his relaxed state as he said with a smile, “Just joking. It’s not bad. Your captain has ideas and the drive. The only problem is that we’ve met with failure too many times.

“Uh, the object in my stomach has been isolated. It won’t affect me for a long time.”

As he spoke, he rubbed his belly.

Danitz pricked up his brows and curiously asked, “There was originally some sort of effect?”

Anderson sized up Danitz a few times.

"You should've heard that some Beyonder characteristics or potions will seep into items that are in prolonged contact with them and transform them into Sealed Artifacts that are difficult to use. However, a human's body is just a relatively special item.

"At times, I really do suspect that you obtained Beyonder powers through contact with potions and not through consumption. That's why your brain has rotted."

In the past, Danitz would definitely be furious, but now, all he did was chuckle.

"In other words, if you don't isolate it, the thing in your stomach will gradually fuse and reconstruct your body, including your brain?"

Anderson was amused when he heard that.

Very good. Continue, don't stop. I think you can attempt to advance to Sequence 6. Yes, you're usually very skilled at setting up fires."

Danitz replied disdainfully, "I'm only lacking in the ingredients."

Thinking of Gehrman Sparrow's instructions, he pressed unwillingly, "How is the matter supposed to be dealt with after its isolation?"

Anderson stroked the first button of his shirt as he chuckled.

Two possibilities. One, is to seek the help of a demigod, such as an Unshadowed, allowing the object to seep out bit by bit. In this aspect, your captain knows someone who can do it. The only problem is that my Beyonder characteristic might be purged while purging that object. It will drop my Sequence and even turn me into an ordinary person.

"The second line of thought is to think of a way to obtain the Iron-blooded Knight potion formula. Prepare the corresponding ritual and supplementary ingredients and see if there's a way to accommodate that object and use it to become a demigod."

"That sounds very dangerous." Danitz gave an objective assessment of the second line of thought.

Anderson's smile became more obvious.

"Indeed, this is very dangerous. I don't even know if it will work.

"But don't you think it's interesting to have such a challenging task? At least, this is more consistent with my aesthetic judgment than the first method."

Danitz shook his head seriously and said, "No."

Following that, he asked in a provocative and probing manner, "Don't you have a large inheritance—no, wealth? I can bring back your ashes."

Anderson wasn't annoyed at all as he solemnly nodded.

"When the time comes, you can consider eating my ashes

directly."

...Why isn't it possible to provoke this guy at all... The corners of Danitz's mouth twitched as he decided to give up. He wanted to seek the captain and ask how he could obtain items related to Vice Admiral Ailment.

Late at night, at 160 Boklund Street, just as Klein was about to sleep, he saw Miss Messenger walk out while holding four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. One of them bit on a thin envelope with a letter stuffed in it.

"Who's it from?" Klein asked out of habit as he extended his hand to receive it.

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another:

"Sharron..." "Who..." "Doesn't Like..." "Nicknames..."

Chapter 1041: King's Daughter

Sharron who doesn't like nicknames? How did she know? She's interacted with Miss Sharron before? Upon hearing Reinette Tinekerr's answer, Klein was first taken aback before questions emerged one after another in his mind.

From his point of view, a messenger and a mailer wouldn't communicate under normal circumstances. The entire process would be the messenger's appearance, the retrieval of the letter, and its departure.

Besides, when did Miss Messenger need to obtain the permission of the other party when she gives nicknames? Did Frank Lee and Patrick Bryan agree to it?

A few seconds later, Klein instinctively had a guess—Miss Messenger and Miss Sharron definitely had some kind of connection, and Reinette Tinekerr didn't wish to hide anything.

Reining in his thoughts, Klein opened the envelope, unfolded the letter, and quickly scanned the contents.

"There's something I hope you can help me with. Let's meet at the Bravehearts Bar to discuss in detail..."

Compared to before, Miss Sharron isn't that stingy with her words. She's slightly improved in this aspect for the better. Is this a change that resulted from a demigod advancement? Klein thought for a moment and walked to his desk. Picking up a pen, he wrote:

“When do you wish to meet?”

Putting down his pen, he glanced at Reinette Tinekerr, who was standing by the side, seemingly waiting to write the reply. Klein felt even more certain again.

He folded the letter, handed it over, and casually said, “For Miss Sharron.”

One of Reinette Tinekerr’s heads bit on the letter while the remaining three said, “You…” “Haven’t…” “Paid…

“No…” “Postage…” “Payment…”

Klein cleared his throat, took out a gold coin, and handed it to Miss Messenger.

Seeing Reinette Tinekerr disappear, he revealed a pensive look as he walked to the reclining chair and waited patiently.

Less than a minute later, Miss Messenger walked out of the void again in her complicated dress. She was biting the letter from before.

Klein didn’t inquire as he received the reply letter and unfolded it.

“If you don’t have any problems with it, it would be best if it happens tonight.’

Tonight… Klein nodded thoughtfully and flicked his wrist,

causing the letter to ignite into scarlet flames, quickly turning it black.

The flame burgeoned and enveloped his body as well.

By the time the flames extinguished, Klein's figure had already disappeared from the reclining chair. The floating ashes hovering in midair automatically fell into a nearby trash can with the help of an invisible wind.

In the houses that were connected together in Backlund's North Borough, Cherwood Borough, and the Bridge area, the wall gas lamps brightened slightly before returning to normal.

Before long, Klein appeared in a room he had privately rented at the periphery of East Borough. He changed his clothes, put on gold-rimmed glasses, and went out with the appearance of Sherlock Moriarty, heading straight for the Bravehearts Bar.

This time, he didn't seek out Ian, who was in the card room playing tabletop games with a bunch of people. He listened for a few seconds before pushing open the door to one of the billiard rooms and entered slowly.

Just as he flipped open the door, he saw figures outlining themselves on two sides.

Sitting on a high stool to the left was the blonde, blue-eyed Sharron. She was wearing an exquisite bonnet and a regal dress. Compared to the past, her face was no longer as pale as before. It just looked like she was anemic, making her look less like a female ghost and more like a doll.

Standing to the right of the billiard table was Marie. This young man who liked to play cards with zombies had turned increasingly pale. The malice in his eyes had become unobvious, but it gave a suppressive feeling to others.

"Good evening." Klein took off his hat with a smile and bowed.

"Good evening, Mr. Detective." Sharron's body seemed to float up weightlessly as she seriously bowed. Marie did the same.

At that moment, the billiard room seemed to be filled with paranormal events.

Klein casually pulled a high stool chair and sat down. He chuckled and said, "What is it this time?"

"I'm very sorry to trouble you again." Sharron bowed again.

Marie quickly said, "We made an agreement for a cooperative effort with the Sanguine to deal with the key members of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund.

"We will definitely carry out the bulk of it ourselves. It will include how we lure them out, how we ambush them, and how our attack will happen. We just hope that you will watch the entire process by the side and aid in our escape when an accident happens.

"If you want anything, just mention it. We can discuss it."

That is to say, I'm a contingency to prevent any accidents... What if that fellow, Emlyn, also enlists The World to secretly help?

When that happens, they would have two demigods in their contingency plans…Uh, I think it might work. I can be Sherlock Moriarty while letting Qonas Kilgor be Gehrman Sparrow… Klein considered for a few seconds without immediately agreeing. Instead, he said, “Let me ask a few questions.”

Marie glanced at Sharron and nodded.

“Okay.”

Klein looked at Sharron, who was sitting on a high stool like a doll.

“The Tutanssess II mummy we previously obtained was a preparation for you to advance to Sequence 4 Puppet, and you’ve already become a demigod?”

This was something he had previously learned from their conversations and letter exchanges. His main goal was to make a confirmation and start the subsequent topic.

Sharron quietly looked back at him as she said with an ethereal and inhuman voice, “Yes.”

Klein nodded slightly and directly asked, “What’s your relationship with Reinette Tinekerr?”

Sharron’s blue eyes darted about almost indiscemibly as she said, “‘She’ is my teacher.”

Teacher… “She”… Although Klein already had some guesses, he nearly drew a gasp. He felt his head aching.

In the blink of an eye, although his expression remained the same, countless thoughts were bubbling in his mind. ...Miss Messenger was originally an angel?

I'm actually using an angel as a messenger? Isn't that too exaggerated?

"She" is even Miss Sharron's teacher... It probably wasn't that simple when "She" requested to be my messenger!

From the looks of it, "She" definitely isn't on the same side as the Mother Tree of Desire. Miss Messenger signed the contract with me because the Mother Tree of Desire was coveting me? No—that "She" is bound to be my enemy?

It's no wonder Miss Sharron was able to obtain the puppet potion formula and the corresponding ingredients with the help of her teacher...

As his thoughts raced, Klein decided to ask another question. He wanted to use the process of Miss Sharron's or Marie's replies to calm his emotions.

He deliberated and said, "What's the exact situation?"

This time, it was still Sharron replying. Compared to Horamick's mechanical dolls, she appeared more lifeless as she calmly said, "Early in the Fifth Epoch, Death perished. There was resistance stirring against the Balam Empire in places like the Southern Continent's Star Highlands and Paz Valley.

"During this process, the Chained God appeared, and the Rose School of Thought was born. My teacher was originally the

daughter of the ruler of the local highlands, but 'She' later became the Blessed of the Chained God, assisting 'Her' father in establishing the Highlands Kingdom.

"Later on, 'She' became a Sequence 2 angel, one of the leaders of the Rose School of Thought. 'She' advocated temperance and using austere and few desires to resist the madness in life.

"About 922 years ago, the 'Son of God,' Suah, was born. Everything began to change as the indulgence and bloody rituals gradually took over the dominating faction.

"At first, Teacher was barely able to maintain it, preventing the temperance faction from being affected. However, as time passed, the influence of the Mother Tree of Desire grew. Suah also successfully advanced a few years ago, becoming a true Abomination.

"An internal war broke out. Teacher protected us as we escaped from the highlands, valley, and grasslands. I watched 'Her' fall under the siege of Suah and the other high-ranking members.

"However, 'She* didn't completely die because of prior preparations. 'She' resurrected in a special state in the spirit world and now yearns to complete 'Her' body."

Is that so… In other words, Miss Messenger is currently, in essence, an angel without the corresponding powers. "She" is in a weakened state. It's no wonder she wasn't able to easily deal with the Rose School of Thought demigod, Shanks… Wait, although there are many angels cooperating with me, why are they all incomplete or weak? Apart from Ma'am Arianna, all of them are in such states… Mr. Azik, Pallez Zoroast, Will Auceptin, Miss Messenger… Is there a problem with my title as The Fool? Are they all waiting for me to give them the charms corresponding to Scholar of Yore? Klein came to a realization as

he felt rather poignant.

He didn't ask why Reinette Tinekerr still desired money, as he thought for a moment before saying, "Miss Sharron, the Rose School of Thought definitely has no lack of the Puppet potion formula. After you obtained the Tutanssess II mummy, they would likely view you as a demigod. In addition, Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr had once appeared before the Rose School of Thought's demigod and engaged in a battle with them. This also means that the Rose School of Thought definitely knows that 'She' is alive, and they wouldn't not be prepared against 'Her.' And your relationship as master and disciple with 'Her' is no secret to them.

"In such a situation, isn't it a little too naive to use yourself and Marie as bait to fish out the key members of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund?

"Do you think they will only send one or two demigods to deal with you? Up to what degree of help can the Sanguine provide?

"Also, I previously mentioned that due to one of my identities, the Mother Tree of Desire places a great deal of importance on me. Even Abomination Suah was sent to attack me. And your teacher's cooperation with me is something they are similarly aware of.

"Summarizing all these points, if you and Marie appear, the kind of assault you would invite is unpredictable."

Having said that, Klein's expression turned serious as he asked, "Do you wish to cause a divine descent in Backlund?" The entire billiard room instantly turned abnormally quiet, but there weren't any changes to Sharron's expression.

Chapter 1042: Plan From a Different Angle

After a few seconds, Sharron calmly replied to Klein, “It’s not bait, but a ploy to lure them out.”

Just as Klein was about to ask what the difference was, Maric explained in detail, “Back when we were pursued by the Rose School of Thought, we discovered that they had quite a number of members in Backlund. However, due to our lack of strength and our fear of traps, as well as to not attract the attention of the Church, we didn’t take any action against them.

“This time, we plan on attacking one of the more important ones. We’ll deliberately miss some out, allowing the hidden ones to secretly escape and pass the information to the Rose School of Thought’s person-in-charge in Backlund.

“In secret, the Sanguine’s demigod will be watching them. Through the message chain, they will find the person in charge. That person must be a key member of the Rose School of Thought.

“Once he’s killed or even captured, we’ll take the next step in our operation based on the information we manage to obtain.”

That’s more reasonable. The main point is to use your own understanding of the Rose School of Thought to create a plan instead of using yourself as bait. That’s a way to effectively control the situation and not destroy Backlund… Klein nodded gently and said, “If that’s the case, I can participate.”

He didn’t say that he needed to think about it or return to confirm the level of danger. This was because this matter wasn’t

something that needed to be done anytime soon for Sharron and the Sanguine. When he divined problems, he could always call it off as a participant.

"What kind of payment do you need?" Maric's standing posture relaxed as he asked.

Klein smiled.

"If there aren't any accidents the entire time, I wish to receive one instance of free assistance from Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr. If I have to involve myself in the operation, I can always add the condition of having priority on the spoils of war.

"You can discuss this with Ma'am Reinette Tinekerr before writing to tell me the answer."

In fact, he was still a little puzzled. He believed that with such a plan, there was no need to seek him out. With Miss Messenger hiding in the shadows, it was enough to prevent any accidents that Sherlock Moriarty could deal with!

"There's no need." Sharron, with her exquisite looks and pale face, shook her head gently like a doll. "I can agree to it now."

Has she already discussed it with Miss Messenger? Klein thought for a few seconds and honestly asked, "Then why don't you directly ask Miss Reinette Tinekerr for help to prevent any accidents from happening?"

Sharron's hair remained motionless as though bound tightly by the petite bonnet. She replied in an ethereal and fleeting voice, "'She' doesn't wish for the Sanguine to discover 'Her' existence."

Is that so... Klein deliberated for a moment and raised another question:

"You advocate temperance, so why are you seeking out the key members of the Rose School of Thought?

"Is revenge not within the limits of temperance?"

Sharron looked at him with her blue eyes and said, "In recent decades, the Rose School of Thought has been trying its best to let the Mother Tree of Desire descend into the real world. This will bring about an unimaginable disaster.

"In addition, Teacher also desires 'Her' body to be complete."

If the Mother Tree of Desire were to descend into the real world, it would be an unimaginable disaster for me... However, what has this got to do with the completeness of Miss Messenger's body? Her—"Her" body was once torn apart and is being held by different key members of the Rose School of Thought? Or can the bodies High-Sequence Beyonders of the same Sequence and their characteristics be made into a part of "Her" through some ritual? Klein mumbled inwardly as he probed, "Is Abomination Sequence 1 of the Mutant pathway?

"Then what are Sequence 2 and Sequence 3?"

He had asked Miss Sharron the first question before, but he had only received a vague answer.

Sharron answered without any hesitation. She didn't speak too fast, but her voice remained ethereal and inhuman.

“I wasn’t too sure about it in the past. Now I can confirm that Sequence 1 is Abomination, Sequence 2 is Ancient Bane, Sequence 3 is Cursed Artifact but is now known as Disciple of Silence.”

Does that mean that you weren’t certain when I asked you the last time? That is to say, when you summoned Miss Messenger and reunited with “Her,” you managed to learn more secrets? Klein nodded in enlightenment.

“I have no more questions. After confirming the time for the operation, write to me.”

“Thank you.” Sharron once again floated up and bowed.

Maric pressed his hand to his chest and slightly bent his back.

“There’s no need.” Klein stood up from the high stool and wore his top hat with a smile.

This time, without a smacking sound, scarlet flames rose and engulfed him.

Under the night sky, countless lights silently lit up in Backlund, as though they were stars that were covered in clouds descending upon the land.

With the few “stars” twinkling, Klein returned to the rental apartment at the periphery of East Borough.

After changing his clothes and preparing to return to North Borough’s Böklund Street, he heard a series of illusory pleas.

It was from a man.

After nodding in thought, Klein immediately took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog. He extended his spirituality towards the constantly expanding and shrinking crimson star.

As he expected, this corresponded to The Moon Emlyn.

The vampire who was already become a Viscount prayed sincerely, “Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to apply for a mini-gathering that includes me, Mr. Hanged Man, Ma’am Hermit, Miss Justice, Mr. World…”

To Emlyn, these people are the Tarot Club’s representatives in intelligence, experience, and knowledge… Poor Leonard… Klein chuckled silently as he leaned back into his chair and agreed to Emlyn’s request.

…

Above the grayish-white fog, inside the ancient palace.

Five dark red beams of light appeared on both sides of the long bronze table, forming different figures.

“Mr. Moon, has the Sanguine’s plan been finalized?” Audrey greeted everyone before asking with interest.

Emlyn surveyed the area and frankly said, “Yes, the detailed plan is this. Through two temperance faction members who escaped from the Rose School of Thought…”

He recounted the plan Sharron had described to Sherlock Moriarty from a different angle to The World Gehrman Sparrow and company. When he was done, he said, “If we can obtain effective information, we Sanguine plan on seizing the opportunity to launch a surprise attack on the Rose School of Thought’s headquarters. We hope to take an important item from them.”

“What important item?” Cattleya asked curiously.

This was an item that could spur an ancient faction into an attempt on attacking a secret organization’s headquarters. It definitely wasn’t simple!

“Its” importance might even exceed that of an ordinary angel, stronger than some Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts!

Emlyn didn’t hide anything.

“It’s a Holy Artifact left behind by our Sanguine ancestor. I’m not sure what particular accident led to the Rose School of Thought obtaining it.”

A Holy Artifact left behind by Lilith… In the hands of the Rose School of Thought… The Sanguine has placed great importance on it… This time, Klein, who was acting as The World Gehrman Sparrow with his true body, had key points flashing through his mind. Then, together with his understanding of many secrets, he quickly had an unconfirmed theory.

That might be the key to the Mother Tree of Desire’s ability to intrude and control part of the Moon domain’s authority!

This is something Miss Sharron and the others didn't mention. The Sanguine have kept things from them as well and have quite great ambitions... Yes, I can't use ambition to describe them. That Ancestor Lilith whose identity is unknown seems to have foreseen the chaos from the situation and the coming of the apocalypse. Therefore, the Sanguine was made to change its style and become more proactive, so as to have more things to rely on? This is the acquisition of a lifebuoy in preparation for the apocalypse... Klein didn't say a word as he listened silently.

The others were also taking in the important information that The Moon had revealed, and Alger was no exception. He pondered for a few seconds before saying, "In other words, you Sanguine will be hiding in secret this entire operation and won't be targeted by the Rose School of Thought?"

"Yes," Emlyn answered rather casually.

The Sanguine's plan was jointly decided by Duke Olmer and Marquis Nibbs, as well as a few Earls in Backlund. Many problems had undoubtedly been brainstormed and reconsidered. Regardless, even if a pig were to live for more than a millennium, it would definitely gain a certain level of wisdom and experience.

Alger nodded slightly.

"I have another question. How are you so sure that the Backlund person in charge of the Rose School of Thought is only a saint? There might be more demigods or even an angel hiding.

"You should know very well that the situation in Backlund is very complicated. It's not impossible for the Rose School of Thought to increase the number of powerhouses it has to plot certain matters. If that's the case, you will end up resembling thieves who wish to steal something, only to storm right into

Sivellaus Yard."

Sivellaus Yard was another name for the Backlund police department.

Emlyn became more relaxed.

"This time, Duke Olmer will personally watch over the entire process. Even if the Rose School of Thought's angel descends, we can easily escape.

"In addition, no matter which side, they're not actually willing to create an intense conflict in Backlund. Without any crushing advantage or the confidence to not cause a huge commotion, they will naturally cease any fighting."

Upon hearing his answer, the corners of Cattleya's mouth curled up indiscernibly as she warned, "To Beyonders who aren't demigods, even a slight clash between angels would produce aftershocks that are enough to destroy them."

Emlyn snapped out of his state of drowning in pride from experiencing the potency of the Sanguine. He was momentarily at a loss for words.

At this moment, Audrey's eyes darted around as though she was thinking of something.

"Mr. Moon, what do you need to do in this plan?"

What do I need to do? Monitoring the secret members of the Rose School of Thought and locking onto the true target from the

information received will be done by Earl Mistral… The one who will ultimately take action is Marquis Nibbs, Earl Mistral, and the Rose School of Thought temperance faction's demigod… Duke Olmer will be the one monitoring in secret to prevent any accidents… M-my only job is apparently to contact that Wraith named Maric and maintain communications between both parties… Uh… The more Emlyn thought about it, the odder his expression became.

It seemed like there was nothing for him to do, or at least, nothing particularly important….

Chapter 1043: Each Having Their Own Plans

Emlyn blinked as he leaned back in his chair. He spoke unhurriedly and with a hint of a smile, he answered Miss Justice's question, "What I need to do is very simple. My role is to ensure that both parties can complete the collaboration successfully."

That means you don't need to participate in the battle, right? Audrey had originally wanted to press with such questions, but after sizing up The Moon, she reflected on the words said and said with a faint smile, "Since that's the case, there's only one thing you need to do to ensure your own safety."

Makes sense. I can't affect myself because of this matter. Anyway, there's nothing that needs my assistance... I'm not in charge of the risky parts of the operation. I'll later rent Leymano's Travels and spend money to get The World to record a few pages of Teleport. My safety will basically be guaranteed... Emlyn thought for a few seconds and said with a nod, "Excellent suggestion."

As there were no other members of the Tarot Club participating in the Sanguine's hunting operation and wasn't under their control, the private min-gathering quickly ended and the participants returned to the real world.

Klein wasn't in a rush to leave. After his figure disappeared, he appeared in The Fool's chair again and beckoned for the Unshadowed Crucifix and the Marauder pathway mystical item, Broken Finger.

At that moment, the surface of the two grayish-white "tweezers" that resembled the polishing of finger bones had produced a

piece of gravel that sucked all the light around it, making it look pitch-black. It slowly swirled and gathered as though it was trying to form a new shape.

As for Broken Finger, the grayish-white color had turned transparent as it reflected some light, producing tiny holes.

The Unshadowed Crucifix can actually slowly purge the Beyonder characteristics from mystical items and Sealed Artifacts and let them combine together. Of course, the premise is that there's a power similar to the mysterious space above the gray fog to suppress it, allowing it to willingly "make contact" with items with Beyonder characteristics... Klein nodded in satisfaction.

At this moment, the grayish-white Broken Finger suddenly began to belt out in a fervent voice:

"Oh, my Sun!

"Praise you!

"Praise the Sun!

As the tweezer-like object sang, a cracking sound emitted from it as though it would shatter into pieces at any moment.

But this did not affect its praise of the Sun.

"..." Klein gaped at the scene, momentarily at a loss for what expression to show.

After a few seconds, he sighed. He separated the Unshadowed Crucifix and Broken Finger and threw them to the corner of the junk pile in different spots. He then suppressed the former using the powers of the gray fog.

Then, he prepared to leave and return to the real world.

At this moment, the point of light, which represented The Fool's only believer, emitted ripples of light as the sounds of stacked prayers were heard.

Klein reined in his thoughts and extended his spirituality over. Immediately, the scene of Danitz praying in his room surfaced before his eyes as a corresponding voice echoed in his ears:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, your faithful servant wishes you to pass the following words to Gehrman Sparrow:

"According to my captain, there are many items at sea that's rumored to belong to Vice Admiral Ailment, but without any exception, they're all fake. And ever since she was injured after that assault, this pirate admiral has placed great care in the secrecy of her course and seldom plunders. The last time her ship appeared was two months ago at Theros Island west of the Berserk Sea. Later, it cruised into the massive ocean, her whereabouts unknown.

"The foreign object in Anderson's stomach is now controlled to some degree and is separated from his body to a certain extent. It won't be able to penetrate his flesh for a very long period of time.

"There are two ways to completely resolve this latent problem. One is to seek the help of the Sun pathway's Sequence 4 Unshadowed. However, this has quite a high possibility of

cleansing most of his Beyonder characteristics. The second is to find the Hunter pathway's Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight potion formula. Through the help of the ritual and ingredients, he can directly absorb the foreign object.

"Anderson is inclined toward the latter choice. He's happy to take the risk."

It's obvious that Danitz is forwarding me Vice Admiral Iceberg's answer by imitating her style. This isn't his usual style of speech… However, some of his terms aren't precise enough. Could it be that Danitz had secretly modified it to use terms he understands better? I-is he worried that Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't be able to understand? Klein pricked up his brows and cast his attention back onto the content itself.

Vice Admiral Ailment adhered to the advice from the Demoness Sect and has hidden in this relatively critical period? If that's the case, it's basically impossible to capture her in a short span of time. In one or two months' time, perhaps the matter will completely blow up and I wouldn't have a need to seek her out…

I'll first send Danitz to look for her and keep some hope… My focus will be on finding Demoness Trissy. I have a way to contact her and can consider using the excuse of working together to deal with Saintess of White Katarina to make her meet with Gehrman Sparrow. I'll see if I can control her and use her to fish out Katarina…

The elimination of Anderson's latent problem has two solutions, both of which I can help with. Since he's inclined toward taking risks by advancing to absorb the foreign object, I don't have to worry about using Danitz to promote the option of leasing the Unshadowed Crucifix to him… That's good. At least I don't have to worry about the crucifix given by Adam creating some nasty chemical reaction with the foreign object Adam left in him…

As for the potion formula for Iron-blooded Knight, with how Anderson had played an important role in luring Ince Zangwill, it's not like I can't give it to him. The foreign object in his stomach is Adam's payment… Hmm, I can't directly bestow it to him since he isn't a believer of The Fool… Gehrman Sparrow has no reason to give him something at such a high level…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein quickly made a decision. He conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him take on a prayer stance.

In the Fog Sea, on the Golden Dream.

Bang!

The wooden door was pushed open and slammed heavily into the wall.

Amidst this loud commotion, Anderson, who had been flipping the pages of a book, looked at Danitz, who was standing by the door, with his usual expression.

"There's a very good mission for you." With a cloak draped over his shoulders, Danitz raised his chin and chuckled.

Anderson sized up the pirate opposite him and tsked.

"You seem to be very smug…

"What's the mission?"

Danitz glanced at Anderson and said, “Accompany me to Theros Island and help me seek out Vice Admiral Ailment’s whereabouts.

“In addition, help me gather the Beyonder ingredients needed for Conspirer. Heh, you’ll have to pay for it.”

Anderson nodded in thought.

“Then, what is the reward?”

The corners of Danitz’s mouth widened as he said in a condescending manner, “The Iron-blooded Knight’s supplementary ingredient list and the advancement ritual.”

Anderson didn’t respond. He didn’t say a word as he focused his gaze on Danitz for nearly ten seconds.

Then, as though he was burning with impatience, he threw away the book in his hand and stood up. He said with a bright smile, “When do we set off?”

Backlund, East Borough, in a rental apartment that had its curtains drawn.

Trissy, who was dressed in a black dress, packed her luggage, preparing to head to her next hideout.

Her slightly round face was a little slimmer than before. Apart from her sweet smile, she had an indescribable, elegant, and beautiful look. Even though she was in the dirty and chaotic East Borough, she seemed to be untainted by any dirt.

Trissy didn't immediately pick up her black suitcase. After looking around, she walked to the desk and unfolded a piece of paper. She picked up a pen and wrote:

"Mr. Gehrman Sparrow, I've obtained the information I need from that captain of the royal guards: He is truly loyal to King George III.

"You should understand what this means.

"Next, my goal is to figure out what this king wants. For that, I plan to oppose the Demoness Sect's Saintess of White Katarina. She definitely knows the corresponding secrets.

"She's a Sequence 3, a Demoness of Unaging. She's very difficult to kill, and it's very difficult to capture her.

"I have to admit that just my strength alone isn't enough to deal with her. If you're interested and confident, we can try cooperating

"You know how to contact me.

"Trissy."

Putting down the pen, Trissy folded the letter and began setting up the ritual to summon Gehrman Sparrow's messenger.

She had only written to the crazy adventurer now because she was worried that he would lock onto her hiding spot with the help of his messenger, and then Teleport over, bringing help to launch an assault. Therefore, she waited until she was about to

move before making the attempt.

Although Trissy wasn't sure what Gehrman Sparrow's motives were and couldn't determine if he would launch a surprise attack on her, out of habit, she chose the most reliable method for her, just to be safe.

After handing the letter to the messenger, I'll leave and wait for Gehrman Sparrow to contact me. I'll try not to meet him until we begin taking action… I wonder what faction is hiding behind him. I have to focus on mobilizing and using him, and not to trust him too much… This is indeed troublesome, but it's sufficiently safe… As Trissy thought, she ended what she was busy with and took two steps back. Looking at the candlelight, she chanted in ancient Hermes:

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow."

Just as she finished speaking, the candlelight burgeoned and turned abnormally pale.

Following that, a figure stepped out of the candlelight and wore a dark and complicated robe, holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

The four heads had eight bloodshot eyes that darted around simultaneously as they cast their gaze at Trissy.

Trissy's pupils dilated as though she saw something extremely terrifying.

Chapter 1044: Placing Herself in the Tides

Backlund, St. George Borough, in a factory room filled with junk.

Light flashed in a mirror filled with obvious cracks. Its surface turned dark and deep, as though it was connected to another world.

Suddenly, a white hand reached out from under the mirror, as though it had penetrated through layers of aqueous waves.

A figure walked out from the shadows—she was none other than the sweet and beautiful Demoness Trissy in a long black dress.

There was a rare paleness to her face, as though her face had lost all its ruddiness. Her forehead was covered in dense beads of sweat.

With a smacking sound, the suitcase in Trissy's hand fell to the ground. She could hardly suppress the horror in her eyes.

She then muttered to herself blankly, "His messenger is actually an angel..."

At that moment, Trissy felt a chill run down her spine, as though a cold wind had blown at her.

She had never expected how dangerous it would be to summon a messenger previously. Thankfully, the woman holding the four heads in her hands watched her silently for a while before she left without doing anything.

160 Boklund Street, inside Dwayne Dantes's mansion.

"Who's it from?" Klein asked with anticipation as he received the letter from Miss Messenger.

The four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand spoke one after another:

Vessel…" "Of…" "Dirtiness…" "Darkness…"

This nickname… Klein was taken aback when he heard that. For a moment, he didn't immediately figure out who Miss Messenger was referring to.

In his mind, the people who knew how to summon his messenger quickly flashed past, one by one, as he filtered through them.

In a few seconds, he had the corresponding guess.

Trissy!

From what Klein knew, this Demoness, who had been renamed to Trissy Cheek, might very well be one of the mediums for the Primordial Demoness's awakening or descent upon the world.

In such a situation, calling her a "vessel" wasn't wrong.

And people who knew enough about the mysterious world knew that the Primordial Demoness was an evil goddess, one that was known as the ultimate bringer of the apocalypse that would end

everything. “She” had the creation of the apocalypse and the destruction of everything as “Her” mission. She also wielded authorities such as desires related to feelings and emotions. It wasn’t very apt to describe “Her” with dirtiness and darkness, but it was understandable.

Similarly, dirtiness and darkness could also describe Trissy, who had been corrupted by the evil goddess to a certain extent.

As expected of an angel. “She” actually dared to say that about the Primordial Demoness… Klein secretly marveled as he opened the letter and quickly read it.

At that moment, he suddenly recalled something. He hurriedly looked at Miss Messenger and said, “What reaction did the sender have when she saw you?”

“She…” “Was …” “Very scared…” Reinette Tinekerr’s three heads spoke one after another without giving the last one a chance to speak as its head was simply left agape.

Klein’s expression turned slightly heavy as he deliberated and asked, “Did you mark her?”

The head of Reinette Tinekerr, which failed to speak previously, rushed to speak.

“No…”

The remaining three blonde, red-eyed heads added, “Because…” “She…” “Had…”

“The aura…” “Of…” “Primordial…”

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before nodding.

“I understand.”

After watching Miss Messenger step into the void and leave, he unfurled the piece of paper and quickly read Trissy’s letter.

She actually sought me out to deal with Saintess of White Katarina… Isn’t this exactly what I wanted to do? Klein’s eyes shimmered a few times as he immediately rummaged for a black sticky blob.

Right on the heels of that, he transformed into Gehrman Sparrow and smeared the blob uniformly onto a tiny mirror in the room.

After patiently waiting for nearly ten minutes, the black sticky blob vanished into thin air, leaving nothing behind. Klein had failed to contact Demoness Trissy.

As expected, Trissy, who has been corrupted by the Primordial Demoness to a certain extent, managed to identify Miss Messenger’s level and was given a fright… She probably wouldn’t communicate with Gehrman Sparrow anytime soon… Sigh, if I had known Miss Messenger is a special angel, I definitely wouldn’t have let “Her” appear in front of Trissy, or I would’ve informed “Her” that if a Demoness were to summon “Her,” she can bring both the person and letter over… Klein sighed silently and could only blame it on his luck.

At that moment, he suddenly heard a series of illusory pleas.

In a dark alley in the Backlund Bridge area.

Xio hid Wintry Blade and entered the area, looking around warily.

“Not bad, you’re getting more and more experienced.”

A deep male voice sounded, and a figure walked out from the darkness around the corner.

He stood tall, wearing a golden mask that revealed his eyes, nostrils, mouth, and cheeks. It was none other than the MI9 member who had contacted Xio before.

“Why did you contact me so urgently?” Xio asked.

The golden-masked man didn’t make any small talk and directly asked, “You still seem to be monitoring Viscount Stratford’s surroundings. Have you discovered anything unusual recently?”

Xio thought and said, “Yes.

“He had intimate contact with a girl of unknown origins. He made her visit him at his residence late at night several times.

“I tried to track that woman down, but I failed both times.

“Also, Viscount Stratford suddenly went out in the middle of the night two days ago. I don’t know where he went because I didn’t manage to follow him.”

The golden-masked man tersely acknowledged this as he went deeper into the details. Xio answered according to the details she had seen back then. She only concealed the fact that she had met Shermane in the carriage and how she had followed Viscount Stratford all the way outside the warehouse.

"Not bad. Your persistence was rewarding." The golden-masked man nodded slightly. He didn't seem to doubt what Xio had said.

He sighed and said, "With this, your contributions to us will increase significantly.

To be frank, if this continues, you'll soon be able to accumulate the contributions needed for the Sequence 6 potion. However, before that, there will definitely be a strict examination. And with your background, heh heh, it will fail the examination without a doubt. After all, I know it very well.

"Actually, there's no need for you to seek the truth. I know that this was the motivation for you to persist in continuing the mission regarding Viscount Stratford, but my personal suggestion is to put the matter aside.

"With your current Sequence and abilities, it's enough to let your mother and brother lead a very good life. Don't worry, no one will cause you trouble.

"And if you wish to continue persisting, I cannot guarantee what will happen."

Although Xio had already expected such an explanation, she was helpless in resisting her emotions and throbbing heart. She blurted out a question:

“Who exactly are you?”

“I’m just an ordinary Mid-Sequence Beyonder,” the golden-masked man said with a smile. “You might not know that the post of ‘captain of the royal guards’ has the corresponding authority in MI9. It’s equivalent to a deputy director that handles matters related to the royal family. Back when your father was alive, I was his subordinate and had received his help in various aspects. After his passing, I, who didn’t commit any wrongs or hide any matters, was removed from the core of MI9. See, heh—I’m only responsible for informants on the outside like you.”

Upon saying that, the golden-masked man sighed.

Your father helped me a lot. So, after I recognized you, I deliberately made you become an informant under me. With the extent of my power, I provided you some help. I have a family of my own and my own life, so I can’t take excessive risks or do anything too dangerous for you.

“Let’s do this, I’ll help you get the potion formula for Judge. Afterward, stop your contributions and your pursuit to advance your Sequence. Do something that will improve your life. As for what you want to do or plan to do in private, I don’t know, nor do I want to know.”

Xio fell into a daze. Her lips trembled as she said, “What kind of person was my father?”

The golden-masked man sighed as he replied, “He was a really brave, noble, and just aristocrat, but he wasn’t that perfect. He was impulsive, eager, prone to anger…”

Xio silently listened and had planned on asking further, but all she said was a phrase:

“Thank you.”

“Go back. After obtaining the Judge formula, I’ll leave you a message to meet me,” the golden-masked man said with a wave.

After Xio completely disappeared from the alley’s entrance, the golden-masked man was just about to turn around when a slightly ethereal voice sounded in his ears:

“She’s lying.

“She had tailed Viscount Stratford to the scene back then. It’s something that can be confirmed.”

The golden-masked man fell silent for a moment before saying to the shadow beside him, “She might’ve only been worried that this would arouse suspicion.

“How can she defeat Viscount Stratford at her Sequence? Besides, wasn’t it said that Viscount Stratford carried a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact?

“I believe that she likely didn’t dare approach. Otherwise, she wouldn’t even be able to survive!”

The slightly ethereal voice replied, “No matter what, since there is a doubt, we need to do further investigations. Don’t inquire about it in the future.”

Outside the alley, Xio walked calmly along street lamps.

She deliberately didn't mention that she had followed Viscount Stratford.

This wasn't to hide the truth, to clear herself of suspicion, or to not invite trouble; in fact, that was contrary to her true motives.

Before the Tarot Club, her plan was to say that she had followed Viscount Stratford to a particular warehouse in the dock area. Outside, she was scared off by a terrifying hurricane. This was more convincing and made it less prone to suspicion. However, after knowing that this matter piqued The World Gehrman Sparrow's interest, she secretly changed her mind and decided to use her explanation to garner suspicion.

She felt that if she wanted to investigate the king's secret at her level, it might take another three to five years, or even longer. Perhaps, there wouldn't be any hope forever. But with The World's help, success was a possibility.

As such, she was willing to bear the risks and place herself right in the middle of the tides.

And today, before meeting the golden-masked man from MI9, Xio had prayed to Mr. Fool so that "He" could inform The World Gehrman Sparrow of her thoughts.

Chapter 1045: Dreamwalker

Above the endless gray fog, in the magnificent and ancient palace.

With one hand holding the Unshadowed Crucifix, and the other holding the Sea God Scepter, he was observing the real world through the crimson star that represented Judgment.

In his spiritual vision, apart from the short Miss Xio and the golden-masked MI9 officer, there was another person hidden in the dark alley.

This was a man in his thirties. He didn't have any special features, and he looked like the typical Loenese man from the mid-north area. Not only did he blend into the shadows, but he also had the characteristic of automatically making people dismiss his existence. If he weren't above the gray fog and had true vision, Klein suspected that even he wouldn't be able to discover the person if he were there in person. He would only be able to outline the person with his spiritual intuition when the person took any abnormal actions.

Hiding in the shadows with Psychological Invisibility? Half of it depends on an item, while the other half depends on his Sequence... In conclusion, this isn't a demigod...

That's right. In the eyes of the king's faction, Ms. Xio is only a Sequence 7 and doesn't have any notable mystical items. If the matter concerning Viscount Stratford was really related to her, there must be a mastermind behind her, or even a faction. In this situation where there are undercurrents surging about, letting a demigod who might know too much perform the investigation might throw them into a trap. And if a demigod who knows little

of the situation were to do it, there might be a chance that the information to be leaked to the three Churches and result in an impetus for them to be investigated…

In this case, a Sequence 5 or Sequence 6 Beyonder with trustworthy strength while also not knowing too many secrets due to his limitations in rank is an excellent choice… Klein silently said to himself, giving up the thought of "Teleporting" over as Gehrman Sparrow to capture him.

He couldn't get any useful information for now!

He decided to wait patiently, waiting for the situation to change.

Of course, it wasn't possible for him to continue monitoring from above the gray fog. If that happened, his physical body in the real world would be defenseless for prolonged periods of time. An accident would be disastrous. Hence, he created a batch of charms and handed it to Judgment, The Magician, and the other Tarot Club members. They were to immediately activate the charms if the situation deteriorated. That way, they could receive the help of The World.

This would be simpler than directly reciting the honorific name of The Fool to get "Him" to forward the information!

This was inspired from the Evernight coat of arms that the ascetic leader of the Church of Evernight, Arianna, had provided him. It was equivalent to a solidified ritual that pointed to him. From a mysticism angle, the principle wasn't complicated. The difficulty needed in carrying out the ritual was that the target could react upon receiving the news from a distance away. This was to mean that for a limited distance, a Sequence 3 saint was fine, but for unlimited distances, it needed to be at the angel level.

As a newly-advanced demigod, Gehrman Sparrow was able to allow the charm to be useful because, when he made it, he used the corresponding honorific name and symbol of Sea God Kalvetua, and with the help of the gray fog, he could respond throughout the world.

It sounded a little complicated, but simply put, he had made use of his other identity's level.

As for the materials used for the charms, they were mostly tin—extremely easy to obtain and cheap.

...

In the Backlund Bridge area, Xio had both hands in her brown jacket pockets as she strolled leisurely along the streets.

Under the light of a street lamp that was quite a distance away, her expression was relatively calm, but she was unusually tense.

The hands in her pocket either held the handle of the Wintry Blade through a hole while the other was holding onto a charm made of tin with some force.

That was the "summoning charm" provided by The World Gehrman Sparrow.

As she walked, she made several detours without suffering from any ambush. The night remained quiet and tranquil.

Initially, she was worried that the king's faction would be able to openly capture her through MI9 or other official organizations

and bring her back for an investigation. In this case, summoning Mr. World would only lead him into an extremely awkward and dangerous situation. It was equivalent to being at odds with all the official factions in Backlund. But later, she realized that such a development wouldn't occur. This was because her existence would be exposed to the three Churches. When that happens, the ones doing the investigation definitely wouldn't be the king's faction inside MI9.

The investigation must be done in secret. The person that appears might not even be someone from the military... Well, they're still watching, afraid that I'm only bait? Mr. World said not to trouble him if we can resolve it ourselves... Xio looked around her without letting down her guard. She didn't continue loitering outside and returned to the periphery of East Borough and entered her rented condominium.

Frankly speaking, she didn't want to involve Fors in this risky endeavor. However, the two of them were the ones who had been following Viscount Stratford. This meant that Fors had also been put on the investigation list.

Although, as long as Fors hid in East Borough and seldom went out, it wasn't certain that MI9 could find her. Doing so would lead to the corresponding investigations to reach out further. Based on her past experience, family and friends, as well as people communicated by letters would definitely be investigated. This easily affected others. Furthermore, if the two of them hid separately and didn't stay together, the feeling of them being bait became too obvious. It made it difficult for them to hook up any targets.

After getting Fors's approval, Xio finally chose to face the subsequent development with her friend.

Opening the door and entering the house, Xio had just taken off her cap when she saw Fors put down the magazine. She stood

up, curled her hair, smiled, and asked, “You weren’t followed, right?”

This was a secret signal that the two of them had agreed upon ahead of time. On the surface, it showed their concern about being followed, but they were actually asking if they had been investigated.

“No.” Xio shook her head seriously.

Fors didn’t continue this topic. Instead, she went on and on, grumbling about how she couldn’t buy any good tea leaves or alcoholic beverages in the vicinity. It required her to walk very far to find them.

This warm and peaceful atmosphere continued till late at night. The two of them entered the bedroom and slept in a bunk bed.

After the candles were extinguished, Xio was about to say something when a holy light suddenly appeared in front of her.

The light instantly condensed into a silhouette, and twelve pairs of wings formed from scarlet flames appeared on its back.

The figure descended and the layers of wings closed, enveloping Xio.

Mr. Fool’s angelic blessing… Xio was instantly enlightened.

This was also a matter that she had solemnly asked Mr. Fool when she made the prayer to contact The World Gehrman Sparrow, as she already knew that, apart from the Demoness

Sect, the Psychology Alchemists was also working with the king's faction. And not only were Beyonders of the Spectator pathway capable of hypnosis, but they could also dreamwalk. They needed to be careful of any investigations that used these two powers.

If she didn't prepare herself, she suspected that she wouldn't even detect an investigation that had been carried out, let alone be able to inform Mr. World.

Everything quickly calmed down. Xio opened her mouth and said to Fors who was sleeping in the bunk beneath her, "Goodnight."

"...Goodnight." Fors didn't react in time, as though she was almost falling asleep.

This made Xio realize that she had also received the angelic blessings.

Time ticked by and the two fell asleep.

After an unknown period of time, the dazed Xio suddenly snapped awake, aware that she was dreaming.

Right on the heels of that, she felt something shadowy floating in the dark sky, and all kinds of thoughts from deep within her heart surged out to form a dream.

These thoughts were mainly things that she had been most keenly aware of recently, including the night she barged into the warehouse and attacked Viscount Stratford.

At first, Xio was a little frightened. She wanted to wake up from her dream, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't extricate herself from that state. It was as though she was still in a dream even when she opened her eyes.

She quickly calmed down and tried to control those thoughts, only to realize that it wasn't difficult.

Thus, the memories of the attacks on Viscount Stratford were buried. However, after some consideration, Xio deliberately didn't do it well, leaving some clues behind.

In the dreamland, she and Fors discovered that something weird had happened inside the warehouse, but it wasn't the same account she gave to MI9 that the tornado tore through the roof. Furthermore, they didn't escape immediately.

Xio believed that this would allow the person who invaded her dreams to notice a problem but be unable to resolve it. After this, the investigators would confirm that there was a demigod or some faction behind the two of them. They would then believe that they weren't too difficult to deal with because the level of the secret wasn't too high.

This way, it was likely that they would send a demigod to deal with the aftermath. And this was a development that Xio anticipated. After all, every demigod had a high probability of knowing the king's secrets due to the positions they occupied.

At this moment, Xio's dream began to turn scattered, as though she had escaped some sort of guidance.

She knew that this was a sign of the intruder leaving.

For the rest of the night, nothing abnormal happened to her and Fors.

...

The sky lit up and the morning sun's rays started to emanate through the thin fog.

After breakfast, Audrey brought along her big golden retriever, Susie; her personal servant, Annie; and her bodyguard. They boarded their carriage as usual and headed for the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation at 22 Phelps Street.

The chiming of bells rang out from the outside occasionally, bringing with them some sort of special energy. It made Audrey turn to look at the street and take in the sights of people coming and going.

This calmed her down and made her feel more energized. She only felt that the whole world was filled with vibrancy.

Just then, from the corner of her eye, Audrey saw a figure in the carriage.

The figure was wearing a black three-piece suit, a dark red bow tie, and held a top hat in his hand. His hair was completely white, but it was still thick, His light blue eyes seemed to contain infinite wisdom.

This was Hvin Rambis, the Psychology Alchemists councilor, a demigod from the Spectator pathway!

Suddenly, Audrey fell into a daze, as though she had lost all her vigilance and wariness. In the carriage, Susie, Annie, and the others wore vacant looks as though they had entered a state of blankness.

Hvin Rambis's gentle voice rang out:

"Two things.

"Firstly, don't you know Fors and Xio? Arrange to meet them and hypnotize them..."

Chapter 1046: A "Test"

That gentle voice seemed to resonate with the thoughts deep in Audrey's heart. She only felt a little resistant to it before feeling as though it came from her heart, and that it was her truest thoughts.

Hvin Rambis looked at her emerald-green eyes and said unhurriedly, "Secondly, in the upcoming banquets and balls, don't be as opposed as before to the few princes who take the initiative to show their fondness. Also, praise them a few times in front of Earl Hall and his wife.

"Remember all of the above, this is the reflection of your subconscious. Then, forget that I once said these things to you. Forget that this behavior is different from your usual behavior. Don't try to seek blessings, and stay away from key spots in the Church of Evernight's Mass..."

With that said, Hvin Rambis retracted his gaze from Audrey's eyes. He turned to cue Annie and the rest, preventing them from being surprised by their mistress's subsequent odd behavior.

After dealing with all these things, he disappeared from the carriage without causing a stir.

Ring!

Another bike passed by the window as Audrey's slightly anxious eyes recovered their luster.

She looked at the people on the street coming and going when

she suddenly let out a soft exclamation.

Then, embarrassed, she turned her head to say to Annie and the rest, “I forgot something. I have to visit Glaint first.”

At this moment, the carriage hadn’t left Empress Borough and wasn’t too far from Viscount Glaint’s residence. The servants like Annie didn’t find it strange or become put in a difficult position. They quickly instructed the coachman to turn into another street.

This continued until twenty minutes to ten in the morning. Audrey finally arrived at Phelps Street. She walked into the second floor of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation and entered her director’s office.

Looking at Annie and the others either organizing documents or using the spring water they brought alone to prepare black tea, Audrey brought Susie along to the lounge that was attached to her office. It was as though she wanted to check on her face to determine if she needed her lady’s maid to help touch up her makeup.

During this process, Audrey glanced at the keyhole and asked Susie in a relaxed manner, “Was there anything abnormal with my behavior today?”

This was a habit that she had only gotten in the past few days. It had only started from the moment Hvin Rambis disappeared!

She knew that Mr. Fool’s angelic blessing wasn’t permanent. It could only be sustained for some time, and she wasn’t able to determine when Hvin Rambis would visit her. When that happens, she wouldn’t have the time to pray to Mr. Fool and do the corresponding preparations. Therefore, from her

understanding and cautious attitude towards psychology and mysticism, she not only checked her behavior three times a day for any abnormalities or for any excessive coincidences, but she also instructed Susie to take note of her condition and be her mirror.

This was a precautionary measure of being hypnotized by Hvin Rambis and cued without realizing it!

Susie sat by the side and thought seriously before saying, “Yes.”

“...” Audrey’s smiling expression stiffened. She quickly looked at Susie and waited for her explanation.

Susie wriggled her nose and looked around before continuing, “You didn’t plan on paying a visit to Viscount Glaint when you left the house, but you changed your schedule halfway.

“You’ll inform me of the general schedule ahead of time over the past few days. Also, you said that you would discuss it with me if you decide to suddenly change or add to the schedule.”

Upon hearing Susie’s reply, Audrey’s expression turned grave.

She still didn’t feel that there was anything unusual about this matter, but this situation was extremely abnormal!

This made her almost certain.

Hvin Rambis had been here before, right after she left her house and before she headed for Glaint’s residence!

The other party had already cued and hypnotized her and removed all traces!

However, he didn't "exhort" a dog, making "it" feel like everything that it saw was normal... Audrey subconsciously wanted Susie to leave so that she could pray to Mr. Fool, but she was hesitant.

Would my current behavior be monitored by Hvin Rambis? Will he be sitting somewhere in this room and quietly be watching me... No, if that were to happen, he would've discovered a problem when I asked Susie. Praying wouldn't make the outcome any worse... Even if he's here, Mr. Fool would also discover it. I can promise a future sacrifice and pray that "He" directly send divine punishment... However, why don't I wish to pray and ask for help... Audrey stood there, all kinds of feelings running through her as she instinctively wanted to escape.

This made her realize the contradiction, and she realized that there was a bit of resistance in her heart.

From the perspective of psychology and mysticism, she had a vague guess. She quickly put aside the idea of seeking help, allowing herself to be in her usual state of praying to the Goddess without the desire of getting a response.

This greatly reduced the conflict in her heart.

Audrey instantly became confident. She gestured for Susie to leave first, then she looked into the mirror and began softly hypnotizing herself.

"You're not asking for help. You're only doing your usual prayers... "You're not asking for help. You're only doing your usual prayers..."

After repeating it over and over again, the vortex deep in the light greenness of Audrey's eyes that could suck a person's soul slowly dissipated, and her eyes returned to normal.

She then raised both her hands and placed them between her mouth and her nose. Then, she chanted in ancient Hermes, 'The Fool that doesn't belong to this era... I might've met Hvin Rambis..."

As she spoke, she didn't mention any desire for any help but described her discovery.

After waiting for a while, a deep red light appeared in front of Audrey, drowning her like a tidal wave.

Suddenly, her thoughts became clear, and images flashed across her mind.

It was Hvin Rambis in his black three-piece suit, who was sitting in a horse carriage, sitting opposite her;

It was the elder who had exhorted her with a gentle voice;

It was the demigod from the Spectator Pathway whose light-blue eyes that seemed to contain infinite wisdom and vortices.

At the same time, those words resounded in Audrey's ears again, making her remember everything that had happened.

After the crimson glow disappeared, she saw the long bronze table in front of her. Sitting at the seat of honor at the end of the table was a figure shrouded in the grayish-white fog.

As emotions of fear, horror, and panic surged through her, she stood up, lifted her skirt, and curtsied to the great existence.

“Thank you for your blessings, Honorable Mr. Fool.”

Klein nodded and smiled approvingly.

“You handled it well.”

Upon hearing this, Audrey suddenly felt at ease, no longer as nervous as before. She sat down and calmly described what had happened to her.

As The Fool, there was no way for him to directly discuss things with Miss Justice, analyze it for her, or give suggestions. All he did was smile and say, “This is a test of fate.”

A test? Only through this test will I have the qualifications to become a demigod, so that I can protect the people I want to protect in Backlund which is in a state of turmoil? Audrey interpreted Mr. Fool’s hint and nodded seriously.

“I understand.”

Without another word, Klein sighed and smiled.

“Go back and welcome it.”

Audrey was about to express her gratitude again when the crimson light appeared before her eyes, blurring everything she saw.

In the blink of an eye, she returned to the real world, but she didn't forget or ignore anything

A test? Does that mean that I have to resolve the danger of Hvin Rambis without exposing my secrets? Even if I cause the death of Hvin Rambis, I still wouldn't be suspected by the Psychology Alchemists? How should I do that... Audrey looked at the abnormally beautiful blonde in the mirror. She turned her head slightly and glanced slightly to the side.

There was a large lounge in that direction. It belonged to the director who didn't have any responsibilities in the foundation. Just ten minutes ago, Audrey had seen Mr. Dwayne Dantès inside when she was heading up the stairs.

Above the gray fog, Klein's fingers tapped on the edge of the long mottled table as he analyzed what had happened between Miss Justice and Miss Judgment last night.

That's not right. Adam had given me the Unshadowed Crucifix through Miss Judgment and Miss Magician. How could he not know which existence is behind them? What other test needs to be done?

Last night, I thought that the investigation of Miss Xio was purely an action from the king's faction where they only used the help of a Mid-Sequence Beyonder from the Psychology Alchemists. And for some reason, Adam didn't share any information of The Fool with the king's faction or the Demoness Sect. After all, "He" still hopes that I can give "Him" some feedback...

But from the looks of it, this probe has Adam involved in it. Otherwise, Hvin Rambis wouldn't be involved in this matter. Even for the Twilight Hermit Order, a saint is rather precious and important. They wouldn't give one up so easily as a

sacrifice...

What is Adam trying to test? “He” is testing to see if Miss Judgment’s investigation of Viscount Stratford and her subsequent actions were purely by her own choice, or if it had the will of The Fool involved?

If The Fool gets the Unshadowed Crucifix and realizes that the king’s secret is related to Adam’s scheme while still insisting that “His” subordinates investigate it, that will be making the Twilight Hermit Order an enemy. And Adam knows that Gehrman Sparrow is a Blessed...

But with Adam’s abilities, there’s no need to test out anything. Just sitting next to Miss Judgment and listening to her true thoughts will be enough to grasp the actual situation. There’s no need to go through so much effort...

Unless “He” has already left Backlund, or rather, to avoid certain problems, “He” doesn’t dare enter this big city again, and can only investigate it through “His” subordinates...

My warning to Ms. Arianna and the Church of Evernight has taken effect, causing Adam to sense the danger of a divine descent?

Probably. Even though “He” knows that Gehrman Sparrow has something to do with the Death Consul, “He” probably wouldn’t notice that something has happened to Artificial Death. Even the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction hasn’t noticed a thing; therefore, with the authority of Concealment augmenting this, “He” has no idea that the Goddess wouldn’t be able to carry out a divine descent for a long period of time...

Next up, I’ll have to deal with Hvin Rambis. I must make sure

that Miss Justice is steered clear so as to not have any relations and isn't suspected.

Just as this thought crossed his mind, he saw Miss Justice Audrey enter the director's lounge through her prayer light in search of Dwayne Dantès.

He quickly reined in his thoughts and returned to the real world.

Chapter 1047: Brainstorm

"Good morning, where's Mr. Dantes?" Audrey smiled politely as she asked the young male valet that was of Loen and East Balam descent.

Enuni bowed and said, "He went to the washroom and will be back soon. Honorable lady, do you wish to wait here?"

"Alright." Audrey found a single-seater and sat dowoi with all sorts of thoughts running through her mind.

Frankly speaking, if she only had to deal with Hvin Rambis, she had already come up with a concrete plan. It was to hypnotize herself in advance. When Hvin Rambis came to gather feedback, she would activate the The World Gehrman Sparrow's charm without any ill intent. Then, she would work with the crazy adventurer to hunt the demigod.

Humph, in order to ensure that there aren't any problems, I can also make a request to Ma'am Hermit for help. She's already a demigod and can lurk in the darkness. She can then combine forces with Mr. World at the critical moment. That way, Hvin Rambis likely wouldn't be able to escape... Audrey pursed her lips as she held back from grinding her teeth.

As for how The Hermit was to come to Backlund, she didn't find it problematic. She could rent Leymano's Travels and get Mr. World to record Teleport before requesting Mr. Fool to pass it to her.

But this way, even if Hvin Rambis didn't manage to escape, the Psychology Alchemists would have ample reason to suspect that

the murderer was the last person the demigod had interacted with—Audrey herself.

And this means that there would be countless troubles in the future… Audrey's eyes shifted slightly as she tried hard to calm herself down.

At that moment, the white-sideburned and elegant Dwayne Dantes returned from the washroom. He smiled and greeted the noble lady who was waiting for him.

After letting his valet, Enuni, guard the door, this tycoon looked around before finally turning his gaze to Audrey.

You seem to have encountered some difficulty?"

Audrey didn't interpret Mr. World's actions and replied frankly, "Yes…"

She gave a description of what she had encountered and said, "What should I do to solve the problem?"

What she really meant was how she could avoid leaving behind any remnant problems for the future.

Klein smiled and said, "Why don't you discuss it with the two ladies?"

That's right! like Mr. Moon, we can request for a private mini-gathering… Oh, Judgment Xio, The Magician Fors will definitely participate. Apart from them, I can also invite Mr. World, Mr. Hanged Man, Ma'am Hermit, Mr. Moon—uh, I can count him

out... Audrey felt excited for some baffling reason.

At this moment, she felt as though she wasn't fighting alone.

"I understand." Audrey nodded with a smile.

She then thought of another problem and quickly took the opportunity to ask, "Hvin Rambis has made me no longer reject the princes and praise them in front of my parents. What's his motive?"

Klein thought for a moment and said, "Perhaps it's to show some kind of friendliness on the surface. It's to rope in your father and make a hint to the Church of Evernight behind him. Regardless of the king's secret, whether it succeeds or not, he will definitely need at least one orthodox Church's support so as to reduce the opposing forces."

"Is that so..." Audrey didn't really reject Mr. World's explanation. This was the politics she was familiar with if she stripped off the outer shell that involved Beyonder powers.

She didn't stay any longer and returned to her own office. After settling her daily affairs, she grasped her afternoon break and prayed to Mr. Fool and applied for a mini-gathering to be convened.

Above the endless grayish-white fog, dark red beams rose up around the long bronze table.

Audrey looked around, stood up, and curtsied to the other members.

“Everyone, I have something I wish to hear from you.”

“It sounds urgent,” Alger nodded gently and replied.

Audrey sat down and said, “Yes.”

She then looked at Xio and Fors.

“I met Hvin Rambis this morning. He hypnotized me to do two things for him and to forget his appearance.

“Fortunately, I was quite careful and cautious. I quickly discovered something odd, and thanks to Mr. Fool’s blessings, I remembered everything.

“One of the things Hvin Rambis asked me to do was to arrange for a meeting with Miss Magician and Miss Judgment and take the opportunity to hypnotize them. I’ll then obtain intel on the instigator for the actions they had recently taken and also get them to leave Backlund as quickly as possible.”

What? Fors was originally worried about Miss Justice’s safety, but she never expected things to make one rotation before coming back at her and Xio!

To think they targeted Miss Audrey. It’s really hard to guard against them! She’s targeted by a demigod… After a moment of shock, Fors felt more astonished and afraid.

She couldn’t help but look at her friend and saw Xio sitting calmly, but her hands had unconsciously clenched into fists.

Cattleya didn't understand something as she frowned and asked, "The Psychology Alchemists, or should I say Hvin Rambis, discovered that Miss Judgment and Miss Judgment are members of our Tarot Club?"

This was a very serious and crucial matter.

Audrey shook her head and said, "No, it's only because I know them in the real world."

At that moment, she no longer tried to hide her identity from Fors and Xio.

In fact, ever since Xio joined the club and obtained the Judgment card, Audrey knew that she would be exposed sooner or later. Through repeated observations, she had confirmed that her two friends had already guessed it, but they tacitly didn't expose her.

"You know them?" Cattleya asked in surprise as she adjusted her heavy glasses.

Audrey nodded.

"Yes, they were actually recommended by me. Mr. Hanged Man can testify..."

Ah? Didn't we chant Mr. Fool's honorific name because we wanted to save ourselves and get pulled in here? How did it become a recommendation process? Fors looked at Miss Justice blankly before glancing at Xio, her face blank and confused.

Xio also had that rare, similar expression because the word

“recommended” had exceeded what she knew as well as her speculations.

Audrey felt a little embarrassed. She blinked and explained to her two friends:

“Because all of you have your own special qualities, and I also hoped that the Tarot Club will develop and expand, I recommended the two of you to Mr. Fool. However, this was just a chance for you. If you hadn’t passed Mr. Fool’s test, ‘He’ wouldn’t have pulled you in.”

Test? What kind of test did I undergo? Fors was still confused. As for Xio, she thought of many things, especially the origins of the paper that had Mr. Fool’s honorific name, as well as her frantic search for an exorcism.

No wonder I had an inkling that they knew each other… No wonder Miss Judgment only entered the club after so long. This was probably due to their different individual experiences… Each of them has their own specialties. This “specialty” is the selection criteria? Do I have one? Cattleya came to a realization as she came up with a theory.

Upon seeing this, Alger, who had some level of judgment regarding this, wasn’t at all surprised as he chuckled and said, “We can talk about this in the future. Miss Justice, the problem you would like to ask about is how to deal with Hvin Rambis?”

“Yes.” Audrey returned to the topic and asked seriously, “If we not only have to deal with Hvin Rambis’ but aW the Psychology Alchemists from suspecting me, what should I do?”

Alger didn’t have any experience in dealing with a demigod, so all he could do was rely on his insight that had been built up

over the years. He deliberated and said, “Lock onto the whereabouts of Hvin Rambis. Only take action after he has interacted with someone else?”

“How do I lock onto him?” Audrey asked the question herself before giving the answer. “After getting the answer from Miss Judgment and Miss Magician, I’ll wait until Hvin Rambis leaves after I meet him again. Then, I’ll recite Mr. Fool’s honorific name and ask ‘Him’ to cast ‘His’ gaze on the demigod?”

Theoretically it’s possible. My true vision above the gray fog has a radius of nearly ten kilometers. As long as Hvin Rambis doesn’t know Teleport, I can confirm his location and trajectory for a short period of time. Then, I can return to the real world and directly “Teleport” over. Hmm, this will require the help of divination… But the problem is that it requires The Fool to personally intervene… As The World Gehrman Sparrow, Klein said in a hoarse voice, “Let me remind you of something. Miss Judgment and Miss Magician had mentioned Adam in the real world. The Psychology Alchemists originated from the ruins of Hermes who is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order. And Mr. Fool doesn’t wish to be at odds with the Twilight Hermit Order because of this matter. Even if we were to do anything, we must try not to let the other party know.”

This string of words contained a lot of information that made Alger, Cattleya, and the rest feel like they were seriously experiencing a literal brainstorm. Xio and Fors were even more shocked.

So that organization is called the Twilight Hermit Order… Mr. Fool doesn’t want to be its enemy over this matter. Is it because “He” had just finished collaborating with the Angel of Imagination Adam over the matter of Ince Zangwill? I never expected the Psychology Alchemists to be related to the Twilight Hermit Order… Wait, Hermes? H-he’s still alive? He’s actually a member of the Twilight Hermit Order? Th-the members of this organization are really unimaginably important figures? Alger

first glanced at Gehrman Sparrow before failing to resist the urge to look at Cattleya.

He realized that the latter was equally shocked without hiding it.

“The Twilight Hermit Order… Is this the ancient secret organization that Emperor Roselle joined?” Cattleya mumbled to herself as if she was seeking confirmation.

Gehrman Sparrow gave the answer:

“Yes.

“After you return to the real world, it’s best if you don’t think about matters like this again. You’ll easily be detected. If you don’t trust yourself, you can get Miss Justice to give you some psychological cues.”

Chapter 1048: Real and Fake "Spy"

In the ancient palace above the gray fog, with The World Gehrman Sparrow's words coming to an end, no one spoke for a moment. The entire place was silent.

The Psychology Alchemists are cooperating with the king's faction and are investigating Xio and I. The founding of the Psychology Alchemists originated from the discovery of a Hermes ruins, and Hermes is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order. Its leader happens to be Angel of Imagination Adam... And Xio and I had mentioned Adam in the real world... This... We're in the sights of a King of Angels? Th-th-this... In the world of mysticism, just a slight mistake can result in such dangerous circumstances? Fors's mind was filled with Gehrman Sparrow's warnings as she was gripped by horror and panic.

Although she had experienced many things in the past, she had never had such a clear realization of the thorny path Beyonders tread. Any mistakes could lead to a terrible consequence.

...I have to be more cautious in the future... Of course, the premise is that I can survive under the watch of King of Angels Adam. May Mr. Fool bless me! Fors seriously reflected on the matter and silently prayed.

Xio also didn't expect her situation to be so perilous. She didn't expect that something like this would involve a King of Angels. She couldn't help but feel horrified and fearful, but she had already decided to sacrifice herself for the truth. She rapidly calmed down, but couldn't help but shoot a glance at The Magician, feeling guilty for pulling her good friend into this conundrum.

At this point in time, crying and feeling remorse won't solve the problem anymore. All I can do is try my best to keep Fors alive at the critical moment… Fortunately, there's still Mr. Fool's blessings… Xio cast her gaze at Justice Audrey as she thought to herself.

"Then what should we do next?"

She had mixed feelings towards Miss Justice's recommendation. On the one hand, she knew that Audrey thought highly of the Tarot Club and had recommended her purely out of good intentions. On the other hand, she felt that she had gained the notice of a secret existence for no good reason. Thankfully, it was Mr. Fool, or she would've died a tragic death long ago. Even her soul wouldn't be able to receive deliverance.

Well, I guess it's because I voluntarily chanted Mr. Fool's honorific name that I was dragged into it. There wasn't any coercion. Ultimately, I'm sitting here of my own volition. It has nothing to do with Miss Justice. Also, if it weren't for her recommendation, I might never have such an opportunity to grow stronger to seek out the truth… Xio pursed her lips as she furtively took a deep breath.

Justice Audrey knew about the relationship between the Twilight Hermit Order, Hermes, and Adam, so she was the calmest one there. She just never expected that Fors and Xio's casual mention of the Angel of Imagination had garnered "His" attention.

This made her have an unprecedented awareness of the horror behind the words "any mention of it will be known."

After some deliberation, Audrey looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and tried to interpret his words.

“Does Mr. Fool mean that ‘He’ doesn’t want to directly make an enemy of the Twilight Hermit Order at the moment? Does that mean that it can be done indirectly?”

Klein nodded slightly and said, “That should be the case.”

“Does it involve interfering with divination, one’s attention, and prophecies?” Audrey asked.

At this mini-gathering, The World Gehrman Sparrow represented the will of The Fool.

Klein laughed and hoarsely said, “Perhaps a little more indirect.”

He answered vaguely because The Fool hadn’t thought of what to do either.

Their conversation seemed to inspire Alger. He looked at Justice, The Magician, and Judgment, one after another. “Which of you is a believer of the Evernight Goddess?”

He was almost certain that at least one of the three ladies believed in the Evernight Goddess. After all, among the people of Loen and the residents of Backlund, the standards for women, and those who had been educated, these filtered out most of the believers of other deities.

“I am,” Xio said without hiding anything.

Audrey raised her hand slightly.

Seeing this, Alger nodded slightly.

"We can try to mislead someone and make it seem like the Church of Evernight did something against Hvin Rambis, not the Tarot club."

As he said this, Alger skillfully changed the pronoun he used to refer to the group. He was only invited to be a "consultant" and wouldn't actually be involved in the matter. He should've said "you" should do this and that, but he had chosen to use "we."

Pushing the blame to the Church of Evernight... This line of thought seems really familiar... Klein in his The World Gehrman Sparrow's manifestation suddenly found it amusing.

Then how should the misdirection be done?" Audrey's eyes shifted slightly as she hurriedly asked.

Alger looked around and said, "Hvin Rambis only hypnotized you to not seek blessings and sit in key spots at the Church of Evernight's Mass where you can be cleansed to a certain degree. But he didn't ask you to avoid the Church of Evernight's archbishop. You can use this to create an opportunity. Meet the archbishop; of course, there's no need to say anything. This way, when Hvin Rambis dies or vanishes, the Psychology Alchemists will most probably suspect that the Church of Evemight had detected something wrong with you and had set up a trap."

Without waiting for Miss Justice to respond, he looked at Xio.

"After you're hypnotized but before you leave Backlund, head to the nearest Church of the Evernight Goddess and pray seriously. Act like a spy sent by the Church of Evernight to infiltrate the Tarot Club. This will misdirect the Psychology Alchemists into believing that the matters pertaining to Hvin Rambis were done

by the Tarot Club, but was in fact a smokescreen. The true mastermind behind all of this is the Church of Evemight…"

Acting like a spy in the Tarot Club that was sent by the Church of Evernight… Well… Klein felt a little guilty.

He was a genuine Blessed of Evernight!

And Leonard was a genuine Red Glove!

It should be said that the Tarot Club's convener and host, Mr. Fool, also draws the crimson moon on his chest… Klein muttered in amusement and helplessness. As a result, he was also rather inspired.

"This can only fool typical Beyonders. Without the blessings of Mr. Fool's Angel, the higher-ups of the Psychology Alchemists can easily figure out the truth," Cattleya reminded.

The Hanged Man replied, "So, the main point is that we should be indirectly blessed by Mr. Fool. Otherwise, would it be impossible for us to deceive the Spectator pathway's King of Angels, Adam? Also, Miss Magician and Miss Judgment, when you pray at the cathedral of the Evernight Goddess, it's best if you pray to Mr. Fool and get "His" help in extricating yourself from the hypnosis and not immediately leave Backlund.

"Under such circumstances, Backlund is safer than anywhere else."

"Alright," Xio replied seriously.

Seeing that the discussion had reached this point, Audrey and the others all looked towards The World Gehrman Sparrow, awaiting his response.

Klein's thoughts had already taken shape. He deliberated for a moment, then laughed hoarsely.

"Actually, there are simpler ways to interfere."

"What methods are there?" Audrey's eyes widened as she asked with concern.

Klein looked at Miss Justice and pointed at the top of his head.

"Once Hvin Rambis leaves, bum that hat accessory and trigger the charm I gave you."

That feather hat accessory? The hat accessory that can get a so-called response from Death? Mr. World hopes to get this existence to disrupt the divination, attention, and prophecy... Audrey's green eyes sparkled as she nodded in thought.

"I know what to do."

When that happens, the response would be the power of Concealment. This way, no matter what happens, Adam can only assume that the Goddess had interfered, believing that "She" had blessed the Hall family and has nothing to do with the Tarot club... I wonder if the Goddess will send Ma'am Arianna. That way, finishing off Hvin Rambis will be made very simple. If not, I'll give myself Angel's Embrace ahead of time and use my marionettes which are dead. That will result in a high chance of victory... Klein mumbled inwardly without saying anything else.

Justice Audrey quickly completed her plan, doing so as though she was talking to herself as she spoke to Xio and Fors:

Visit me on Wednesday afternoon. This way, I'll have a chance to see the Church of Evernight's archbishop in advance...

"I'll pray to Mr. Fool for "Him" to provide his angelic blessings. That way, I won't be hypnotized by Hvin Rambis when I meet him. We'll act once he leaves...

"Hvin Rambis is a cautious and conservative person. He should continue choosing to meet me on the way to prevent himself from being caught or from falling into a trap...

Soon, amidst the discussions of the other members of the Tarot Club, the plan was complete. The World Gehrman Sparrow declined Cattleya's suggestion of providing help. After all, he couldn't guarantee that powerhouses from the Church of Evernight would be involved.

As for the payment, all the spoils would belong to The World, and Audrey would provide him with a free help commission according to his request.

On Wednesday afternoon, in Viscount Glaint's residence.

After returning to the turf club, Audrey, who was wearing a simple white dress shirt and a pair of pants of the same, bright leather boots, and a black leather jacket that clung to her waist, stood inside the viscount's study and looked at Xio and Fors.

"Who got you to investigate Viscount Stratford and pursue the king's secret?"

Her green eyes were like an ancient pool of water in a deep mountain. It was quiet, deep and clear, making one unknowingly sink into it.

At this moment, Xio and Fors were really hypnotized. The former answered in a daze, “It was me. I’m investigating the cause of my father’s death…

“However, I do pray to a particular existence to bless me…”

Audrey asked a few more questions and received a satisfactory answer. Then, she said with a gentle voice, “Leave Backlund and leave this place. You don’t belong here.

“Alright, you’ll wake up when you hear me clap.”

The moment she said that, Audrey clapped her hands and saw Xio and Fors’s eyes regain their clarity.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Xio and Fors bade her farewell and left. Audrey began to wait patiently.

She planned to stay inside Viscount Glaint’s residence for another half an hour. She was waiting for Xio to enter the nearest Evernight Goddess cathedral and finish her prayers before heading elsewhere.

This way, regardless of whether Hvin Rambis appeared en route or elsewhere, she would be prepared.

Picking up the lady’s bonnet with a white feather accessory, Audrey walked out of the study, planning to meet up with Susie

and Annie first before chatting with Glaint to kill time.

She had just taken two steps when she heard a gentle and smiling voice:

“Well done.”

Audrey’s pupils dilated as she hurriedly turned her head, only to see a silver-haired man standing next to an elegant wall lamp rack. His eyes were light blue, and his clothes were neat. He was none other than Hvin Rambis!

This demigod was actually waiting in Viscount Glaint’s residence for Audrey to complete the hypnosis and receive the answer!

At this moment, Xio and Fors probably hadn’t walked out the main door.

This was completely outside Audrey’s expectations and The Hanged Man’s analysis. This meant that Hvin Rambis was present, so there was no need to question the target through Audrey. Being in the vicinity and personally hypnotizing them was just as dangerous!

Chapter 1049: Spectator's Intuition

How did this happen... Even if Xio and Fors didn't meet with any delays en route and maintain a relatively fast speed, it would take at least fifteen minutes to arrive at the nearest Evernight cathedral... Luckily, I was cautious enough and had prayed to Mr. Fool for an angelic blessing ahead of time. I also actually hypnotized Xio and Fors... An upheaval of thoughts instantly ran through her mind before she rapidly suppressed them.

At first, she looked confused, and then her face wore a look of realization. It was as if she had finally woken up from her long dream and remembered the things that had been neglected.

"Mr. Rambis, why are you here..." Audrey made her voice sound ethereal, as though she was still in a dreamy stupor.

As she spoke, she made use of the control of her emotions as a Psychiatrist to make an unavoidable hint of anxiety flash through her mind, doing so without causing any abnormalities.

This unexpected turn of events made her unsure of how to proceed.

Without a doubt, she understood that she had to first deal with Hvin Rambis's subsequent questions so that the demigod wouldn't suspect anything. However, if that was the case, he would leave in three to five minutes after he was done asking. As for Xio and Fors, they definitely wouldn't have entered an Evernight cathedral yet. This inhibited the step needed for the misdirection, and when the time came, igniting the hat accessory and summoning The World easily exposed flaws in the handling of matters in the end. They wouldn't be able to completely fix the inherent problems.

No, I'd rather miss this opportunity than proceed with the plan without being fully prepared... Patience, tolerance, and caution are key in the mysterious world... At the very least, Hvin Rambis will be making use of me for a long period of time and not directly harm me. He wishes that I marry with some prince, and this process will take more than half a year. I still have plenty of time. I can wait for the second, third, or even fourth or fifth opportunity... The only problem is that I need to inform Xio and Fors and get them to really hide as quickly as possible... Audrey quickly came up with a decision as her eyes restored to normal while showing hints of wariness and fear.

After observing her reaction and hearing her question, Hvin Rambis smiled and said, "This should be your first time hypnotizing someone, and I was worried that an accident would happen, so I specially came here to wait. Heh Heh, given your background, you don't usually have the chance to do this..."

His voice was gentle and laced with concern. It made the wariness and fear in Audrey's eyes subside bit by bit.

But in Audrey's mind world, she once again felt her consciousness being split apart. Some of them were raised, looking down at the "island" and the "sea."

This made her clearly realize that her fond feelings and sense of security that she had just felt were all artificial.

Seeing that Audrey had returned to normal, Hvin Rambis nodded and said, "How did they answer your question just now?"

Audrey honestly said, "Xio said that the investigation of Viscount Stratford and the pursuit of the king's secret was all of her own will. She was very suspicious about the death of her father. Her father was the former captain of the royal guards, Earl Mason Dere...

“However, she mentioned that her actions were blessed by a certain existence.”

As she answered, Audrey almost stopped talking. This was because her spirituality high in the sky was looking down at “herself1 on the island of consciousness and the spiritual sea. She saw a figure rising up from the bottom of the sea as it followed up steps that appeared, passing through the subconscious realm and landing on her Body of Heart and Mind’s island.

The figure was wearing a black three-piece suit, with a head full of silver hair. It was another Hvin Rambis.

There wasn’t a hint of a smile on Hvin Rambis’s face. He had an extremely sinister air, and a part of his skin was covered in grayish-white scales. Not only did his eyes turn from pale blue to golden, they also turned vertical, looki^^ like a particular animal.

If it weren’t for the fact that she had experienced something like this before, just the intense level of nervousness she currently felt might’ve prevented Audrey from acting as though she hadn’t noticed anything while ensuring that she didn’t stop speaking or end up stammering.

In the real world, Hvin Rambis smiled as he looked at Audrey’s pretty face and asked further, “Which existence’s blessings?”

Audrey shook her head as the island of consciousness began to change.

“When this matter was raised, Xio and Fors became very resistant. There were signs of escaping the hypnosis, so I didn’t dare continue asking.”

Of course, the blessings of a particular existence could be explained as Mr. Fool's attention, and it could also be understood as the Goddess's... The lucid Audrey muttered silently under the spiritual sky.

Hvin Rambis continued to circle around the questions and asked about the details of the hypnosis.

After two or three minutes, he nodded satisfactorily and said, "Not bad. You do have a gift in hypnotizing people. When the recent events come to a close, I will give you the Dreamwalker potion and personally host the ritual for you.

"Oh yes, don't reject love and marriage too much. You're not even twenty years old, and it's the perfect time to pursue such matters. Your charm is enough to gain everyone's affection and enjoy their attention..."

Hvin Rambis used an indirect hint and guidance to lower Audrey's resistance towards love and marriage.

This detestable guy... Audrey puffed up her cheeks under her spiritual sky and muttered resentfully. She then controlled herself to reveal some shyness and longing.

Hvin Rambis didn't expect to succeed by simply following a logical process. Seeing this, he retracted his invading consciousness and allowed himself to leave the island.

He turned around and said, "Forget what I just said. They're all spontaneous thoughts from your heart.

"After I leave this place and disappear from your sight, you'll

forget that I was here."

Upon hearing this, Audrey under the spiritual sky couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. This meant that Hvin Rambis was about to leave.

Even though it had only been five minutes since his appearance, making it insufficient for Xio and Fors to enter the nearest Evernight cathedral, Audrey was still eager for Hvin Rambis to leave as soon as possible. To face off a demigod of the Spectator domain was unimaginably stressful.

There's still a chance after this. As long as I maintain my consciousness, there will still be a chance. Audrey, don't be depressed, don't be impatient... Audrey silently consoled herself as she watched Hvin Rambis turn around and walk towards the hall.

She didn't relax and didn't breathe. She tried her best to maintain her normal state.

Suddenly, Hvin Rambis stopped in his tracks and turned around. He narrowed his pale blue eyes and looked at Audrey. "Why were you so scared when you first saw me?"

...I-I was too surprised at that time, so I didn't manage to hide some of my emotions well? Audrey felt her scalp tingle under her long, blonde hair as her thoughts whirled quickly. She asked, puzzled, "Really?

"Isn't this normal? Someone suddenly appeared beside me. A brief shock is inevitable."

Hvin Rambis nodded, as if agreeing with this explanation. He sized up Audrey and suddenly said, “You used to carry a mystical item that can change one’s form with you as an accessory. Why didn’t you wear it today?”

To a Spectator, this detail was an abnormality.

Oh no… I’ve been hiding Lie beneath my clothes most of the time. How did he notice that I wasn’t wearing it this time… He has secretly read some of my memories, memories that I didn’t protect to appear normal… Faced with Hvin Rambis’s question, Audrey felt her thoughts stagnant.

The reason why she wasn’t wearing Lie was simple—she was afraid that this accessory would amplify her emotions, preventing her from being able to completely hide her true thoughts when facing a demigod from the Spectator pathway.

This meant that she had predicted that she would meet Hvin Rambis today. This was something that shouldn’t have happened under normal circumstances!

In the blink of an eye, Audrey grabbed onto an idea and smiled blankly.

“It will amplify my emotions and reduce the success rate of the hypnosis attempt. I removed it in advance to avoid any accidents.”

Hvin Rambis nodded and said, “So that’s the reason…”

Just as Audrey was feeling a little relaxed, this “Spectator” pathway’s demigod suddenly narrowed his eyes.

“If it’s just this matter, there’s nothing worth suspecting. But compared to when you saw me, the fear that slightly exceeded normal limits seems to imply something…”

As he said that, Hvin Rambis’s light-blue eyes turned vertical and was quickly dyed with the color of gold.

The two golden vertical pupils clearly reflected Audrey’s image in her rider’s attire.

With a buzz, Audrey’s thoughts became extremely muddled. Only the “her” under the spiritual sky barely remained conscious.

The surface of the spiritual sea surrounding the island surged with waves, enveloping it.

At the same time, the sinister-looking Hvin Rambis returned to the island and stopped beneath the sea surface, allowing patches of grayish-white dragon scales to fly into the foundation of the island where most of a human’s subconscious lay.

Audrey suddenly felt her thoughts twist, prompting her to say everything, confessing all her secrets.

Relying on the lucidity of “herself under the spiritual sky, she barely controlled herself and didn’t reveal anything. She also knew that there would definitely be problems if this continued, so she quickly diverted some of her thoughts and, relying on the angelic blessing and her splintered consciousness, prevent Hvin Rambis from noticing it.

Some of those thoughts included reaching her hand into her left pocket.

Just then, Hvin Rambis, who had invaded her mind world, looked increasingly sinister as he snorted.

"There really is a problem!"

If there wasn't a problem, Audrey would've started with the most important matters, revealing all her secrets and private matters one by one, instead of staying silent!

Likewise, since the manipulation attempt happened so quickly, Audrey didn't have the time to sort out all her secrets. Even if she wanted to hide anything, her lucidity would be discovered the moment she spoke.

After confirming that something was off, Hvin Rambis didn't hesitate any longer. His gaze turned extremely cold as grayish-white scales covered his skin.

The storm in the spiritual sea suddenly intensified, and Audrey, who was under the spiritual sky, staggered.

The last bastion of the defenses of her consciousness was rapidly weakening under the repeated attacks, putting it on the verge of shattering.

"Humph!" Hvin Rambis increased the force of the mind storm once again, feeling satisfied that Audrey's entire Island was shaking.

This meant that he was about to completely control her!

At this moment, he heard an ancient word:

“Fate!”

In the real world, Hvin Rambis looked up in surprise. All he saw was that Audrey’s green eyes were dyed with the brightest, the most dazzling gold.

Chapter 1050: Good At Using Hypnosis

As the ancient Hermes words resounded, the areas where Audrey and Hvin Rambis stood dimmed.

It was as if someone had passed by, blocking the window that was closest to them, then quickly left.

By the time the light returned, the island filled with a terrifying mind storm in the illusory world had transformed from Audrey's to Hvin Rambis's. The person that had intruded on the other party's Body of Heart and Mind went from Hvin Rambis to Audrey.

Fate Siphon charm!

This was made using a Worm of Time as the material. Using The Fool's powers, this charm was created. It could siphon off a corresponding target's subsequent fate for a short period of time, exchanging the corresponding fate with the user!

It was the consultation fee Audrey had received from Gehrman Sparrow after she treated Hazel's mental breakdown. With the corresponding charm, she could divert her future of having her consciousness defenses broken and losing control over her thoughts to Hvin Rambis. She then siphoned off the Mind Storm from him and opened her target's door to the Body of Heart and Mind. She then directly altered and planted the corresponding consciousness's fate.

In an instant, the situation reversed. Audrey went from the edge of collapse to gaining the absolute advantage.

Of course, this advantage could only last for a short period of time.

Frankly speaking, if it weren't for her imagining how she could save herself in a desperate situation, Audrey definitely wouldn't have thought of using the Fate Siphon charm. Or it could be said that, by the time she thought of it, it would be too late. At this moment, just like how she had practiced it countless times in her mind, she suppressed her surprised emotions from the effects of the Fate Siphon charm and quickly confirmed her condition. With her current advantage, she made the Hypnosis and Mind Storm swirl together, instantly opening Hvin Rambis's door to his Body of Heart and Mind.

Hvin Rambis was instantly dumbfounded, as if he was an ordinary person whose attention had been diverted to Audrey's golden eyes and thus fall under her hypnosis.

Yes, at this moment, as a demigod of the Spectator Pathway, he had been controlled by Audrey, who was only a Sequence 6.

This way, even if the effects of the Fate Siphon charm came to an end, it wouldn't change the development in the real world!

However, Audrey knew that, with the help of the magical charm, she was using Hvin Rambis's powers to open the door to his Body of Heart and Mind and achieve initial control. Whatever she wanted to do later would definitely be rejected by him, and with her Sequence level, she had no means to resist or control such intense power.

Furthermore, she could clearly sense that Hvin Rambis was subconsciously resisting his current state. In the real world, a small amount of gray scales began to appear on his

face.

In no time, he would be able to forcefully extricate himself from the state of my initial control over his mind... A realization flashed across Audrey's mind.

She then cast her gaze towards Hvin Rambis's head, feeling a little regretful that she didn't carry a powerful revolver with her. Otherwise, she could take this opportunity to shoot at him several times in a row in an attempt to kill him.

Soon, she recalled that she had Dragon Scales. She believed that Hvin Rambis definitely had it, and that it was even stronger. It wasn't something an ordinary attack could tear through, even most mystical items that were at the Mid- or Low-Sequences couldn't do so!

And if she couldn't kill him in one shot, Hvin Rambis would definitely be able to use this opportunity to regain consciousness and escape her control.

Without any hesitation, Audrey, who lacked the appropriate offensive abilities, quickly came to a decision:

Hypnotize him!

He's best at hypnotizing and is very resistant against this, so he wouldn't prepare any additional items that can affect his defense... I can't let him do things that will be against his will. With our difference in levels, I definitely can't resist the corresponding subconscious resistance he puts up... Thoughts ran through Audrey's mind as she spread her slightly parched lips.

She tried hard not to show any signs of abnormality as she looked into Hvin Rambis's eyes and said in a gentle voice, "Find a spot inside Glaint's mansion and wait. Find me in the garden 15 minutes later..."

Such a subconscious thought didn't stir any obvious signs of being rejected; therefore, Audrey was able to complete her control rather smoothly. To Hvin Rambis, he was indeed looking for Audrey today, and the venue for the meeting was also Viscount Glaint's mansion. Audrey's hypnosis was simply changing the corresponding time and place, and the discrepancies were just in a very small aspect. It matched Hvin Rambis's thoughts and didn't waste too much of his effort; therefore, she didn't encounter any intense resistance.

"Alright..." Hvin Rambis responded to Audrey's words.

Audrey didn't care to let out a sigh of relief. She focused and continued looking into the other party's eyes. She gently said, "You will only come looking for me in fifteen minutes, so you haven't seen me today.

"Since you haven't seen me, everything that happened just now definitely didn't happen. They will be forgotten."

As Hvin Rambis had accepted the hypnosis, he followed the logical train of thought. Although there was resistance, it wasn't anything intense. Soon, the golden light disappeared from those alluring eyes.

"Yes, I haven't seen you before. Nothing happened just now..." Hvin Rambis repeated with a blank expression. The grayish-white scales on the surface of his skin had increased significantly again.

After completing this crucial step, Audrey resisted the urge to pat her chest and thought for a second.

“When you hear my singing, it will become quiet.”

She wanted to hypnotize him with her charm, but she realized that she wasn’t able to take on a seductive pose, and she couldn’t make the corresponding expressions. She could only lift her hand to comb her blonde hair and tilt her head. The ripples in her eyes swirled as her smile beamed.

Following that, she hummed a melody, Manor Under the Moon- in a nasal voice.

Hvin Rambis looked at the girl in front of him who looked as beautiful as sunlight, flowers, and gems. Listening to the ethereal voice, his mind gradually turned silent, as he no longer had any resistance.

Seeing that her initial control was about to be released, Audrey didn’t hesitate and pointed to the other side of the corridor.

“Go over there, and you will regain consciousness and dispel Dragon Scales when you see the stained glass.”

She knew very well that on the other side of the corridor, there were exquisite white stained glass.

This order didn’t pose any danger, nor did it violate Hvin Rambis’s will. He immediately took a step forward, walked down the corridor, and turned right.

Only when his back disappeared from her sights did Audrey slowly exhale, allowing the fear, alarm, and anxiety to surge into her heart.

Her body trembled slightly as she opened her mouth slightly. She couldn't help but gasp and exhale.

Ten seconds later, Audrey used Placate on herself and calmed herself down.

Then, she glanced at the wall clock and stood there, raising her hands and placing them in front of her mouth and nose, reciting Mr. Fool's honorific name in a low voice.

She prayed for an angelic blessing again and requested this great existence to tell The World Gehrman Sparrow that she had confirmed when Hvin Rambis would arrive and would summon him two minutes ahead of time, allowing him to arrive at the appropriate moment. There was no need to be in a rush or to be too close to prevent Hvin Rambis from being aware of an ambush.

During this process, Audrey only briefly mentioned what had happened. She didn't elaborate on it to prevent wasting any time.

Following that, she raised her hands and pressed her cheeks, completely restoring her expression to normal. She began hypnotizing herself, allowing herself to sing the melody the moment she saw Hvin Rambis.

After doing all of this, Audrey went to the main hall and first found the golden retriever, Susie. She then retrieved the Lie necklace and the Alcohol Nemesis diamond brooch. The latter, which could resist any mental influence, could only be worn for half an hour; otherwise, the damage one's liver and brain

suffered would be irreversible. Therefore, Audrey prepared to wear them again after she left Glaint's residence to prevent Hvin Rambis from finding her midway.

Susie didn't notice anything amiss with Audrey as she watched her wear the brooch and necklace.

After a few minutes, Audrey folded a black fishnet glove into her equestrian pocket and used the excuse of going to the washroom, making a detour to Viscount Glaint's garden.

Then, she looked at the large clock hung up on the attached tower, her mind tensing up as she memorized the time.

To her, she was afraid that Hvin Rambis wouldn't come, but she was also worried that he might come early or be late.

Time passed by slowly and Audrey used Placate twice to calm herself down.

When there was still two minutes and fifteen seconds left, she took off the feather accessory on her hat and flicked her wrist.

The scarlet flames soared, igniting the white feather.

This was Lie's Flame Controlling ability.

As the flames burned, they turned pale. In just two or three seconds, the feather which was a product of Artificial Death was reduced to ashes.

Nothing happened around her.

Looking at the clock, Audrey took out a charm made of tin and recited a word in ancient Hermes:

“Lightning!”

The charm lit up as though many tiny electric snakes were entangling with it.

It was a charm that summoned Gehrman Sparrow.

When the lightning dissipated, the charm completely disintegrated and melted into the void. However, there was still silence without so much as a sound.

Xio and Fors should’ve found a Church of Evernight cathedral and begun praying… Audrey calmed down and pretended to enjoy the flowers of the remaining autumn days.

She didn’t lift her head to look at the large clock, counting the time in her heart.

Three, two, one… She slowly raised her head and looked around, but she didn’t see Hvin Rambis.

He discovered something strange and distanced himself from this place? Audrey’s heart tightened as she couldn’t help but think back to what she had missed.

At that moment, she heard a gentle voice:

“What are you looking for?”

Audrey’s pupils dilated. From the corner of her eye, she realized that the silver-haired, blue-eyed Hvin Rambis had appeared beside her at some point in time, a hint of suspicion hidden in his voice.

Having already hypnotized herself, she didn’t hesitate at all. She followed her subconscious and started humming the melodic “Manor Under the Moon.”

Amidst the ethereal voice, Hvin Rambis calmed down and listened attentively.

Suddenly, he realized that the distance between him and Audrey had become very far despite them remaining in their respective spots.

The dark night enveloped the garden despite it being late in the afternoon. A huge crimson moon rose over the top of the building as a figure stood there, wearing a black trench coat and a half top hat. His face looked hazy due to the back lighting.

Chapter 1051: Different Styles of Different Pathways

Upon seeing this scene, Hvin Rambis immediately extricated himself from that state of calm, clearly aware that he had fallen into a trap. He also further realized that he was already under some sort of influence.

Without any hesitation, he arched his back and his body swelled.

His pupils turned vertical, turning from pale blue to golden. His face, the back of his hand, and every inch of his exposed skin grew grayish-white scales.

Amidst the screeching sound, the white shirt, black vest, formal coat, and straight trousers that he wore tore apart, revealing the dragon scales beneath.

In the blink of an eye, Hvin Rambis had transformed into an abnormally massive monster. Aside from his head that remained in the form of a human, the rest of his body had changed completely. It was like a dragon that had yet to fully evolve.

The dragon's back was covered in gray-skinned wings, and its limbs were thick. The grayish-white scales were engraved with complicated, three-dimensional mysterious symbols. They extended into the flesh, extending into the surrounding void. It seemed to be a mesh of objects that didn't belong to the real world. It threw anyone who laid their eyes upon it into suffering a form of mental confusion as their thoughts warped. Even one's Spirit Body would be tainted with all kinds of thoughts that came from deep within one's heart, eager to rip apart and mutilate

themselves.

This was the Spectator pathway's incomplete Mythical Creature form!

For demigods of other pathways—those who weren't at the angel level—they required immense willpower and firm beliefs to fight in their Mythical Creature forms. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to control the madness and the inclination of losing control. There was a high chance of them immediately losing all rationality and transforming into a monster. However, the Spectator pathway was different. They had Placate which could treat their minds and souls, so they weren't helpless towards the madness and inclination of losing control. Therefore, as long as the fight wasn't prolonged, they could use their Mythical Creature form and return to normal at will.

Whoosh!

All the thoughts in Hvin Rambis's subconscious domain boiled over as they churned, identifying the parts of his consciousness that had been altered, purging them out and melting them down into nothingness.

Whoosh!

The violent winds surged around Hvin Rambis's grayish-white dragon avatar. It seemed to come from reality, but also seemed to come from an illusory world.

They carried a certain will as they whirled in every direction. Any creature that was embroiled would inevitably be placed into various abnormal states, stand rooted to the ground in a daze, or blindly escape towards the corners of the garden. There would be varying degrees of losing of control as their knees would buckle

before they slumped to the ground. Some would even faint immediately and fall into a coma. Others would reveal their most fervent expressions, crowding around the dragon-like attendants.

This was a qualitative change in “Dragon Might” which stemmed from a Mythical Creature form. It went from its original state of placing others in a state of “Awe” to “Mind Deprivation” with even more effects!

Seizing the moment when Dragon Might swept the surroundings, Hvin Rambis focused and transformed into illusory, sinister versions of himself. Through the sea of collective subconscious which eluded most Beyonders, he approached Gehrman Sparrow on the rooftop and Audrey Hall by the garden’s periphery at high speeds.

As a Spectator, he could tell that the attacker was Gehrman Sparrow just by seeing his face and temperament!

At this moment, Audrey was mumbling to herself and compelling herself based on the discussions and warnings from the two demigods, The World and The Hermit, above the gray fog.

“I can’t see anything. I can’t hear anything…

“I can’t see anything. I can’t hear anything…”

She was trying to avoid losing control from looking directly at Hvin Rambis’s Mythical Creature form.

However, this also made her unable to “see” or sense that a

particular illusory, sinister version of Hvin Rambis was approaching her Body of Heart and Mind from the sea of collective subconscious.

But suddenly, before Hvin Rambis's "eyes," the blonde, green-eyed girl's island of consciousness disappeared.

Audrey felt a warmth from her body, as if she had returned from a cold, dark cave to the surface where the sun shined.

She hurriedly dispelled the hypnosis and opened her eyes. The sun in the sky pierced through the clouds that couldn't be considered thin, scattering its resplendence. Bathed in the bright golden glow, autumn flowers bloomed in silence. Everything was beautiful and peaceful.

Audrey looked around blankly, but she didn't see Hvin Rambis, Gehrman Sparrow, or the huge crimson moon.

This made her feel like everything that she had just experienced was just a dream.

What mighty powers... A battle between the two demigods might not even harm a single flower. Audrey silently muttered to herself before calmly leaving the garden, retreating to the corridor that connected the garden to the house.

She was afraid that her presence would affect Gehrman Sparrow's fight.

In the concealed world, one of Hvin Rambis's manifestations had also landed on Gehrman Sparrow's island of consciousness under the crimson moon.

Just as he was about to set foot on it and open the door to the Body of Heart and Mind and control Gehrman Sparrow's subconscious to make him do things against his own will, he realized that the illusory island that stood in the sea of collective subconscious was filled with a deathly silence—there were no stirring thoughts or the appearance of new thoughts. There was no way of influencing it.

Puppet! Marionette! Hvin Rambis instantly made a judgment. Combined with the information he had obtained in the past, he had a better grasp of Gehrman Sparrow's abilities.

He wasn't shocked or depressed. Instead, he felt a sense of glee and confidence. This was because, for a demigod of the Spectator pathway, he could easily tell the difference between a marionette and the true body, greatly mitigating Gehrman Sparrow's strongest ability.

Besides, do you think a marionette can foil my mind invasion and control of one's consciousness? That sinister and illusory Hvin Rambis swept his golden vertical eyes and found a transparent passage on the marionette's island of consciousness. On the island of consciousness, it was the symbolic form of Spirit Body Threads in the mind world!

Right on the heels of that, Hvin Rambis's figure flashed, and he traced the transparent passageway and found another island of consciousness hidden in the distance. This was where the source of where the marionettes were controlled, which meant that it belonged to the actual body!

"Found you!"

Hvin Rambis snorted coldly as he conjured a terrifying mind storm in the sea of collective subconscious, allowing them to thrash about in Gehrman Sparrow's island of consciousness over

and over again.

This caused the nearby “weather” to rapidly change, and the ability to percept the surroundings via spirituality suffered intense interference. Hvin Rambis took the opportunity to get close to Gehrman Sparrow’s island of consciousness, and he conjured a grayish-white staircase in an attempt to furtively invade his opponent’s subconscious.

This was his usual style of fighting. One stayed in the light while the other stayed in the dark. While one attacked head- on, the other sneaked in. With these two angles of attack, it easily broke the target’s mental walls and allowed him to control his opponent’s Body of Heart and Mind.

At the same time, as a dragon avatar, he flew up and spiraled in midair. It affected Gehrman Sparrow with its Dragon Might and Breath, complementing the battle at the consciousness level.

At this moment, from deep within the sea of collective subconscious, Hvin Rambis had silently invaded the Gehrman Sparrow’s Body of Heart and Mind when all of a sudden, he saw a boundless grayish-white fog. All the sea of collective subconscious around and the islands had vanished.

Hvin Rambis’s heart tightened as he hurriedly analyzed his psyche, suspecting that he was under an illusion.

However, no matter how he handled it, the grayish-white fog didn’t change. Of course, there were no accidents or danger. It was as if it was just a simple background.

That was pretty suspicious.

Just as Hvin Rambis was preparing to stir a mind storm here, the grayish-white fog finally dissipated, revealing the island of consciousness from before that belonged to Gehrman Sparrow.

Hvin Rambis didn't have time to hesitate. He quickly entered the corresponding subconscious and attempted to change his target's thoughts.

However, those thoughts were dyed with a bright light, a holy and majestic aura. It was unshakable and uninfluenced.

This… Hvin Rambis instinctively looked up and looked towards the sea of consciousness from the stone stairs that he conjured.

Other than the "island" itself, there was also a figure with twelve pairs of fiery wings, emitting golden light.

It looked like the projection of an angel's powers!

Since he was planning on dealing with a demigod from the Spectator pathway today, Klein had no doubt used Angel's Embrace on himself. With the Red Priest's level of importance, he directed the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog, allowing him to temporarily be unaffected when facing an incomplete Mythical Creature form.

And the reason why he didn't show it directly was that he was experimenting with Hvin Rambis.

As Hvin Rambis attempted to invade his island of consciousness, his marionette, Qonas Kilgor, distorted the target his enemy locked onto, changing it from Klein's Body of Heart and Mind to Klein's projection of the gray fog.

As a result, if Hvin Rambis found the island of consciousness in the grayish-white fog, it meant that there was a being of unknown origins sleeping in the mysterious space. This meant that Klein had to be wary ahead of time. On the contrary, he could feel a little relaxed.

This was something he had long wanted to test but didn't dare attempt because it might be dangerous. Today, he finally had a chance to do so. After all, even if there were any consequences, Hvin Rambis would be the one dying and not him. It might even allow him to easily finish off a demigod.

Seeing that he was blessed by an angel and wasn't capable of breaking or infiltrating his opponent's Body of Heart and Mind in a short period of time and exerting his consciousness on him, Hvin Rambis retreated without any hesitation. He left the area and returned to his mind world through the sea of collective subconscious.

Then, the massive dragon disappeared, disappearing into thin air, preventing Klein from even finding it via Spirit Body Threads.

Psychological Invisibility!

Hvin Rambis planned on using a psychological blind spot to hide in the dark. Then, using area-of-effect Beyonder powers like Mind Deprivation and Mind Storm to slowly weaken Gehrman Sparrow's angel-enhanced mental walls, he would attempt using his own Sealed Artifact to attack.

As a demigod of the Spectator pathway, although his dragon form was powerful at melee combat, it still lacked the necessary, powerful offensive Beyonder powers. It had to be made up for through certain Sealed Artifacts.

At this moment, an illusory book appeared in front of the Gehrman Sparrow who could be either the marionette or his actual self. Following that, there was an ethereal voice:

“I came, I saw, I record.”

Klein was using Lightning Storm which had been “Recorded” by the Creeping Hunger!

For something like Psychological Invisibility, it could be easily resolved with a full area-of-effect bombardment!

It has to be said that, when dealing with a Beyonder with such a fighting style, the Storm pathway was a pretty good choice.

Chapter 1052: 3v1

Boom!

Lightning bolts descended from the sky, covering the entire area illuminated by the huge crimson moon with a silver “forest.”

Lightning flashed and destructive auras swept over, not leaving any spot unscathed.

The giant grayish-white dragon, which still had a human head, appeared again. There were tiny bolts of electric bolts scurrying over its scaled body. There were also some obvious cracks.

Hvin Rambis’s Psychological Invisibility couldn’t be maintained under such a wide area-of-effect bombardment. After all, his interactions with his surroundings couldn’t be avoided. All he could do was eliminate his sense of presence and stay in the blind spot of one’s attention. Once the level of interaction grew excessive, he didn’t have the means to avoid exposure.

As soon as he appeared, the Lightning Storm calmed down quite significantly. The Gehrman Sparrow’s body on the roof instantly blurred and phased into existence diagonally below the incomplete dragon.

Right on the heels of that, the glove on the crazy adventurer’s left hand protruded with fine black particles that were deep and dark.

Then, he opened his mouth and said as word filled with foulness and corruption from the Devil language:

“Slow!”

Hvin Rambis knew that his opponent was using Creeping Hunger and knew the true level of the item. He found Gehrman Sparrow amusing and was about to raise his left claw that grabbed onto an ice-blue metal cylinder, slamming it down at his enemy beneath him.

This was a Sealed Artifact with unknown origins called “Rotting Meteor.” Hvin Rambis had obtained it from a particular existence, and he was only aware that part of it came from the cosmos.

This ice-blue metal cylinder could fire special dark-green bullets that would instantly poison anyone who was hit with it. They would begin rotting in a way that even their Spirit Bodies wouldn’t be spared. This was also effective against demigods.

Its negative effect was that the wielder had a probability of gaining the attention of the cosmos and suffering corruption without realizing it. If not for having the item sealed thanks to a particular existence, Hvin Rambis definitely wouldn’t have dared to carry it around. But even so, he tried to limit his usage of it, lest he suffered a strange death or anomaly. That was a common ending for many of the previous owners of Rotting Meteor.

Currently, Hvin Rambis didn’t believe that the Language of Foulness, which was at most at Sequence 5, could affect him in his incomplete Mythical Creature form. He planned on using Rotting Meteor to finish off the Sealed Artifact-equipped enemy that posed a threat.

However, at this moment, his actions had really slowed down, and his entire body felt stiff.

On the pitch-black roof under the gigantic crimson moon, another Gehrman Sparrow in a black trench coat and silk hat had appeared at some point in time. He held a six-barreled revolver in his right hand and aimed his left hand at the Gehrman Sparrow beneath him before balling his fist and turning his wrist.

Earl of The Fallen—Magnify!

This was Klein's other marionette, a demigod from the Lawyer pathway, Qonas Kilgor!

With the help of his "Magnify," Creeping Hunger could amplify the Beyonder powers it obtained from "Grazing" souls, almost raising it to the level of Sequence 4, or in other words, at the level of a demigod!

Of course, Magnify couldn't be used consecutively in quick succession. It was limited to a one-time use each time.

Due to Hvin Rambis's current Mythical Creature form, no matter how "Magnified""Slow" was, it couldn't affect him for long. Therefore, it was the Gehrman Sparrow, who was actually Enuni, who had to seize this short opportunity and control Hvin Rambis's Spirit Body Threads.

Normally, he would take three seconds to attain initial control. However, his opponent had already revealed a powerful Mythical Creature form, and time would definitely extend the time required. It would take perhaps about seven seconds or even more than ten seconds to succeed. And by then, Hvin Rambis would've long extricated himself from the influence of Slow, restoring himself to normal and carrying out the corresponding countermeasures.

At this critical moment, Qonas Kilgor aimed his left hand at Winner Enuni once again and clenched his fingers.

Another Magnify!

The control of the Spirit Body Threads was “Magnified”!

Suddenly, Enuni’s control of Hvin Rambis’s Spirit Body Threads became easier, as if the Mythical Creature form hadn’t been revealed.

In other words, he could obtain initial control in three seconds.

This was already rather formidable, but the problem was that the dragonified Hvin Rambis wouldn’t take more than a second to extricate himself from the influence of “Slow.”

No, he had already escaped!

At that moment, there was a gunshot. A bullet that looked lusterless—deep and profound but not dark—swiftly shot out with its many strange patterns and struck Hvin Rambis who had just escaped from his “Slow” state.

In another corner of the garden, another Gehrman Sparrow in a black trench coat and a silk top hat appeared.

Hvin Rambis’s dragon body stiffened once again. Not only did his thoughts come to a halt, even the wings on his back froze, and he had lost all his control of himself. The entire dragon collapsed to the ground.

Control Spirit Bullet!

Klein had used his Worms of Spirit as the material to contain the Control Spirit Bullets made from the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. It could even freeze Sequence 3 saints for one or two seconds!

At that moment, Hvin Rambis, who had an incomplete Mythical Creature form, wasn't much stronger than a Sequence 3 saint. Back when Amon's avatar was hit by the Control Spirit Bullet, it had also froze for more than a second.

In addition, Klein could also get Qonas Kilgor to "Magnify" the power of the bullet. However, to grab the opportunity, he had failed to do it in time.

The string of team combination attacks from before had already made Klein turn poignant, as obtaining the aid of a demigod from the Lawyer pathway was terrifying. It was very, very effective. Of course, under normal circumstances, the Earl of the Fallen's Magnify could only amplify the effects and influence that strengthened one's body or actions without helping others. However, the problem was that, as marionettes with Worms of Spirit within them, they were without a doubt, no different from Klein. He hadn't been augmenting others, but himself!

Seizing the opportunity of Hvin Rambis falling into a state of paralysis, Winner Enuni obtained initial control over the Spirit Body Threads.

The incomplete dragon had just ended its rigid state when its thoughts became sluggish. Its movement had a certain delay.

It had to be said that, after a Bizarro Sorcerer obtained a powerful marionette, they could unleash terrifying powers

through their cooperation with their marionettes. Klein also had a cheat-like method like Control Spirit Bullets. This was something that could only be created by him because he was the only one who could stir the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. Of course, Amon and other powerhouses also had similar charms and bullets. The only difference was the effects would be different.

Seeing that Hvin Rambis had come under a certain level of control, Klein began preparing to disrupt any form of resistance he tried putting up, preventing him from escaping from his current state until he became a marionette. However, at this moment, his head suddenly ached due to an intolerable mania in his heart.

Then, he became extremely down, as if he couldn't feel joy anymore. He despised himself and wished he could give up his life just like that so that he wouldn't be a burden on others.

In the blink of an eye, he became excited. His eyes seemed to be blood-red and filled with hatred towards anything, wanting to destroy everything he saw.

Not good... Before his mental state deteriorated, Klein realized that he had been influenced by Hvin Rambis at some point in time. Something was wrong with his Body of Heart and Mind.

He hurriedly attempted to Cogitate to fight against the abnormal mental state. However, various thoughts that didn't seem to belong to him flashed through his mind:

"Let's end it here..."

*"F*ck, think of a way to save yourself!"*

"What exactly happened? I think I have a serious mental illness..."

"A psychiatric disease that's contagious? The special mental illness that Miss Justice mentioned? This is indeed a High-Sequence Beyonder power of the Spectator pathway!"

"Why are you saying so much? That's a demigod Psychiatrist you're facing. Turning him into a marionette will easily resolve this problem."

Realizing that Gehrman Sparrow hadn't shot the second bullet, Hvin Rambis's face, covered in grayish-white scales, revealed a faint smile.

Although he hadn't anticipated the tight cooperation between Gehrman Sparrow and his two marionettes, causing him to quickly fall into a perilous situation, it wasn't like he hadn't done anything prior to this.

Before he left the sea of collective subconscious, he had secretly planted Contagious Madness in a marionette!

A marionette was, after all, a dead person. Although it was unable to be controlled by any other methods other than Spirit Body Threads, it didn't mean that they didn't have an island of consciousness. It was just a dead mass, but it was precisely here that Hvin Rambis buried a "seed" named madness.

The seed couldn't affect the marionette itself, but it could secretly infect the sea of collective subconscious of its surroundings, causing the person who kept switching between bodies to unknowingly place themselves in an environment with a contagious mental disease. Also, this madness could also be transmitted via Spirit Body Threads.

In addition, this type of infection stemmed from one's "self." It wasn't something an angelic blessing could screen. At most, it would be weakened and have the effects weakened.

This was a High-Sequence Spectator's power, Manipulator's Mental Plague!

In ancient times, there would be people from time to time who were placed in repressed states for prolonged periods of time and appear abnormal at the same time. Their abnormality influenced the people around them, causing "mass hysteria" to happen. An ancient folk song once sang of it in such a manner:

"Seven young ladies are dancing weirdly on the street;

"Nine men are rolling on the ground laughing by their sides;

"On a horse carriage passing by, the nobles are slapping their faces;

"The stoned children are crying outside the house by the street;

"People are hurting each other. The entire city is crazy."

If one thought about it carefully, it would make one feel an inexplicable sense of horror. However, Hvin Rambis knew that the scene described in the myth was true. It was an experiment from a Spectator pathway demigod.

A highly-contagious Mental Plague!

By the time Gehrman Sparrow's actual body went crazy, his control over his marionettes would undoubtedly be lost. When that happened, Hvin Rambis would be able to escape from his predicament.

It wouldn't take long, as it only took a few seconds!

At that moment, a Manipulator like Hvin Rambis wasn't afraid that Gehrman Sparrow had the charm which Audrey had used—the one that could temporarily swap fates between two people. This was because a swap would put Gehrman Sparrow in a state of becoming a marionette. His thoughts would turn sluggish and his body would stiffen. As for Hvin Rambis, being infected by the Mental Plague was a relatively simple problem for him to resolve.

At this moment, Hvin Rambis saw the Gehrman Sparrow on the rooftop aiming his left hand at the Gehrman Sparrow who was holding the iron-black, long-barreled revolver. He gripped his fingers and slowly turned his wrist.

Distortion!

Klein had used Qonas Kilgor's Beyonder powers to distort the level of his mental disease, weakening it and slowing down the deterioration!

Making use of this period in which he had clarity of mind, he raised Death Knell again and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Another Control Spirit Bullet shot out and hit the motionless,

massive incomplete dragon.

At the same time, Qonas Kilgor used Magnify!

Despite being attacked, Hvin Rambis didn't escape from Enuni's control, because he had fallen into a "long" period of feeling numb and stiff.

Klein silently kept count of the time, shooting a third Control Spirit Bullet before Hvin Rambis truly recovered.

And before the third Control Spirit Bullet's "Magnified" effects ended, the grayish-white, incomplete dragon trembled as it returned to "normal," no longer looking sluggish.

Chapter 1053: President

In the dimly-lit world, the gigantic crimson moon hung silently over the house while everything in the garden seemed to be asleep.

The despair in the incomplete grayish-white dragon's eyes dissipated as it retracted its skin-covered wings, behaving like a docile hunting dog reared at home.

The Psychology Alchemists councilor, demigod of the Spectator pathway, Hvin Rambis, had lost his life and became Klein's marionette!

Without bothering to enjoy this achievement, he switched places with Enuni, who was beside the grayish-white dragon, appearing as Gehrman Sparrow in his black trench coat and silk top hat.

Then, he controlled his new marionette to treat the infection he received from Mental Plague.

A gentle and cool breeze swept past the sea of collective subconscious, seeping into Klein's island of consciousness. It made him feel like the object reeking of a rotten, putrid, and discordant object in his Body of Heart and Mind was being purged out of him with a surgical knife.

Klein's face immediately contorted as he grimaced. He once again felt the excruciating pain in his soul.

Thankfully, in order to create the Control Spirit Bullets and the

Yesterday Once More charms, he was already accustomed to this feeling. He didn't hold his head and roll around.

After purging the contagious mental disease from his consciousness, the cool wind brought about a warmth that made him want to take an afternoon nap. It allowed his damaged Spirit Body to relax as if he was soaked in a bath. His mind and body quickly recovered thanks to the nourishment.

By the time he recovered from his mental disease, the gentle breeze that blew at him became intense. It swept the surroundings, wiping out all the "contagion" left in the air.

After doing all of this, Klein made the grayish-white dragon rapidly shrink its body, converge its godhood, and turn back into its human form.

However, as Hvin Rambis' clothes had been ripped to pieces, the gray scales on his body didn't disappear.

A few seconds later, the ascetic leader of the Church of Evernight, Arianna walked out of the gigantic crimson moon in her simple robe and belt made of tree bark. Her long black hair cascaded down as she stepped across the void and arrived diagonally above Hvin Rambis.

The angel stretched out "Her" right hand and, with a gentle squeeze, let Hvin Rambis's blurry soul leave his body and float above his head.

"Why are you helping George III?" Arianna asked directly.

Hvin Rambis's confused expression immediately turned serious.

“This is the choice of the times, an inevitability of destiny. We are just following the flow of the tides and providing some guidance, allowing the times to develop in the right direction.”

The standard answer of the Twilight Hermit Order… From the looks of it, the Psychology Alchemists’ demigod doesn’t know what Adam’s true goal is either… Even as official members of the Twilight Hermit Order, most of them probably don’t know… Klein didn’t have any problems thinking thanks to his situation inside the concealed world.

Arianna didn’t show any surprise as she pressed, “What is the trend of the times?”

Hvin Rambis’s eyes were unfocused, but his expression was solemn as he answered, “A war, one that will sweep the entire world.”

This… Isn’t peace nice? Klein frowned slightly as he couldn’t help but mumble inwardly.

He knew very well what a world war would do to humans.

He only wished that his investigation with the Church of Evernight would be able to seize the key and successfully prevent the war which the Twilight Hermit Order was strongly pushing from erupting.

Arianna fell silent for a second before asking, “What’s the secret George III is hiding?”

Hvin Rambis revealed a smile.

“Every king is restrained by three major contracts and can only reach a limit of Sequence 5. But with our help, he bypassed the restrictions and has already reached a higher level. Once the tides of the times come, he’ll easily be able to ascend to the spot that should’ve belonged to him.”

Three major contracts… What’s that? It’s understandable to limit a king to Sequence 5 due to the strong push to keep mysticism under wraps. It’s best for a king to be changed normally. The people will find it acceptable if they could live for 80–90 years old, but to still be active at 120–130 years will be the cause for conspiracy theories and panic… George III cooperated with the Psychology Alchemists and the Demoness Sect to live longer? Typically, this is a restriction on the king, not the other members of the Augustus family. They should have Grounded Angels among them, so there’s no reason for them to support George III… Many questions arose in his mind.

“George III still isn’t a demigod, is he? Is he using some method to possess a higher level and perform the ‘acting’ ahead of time?” Arianna asked unhurriedly.

To the Church of Evernight, this was a crucial problem. If George III was already a demigod, they could directly contact the Church of Storms and Steam to capture him because the King himself was enough evidence.

Hvin Rambis’s soul nodded and said, “Yes.”

“What is the exact method?” Arianna continued asking.

Hvin Rambis slowly shook his head and said, “I’m not sure. The person in charge of this matter is our president. I only remember him once mentioning that he wanted George III to have more talent.”

More talent? Upon hearing such a description, Klein instantly thought of something in Roselle's diary.

In the eyes of the emperor, the so-called "talent" was to make one's psyche and soul more like a high-level ancestor, as such be able to obtain the recognition of the corresponding Beyonder characteristics or the mental imprint within Sealed Artifacts, allowing them to easily consume the potion and wield the Sealed Artifacts without the immense negative effects.

This wasn't a perfect solution. It could even be said that there were great latent risks. This was because the mental imprint would revert and control the consumer or wielder's soul, causing them to experience certain changes.

If anyone were to rely on this method to advance to a demigod, there was an extremely high chance of becoming a monster formed of mental sutures!

Was George III hypnotized? He actually accepted such a method? No, if he was hypnotized, the Augustus family's angel or Sealed Artifacts would definitely discover the problem... Klein became even more puzzled as he waited for the ascetic leader floating in the sky to ask further.

Arianna clearly knew what "more talent" meant. Without any change in expression, she asked, "Who is your President?"

Hvin Rambis revealed a look of reminiscence.

"He has many identities and names, but I can confirm that he is the president of our Psychology Alchemists as long as I see him.

“His current identities and names are:

“One of the Four Kings of the Sea, the King of the Black Throne Barros Hopkins; the former chancellor of the Backlund Medical School; the royal family’s medical consultant; the already ‘dead’ Pauli Derlau; the famous ascetic of the Central Sonia Sea, Eric Drake…”

King of the Black Throne… It was only then that he realized that he had heard of this title, but he had always neglected it, not taking it to heart and seldom thinking about it.

So this Pirate King is from the Spectator pathway… He nodded in enlightenment.

Arianna listened quietly and asked, “What secret is George III hiding in the Blood Emperor ruins?”

Hvin Rambis’s slightly dazed expression changed slightly.

“An extremely important thing. If he wants to grasp it, he will need a large number of sacrificial rituals.”

“What is it?” Arianna pressed without any pause.

Hvin Rambis was taken aback.

“I… I don’t remember…”

He suddenly raised his hand to grip his soul’s head, clearly in pain.

However, no matter how he thought about it, he couldn't remember the answer.

Was this memory forcefully "deleted" by Adam or a certain angel from the Spectator pathway? Klein watched with a heavy expression as he felt that the secret in the ruins was more important than he imagined.

Arianna fell silent for a few seconds before lowering her head and asking Klein, "Do you have anything you want to ask?"

Klein thought for a moment and asked Hvin Rambis, "What is the name of the High-Sequence Beyonder potions of the Spectator pathway?"

The pain in Hvin Rambis's soul lessened as he slowly replied, "Sequence 4 Manipulator. Sequence 3 Dreamweaver. Sequence 2 Discerner. Sequence 1 Author."

He didn't mention Sequence 0 Visionary, clearly unaware.

"What's the potion formula for Manipulator?" Although Klein felt that his question was rather substandard compared to Ma'am Arianna's, he still asked.

In a dazed tone, Hvin Rambis said without hesitation, "The main ingredient is an elderly mind dragon's complete brain, or the crystalline heart of a Tree Mentor, or a Beyonder characteristic of a Manipulator.

"The supplementary ingredients are 80 ml of the blood of an elderly mind dragon, 3 golden leaves of a Tree Mentor, and 7 different drops of tears from different humans or non-human

creatures that were shed due to intense emotions...

"The ritual is that on a special occasion with at least ten thousand people, drink the potion when they are in the midst of an emotional resonance."

In contrast, the difficulty of a demigod ritual of the Spectator pathway isn't that high... That's right. Spectators can heal and analyze themselves, allowing them to effectively deal with the madness and the loss of control brought about by the potion, so the ritual can be simplified... Klein nodded in thought.

"What's the potion formula for Dreamweaver?"

"I don't know." Hvin Rambis shook his head.

Alright then... Klein asked Hvin Rambis why he had personally come to Audrey and received the corresponding answer.

Then, he said to Arianna, "I have no further questions."

The questions he had couldn't be answered by Hvin Rambis.

Arianna's right hand pressed softly, causing Hvin Rambis's soul to return to his body.

Following that, the angel glanced at Klein and said calmly, "Don't use him as a marionette.

"Before his mental imprint is removed, it's best you don't use his Beyonder characteristic to create items."

Of course, I don't want Adam to visit me... Klein nodded sincerely.

"I will remember it. Thank you, Ma'am Arianna."

Chapter 1054: Tailored-Made Ritual

After thanking "Her," Klein immediately gave up his control over Hvin Rambis, making it impossible for him to maintain his marionette-like state.

With that, this Spectator pathway demigod collapsed to the ground and became a corpse.

Arianna lowered her head and took a look, the darkness in her eyes growing deeper.

Hvin Rambis's corpse immediately got erased like a pencil drawing as if it was being wiped away by an eraser, inch by inch, leaving behind only the ice-blue metal cylinder.

Right on the heels of that, beams of light seeped out of the void and quickly gathered together, forming a strange object.

It was fist-sized and looked like a heart. However, it resembled a different kind of brain with its surface being covered in grayish-white wrinkles, each crevice with countless symbols and strange patterns that extended into the surroundings. These connected to a world that Beyonders of other pathways couldn't see.

This was the Beyonder characteristic left behind by a Manipulator.

Miss Arianna's concealment and reversing concealment process is able to quickly extract Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic... Klein came to a realization after a moment of pause.

At this moment, Arianna calmly said, “The mental imprints in it have all been removed.”

“Thank you, Ma’am Arianna.” Not surprised at all, he bowed as if he had prepared to do so.

He had decisively given up on his marionette because he foresaw that something like this would happen.

In fact, his original plan was to bring Hvin Rambis above the gray fog as a marionette, allowing him to use Unshadowed Crucifix to purge the Manipulator, Dreamwalker, Hypnotist, and other Beyonder characteristics out. This way, Miss Justice no longer needed to worry about the ingredients needed before becoming a demigod, even her Beyonder dog at home had a chance of advancing. After all, Audrey had briefly mentioned in the past to Dwayne Dantès that her act of escaping from Hvin Rambis’s control was all thanks to Susie.

But later on, he considered that there was no way he could bring Hvin Rambis above the gray fog inside this world of concealment, as it would directly expose the fact that he was The Fool under Arianna’s watchful eyes. And once he left, no matter where he teleported to, there was a chance of being discovered by Adam because of Hvin Rambis’s existence.

In that case, giving up a marionette in front of Arianna was undoubtedly a better choice. At least, this angel had a high chance of helping him remove the mental imprint on the Beyonder characteristic.

And none of these affected Klein’s original plan. He could easily find some ingredients to make Hvin Lanbi’s Beyonder characteristic into a problematic potion. He would then pour it onto an ordinary item so that it could absorb the potion and transform.

After obtaining such a Sealed Artifact and binding it with the Unshadowed Crucifix, he could obtain the corresponding Beyonder characteristics by keeping track of the time.

As for the mental corruption during this process, there was no need for concern. The Unshadowed Crucifix could also cleanse it!

Klein picked up Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic, but he wasn't able to stuff it into the iron cigar case. He could only stuff it into his pocket. As for Arianna, "She" cast her gaze towards the ice-blue metal cylinder and said in an unhurried voice, "It's from the cosmos, so it's best you don't use it. Even you carrying it with you should be limited. Otherwise, a gaze might be cast onto you, causing you to be corrupted and suffer aberrations."

"From the cosmos?" Klein found the description familiar.

Soon, he remembered the origins of its familiarity:

This originated from the the "Yellow light" Venithan's prophecy of the apocalypse in "Sights in the Spirit World" from the Abraham family:

"Casting one's gaze from the cosmos, the lands shatter. Everything in the world will cease to exist."

The apocalypse... The origins of this Sealed Artifact is related to the apocalypse? What does the cosmos represent? What does it have to do with the astral world? A series of questions formed in his mind, making his expression turn heavy.

Faced with his question, Arianna nodded gently and said, "Yes, the cosmos."

“Is it the cosmos above our heads?” he pointed at the dark night sky which was embedded with the gigantic crimson moon.

“Yes.” Arianna gave an affirmative answer, but she didn’t explain further.

After some thought, he asked again, “There are many hostile existences that are attempting to destroy this world?”

Arianna’s gaze swept across his face and finally stopped at his eyes.

“I can’t give you an answer.

“There are some things that make it easier to be ‘infected’ the more you know. Both your body and soul will be infected. Once you become an angel, you can seek out the exact answer.”

The more I know, the easier it is to get “infected”… A chill ran down Klein’s back.

He didn’t ask Arrodes earlier about the Sealed Artifacts that Hvin Rambis possessed, because he was afraid that Adam would notice them if they left any traces behind.

When facing a King of Angels, no amount of caution was enough!

Seeing that Arianna wasn’t revealing anything else, Klein pointed at the ice-blue metal cylinder and asked, “How should we handle this item?”

The description of the ascetic leader made him a little afraid of bringing the Sealed Artifact above the gray fog to “disinfect.”

Arianna calmly said, “My suggestion is to sacrifice it to the Goddess. Together with the contributions you have previously rendered, you can exchange them for what you want.”

Klein nodded slightly.

“I understand.”

After expressing his gratitude, Arianna’s figure was quickly erased and disappeared into the dark garden under the abnormally huge moon.

And with that, the world of concealment collapsed.

Klein observed for a few seconds before taking out candles and other ritual items he carried with him. He quickly set up an altar and sacrificed the ice-blue metal cylinder to the Evernight Goddess.

At the end of the ritual, amidst the howling winds, the burning ash of the herbs and the surrounding soil rose up and landed onto an empty spot on the altar.

The ash and soil were connected, forming words:

“Sequence 3: Scholar of Yore;

“Main ingredients: Hound of Fulgrim (also known as Sefirah

Castle Keeper) pair of eyes. One Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart;

"Supplementary ingredients: 100ml of Hound of Fulgrim blood, 30 grams of White Frost Crystal of Demonic Wolf of Fog, a large amount of real ancient historical records…

"Advancement ritual: Be separated from reality for at least three hundred years and consume the potion after one becomes history and doesn't belong to the present era."

This… Klein couldn't help but blink, wondering if he had seen the wrong description.

The description of not belonging to the present era made him think of a line in his honorific name:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era!"

I've been hanging above the extraordinary door of light for more than three hundred years… In a sense, have I already completed the ritual and am only waiting to consume the potion? The mysterious space above the gray fog really has a very close relationship with the Seer pathway… Could it be the manifestation of the Uniqueness? Klein was momentarily delighted but also grim. This was because he didn't know if a price was exacted for such a bestowment.

Phew, I really want to jump to a neighboring pathway after becoming an angel to not follow whatever path was planned for me… For other Bizarro Sorcerers, the hardest part about the advancement ritual is to live for more than three hundred years. After all, this isn't a pathway that's known for having a long lifespan… Also, being separated from reality for three hundred years easily drives one mad. For Bizarro Sorcerers who are in a

dissociative state, the risk of madness and losing control is quite significant… Klein looked at the Scholar of Yore's potion formula as thoughts couldn't help but flash through his mind.

After an unknown amount of time, he ended the ritual and put away the corresponding items.

As he walked out of the garden, the gigantic crimson moon and the pitch-black darkness faded away, disappearing inch by inch.

Then, he saw fresh autumn flowers and the sunlight shining above them. He also saw a blonde girl waiting in between the house and the garden.

Audrey's eyes wore an elated look as the corners of her lips curled up unconsciously.

Klein nodded at her before his figure was enveloped by scarlet flames.

Elsewhere in the garden, there was another flame soaring in the air, but it wasn't obvious.

When the flames dissipated, Gehrman Sparrow was gone. The remnants of the crimson moon and the night scenery vanished completely.

Audrey fell into a daze for a few seconds before thoughtfully looking away and entering Viscount Glaint's residence.

After she left in a carriage with Susie and the servants, she returned home and had a chance to be alone. As expected, she

received The World's invitation for a "meeting."

...

Above the gray fog, inside the palace.

Audrey looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and calmly asked, "What was Hvin Rambis's true goal?"

She had long known from Gehrman Sparrow's calm composure that Hvin Rambis had been finished off.

Klein answered frankly, "The first is to find out if there's a mastermind behind Xio and Fors's actions. Secondly, when the princes express their goodwill towards Earl Hall's family, the cue was for you to not be an obstacle. In essence, it's to create a fracture between the three major Churches."

With regards to this matter, Audrey had already discussed it with Mr. World before. There was no need to seek further explanations as she asked, "Then why was a demigod like Hvin Rambis personally visiting me?"

Klein smiled and said, "If you wish to deceive the guards arranged by Earl Hall, as well as hypnotize a Hypnotist with great certainty without causing any commotion, a Sequence 5 might not be capable of doing so; therefore, it's best to send a demigod. Furthermore, you knew Hvin Rambis and had interactions with him before, so your vigilance against him would be minimized.

"To be honest, if you weren't careful enough and had an unnoticeable helper like Susie, the whole matter would've gone

on smoothly without you and I knowing until Monday."

Justice Audrey didn't wear a thick mask. She smiled and sighed with mixed emotions.

"So I'm already this powerful..."

Powerful to the point of needing a demigod to be certain of success.

"He was even more powerful than I had imagined. You actually hypnotized a demigod, a demigod that's good at hypnotism," Klein praised with a smile.

Audrey pursed her lips without realizing it and smiled.

"That's mainly because of the Fate Siphon charm you gave me. Uh, my Hypnotist potion seems to have completely digested as a result of this..."

Chapter 1055: Train of Thought

Completely digested? That's understandable. This is the act of hypnotizing a demigod. Although it's thanks to the Fate Siphon charm, it only helped to open the door of the Body of Heart and Mind. The subsequent consciousness manipulation and the cue planting needs to be done personally. If she weren't careful, she would trigger an intense rejection and would lead to failure..."Acting" done to the extreme would definitely accelerate the digestion process... Klein nodded gently and said in praise, "This is a good thing. It's even more so for the current situation."

Audrey understood what Mr. World meant. In this storm that was sweeping around thanks to the Angel of imagination Adam and King George III, even if she stood by the sidelines, she could sense her weakness and how powerless she was. She couldn't wait to improve herself.

She tersely acknowledged and said, "I'll urge The Sun to give his conditions to complete the deal and try my best to advance to Sequence 5. When the time comes, I hope that I can receive the protection of Mr. Fool and remain conscious in my dream."

Having been prepared for this, Klein smiled and said, "Actually, you don't have to wait that long. I'll be able to sell you a Dreamwalker's Beyonder characteristic by tomorrow, and at the latest, Friday."

As it was a private exchange, Klein didn't act as The World by deliberately making his voice hoarse. All he did was sound reserved.

"Really?" Audrey's eyes widened, not concealing her surprise.

Klein nodded and said, “It’s actually from Hvin Rambis.

“The new cross that Mr. Fool obtained can allow the Beyonder characteristics to be purged.”

He spoke very simply without explaining the actual steps. He maintained Gehrman Sparrow’s unique coldness.

“Is that so…” The corners of Audrey’s lips curled up as she broke into a smile. She pressed against her chest and said, “Praise Mr. Fool~! And thank you, Mr. World.”

A double token of gratitude… Klein chuckled inwardly and calmly said, “It’s just a transaction.”

You need to pay for it… he lampooned to himself.

Audrey maintained her smile and asked, “What do you need?”

“For a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic—8,000 pounds.” Klein chose something that Miss Justice could gather in the fastest time possible.

Audrey didn’t mind the price. She thought for a while before asking, “Can you sell the separated Hypnotist characteristic to me as well?”

When she said that, she smiled in embarrassment and said, “It’s for Susie. The incident this time was resolved all thanks to her.

“Yes, the higher her level, the greater the help she can provide

will be. Well, I'll also help her."

"No problem. 4,000 pounds." Having expected this, Klein directly named his price.

In his plan, he could stop once the Hypnotist was purged, doing so without continuing the separation process. Now, he would place the Unshadowed Crucifix together for a long period of time, allowing its remaining characteristics to take form.

"A total of 12,000 pounds?" Audrey asked for confirmation, not feeling too much pressure.

As she didn't have any major expenditures for the past few months, she only had 10,000 pounds left. Just a little bit of economizing was enough to satisfy her needs.

Seeing The World nod, she heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'll pay it before Friday."

After closing the deal, her mood became better with Hvin Rambis having been killed. She asked as though she was chatting, "I'll also buy the complete brain of an adult mind dragon from The Sun as well. However, I won't be in such a rush. Susie won't be able to digest the Hypnotist potion so quickly..."

At this point, she glanced shyly at Mr. World.

"What needs to be exchanged for Hvin Rambis's demigod characteristic?"

Klein laughed and replied, “I still don’t know what I’m lacking.

“In fact, other than the Manipulator characteristic from Hvin Rambis, I also have the corresponding potion formula. While you digest the Dreamwalker potion, I’ll slowly think about what I need, and I’ll get you to do certain things and gather some materials so that you can make sufficient contributions to exchange for them.”

Upon hearing these words, Audrey’s green eyes lit up.

“Alright!”

After her reply, she asked with interest, “Is this the same as how Xio contributes to MI9?”

“Yes, it’s also the same method that the various major Churches use.” Klein gave an affirmative answer.

Audrey nodded and curiously asked, “Mr. World, do you know the name of the High-Sequence Beyonder potions of the Spectator pathway?”

Klein answered simply, “Manipulator, Dreamweaver, Discerner, Author, and Sequence 0, Visionary.”

…Hearing the names makes me look forward to them… Especially Author and Visionary… Audrey fantasized for a few seconds before diverting the topic back on track.

“Did Hvin Rambis say what the king’s secret is? Also, why are they helping the king?”

She was partially asking for Xio, but on the other hand, she was also concerned herself.

"The king's secret? He wishes to bypass the three major contracts the royal family signed with the orthodox Churches and become a demigod. For this, he needs to use many sacrificial rituals to gain control of some important object inside the Blood Emperor's ruins. Heh heh. That was Hvin Rambis's answer, but it might not be the entire truth and might very likely be only a part of it." As Klein answered, he shared his line of thought. "As for the Psychology Alchemists or the Twilight Hermit Order, they need a war that sweeps the entire world. This is what they're pushing for and hope to see as the trend of the times."

"A war that sweeps the entire world..." Audrey repeated softly. Her pretty eyebrows furrowed slightly, and her cheerful mood plummeted again.

Although her status and standing hadn't made her truly experience the cruelty of war before, she was no longer sheltered and cut-off from the world. She could already imagine it to a certain degree.

After a brief moment of silence, Audrey took a deep breath and forced a smile.

"I hope we can stop this."

After exchanging a few more words, she left the gray fog and returned to the real world. As for Klein, he busily used clear water, tree sap, herbal powder, Thousand-Faced Hunter's blood, Spirit World Plunderer powder, and other materials to "dilute" Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic and concoct a potion that had a questionable name which was definitely filled with problems.

Then, he found an ordinary glass bottle and put the potion inside. He wanted to know what kind of Sealed Artifact it would eventually transform into.

This took quite a bit of time so he used the power of the mysterious space above the gray fog to construct a spherical barrier around the glass bottle to prevent any influence it had on the entire area after it mutated.

After doing all of this, he returned to 160 Böklund Street, he prepared to summon Arrodes and ask it for information about the two Beyonder creatures known as Hound of Fulgrim and Demonic Wolf of Fog.

At that moment, with the passage of time, the clouds in the sky had thickened, and the sun was covered up once again. The entirety of Backlund had become as dark and cold as the morning.

Standing in front of the desk, he looked out the window at the sky. For some reason, he felt as though he and the Church of Evernight had neglected an important problem.

Their investigations had been going relatively smoothly during this period of time, and the intelligence they received was also delving deeper. However, for some reason, it made him feel uneasy.

Is there some influence or misdirection in this matter, and truly is something that I can't think of? Even heading above the gray fog is useless. Divination will most likely point towards "Him." Hmm... Klein hurriedly collected his thoughts, unfurled the paper, and drew a picture consisting of symbols that implied concealment and mystery prying with a fountain pen.

One second, two seconds… After nearly eight seconds, the full-body mirror in the room turned dark. Aqueous light rippled and formed silver words:

"Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal, and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

"I-I think I'm late. I'm already a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. I need some time if I want to circumvent the isolation. Please forgive me, Great Master."

"You're a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact?" Klein asked with a surprised look.

He could already imagine what was going on within the Church of Steam.

The mirror that likes to play question and answer games has suddenly gone crazy!

The full-body mirror's silver words squirmed and formed new words:

"Great Master, is this a question?"

He wanted to answer "no," but to maintain his image, he nodded and said, "Yes."

Arrodes immediately produced a line of words:

"I'm not actually a true Grade 1 Sealed Artifact yet. I'm just

enjoying the treatment of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact in advance. This is mainly because a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact needs to be reported to other Churches and be given a new number. The Church of Steam doesn't wish to do so."

So that's how it is. That's understandable... Klein nodded gently.

"Got it."

The aqueous light on the full-body mirror's surface flashed again as new silver words formed:

"Supreme Master, do you have any questions to test your loyal servant, Arrodes?"

"What do you know about Hounds of Fulgrim and Demonic Wolves of Fog?" he asked without standing on ceremony, completely unfazed that it was actually two questions.

In the mirror, the silver words squirmed like they had a life of their own and changed shapes.

"The Hounds of Fulgrim are a type of unique creature of the spirit world. They live in the Historical Void. Even the Seven Lights only know of them and are unable to interact with them unless they leave the Historical Void and attempt to hunt. But even so, what you see might only be a projection of their past...

"The Demonic Wolves of Fog are a type of high-level Demonic Wolves. After the death of the ancient gods and the Cataclysm, and with them being killed by the Antigonus family, Zaratul family, and the Church of Evernight, they're extremely rare now. Furthermore, they're all good at anti-divination and deceit. They

aren't easy to find..."

In other words, the Church of Evernight likely has materials and items related to the Demonic Wolf of Fog? And with this, I can bring it to the spirit world and use the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence to bait a Hound of Fulgrim? Klein began his train of thought as he read on.

Chapter 1056: The Real "Devil"

After getting a grasp of the situation, Klein looked at the full-body mirror in the room and asked, "What's the king's secret?"

The surface of the mirror that seemed to lead to another world had aqueous light ripple before revealing a scene:

It was a ruin that was hidden deep in the darkness, covered in the dust of history. However, it was completely intact.

Does that mean that the king's secret is in the Blood Emperor's ruins... Arrodes doesn't dare to answer directly, or is this as much as it can see? After some deliberation, he said to the magic mirror, "It's your turn to ask."

The image in the full-body mirror didn't change at all. It only revealed silver words:

"Great Master, do you have any other questions?"

"Yes." Without standing on ceremony, Klein nodded and asked, "Where is Saintess of White, Katarina, presently?"

In the mirror, the silver words rapidly faded and disappeared, but the background didn't change at all. It was still the Blood Emperor ruins.

If not for the word's appearance and disappearance, I would've thought that this magic mirror "crashed"... Katarina is hiding in the Blood Emperor's ruins? The real one? Klein nodded

thoughtfully.

“It’s your turn.”

Above the scene, silver words condensed once again:

“Benevolent Master, why don’t you leave Backlund?”

That’s a good question. I originally had such plans… I originally investigated the Great Smog of Backlund because of my outrage over the innocent deaths of the poor like Old Kohler, as well as being lost due to the shattering of my main goal. Later, I ended up with the identity as a Blessed of the Goddess. Later on, I tried to prevent a disaster from happening and prevent the people I know from suffering due to the ambitions of the powerful and to not drown because of the tides of the times. I was willing to bear some of the risks…

As for now, knowing that there might be a war that would sweep the entire world, and discovering that the advancement ritual of Scholar of Yore is practically “tailor-made” for me, with signs of things being arranged, I’ve already come to a realization that I might not be able to escape even if I tried. Or should I say that I’m unlikely to escape my destiny even if I were to flee Backlund. In that case, I might as well take the initiative to face the risk head- on and see if I can figure out the truth and find a chance to survive, grasping my fate in my own hands… Klein’s thoughts kept churning before they settled.

Following that, he calmly replied, “Leaving can’t really solve the problem.”

With that, he asked, “Where is Trissy now?”

The full-body mirror finally changed the depicted scene. This time, it was pitch-black. Occasionally, thick objects would slip across the surface.

Arrodes also can't see Trissy's situation... Klein nodded slightly and said, "It's your turn to ask."

The mirror was filled with aqueous light and wisps of silver formed a sentence:

"Great Master, I have something to tell you. May I?"

"Go ahead," Klein replied, somewhat curious.

The silver words changed into new words:

You have to be careful with what follows next!"

It even used an exclamation point... Arrodes noticed something unpleasant? After thinking for a few seconds, Klein said, "What do you think can threaten me?"

"I don't know. I have a feeling..." Arrodes reorganized its words, turning them from silver to grayish-white. It was obvious that it meant to express its sadness and self-reproach.

Without waiting for a reply, new grayish-white words appeared in the mirror one after another:

"Great Master, I have another scene to show you. Is that okay?"

“Sure,” Klein spoke slowly.

The full-body mirror’s surface produced ripples as the pitch-black darkness changed.

It became deeper and deeper, sparkling like diamonds.

This was a beautiful and vast night.

The scene that Arrodes displayed is directed at the Goddess who’s intrinsically the stars, or it’s the gaze cast from the cosmos? It seems like it doesn’t dare to express it directly… Klein considered for a moment and didn’t attempt to ask further.

“Let’s end it here for today.”

“Alright!” The grayish-white words were once again dyed with silver as the speed at which they appeared had slowed down for some reason. “Great Master, y-you haven’t said that you would summon me, your loyal servant, Arrodes, again if you have other questions in the future…”

It’s a mirror that needs to follow procedure… Klein said in amusement, “Of course, I’ll summon you again when I have other questions.”

Yes, Master! Goodbye, Master!” The silver words on the mirror returned to their normal speed, forming a hand that kept waving.

After everything returned to normal, Klein burned the paper with the summoning symbols and drew the curtains. He once

again stared at the cold and dark sky.

Empress Borough, in a small Evernight cathedral.

Xio and Fors received Miss Justice's update thanks to Mr. Fool, and they knew that the problem had been resolved. They roughly understood what the king's secret was.

"...Truly impressive." Fors, who believed in the God of Steam and Machinery, opened her eyes in the dark and quiet prayer hall, turned her head, lowered her voice, and sighed.Read the next chapter on our vipnovel.com

She originally wanted to directly say that Mr. World or Gehrman Sparrow was truly impressive, but she no longer wanted to make such a mistake.

The past week made her feel like she had been in the mysterious world for more than ten years.

Xio opened her eyes as well, but she first drew a crimson moon on her chest, a form of showing her penitence towards her disrespect for the Goddess.

"Yes, that's a..." Before Xio could finish her sentence, the message she tried to convey reached Fors.

What she wanted to say was that Hvin Rambis was a true demigod, but from the time she and Fors entered the cathedral, less than ten minutes had passed; yet, he had been finished off by Gehrman Sparrow.

As saints, there was such a huge gap!

“Perhaps, it’s the blessings of an angel…” With her experience in supernatural events and writing novels, Fors made a vague guess.

As the prayer hall was dark and quiet, making it unsuitable for communication, Xio didn’t directly respond to Fors’s words. She nodded, stood up, and walked into the aisle.

The two of them left the prayer area, and after approaching the door, Xio exhaled and said, “I really hope that I’ll be this powerful one day…”

“I have such thoughts occasionally too.” Fors smiled. “Uh, no matter what, you’ve already completed your investigations, haven’t you? Although the so-called secrets are definitely worth digging into, the outline of the matter is rather clear.”

Xio looked at the door ahead of her and fell into a daze for a few seconds.

“But what’s the point? I can’t do anything about this matter.”

“No, no, no. When it comes to enemies, that person’s identity isn’t too lofty. At least, he’s someone we can look at directly.” Fors seriously comforted her friend. “When you obtain a qualitative change in strength, you’ll discover that you have the ability to participate in that matter. At least in matters that don’t involve even higher levels.”

Fors, who had joined the Tarot Club for quite a long time ago, had witnessed matters that had been planned by Mr. Fool. “He”

had used his Blessed and the members of the Tarot Club to destroy the descent of the True Creator, revealed Bansy's secret, obtained a portion of the authority from the Storm domain, and interfered in the ownership of 0-08. Compared to the angels, King of Angels, and even true gods that were involved in these matters, King George III alone was indeed nothing special.

Xio slowly walked to the door and said after a moment of silence, "I understand what you mean.

"We'll return to the East district. We won't be in a hurry to move. Once I obtain the Judge potion formula, we'll disappear and go into hiding. I believe that after today's incident, they probably wouldn't dare to investigate us."

"That's for sure. They're just lurking in the dark, in spots that cannot see the light of day," Fors hurriedly echoed before exclaiming, "I only hope that before we move again, my letter to my teacher can be delivered,

Xio grabbed her yellow hair and walked out of the church gates as she said in a serious manner, "After I get the formula, I'll buy that button and try to advance as quickly as possible."

"Not bad. You've recovered your fighting spirit," Fors teased with a smile.

Xio didn't say another word as she continued proceeding forward with a solemn expression.

After walking a few dozen steps, she suddenly stopped and said without turning her head, "I d-don't think I have enough money to buy that button. When the time comes, lend me a little...

“I’ll definitely return it.”

Fors was taken aback for a second before chortling.

“Okay.

“If my guess is correct, I should be able to get the subsequent items from my teacher.”

Thursday afternoon. Using the excuse of having some rest, Klein returned to the master bedroom and entered the bathroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog.

He believed that the glass bottle that was filled with the “potion” had already finished absorbing it.

Sitting at the high-back chair of The Fool, he waved his hand and removed the isolation barrier, pulling his target over.

The transparent glass bottle was already stained with a dark color. It had a mesh pattern on its surface which shimmered slightly, giving off an artistic flair.

It was empty inside, with not a single drop of the potion remaining. The spacious bottle’s mouth was covered with a layer of mist that glowed. It made Klein feel as though his gaze was being sucked in the moment it landed upon the mouth of the bottle.

A voice sounded from the bottle:

“By throwing in a hundred gold coins in it, you can fulfill a wish…

“By throwing in a hundred gold coins in it, you can fulfill a wish…”

Who did you learn this from… I have to say, this monotonous statement does have some hypnotic effect… Throwing in a hundred gold coins would be akin to opening the doors of the Body of Heart and Mind and becoming the bottle’s slave… Klein did a simple analysis before beckoning for the Unshadowed Crucifix. Using the pressure brought about by the gray fog, he stuffed it into the bottle’s mouth.

“You devil!” The voice in the bottle screamed shrilly before it was miserably blocked by the gray fog.

Chapter 1057: The Extraordinary and the Ordinary

After dealing with the mutated glass bottle, Klein took out his golden pocket watch, opened it, took a look, and took note of the time.

He had to return three hours later and separate the Unshadowed Crucifix from the Bottle of Slavery. Only then could he obtain a single Manipulator's Beyonder characteristic, and not a product that was mixed with the previous Sequences' Beyonder characteristics.

It feels like I'm doing an experiment… Klein nodded slightly, put away his pocket watch, and returned to the real world where he had his actual afternoon nap.

At four in the afternoon, his valet, Enuni, knocked on his employer's door under Butler Walter's watch.

"What's the matter?" In his pajamas, Dwayne Dantes rubbed his forehead and opened the bedroom door.

Enuni bowed and said, "Sir, you accepted Madam Riana's invitation for high tea the night before. It's today."

Klein looked at Butler Walter and said, "Alright, give me fifteen minutes to prepare."

Then he instructed his valet, Enuni, "Come in and help me change my clothes."

When only he and his marionette were left in the room, he controlled the latter to bring out clothes suitable for high tea, taking glances at the wall clock from time to time.

After about ten minutes, after tying his bow tie and putting on his coat, he took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

At that moment, three hours had passed since he last entered.

Placed at the end of the long bronze table, the mutated glass bottle which had been firmly bound to the Unshadowed Crucifix with the gray fog's power no longer had the twinkling mesh, looking as though it went from being a piece of art to a common item on the street.

At the bottom of the glass bottle was a large amount of grayish-white matter that had been purged. It flowed freely, forming a heart-shaped object the size of a child's fist. Not only were there wrinkles on it, but there were also cracks that resembled eyes. As for the complicated, three-dimensional, illusory patterns, labels, and symbols that extended into the void, they were nearly identical to Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic that Klein had seen from before.

It's just a little different… Klein released the gray fog's suppression and took out the Unshadowed Crucifix from the bottle mouth.

With this step, the item that was purged out was completely separated from the mutated glass bottle, becoming complete and independent.

Klein reached out his left hand to pick up the item that resembled both a heart and a brain, and after examining it for a

few seconds, he threw it into the junk pile and allowed the gray fog to envelop it.

At this moment, a weak voice sounded from the mutated glass bottle.

You... devil..."

Klein didn't respond as he thrust the Unshadowed Crucifix back in with his right hand, using the power of the gray fog to press down on it.

And with that, the ancient palace returned to its tranquil state.

After returning to the real world, Klein put on his top hat, held his cane, and left 160 Boklund Street on his carriage. He headed for Member of Parliament Macht's residence at Unit 39.

Inside an elegant activity room at Member of Parliament Macht's house, a few guests sat around an intricate threetiered tray. In front of them was a cup of charming black tea.

Klein took a small cucumber sandwich and took a small bite. Half-jokingly, he shared his true feelings:

"The desserts today seem very unique. Be it the carrot cake or cream puffs."

Macht laughed when he heard that.

"Dwayne, your observation skills are truly impeccable."

This has nothing to do with one's observation skills. As long as one isn't blind, it's impossible not to tell that the shapes are all banged up… he lampooned silently before saying, "It sounds like something remarkable."

"Of course, it's personally made by Hazel. You can try it later. Although she can't control its appearance effectively, it really does taste good," Macht said proudly.

By the side, Portland Moment, who was the Backlund University of Technology's chancellor, laughed and said, "This doesn't sound like the Hazel I know."

Macht glanced at Ma'am Riana and said in satisfaction, "Everyone grows up, right?

"Hazel has really matured recently. Not only is she willing to learn those classes in preparation for socializing and marriage that she used to hate, and occasionally makes desserts and plays music for us, but she'll also frequently offer to accompany her mother to attend musicals, horse racing matches, shop at the departmental store, and listen silently by the side at all kinds of saloons and balls."

According to Miss Justice, Hazel's treatment progress has reached a point where she can recall the terrible shock and pain she had suffered. Although it's just a direct sense of the emotions and doesn't involve the exact sequence of events, it's enough to make her dream of losing her parents and relatives… This made her learn to cherish her family. For this, she has decided to change herself to a certain extent? Klein nodded in thought and said with a smile, "That's excellent."

"Indeed," Macht replied while full of emotion, "I was worried about her personality, worried that she wouldn't have a good marriage and be unable to date people in our circle. After we

pass away, she wouldn't be able to find help when faced with difficulties. But now, I can finally feel at ease."

Macht revealed a sincere smile as he revealed his worries that he seldom divulged.

He raised his arm and waved it gently. Then he said with great confidence, "Why am I making an enemy out of the bloody smog and pollution? Why do we have to fight over the colonies in East Balam with Feysac and the West Balam with Intis? Isn't it to let our children lead a better life? So that we have fewer worries?

"To me, Hazel's maturity is greater than the contributions I made at East Balam, far more meaningful than my fights in the House of Commons."

As Klein listened to Macht's recount, he couldn't help but look out the window.

It was dark outside and the sun was gone.

At this moment, Portland Moment replied to Macht jokingly, "No, those things are for our own good."

At this point, he looked at Klein and said, "Dwayne, have you thought about it? Do you want to invest in my mechanical laboratory?"

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

"Mr. Chancellor, why are you still so anxious like a young man?

“I’ve already read through the information you gave me and have a rough impression of the rights and revenue. Frankly speaking, I’m very interested. To let talented young adults obtain training at such a mechanical laboratory is greatly satisfying. This should be something we invest in. What’s most valuable in this day and age? Talents!”

“Emperor Roselle once said that.” Portland Moment chuckled. “So, how much do you intend to invest?”

Dwayne raised his porcelain cup and drank a mouthful of black tea.

“The initial plan is 10,000 pounds.”

“As expected of the most famous tycoon in Backlund recently. I can’t even guess how many assets you have. First, you donated more than ten thousand pounds of shares, then you spent 20,000 pounds buying Maygur Manor, and now you’re donating 10,000 pounds to the Portland mechanical laboratory…” Ma’am Riana couldn’t help but exclaim.

Portland Moment gave a thumbs up.

“This is a truly keen investor.”

Klein smiled and said, “But I’ll still find a team formed by lawyers and accountants to verify the actual situation and stipulate the conditions. Professional matters should be left to the professionals. Besides, I still have to consider investing directly or first establish a company or foundation and complete the investment through it. Oh, Portland, I think there’s one aspect that you didn’t take into consideration. How can such an important laboratory not have any security measures!? Aren’t you afraid of commercial spies or foreign powers infiltrating and

causing destruction?”

Portland Moment was taken aback as he slowly nodded.

“That makes sense… I previously neglected this problem.”

Having accomplished his goal, Klein no longer harped on the topic. Instead, he deliberately asked, “Has there been news regarding Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor?”

Macht sighed and said, “No, Sivellaus Yard said that Maygur Manor and the surrounding areas have been searched. They didn’t even find any leads.”

As he spoke, the House of Commons Member of Parliament lowered his voice and said, “I suspect that the Brigadier General had an accident while carrying out a secret mission. The current mood of the higher-ups has been a little strange…”

From a certain point of view, you guessed right… Klein sighed.

“I hope nothing happens.”

Amidst high tea, Klein took note of the time and went to the bathroom. Above the gray fog, he placed the Dreamwalker characteristic into the junk pile that seeped out of the mutated bottle.

By the time high tea ended and he returned to 160 Boklund Street, the sky had already darkened. The street lamps on both sides of the road were lit up ahead of time as the rain pattered down the carriage windows.

Now, all the questions are concentrated on what's hidden in the Blood Emperor's ruins. As long as the three Churches discover the problem in time, they can prevent many things from happening. Klein looked out at the street lamps that looked blurry from the rain as he considered the recent developments. For now, apart from capturing Katarina, I can't provide much help. Furthermore, the Goddess is digesting or controlling Death's Uniqueness. "She" might not have the power to provide a response at that level.

To solve this problem, I either get a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact with a targeted effect from the Holy Cathedral, or I rely on the Church of Steam and Storms and see which one of the true deities will respond... A Grade 0 Sealed Artifact might not be enough since it involves a King of Angels, and there might be traitors amidst the two Churches...

Traveling from 39 Boklund Street to Unit 160 didn't take long. Before Klein could straighten out his thoughts, he had already returned to his doorstep. He had no choice but to get off the carriage.

When he changed his clothes on the third floor, his spiritual perception was triggered. He saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void with four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand.

"It's from Sharron?" A guess came to him as he received the letter.

"That's right..." one of the heads held by Reinette Tinekerr replied.

Without another word, Klein opened the envelope and unfurled the piece of paper. There was only one line on it: "We'll take action at 10 tonight."

Chapter 1058: A Tool

Tonight at 10... Looking at Miss Messenger, who stayed in place, Klein walked to the desk and wrote:

"I'll be on time.

"In addition, the situation in Backlund has become tense recently. Make sure to keep the matter under control."

After reminding Sharron, Klein folded the letter and took out a gold coin and a rectangular "diamond" that kept refracting light.

"This is a Yesterday Once More charm. It can allow you to temporarily borrow powers from your past self." Klein handed the three items to Reinette Tinekerr.

One of the blonde, red-eyed heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hands opened its mouth and bit down on everything. The remaining three said, "Why..." "Give..." "Me..."

"Count it as part of the remuneration I'll be paying in advance," Klein said with an ordinary smile.

Arrodes's reminder made him feel that it was imperative to make more preparations.

Reinette Tinekerr didn't ask further. The four beautiful heads bobbed up and down from their hair as though they were nodding.

“She” then stepped into the void and vanished from the room.

Looking at the light rain and the dark sky outside the window, Klein took off his coat and handed it to his valet, Enuni.

…

9:50 p.m., on a street near the Tussock River in Cherwood Borough.

In the commonly-seen autumn-winter rain in Backlund, a rental carriage turned in and slowly moved forward.

On the carriage, the red-eyed Emlyn White, who was holding a top hat in his hand, looked at the young man with pale looks and disheveled hair before curling his lips.

“Is it here?”

The incorporeal figure, Maric, nodded. He pointed to a neighboring building diagonally across at the shops over there and said, “That’s right.

“That’s a bookstore. The owner’s name is Charlie Raker and is pure Loenese. However, he went to the Southern Continent once when he was young, hoping to become a tycoon. There, he became a member of the Rose School of Thought and a believer of the Chained God. He was later sent back to Backlund and was made to gather intelligence, as well as provide assistance to the other Rose School of Thought members who are executing other missions. We’ve been watching him for a while and wish to finish him off and sever the source of intel for the Rose School of Thought so that we can create a better living environment for

ourselves. However, we ultimately held back."

Emlyn smiled and said, "The facts have proven that tolerance can indeed be exchanged for better results.

"Heh, to be honest, your performance is quite different from what I imagined for a temperance faction Wraith. I thought you would be very terse."

Maric glanced at the vampire who was already a Viscount.

"Different people have different personalities. And temperance is only meant to control excessive desires.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand and that it would affect the final result of the mission if I didn't explain this matter too clearly. That way, the desires that need temperance will exceed the limits of what it should be."

Heh, although it's very philosophical, there's no need to use me as an example... Emlyn leisurely leaned against the wall and looked at him.

"Continue with the previous topic."

Maric looked out the window again.

"In Charlie Raker's house is a female servant from the Paz Valley. She's also a member of the Rose School of Thought.

"In addition, in the two houses diagonally opposite to Raker's

house lives a widow and a male alcoholic. They're believers of the Chained God, and they would transmit information to the Rose School of Thought at critical moments.

"The thing you need to do is to secretly monitor these three people while we're dealing with Charlie Raker. Through the information sent, you'll be able to lock onto the person-in-charge of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund.

"Of course, we'll definitely give Charlie Raker some opportunity to seek help or send out a signal."

Emlyn nodded slightly and said, "I understand."

He then turned his head to look at the sky which had dark clouds that blanketed it, blocking out the crimson moon. He turned the ring with the ghostly-blue gem on his ring finger.

This was the Oath of Rose ring. It allowed Earl Mistral to share his sense of sight, hearing, and smell.

This ring went around one big circle and ended up back in Emlyn's hands. Of course, it was only temporary.

As such, Earl Mistral had already heard what Maric had said and shared it with the other Sanguine participants.

Emlyn originally believed that although he was only the intermediary who was in charge of communication and didn't play an important role, even if that were the case, he felt that he was able to showcase some of his spells as a Scarlet Scholar, allowing him to pass the information in a really cool and elevated manner in front of Wraith Maric. To his surprise, he

didn't need to do anything. All he needed was to be on scene wearing the ring.

This made him very depressed. He felt that he was purely a tool.

Without being a demigod, I'm not qualified to directly participate in many things, much less to save the race... At that moment, Emlyn felt a little impulsive. He felt that his level wasn't worthy of his secret identity and that he was unable to bear the responsibilities he needed to bear.

As for the Oath of Rose's effect of being able to allow the thoughts of the two wearers to appear in the minds of the other party from time to time, Emlyn wasn't worried. He had asked Miss Justice to hypnotize him so that he wouldn't think about matters that he didn't want the Sanguine upper echelons from knowing tonight.

Just as he had this thought, he suddenly heard Earl Mistral's voice:

"Arrogance, childish, naive..."

This... This is a particular thought of Earl Mistral that was transmitted by Oath of Rose... Heh... Emlyn scoffed inwardly as he began chanting a name:

"Ernes Boyar... Ernes Boyar..."

This Viscount had been hypnotized under the protection of Earl Mistral and had been volunteering at the Harvest Church for a long time!

At that moment, Maric glanced at Emlyn's expression and nodded.

"Your current attitude is reassuring."

Very serious, very solemn, and very focused.

Ah? Emlyn was first taken aback before he curled his lips slightly.

"Thank you."

...

The second floor of the bookstore was Charlie Raker's house. This businessman was over 50 years old, and his parents had long passed away. Despite being never married, rumors had it that he had a few illegitimate children, but none of them lived with him.

After instructing the servants to check if the house's windows were locked, he returned to his bedroom and poured himself a cup of red wine. He sat on the sofa and savored it in a relaxed manner.

He was used to drinking some wine before sleeping.

When he finished the red wine, Charlie Raker stood up and walked towards the bathroom.

When he passed by the full-body mirror in the bedroom, he

casually took a glance, and his body suddenly froze up.

In the mirror, his face had unknowingly turned abnormally pale. His eyes were protruded, and blood was seeping from the edges. The corners of his lips were slightly red.

As a member of the Rose School of Thought, Charlie Raker wasn't unfamiliar with such a situation. He didn't scream or run recklessly like ordinary people. Instead, he raised his right hand and extended it to his chest.

Just as he touched the accessory he was wearing, his body felt like it had fallen into an unmeltable icy abyss. It was cold from the inside to the outside.

The cold seemed to have a life force of its own as it expanded rapidly and covered every corner of Charlie Raker's body. It made him feel like his joints and muscles no longer belonged to him as they began to abide by the commands of others.

At that moment, it was as if there was another person in his body. It was cold and blurry, filled with malice. It directly took over everything other than his thoughts.

At the same time, Charlie Raker saw new changes to his body in the mirror. Two figures appeared in his eyes. One was a young man in a white shirt and black vest.

With his right hand having made contact with the object at his chest, a bright light flashed in front of him.

The light seemed to come from a miniature sun, casting light and heat in every direction.

Charlie Raker immediately felt warmth and was no longer controlled by the cold in his body. He blurted out a word, “Cleanse!”

The miniature sun in front of his chest burned intensely. It was like warm water that surged into his chest, forming ripples.

With that, Charlie Raker regained control of his body and gave up on the door; instead, he ran towards the window.

The curtain wasn’t drawn, and it was drizzling outside, dimming the street lights outside.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

When Charlie Raker walked past the carpeted coffee table area, he suddenly stumbled and nearly fell.

The carpet seemed to come alive as it wrapped around his ankles!

Bang!

The coffee table flew up, and the porcelain teacup and all sorts of documents landed on Charlie Raker’s face. It shattered to pieces, turning into a strange dismembered puppet.

Suddenly, Charlie Raker’s figure appeared elsewhere as he continued running with a sense of fear lingering in his heart.

He had never hated his bedroom for being this big before.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Fountain pens shot randomly, and paper swatted around as Charlie Raker finally ran to the window.

As a devout believer, he didn't break out of the window immediately. Instead, he held the curtain and pulled it.

At the same time, he pressed his other hand onto the gas pipe.

A layer of white frost instantly formed on the black metal surface.

Crack. The glass window in front of Charlie Raker shattered as every piece of glass flew out like a bullet and hit the merchant's face, piercing through his perfectly fine skin. It caused blood to gush out at his neck.

Charlie Raker's eyes darkened, and he fell back weakly. During this process, he screamed and yelled, but his voice couldn't be heard beyond the room.

At this moment, in another room, a maid from the Southern Continent could clearly see the light from the gas wall lamps shaking.

She immediately turned her head and looked towards where her "employer" was, only to see that the gas pipes there were covered in white frost.

In a house opposite to Charlie Raker, the brandy-nosed man, who had rolled-up sleeves and gulping down alcohol, suddenly

noticed that the curtains were only half-closed.

For the secret signal that he and Charlie Raker had agreed upon, having the curtains completely drawn meant that there wasn't a problem. Having half the curtains drawn or only one side meant an emergency situation. It required him to inform the higher-ups immediately.

He abruptly stood up.

Chapter 1059: The Authority of the Moon

The red brandy-nosed man rushed to a safe within a few steps where he then took out a radio transceiver and a codebook from a secret compartment.

He crouched there and transcoded the incident that happened to Charlie Raker. Then, he started to send the telegram.

Meanwhile, in the house above the Raker bookstore, a brown-skinned maid rolled up her sleeves and poured an indigo-blue liquid on her left arm.

Her skin around the spot immediately changed colors, but under the indigo-blue colors, there were wisps of black light extending out like threadworms.

These black beams of light quickly manifested a strange, palm-sized face. Its eyes were as tiny as rice grains, and its mouth was as wide as a tea plate.

“Charlie Raker has had an accident,” the maid enunciated each word while looking at the face on her arm.

Every word she said seemed to have its own shape, forming an indigo-blue bodied entity like her mouth and arm.

Immediately following that, the words that seemed to be written began to intertwine as they were enveloped by smoke of the same color.

At this moment, the strange face on the maid's arm slowly opened its mouth and sucked in the indigo-blue smoke and text.

All the abnormalities vanished, other than the patch of skin on the maid's arm remaining an indigo-blue color.

In the darkness outside the window, a tiny, ordinary bat flapped its wings, changing its motionless state and flying off to some unknown location.

On another street that was less than 500 meters away from the Raker's bookstore, in the air above a restaurant that specialized in Southern Continent cuisine.

Tiny bats flew out from the darkness and gathered together, forming thick smoke.

The smoke and bat appeared incorporeal and disappeared in the blink of an eye. All that was left behind was a man wearing a tuxedo without the corresponding hat.

This man was thin, tall, and upright. He had light-colored hair that was nearly silver in color. His eyes were bright red like blood as though blood was hidden within. He was none other than Sanguine Earl, Mistral.

He raised his left hand with the ghostly-blue gem ring and touched the slightly exaggerated bow tie. He looked down at the restaurant that had already closed and said, "Both pieces of intel eventually led here."

As soon as Mistral finished speaking, a figure appeared in front of him, wearing a black regal dress and a bonnet. She had light

blonde hair and blue eyes, and her face was pale like a rather intricate doll.

The trees on the street below suddenly swayed gently as the light from the gas lamps flashed.

“A Puppet.” Earl Mistral nodded slightly and acknowledged Sharron’s status and level.

Sharron ignored him and looked at the second floor of the restaurant.

“There are remnants of Mother Tree of Desire worship.”

“Then there’s no problem.” Mistral turned around in midair and nodded towards the darkest area. “Lord Nibbs, please seal this place.”

An elderly, deep sigh sounded before a pair of wings covered in dark-colored skin and countless patterns suddenly extended out of the darkness. It extended out, turning broader and bigger, taking two to three seconds to envelop the entire area.

The restaurant sank into an unnatural state of darkness, as though it had been moved out of the real world.

Mistral didn’t hesitate nor did he attack directly. He took out a bronze box embedded with many ruby gems and took out something from it.

It was a transparent glass sphere that resembled an eyeball.

Then, the Sanguine Earl, Mistral, grimaced as the glass sphere fell from his fingers and landed downwards.

The glass sphere emitted a glint in the darkness as it constantly changed directions and moved towards something in the air as though it was being attracted by something.

Finally, it landed in a room on the second floor of the restaurant.

A dazzling white light exploded. It was as if a “sun” had risen in the room, illuminating everything. It made all the corruption, decadence, evil, undeath, and darkness rapidly melt away.

“Eh…” Mistral, who had already closed his eyes, suddenly frowned and let out a puzzled voice.

He didn’t feel any resistance from that restaurant!

Sharron, who looked down from above, leveled her gaze. Although there wasn’t much of a change in her expression, her tightly bound blonde hair seemed to shake a little.

After the “sun” rose, it quickly “set.” The bright white light shone helplessly and silently in the darkness.

As this was an item that was targeted at evil spirits, the building in the restaurant didn’t suffer any damage. The Sanguine Earl, Mistral, opened his eyes and looked at it for two seconds before reaching up with his right hand and clenching it.

The darkness above the restaurant instantly came to life, transforming into illusory chains that bound the entire roof.

Amidst the jarring sounds, the roof was forcibly uprooted and suspended in midair.

Without this obstacle, be it Mistral or Sharron, they could clearly see the situation in the target's room:

On a square table covered in table linen, a radio transceiver sat on it with a transcoded telegram message beside it. In contrast, the ground was indigo-blue and charred.

On the other side of the room, there was an old piano. The piano stools were brown in color and seemed to have been moved moments ago.

On the piano, there was a cup of red wine. There was a small, sticky, flesh-colored figure soaked inside.

As for the decorations and layout, it was like any normal residence. The only difference was herbal powder and essential oil extract splattered around.

This made Sharron, who could directly obtain information from the spirit world, have a thought:

The person here had just left!

Before she, along with Earl Mistral and Marquis Nibbs could react, the flesh-colored figure soaked in red wine emitted a misty glow.

The light instantly burgeoned and brightened, forming a gigantic "crimson moon" in the room.

The crimson moon's glow dispersed the darkness of the region, making the demigod participating in the battle feel as though they were on the ground and looking up into the sky.

Sharron's blue eyes froze for a moment. She raised her left hand suddenly and flipped it gently, revealing a dark red accessory in her palm.

The accessory looked like a full moon, and there were crimson gems embedded around it. In the center, there were symbols filled with full moons and mysterious labels.

This was the Scarlet Lunar Corona which Sharron had obtained thanks to Sherlock Moriarty's help. It kept emanating a tranquil halo, imbuing the wielder with immunity to the effects of the full moon.

However, the "crimson moon" in the restaurant wasn't something that was as simple as a full moon. It was even closer to a Blood Moon or even stronger. An indescribable surge of spirituality came into existence, making the area which Nibbs's gigantic wings had isolated present a strange, deeply silent feeling. Even though Sharron wielded the Scarlet Lunar Corona, she sensed the maleficent thoughts in her burgeon as though an indescribable change was brewing.

She instinctively wanted to turn into an evil spirit and hide in objects like the trees and gas lamps along the streets. However, her rationality stopped her impulsive reaction because the crimson moon's illumination had no blind spots.

At that moment, the Sanguine Earl, Mistral, saw his stomach bulging bit by bit. He felt that the life pulsing in his veins was slowly condensing as though making an attempt to take form.

As a supernatural creature that could use the power of the Moon, he hadn't prepared to eliminate the effects of a Blood Moon. He originally believed that he would be filled with joy in such an environment, allowing him to freely show his prowess, but he never expected the abnormal changes to far exceed his expectations.

He felt that if this continued, he would give birth to new life. It was unknown where this terrifying vileness stemmed from.

The authority of the Moon included fertility and proliferation!

At the same time, from the huge bat wings that isolated the surroundings and created darkness, white fur grew out in an extremely harrowing manner.

Nibbs grunted softly as cracks appeared in the sealed-off area.

A few streets away, a bored Emlyn White was rubbing the blue-gem inlaid Oath of Rose. It was at this moment, Emlyn suddenly obtained the senses of Earl Mistral, seeing and hearing what he could.

The feelings and thoughts that belonged to Earl Mistral were transmitted into Emlyn's mind after a long period of time. He sat up straight in fright. His expression distorted as his stomach churned, feeling the urge to vomit.

With the help of Creeping Hunger, Klein's actual body was hiding in the shadows outside the restaurant, but the marionette he controlled, Qonas Kilgor, had already hidden into the darkness created by Nibbs and used "Distortion" to circumvent the isolation, staying within range of his control of the Spirit Body Threads.

At that moment, under the illusory crimson moon's illumination, he was surprised to discover that his marionette, which was intrinsically dead, had an inclination towards reproducing!

And that new life was definitely the offspring of the Mother Tree of Desire!

Th-this is Sanguine Ancestor Lilith as mentioned in the legends of the City of Silver, as well as the manifestation of the Primordial Moon which Emlyn has mentioned before... Indeed, the Mother Tree of Desire has already grasped a portion of the Moon's authority and has corrupted it into an especially evil state, far more than it originally was... Klein was just about to swap locations with his marionette and enter the region illuminated by the crimson moon and "Teleport" away with Miss Sharron when he felt an indescribable sense of joy within him.

It was the joy of seeing a flower in his garden slowly bloom after a long night amidst the morning fog. It was the joy from leaving the city and heading to the suburbs, taking in fresh air in a forest after the rain, watching mushrooms grow. It was the joy of seeing everything grow healthily with new life descending upon the world.

The white fur on the huge bat wings fell off completely as Earl Mistral's protruding belly shrank back. The look in Sharron's eyes, who struggled to hold on to Scarlet Lunar Corona, seemed to relax.

Right on the heels of that, the "crimson moon" in the restaurant quickly dimmed, as if large amounts of light had been sucked away by someone.

Finally, the "crimson moon" vanished and everything returned to normal.

Did Sanguine Duke Olmer take action? Klein nodded thoughtfully and continued hiding in the shadows.

Mistral restrained his anger and looked down at the dining room. He said in a low voice, “The target seems to have detected something ahead of time…”

“It wasn’t that much earlier.” Combining the present situation and the revelations obtained from the spirit world, Sharron gave her answer.

Mistral’s bright red eyes revealed a strange glint as he observed for a few seconds before saying, “It was almost at the moment we came over when the person left—the person who left behind the glass of red wine and the strange puppet.

“This trap doesn’t look like it was prepared. It’s closer to a last-minute setup…”

Upon saying that, Mistral looked at Sharon and said, “How did they detect danger in such a timely manner?”

Sharron’s expression was calm as she replied, “It’s not because of the Mother Tree of Desire.”

This evil god wasn’t capable of infusing too much energy into reality, making it difficult for “Her” to send any preemptive warnings.

Chapter 1060: Covered-up Secret

The Sanguine Earl, Mistral, frowned slightly. Although he was unwilling to admit it, he said rather honestly, “I don’t think there were any leaks prior to this.

Because if that was the case, the Rose School of Thought’s demigods would’ve had plenty of time to use the response from the Mother Tree of Desire and Abomination Suah, laying a more dangerous and terrifying trap. It wouldn’t be something an angel could easily resolve.

This was also the reason why Mistral had said that the trap appeared to be a last-minute setup and looked rather hasty.

This proved that there was no mole. After all, the ones who knew of the operation before tonight were the ones involved. If they wanted to leak the information, they could’ve done it earlier. This was unless someone changed their minds or wanted to use the urgency of time to obtain more benefits. And all of these would only leave clear traces.

The black-bonneted Sharron continued looking at the restaurant that had lost its roof. After a moment of silence, she said, “Perhaps it’s a way of detecting danger via other means.”

For this operation, the Sanguine had used a Sealed Artifact that could even disrupt a Devil’s danger premonition, much less, things like spiritual intuition.

“Possibly…” Mistral couldn’t think of a better explanation.

At that moment, in a room on the second floor of the restaurant, other than the red wine and strange figure evaporating, everything else remained untouched, as if nothing had happened.

Originally, Sharron and Mistral could attempt using divination to find answers to their questions and restore what had happened before the attack. But now, they couldn't do so because the surrounding area had been illuminated by the "crimson moon." It was equivalent to receiving the corresponding cleansing from the Mother Tree of Desire. This meant that divination easily led to this evil goddess, and the results would be unimaginable.

Without waiting for Sharron to speak, Mistral took a silent deep breath and said, "There are incidents in every matter. There's no such thing as a 100% success rate. Let's leave it here today. If we stay here any longer, the officials might discover something amiss."

As soon as he said that, the black chains hanging from the roof instantly turned dim and illusory.

The roof descended once again, covering the second floor of the restaurant and looking no different from what it was like before.

Of course, when the storm rained, there would definitely be water leaks. If there was a storm, the entire roof would be thrown up again.

The gigantic bat wings that blanketed the area shrank back into the darkness as the drizzle once again took center stage.

Hidden in the shadows, Klein watched as Miss Sharron's figure rapidly turned transparent and vanished. He saw an illusory

cloud of smoke puffing up and countless tiny bats flying in every direction. He couldn't help but frown and silently mutter to himself:

What exactly happened...

It wasn't worrisome to have an accident. What was worrisome was not even knowing what the accident was. Regardless of what one's level was, the unknown was always frightening.

At that moment, he suddenly heard a staccato voice:

"What..." "Exactly..." "Happened..." "Here..."

When Klein turned his head, he realized that Miss Messenger had walked out of the spirit world at some point in time, standing alongside him.

The four blonde, red-eyed heads in "Her" hands were all trained at the restaurant.

"...Can you see what happened here earlier?" Klein asked hesitantly.

After the Mutant pathway reached the Wraith stage, the Beyonder was free to enter and exit the spirit world, allowing them to receive revelations from there directly. Be it their spiritual intuition or divination, they were rather formidable at that. A corresponding Sequence 2 angel was definitely powerful in such aspects; therefore, Klein posed the question.

The four heads held by Reinette Tinekerr shook as they said in

unison, “No.”

Klein nodded thoughtfully. Without further questions, he controlled his marionette to leave the area.

Emlyn White, who had retched for a while, rubbed the ring that was embedded with a ghostly-blue gem. He muttered to himself in surprise, “It ended just like that…”

Through the Oath of Rose, he could sense Earl Mistral’s frustration, anger, and reluctance to vent his anger at a lady or others. His initial judgment was that the operation had failed because of an accident.

“It’s over?” Upon hearing his words, Marie was equally stunned.

He had actually wanted to ask Emlyn White the reason for his sudden nausea and grimace, but he had perfectly tempered his curiosity and restrained his urge.

“Th-they didn’t find the target…” Emlyn tried his best to recall what Earl Mistral had seen and heard, but due to the seal by Marquis Nibbs, he was only able to see the situation via Oath of Rose after the “crimson moon” rose. And these feelings were made ineffective quickly after the anomaly.

At the same time, Emlyn mumbled inwardly, The demigod from the temperance faction came here while possessing a doll?

Which master’s work is this… It’s simply art!

“Didn’t find the target? How can that be…” Marie’s brows

furrowed uncontrollably.

From his point of view, everything in the operation had been going smoothly up till that point in time. Whether it was him, Sharron, or the Sanguine, none of them had the motives to leak the information to the Rose School of Thought.

As for Sherlock Moriarty, he had proven his credibility through numerous collaborations.

Suppressing his immense disappointment and puzzlement, Marie said without much change in expression, “Then we’ve to leave the vicinity as quickly as possible.”

As soon as he said that, his figure began to fade, revealing the qualities of a Wraith.

Emlyn subconsciously wanted to ask him if he knew of any doll masters, but after opening his mouth, he found that it was damaging to the image of the Sanguine. Therefore, he could only swallow his words back down.

Even if I know that master, I don’t have the money to buy it… To bear the burden of my mission, I have to sacrifice something… Unfortunately, we didn’t capture the demigod of the Rose School of Thought this time, making it impossible to figure out the current situation of their headquarters. It’ll be difficult to receive that holy artifact of the Ancestor… Amidst Emlyn’s thoughts, his expression slowly turned grave.

Backlund Bridge area, Iron Gate Street, in one of the billiard rooms of the Bravehearts Bar.

Klein, in the image of Sherlock Moriarty, was sitting opposite Sharron and Marie.

After a brief moment of silence, the black regal dressed Sharron, who was seated on a high stool, said to the detective, “What are your thoughts on the matter?”

Klein thought for a moment before saying, “The influence that the crimson moon brought was quickly destroyed.”

“What you mean to say is that since the Rose School of Thought’s demigod had already sensed the immense danger through a certain method or a certain existence, why would he set up a trap that didn’t have any effects?” Marie exchanged looks with Sharron before asking in thought.

“Yes.” Klein nodded. “He should be able to foresee that under such dangerous circumstances, a trap at this level can be easily resolved. Then, why would he waste time setting it up and not flee immediately? This is the natural instinct of a living creature.”

Wearing a small bonnet, Sharron moved her head indiscemibly.

“On the surface, it’s a trap, but it’s actually to cover up something?”

Klein replied, delivering the sentence at a slower pace, “Yes, using such a trap to ‘cleanse’ the scene and stop any divination to conceal the actual situation back then.

“Only if there’s a secret to hide would a demigod from the Rose School of Thought take the risk and stay on the scene for such a

long period of time."

"But it's also possible that they didn't expect us to have an angel from the Sanguine to help deal with the trap…" Marie suggested.

Klein smiled and said, "They wouldn't ignore the angel behind you. For you to have launched a surgical strike on the concealed Rose School of Thought members in Backlund, you must have defectors who know them well."

He was referring to the existence of Reinette Tinekerr.

"What secret would they need to cover up?" Sharron seemed to accept Klein's suspicion as she sat upright and asked. Klein shook his head.

"There are too many possibilities. Perhaps they discovered the secret of the attack in time. Perhaps they were planning on plotting something in Backlund…"

Having said that, Klein tried to consider if the Rose School of Thought was associated with the current tense situation in Backlund, but he realized that there was no place for them. Be it the orthodox deities or the evil gods, they were unlikely to work with the Mother Tree of Desire.

This puzzled Klein even more. He didn't know what kind of unknown accident such an unknown factor would brew.

He paused for a moment as he swept his gaze across Sharron's and Marie's faces.

“In short, we need to be careful and cautious. We need to avoid coming here as well.

“Yes, under the premise that you can ensure your own safety, try to monitor other members of the Rose School of Thought again and see if we can figure out the secret they’re hiding.”

“Thank you.” Sharron’s figure floated up and bowed.

Marie did the same.

The scarlet flames soared up as Klein vanished from his spot.

According to the agreement, as he didn’t have the chance to take action, the only remuneration he received was one free instance of help from Reinette Tinekerr.

After returning to 160 Boklund Street, Klein took off his clothes and went to bed early, hoping to wake up early. Suddenly, he heard a series of illusory pleas.

It was from a woman.

Miss Justice… With a guess, he nodded and entered the bathroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog.

As he had expected, the supplicant was Justice Audrey. This lady had gathered 12,000 pounds in cash, hoping that Mr. Fool could transfer it to Mr. World to complete the transaction of the Dreamwalker and Hypnotist Beyonder characteristics.

Yes, if the ritual can be replaced by Angel's Embrace, Miss Justice can try to advance in the next two days. When that happens, it's time to place the exploration of Groselle's Travels in the schedule. Heh, Leonard has already become a Spirit Warlock for days and has nothing to do... Klein heaved a sigh of relief and replied to Miss Justice, getting her to begin the sacrifice.

With the current situation becoming more and more tense, with more and more unknown factors, he wished to strengthen himself as quickly as possible. This included many aspects—first, the increase in the number of marionettes and Sealed Artifacts; second, the recovery of his helpers; and thirdly, a further grasp of knowledge and secrets. This aided him in knowing the truth and obtaining the true attitude that the different factions have; thus, finding an opportunity from within.

The exploration of Groselle's Travels corresponded to the third point.

Chapter 1061: Whose Dream

Friday. In the dead of the night, in Audrey's bedroom.

After receiving a signal, the golden retriever, Susie, opened the door and left by herself, slumping down outside to prevent anyone from disturbing Audrey.

Audrey took the Dreamwalker's Beyonder characteristic, the corresponding supplementary ingredients, and the apparatus used for concocting the potion out from a hidden spot. Most of the supplementary ingredients came from the City of Silver, and they were things that she hadn't paid for since Little Sun hadn't thought of something he needed.

She concocted the potion skillfully and looked at the liquid that was dotted with darkened points of grayish-white light. She took a step back, clasped her hands, and placed them in front of her mouth as she chanted softly, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era..."

Just as her prayer ended, countless figures in an indescribable form appeared in front of her.

They quickly swam and meshed with one another as though they were active in the sea. Above the sea were seven pure beams of differently-colored light that seemed to contain infinite knowledge.

Above these seven lustrous brilliances was an endless grayish-white fog. And above that was a towering and magnificent palace.

At that moment, the door to the palace opened as a figure formed from golden light spread out its twelve pairs of wings formed from scarlet flames and flew down, landing in front of Audrey.

The twelve pairs of fiery wings were layered as they wrapped the blonde, green-eyed girl into an embrace.

Such a scene only lasted for a second or two before vanishing. It was as if she was hallucinating, but Audrey always had the feeling of being immersed in this kind of holy and lofty feeling.

She calmed down and sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

With Angel's Embrace, she could maintain lucidity in her dream and wake up whenever she needed to. She didn't have to worry about being engrossed in her dreams and being unable to extricate herself.

This meant that she had already held the corresponding ritual for Dreamwalker, and the effects were definitely better than what it could've been.

After all, not every Hypnotist can obtain such benediction from a hidden existence and be embraced by a special angel such as this... Audrey, all the best! Audrey mumbled inwardly before she stopped hesitating and picked up the glass bottle, drinking down the potion inside.

The potion wasn't as bad as she imagined it to be. It was a little sour, a little sweet, a little bitter, a little surreal, and a little stimulating. It was like a wild dream she could let herself loose in.

Before she could feel the effects that the potion exerted on her body, Audrey was suddenly startled before she regained consciousness.

She saw that the night was becoming dawn outside the window, with the sun rising from the horizon, dyeing the sky red.

Within the garden, flowers were blooming, the tips of the blades of green grass shimmering with crystalline dew.

It was as if Audrey had become the ruler of this world. Her consciousness floated up as she looked down upon the various scenes:

Her father and mother held hands as they strolled down the garden trail, taking in the fragrance as they bathed in the morning light;

Having worked through their differences, her two brothers, Hibbert and Alfred, rode on horses and brought servants along with them. Laughter accompanied them as they entered the woods, competing against each other for a more successful hunt;

The ambassadors or special representatives of the various countries like Feysac, Intis, and Feynapotter signed an agreement at Loen's Sodela Palace, announcing to the world that a war wouldn't happen; thus, dispersing all the dark clouds in the sky;

The smog situation in Backland improved. Every company's factory had passed the double review of the alkaline industry inspector and National Atmospheric Pollution Council, and they had promoted such standards to other countries;

Maximum working hours and the basic labor environments for workers were guaranteed, and the development of every industry was getting better. The number of tramps had dropped to an unimaginable level, and all kinds of protective measures spearheaded by the kingdom covered everyone;

There were more and more workers who could afford bicycles. On the streets, the bicycles clustered together like a huge army, driving in different directions amidst ringing sounds;

Children didn't need to work in factories at a young age. They could giggle and fool around, running into classrooms with tables and chairs. Inside, they flipped open their textbooks and began listening attentively. If they didn't wish to study, it was solely of their own choice, not because they lacked the conditions;

Women were no longer discriminated against due to their gender. Even a laundry maid could rely on studying to obtain knowledge and find better jobs. There were reporters, teachers, policewomen, soldiers, miners, and civil servants—seen in every walk of life;

All kinds of mechanical items appeared on the streets and alleys, bringing the people convenience and joy;

In the square in front of the Evernight cathedral, pigeons flew up and landed. People were either sitting or playing the accordion, fully enjoying their lives...

This was Audrey's dream for the future. Unaffiliated Beyonders didn't have to worry anymore. As long as they received a checkup of their physical mental condition, they could walk openly and use their Beyonder powers to earn money in a legal way.

This is really wonderful... If it weren't for me being clear-headed, I would've lost myself to this. I would've descended from my commanding position in my consciousness, taking a stroll with my parents, hunting with my brothers, and occasionally going to school to teach children... I would often work hard for the extension of the world's peace... Audrey stared at the dream, feeling a bout of poignancy.

She then felt her Astral Projection rise once again, breaking out of the confines of the hazy world.

She saw that her dream was like a huge bubble that grew out from the island of consciousness while silently enveloping it.

The "air bubble" was surrounded by a gray fog. From afar, she could vaguely see other "air bubbles," and below them were their corresponding islands of consciousness.

Deep within the gray fog was a silent, undulating, shimmering "wavy" illusory sea that seemed bottomless.

The sea of collective subconscious... This is the scene of a mind world for a Dreamwalker... Only from Manipulator onwards is one really able to interfere with the sea of collective subconscious... Audrey nodded in enlightenment and retracted her gaze. Without staying any longer, she forcefully escaped from her dream.

Her vision returned to normal immediately as it remained pitch-black outside. Only the street lamps around the garden were emitting light.

She then cast her gaze on the full-body mirror in her bedroom. She felt that she didn't seem too different from before. Only when she observed carefully did she realize that her pair of

green eyes were becoming more limpid and deeper, as though they could reflect the souls of others.

Closing her eyes and taking in the knowledge brought by the potion, Audrey quickly grasped the core power of Dreamwalker.

By guiding and controlling a dream, she could obtain information and affect the enemy.

There were two aspects:

First was “Guidance,” which was similar to Nightmare of the Evernight pathway, by using the different changes in a dream to guide a target into revealing one’s deepest secrets. The difference was that a Nightmare could forcefully pull a person into a dream. However, Dreamwalkers weren’t capable of doing so unless they were combined with “Hypnosis.”

The second was “Alteration.” By modifying a target’s dream, one could influence a target over a long period of time, changing them and making them do things they wouldn’t usually do without them realizing it. The principle behind such an “Alteration,” used a dream as the incisive points and the Astral Projection as a point of leverage, slowing contaminating the target’s Soul Body before affecting the Body of Heart and Mind, planting it deep in the subconscious. Compared to directly using Hypnosis, a control that stemmed from dreams was more mild and furtive, making it difficult to be noticed and suitable for targeting targets at a higher level.

From the looks of it, most matters that involve love at first sight might’ve had a few hidden cases that were a result of Dream Alteration… Yes, amongst many popular best-selling novels, the female lead often dreams of a figure and spends a beautiful, romantic time with him. Therefore, when they encounter the male lead who’s similar to the figure in their dreams, they will quickly

succumb to them and have a strong penchant for love. Hmm... Audrey recalled the novels she read in the past and suddenly found it amusing.

To her, be it "Guidance" or "Alteration," they weren't an essential enhancement over Hypnosis. Instead, there was another Beyonder power that she liked even more; it was "Dream Traversal."

This made her body turn incorporeal as if she was an elf in a dream or a Dreamwalker. Not only could she directly hide in someone else's dream, but she could also jump from a dream to another dream, completing a "Blink" in the physical sense.

The restriction of such traversals was that the distance between two dreams couldn't exceed 500 meters, and they had to belong to intelligent creatures.

In special environments, this can effectively hide myself... Hmm, why didn't Hvin Rambis directly affect me through "Dream Alteration"? Because this place is protected by the Church? The Evernight pathway is also skilled in the domain of dreams... Audrey thought as she began converging her spirituality.

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Along the long bronze table, Klein sat a few seats diagonally across from Leonard.

"Why are you suddenly looking for me?" Leonard leaned back in his chair and asked lazily.

Regardless, he still remembered that this place belonged to Mr. Fool, so he didn't dare appear too casual.

Klein glanced at him and said, "I need your help with something."

"You need my help?" Leonard pointed at himself and asked in surprise, "Are you referring to Pallez?"

He didn't think he could help a demigod like Klein.

"You have a very clear understanding of yourself," Klein tsked. "However, I'm really looking for you this time. It mainly involves a few dreams."

Dreams... Leonard came to a realization as he said with a hint of puzzlement and laughter, "Klein, you seem to have changed a little. I mean, you've become more like the past, no longer wearing that gloomy expression."

Without waiting for a reply, he straightened his disheveled hair and smiled.

"That's a good thing. Well, I'm still quite good at dreams. Who do the dreams belong to?"

Without batting an eyelid, Klein replied, "A Loen soldier from more than a hundred years ago, a Fourth Epoch aristocrat, an ascetic from the Third Epoch, and an elf and giant from the Second Epoch."

"What?" Leonard asked with his green eyes wearing a blank

look, wondering if he had heard wrongly.

Ignoring the elves and giants from the Second Epoch, even the nobles of the Fourth Epoch had to be from particular Beyonder pathways and to have become saints before they could survive to this day!

It can't be that they're all angels aside from that Loen soldier, right? Entering the dream of angels… I think it's better to find Old Man… Leonard's thoughts churned instantly as though he was in a dream.

Chapter 1062: "Teaching" Online

Klein glanced at Leonard and smiled.

"The targets aren't demigods. They've only 'lived' to this day due to some sort of influence. This is also the secret I wish to discover through dreams."

He deliberately emphasized the word "lived."

Without waiting for Leonard to respond, Klein continued, "The aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch is a member of the Zoroast family. You might be able to use his dream to learn more about Pallez Zoroast."

Old Man's descendant... Leonard's heart stirred as he looked forward to the proposal that Klein raised.

Although he had gotten along rather well with Pallez Zoroast and gradually built some trust in this angel, he still held the most basic level of vigilance against him. After all, "He" was an outsider who lived in his body.

At that moment, Klein added, "For now, don't mention this matter to Pallez Zoroast."

Do you think I'm such an unreliable person? Leonard grumbled inwardly as he replied, "There's no need to remind me."

Seeing that Leonard had agreed, Klein smiled and said, "Get me a few drops of your blood when you return. This is necessary to

explore the dreams."

He didn't specifically mention how to give the blood to him. After all, Leonard knew at least two methods. Firstly, he could sacrifice it to Mr. Fool and request that "He" bestow it to The World. The other was to summon the messenger of mysterious origins and place the blood inside a bottle, sending it over with a letter.

"Blood..." Leonard subconsciously repeated the word.

In mysticism, one's blood was an important item. It was best not to give one's blood to others; otherwise, they might die without knowing the reason. Sometimes, death wasn't the most terrifying outcome that could happen.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Leonard nodded.

"When will the exploration begin?"

Klein was prepared for this question as he replied, "Late Sunday night, close to midnight."

He wanted to give Miss Justice time to converge her spirituality and familiarize herself with her abilities.

"Alright." Leonard didn't say anything else.

Following that, Klein seriously explained skills in sophistry so that the dear poet knew how to pacify his grandpa after returning.

After returning to the real world, Leonard was deliberating over his words when he heard Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice:

"Why did your former colleague look for you? Is there anything that cannot be explained in a letter?"

Leonard adjusted his sitting posture and chuckled.

"He's afraid that the letter will be leaked. After all, it might involve that person."

Just as he finished his sentence, Leonard inwardly mumbled, Of course, the most important thing is to be wary of you. What I see is equivalent to what you see…

"That person…" Pallez Zoroast seemed to understand who he was referring to.

Yeah." Leonard picked up a cup on the table and drank a mouthful of malt beer. "He found an ascetic from the Third Epoch. He hopes to learn the history of that epoch through his dream."

What Leonard said was the truth, but it was only a portion of the truth. This was the skill that Klein had specially taught him.

"An ascetic from the Third Epoch? He's still alive?" Pallez Zoroast asked in surprise.

Of course, "He" wasn't too surprised. After all, at "His" level, even if "He" didn't grasp a hundred methods that allowed people to live from the Third Epoch, "He" knew at least five or six methods.

The easiest way was to steal the time or life of others to imbue it into a target.

"He's likely still alive, but has a very special condition," Leonard explained what he knew.

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for two seconds before saying with a chuckle, "Is that so? Then I can only wish you the best in not seeing scenes you shouldn't see in the dream. Of course, your former colleague is protected by an existence of Concealment, so he must be prepared."

Leonard didn't respond to the topic. He suddenly exclaimed, "Old man, are you actually not the least bit curious? Don't you want to know what the true deities were like in the Third Epoch, or the cause of the Cataclysm?"

This was the second technique in sophistry that Klein taught him. Rather than being asked, it was better to take the initiative to ask questions.

"I can roughly guess what's going on," Pallez Zoroast replied with a sigh. He then scoffed. "You took too much initiative to control the flow of our conversation today. This is very different from your past behavior. This means that you have a secret you're hiding deep down. Not bad, it's much better than the past. At least it's not something that can be seen through at once."

Leonard's expression froze.

Pallez immediately chuckled.

"See, I just gave it a try and you exposed yourself. You still lack

training.

Your former colleague is really... Tsk..."

Leonard could only respond with a dry chuckle. He put down his cup and leaned forward. He then picked up a silver ritual dagger and cut open a wound, causing a few drops of blood to drip out.

Meanwhile at Earl Hall's residence, Audrey was also holding a dagger with gems embedded in it. She was preparing to fulfill the promise of providing help for free. She moved the tip of the dagger towards the back of her hand.

"The pain is very mild...

The pain is very mild..." As she hypnotized herself, she exerted force and tore open a wound.

It was currently impossible to tear her skin without using strength, even if she didn't reveal her dragon scales.

On Sunday night, after attending a ball, Klein returned to 160 Boklund Street. He made up an excuse that he was feeling tired and needed to sleep early.

In the wee hours of the night, he got out of bed, set up a ritual, and summoned himself.

After some work, he sat in the seat that belonged to The World Gehrman Sparrow. He confirmed that once the summoning ended, he could use the gray fog's level and standing to forcefully extricate himself from Groselle's Travels.

At that moment, in front of him were three metal bottles and a silver mask.

The former was filled with his, Leonard's, and Audrey's blood, while the latter was sacrificed by Miss Justice ahead of time. As she knew that Mr. Star would be involved in the exploration of the dream this time, she planned on wearing Lie the entire time to mask her face and avoid her identity from being uncovered.

After examining it for a while, Klein made the hard-covered, deep-brown Groselle's Travels to fly out of the junk pile and land on the long bronze table. At the same time, he placed the Unshadowed Crucifix into his body.

Following that, he pulled Justice Audrey and The Star Leonard above the gray fog.

Two dark red beams shot up at the same time, forming rather blurry figures.

Audrey and Leonard cast their gazes at the bottom of the long, mottled table and sized up the items in front of Mr. World.

Then, their attention was drawn to the ancient book.

Audrey's eyes darted around as she curiously asked, "Our exploration this time is related to this book?"

Yes, our targets are inside this book," Klein replied with a smile.

"Inside the book?" Leonard asked in surprise.

Even though he was a Red Glove, and had also read a large number of supernatural case files, he had never heard of communicating with characters in a book.

Klein nodded slightly and said, “Yes, this is a magical book. Inside it, there is a world that was ‘envisioned.’ What happens in that world becomes the book’s contents.”

“Envisioned?” Audrey acutely grasped a key phrase, linking it to its synonyms.

She had only just learned a few days ago from Mr. World that the Spectator pathway’s Sequence 0 was called Visionary, and she knew very well that the King of Dragons, the ancient god, Ankewelt, was the Dragon of Imagination.

After some deliberation, Klein said, “My description might not be accurate. It might be an ‘envisioned’ world or a true dream. The only thing I can confirm is that it was created by an ancient god from the Second Epoch, the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt. I obtained it from Vice Admiral Iceberg.”

Ancient god’s relic… It’s no wonder that it can make a giant and elf from the Second Epoch, a Third Epoch ascetic, a Fourth Epoch human aristocrat, and Fifth Epoch Loenese soldier survive till now… Leonard came to a realization as he couldn’t help but size up The World Gehrman Sparrow. He couldn’t imagine what kind of experiences Klein had ever since he left Tingen.

At this moment, Klein looked around and pushed the Lie mask to Miss Justice as he said, “Let’s head on in.”

“Alright.” Audrey put on the silver mask.

Leonard looked around and nodded.

“Okay.”

Klein immediately picked up the three metal bottles and poured out some of the blood inside, smearing it on the cover of Groselle’s Travels.

So this is what the blood was for… Just as this thought flashed through Audrey’s mind, she saw a white snowy storm.

Amidst snowflakes the size of down feathers and a biting cold wind, a city that was more than 15 meters tall stood nearby. A soldier wearing leather armor on-guard by the gates was huddled in a spot that was immune to the wind and snow. As long as there weren’t any merchant convoys, he wouldn’t head forward to block any ordinary pedestrians.

“This… This is a world that was completely ‘envisioned’… It’s like it’s real.” Leonard looked around as he spread out his palm and caught several snowflakes. He felt the coldness of its touch before they quickly melted into water.

After confirming the environment, Leonard suddenly realized something. Klein was maintaining the image of the cold and refined Gehrman Sparrow. Miss Justice wore a silver mask, revealing the bottom of her face, green eyes, and blonde hair, making it impossible to imagine her actual appearance.

As for himself, he didn’t disguise himself at all…

This was a habit of official Beyonders. They openly carried out missions without any disguises.

Mr. Star really is laid-back, and his hair is combed very casually. It's such a pity. Otherwise, with his looks, he can be a model on the covers of magazines… As a noble lady who had seen too many handsome men, Audrey politely glanced at him before retracting her gaze without making any excessive observations.

Klein chuckled inwardly and pointed at the city in the snowstorm.

"Our first target is the ascetic, Mr. Snowman, from the Third Epoch."

This was the person most likely to have a link to Amon and "His" brother!

According to Klein's plan, after Snowman would be the fourth-generation aristocrat, Mobet. This was because Giant Groselle and Elf Siatas involved matters at much higher levels, and there was a high chance of there being an accident. Therefore, it was safer leaving them at the end of the schedule.

After the exploration of the four people's subconscious via their dreams, they would then enter the sea of collective subconscious in search of any possible secrets.

Chapter 1063: The Lord's Left-Hand

In a rather remote spot in Pessote City, there was a building made of stone. It looked rough and was a cathedral that needed some construction work.

The most eye-catching and intricate part was the altar. Erected over it was a wooden cross and a tall figure carrying the cross.

Ascetic Snowman was sitting in the first pew, facing the divine statue, his head bowed and his eyes closed in focused supplication.

He was a middle-aged man who wasn't considered old but had some wrinkles. He was wearing a simple white robe that had been washed countless times. He had brown short hair, and on his exposed arms, shoulders, calves, and feet, there were all kinds of old scars and scabs.

At that moment, two men and a woman appeared at the cathedral entrance. The men were dressed in black robes that were completely different from the surroundings. One was wearing a vest and half top hat with a formal bow tie, and the other casually wore a white shirt. The former had a pronounced outline with a cold expression, while the latter had black hair and green eyes. He looked pretty good, exuding the romantic air of a poet.

The lady was wearing a long white dress that was tight at the waist with frilly designs at the sleeves. Lacy flowers were sewn in a meshed manner at her chest. She wore an intricate silver mask, revealing a pair of emerald-like eyes, her high nose, her lip glossed-lips, and lower half of her face. It prompted anyone who laid their eyes on her to imagine how beautiful her actual

appearance was.

They were extremely attractive. It was the same regardless of the angle one took. However, the passers-by, and few members of the congregation, and the praying ascetic didn't even give them a look, completely ignoring them.

This was a combination of Hallucination and Psychological Invisibility.

Audrey was already in operation-mode, no longer showing any curiosity. She swept her gaze and said in a gentle voice, "What's most important now is to get Mr. Snowman to sleep; otherwise, we'll have to wait until tonight."

The night in this world.

"Relax. It's trivial," Leonard replied with a smile.

Compared to Miss Justice, who had only experienced a few supernatural incidents, as a Nighthawk, he was already too used to such things. He was very composed and even wanted to joke with Klein.

Of course, he didn't know that Miss Justice had recently hypnotized a demigod.

Klein glanced at his former teammate.

"Then let's begin."

He was “carrying” Unshadowed Crucifix on him, and in less than three hours, he would be dropped back to Sequence 5 and have his Bizarro Sorcerer Beyonder characteristic purged, so he naturally didn’t want to waste any time.

He’s back in his crazy adventurer state again. Tsk… Leonard didn’t beat around the bush. He raised his hand to neaten up his hair as his green eyes suddenly turned deep.

Silently, the praying ascetic, Snowman, had fallen into a deep sleep.

This is the Beyonder power of a Nightmare… Looking at this scene with sparkling eyes, Audrey thoughtfully muttered to herself.

In fact, she was aware of the powers of a Nightmare, having seen them in action before -back when they were dealing with the Sanguine Viscount, Ernes Boyar. However, she was unable to grasp the full picture of it due to the urgency of the situation. It was only now that she made a complete observation of it.

Right on the heels of that, she raised both her hands and grabbed the arms of The World and The Star. Using her abilities of Dreamwalker, she led them into Snowman’s dreamscape.

“I can do it myself…” Leonard mumbled the moment he entered the hazy world.

Klein and Audrey ignored him and quickly surveyed the area, taking in the entirety of Snowman’s dreamscape.

They were also inside a cathedral, an unusually majestic

cathedral.

Ancient stone pillars propped up a towering dome, but they didn't make the hall appear too segmented and cramped. It still remained extremely spacious.

The cathedral's door was wide and tall, even for giants. Lined on both sides were candles placed in silver cups that emitted a warm glow.

The altar right in front was grand and magnificent. Above them were grayish-white crosses and a sculpture of God bearing the cross.

The statue's face wasn't very clear, but it felt like it was showing pity towards all beings in the world.

Snowman was similarly sitting in the first pew facing the holy altar. His head was bowed and his eyes closed in focused supplication.

"This is similar to the Afternoon Town's abandoned cathedral that Little Sun showed to us. It should be a building from the same era," Audrey swept her gaze across the brick arches and whispered.

At the same time, she tried to suppress her curiosity and told herself to remain calm.

Little Sun? How is he "little"? That fellow is clearly taller and larger than me… Afternoon Town's abandoned cathedral… Leonard thought in puzzlement as he lampooned.

When he joined the Tarot Club, The Sun Derrick had long returned to the City of Silver. Although he would occasionally mention the exploration of the Giant King's Court, he didn't conjure any of the corresponding images.

"Indeed." Klein retracted his gaze and agreed with Miss Justice. Then, he said to her, "Try to guide Snowman's dream and get him to reveal the important information in his subconscious. Focus it on the Kings of Angels."

This mission could be accomplished by both a Nightmare and Dreamwalker. The reason why he had Miss Justice do it was because he wanted to give her a chance to digest the Dream walker potion. After all, Leonard had already passed that stage. And no matter what, in matters that involved the subconscious, Beyonders of the Spectator pathway were definitely more professional. The way they carried it out would be more precise and effective.

It was only then that Leonard realized a problem:

Miss Justice's abilities involve the domain of dreams...

This meant that she had already advanced to Sequence 5 Dreamwalker!

Isn't that too fast? Leonard was secretly surprised and in disbelief.

He remembered that Miss Justice had mentioned it during their exchange when he joined the Tarot club. It hadn't even been a month since she became a Hypnotist, and now, only three months had passed.

She had indeed tried to purchase the ingredients needed for her advancement at the Tarot Gathering, but to completely digest the Hypnotist potion in four months is shocking enough… Leonard's mind raced as he had a baffling feeling that the pride of becoming a Red Gloves captain, a quasi-high-ranking member of the Church, a Sequence 5 Spirit Warlock was gone.

While his thoughts were running wild, Audrey tersely acknowledged the request and took a few steps forward to stand beside Snowman.

Illusory ripples suddenly appeared in her jewel-like eyes. Those ripples constantly sank deep into the depths, returning to the darkness and tranquility.

Invisible ripples emanated out as the altar in front of the cathedral suddenly turned blurry.

These magnificent objects, along with the cross and the divine statue, warped and suddenly unfurled, emitting lights and shadows that weren't considered too intense.

The light and shadows intertwined into a three-dimensional portrait of a towering mountain range. The main peak reached high into the clouds, but the white cloud didn't dare to conceal the main peak as it automatically separated around the peak's two sides.

On the peak of the mountain stood a huge cross that was even taller than the mountain. In front of it stood a majestic figure that was covered in layers of stacked halos.

Two-winged, four-winged, and six-winged angels were either holding bugles, playing the harp, or playing flutes, dancing around the majestic figure as they sang and extolled.

Eight blurry figures with twelve pairs of wings surrounded the majestic deity. Some fell to the ground beside “His” feet, leaning against “Him” as if completely relying on “Him.” Others floated on both sides, awaiting “His” orders.

This was a scene that Klein had seen before. He knew that the deity was the ancient sun god, and he knew that the figures with twelve pairs of wings on their backs were the Kings of Angels.

At that moment, Snowman opened his eyes and looked at Justice Audrey. As if teaching his student, he solemnly said, “Only the Holy Spirit can truly serve the Lord. This is the goal I’ve been chasing my entire life…

“I see the Lord standing above the infinite radiance, benevolence scattering over ‘His’ kingdom and the land. Around him are eight ‘Kings.’

“The Dark Angel was the first angel created by the Lord. ‘He’ is ‘His’ left hand, ‘His’ proxy and the deputy of Heaven;

“The Angel of Imagination is the Lord’s eldest son. The Lord said that in a distant future, you will become the savior of all life;

“The Angel of Time is the Lord’s second son. The Lord said that you are a God of Trickery and a God of Mischief, the light at the dawn of the apocalypse;

“The White Angel, Wind Angel, and Angel of Fate are loyal followers of the Lord-firm, brave, honest, having been that way from the time when ‘They’ were weak till ‘They’ became strong.

“The Wisdom Angel was sanctified due to ‘His’ redemption from

being penitent and contrite, completely opposite from the ones who fell after eating the fruit of sin;

"The War Angel is the Lord's rage, the Lord's punishment. 'His' appearance over the land means war is at hand..."

From the looks of it, this ascetic has never been to the ancient sun god's divine kingdom, nor has he ever seen a King of Angel. What he's describing is probably from religious canon... In other words, what he says is what the official text says... From the looks of it, Dark Angel Sasrir was really the leader of the Kings of Angels. "He" was most trusted by the ancient sun god and was called the deputy of Heaven. Yet, such an existence was-hmm, bewitched... I wonder what "His" outcome was in the end, and why there aren't any traces of "Him" to date... Klein seriously listened to Snowman's description and had a clearer understanding of the Kings of Angels.

He never expected that the ancient sun god would predict that Adam would be the savior. This left him somewhat puzzled.

So these are all the eight Kings of Angels... Leonard listened attentively as well. This was something that Old Man Pallez hadn't told him in detail before. It was a real secret from ancient times, something that happened before the Cataclysm.

Audrey had seen the mural of the three Kings of Angels eating the City of Silver Creator. Through the corresponding images, she had matched them to the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, so she wasn't too surprised. She turned her head and looked at The World and The Star, calmly interpreting the hidden meaning behind those sentences.

"According to what Mr. Snowman said, the Dark Angel was created. The three Kings of Angels-White, Wind, and Fate—had

followed the ancient sun god from a weak stage until they slowly empowered themselves. Hmm, the weak stage here probably refers to Sequence 4... The Wisdom Angel should be an outsider who joined later, and 'He' might've been from an opposing faction in the beginning..."

When he heard Miss Justice's words, Klein suddenly remembered a name. It was the Dragon of Wisdom as mentioned in the City of Silver's myths-Herabergen.

He then nodded, indicating for Miss Justice to continue.

After Snowman recited some related scriptures, he suddenly solemnly said, "Our diocese has cultists who believe in the Evernight hiding within it!

"These are the orders from the Kings."

Chapter 1064: Drawing Closer

Cultists who believe in the Evernight... Upon hearing Snowman's words, the three present were more or less thrown into an awkward situation.

Klein, Audrey, and Leonard all had a certain relationship with the Evernight Goddess. One was a standard cultist who believed in the Evernight. The other wasn't only a cultist, but a quasi-high-ranking member of the cult, an elite team leader. The other was even worse—a Blessed of the evil goddess.

"Ahem... From the looks of it, the Church of Evernight appeared earlier than what the historical records stated. They can be traced back to a long time before the Cataclysm; however, it existed in the form of a secret organization." Klein cleared his throat and did a simple analysis, breaking the sudden silent mood.

Audrey pursed her lips and nodded. She continued guiding Snowman's dreams, letting him reveal the information related to the King of Angels in his subconscious.

Unfortunately, Snowman was only a Sequence 5 ascetic. He would be considered a quasi-High-Ranking member in the Fifth Epoch and would be able to come into contact with several important figures and historical secrets. However, before the Cataclysm, a Sequence 5 didn't enjoy such a status. He wasn't even able to enter the divine kingdom, so he naturally knew little about the Kings of Angels and the ancient sun god. What he knew was limited to what was written in the various religious canons.

However, Klein keenly noticed that he had mentioned

something.

There were traces of the remnant giants in the Northern Ridge mountain range.

This mountain range's present name was Antares, and it was located within Feysac. It made it easy for him to associate this information with the people of Feysac claiming to be descendants of giants, how the God of Combat was a giant, and other information.

Seeing that there was no connection to the Kings of Angels, Audrey switched to guiding Snowman's dream into presenting what was most important and influential to him.

The majestic cathedral they were standing in began to shake as changes silently happened.

In just a few seconds, the cathedral's scale shrank. Outside was a square that had been renovated.

Snowman knelt in front of the cross and divine statue, his body bathed in pure sunlight.

A blurry figure in simple priest robes appeared beside him, speaking with a loud and solemn tone: "Are you willing to choose the path of an ascetic, to give up love, to distance yourself from indulgence, to not wield power, to train your mind, and to temper your mind, allowing you to approach our Lord by entering Heaven one step at a time?"

Snowman devotedly kissed the ground and said, "I'm willing to choose the path of the ascetic. I'll give up love, distance myself

from indulgence, not wield power, train my mind, and to serve the Lord. It will be so forever and ever from this day forth.

"It will be so forever and ever from this day forth!"

The more Snowman spoke, the more resolute he became. In the end, he solemnly repeated his promise.

"...This is the one thing that left the deepest impression on him and has resulted in the deepest effects on him." Audrey turned her head and said to The World and The Star.

Thinking back on Snowman's past performance and recalling how he never gave up on his beliefs, nor stop his ascetic training despite being stuck in the book world, Klein nodded gently and sighed.

"He is a true ascetic."

Audrey retracted her gaze, and after guiding Snowman to present something that was more important to him, she returned to The World and The Star and said in a gentle voice, "There shouldn't be much left."

Klein glanced at Snowman and said, "Let's go to the next spot."

Inside a house in Pessote City.

Mobet, with his brownish-yellow hair, dark brown eyes, high nose bridge, and thin lips, was wearing slightly furry pajamas. He laid on a bed that was half high and half low, as he stared at the ceiling, muttering to himself, "Winter year is much colder

than usual. It's starting to snow...

"Although it's almost noon, I don't want to get up at all...

"Siatas, why does an elf like you insist on sleeping in? You even pressed your hands and feet on me...

"I really miss being single. I could roll around freely in bed. Every comer will be mine, unlike now, sigh..."

On the bed, Elven Songster Siatas leaned her body sideways while sleeping comfortably. Not only did she occupy nearly half of the bed, but she also left a large amount of space on her side as her body clung close to Mobet. She left one arm and leg on him, squeezing Mobet to a corner of the bed, almost to the point of falling off.

After pulling up the blanket that was pinned down, Mobet sighed and closed his eyes, preparing to sleep again.

Then, he really fell asleep.

In his dream, he sat at the bar counter, alternating between sipping hard liquor and gulping down beers. He didn't return home as he claimed he would wait for Siatas to come begging him to return.

"Is this the aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch?" At the entrance of the tavern, Leonard glanced at Klein.

Klein gave a clear answer:

“That’s right.”

Hmm, Mr. Star’s tone and actions suggest that he’s more nervous than before… He seems to care a lot about this aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch… According to the information given by Mr. World, a certain person that Mr. Star knows might’ve seen the second Blasphemy Slate, and that’s an extremely ancient divine artifact… Although I can’t eliminate the possibility of seeing it in the Fifth Epoch, powerhouses of the Fourth Epoch are more likely to have a chance of coming into contact with such matters…So, this aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch is related to the person Mr. Star knows? Audrey grasped certain matters through fine observation and interpretation.

With this as a premise, she quickly came to a conclusion:

Mr. Star would step forward and suggest that he would guide the dream.

“As expected, the Fourth Epoch revered asymmetrical beauty, but such attire really made me uncomfortable.” Leonard teased before looking at Miss Justice and The World Klein Moretti, “Let me do it this time.”

“Alright,” Audrey replied with a brisk tone and smile.

This was a development that Klein was happy to see. He naturally wouldn’t stop it.

“That wouldn’t be an issue.”

Leonard then tugged at his collar and walked to the bar counter in a few steps. He sat beside Mobet and ordered a local Sangen

beer.

He gulped and suddenly said, “You look like a member of the Zoroast family.”

“Everyone here knows that. No, not just humans.” Mobet took a sip of his alcohol and continued looking forward. Leonard smiled and shook his head.

“Let me introduce myself. I’m a student of Pallez Zoroast.”

He planned to use this identity to pull strings and reduce any sense of reluctance Mobet would have, making it easier for him to continue guiding him.

Indeed, the person Mr. Star knows is also a Fourth Epoch aristocrat, a member of the Zoroast family… I wonder what level that person is… So Mr. Star is secretly a student of a certain important figure. No… He said that without complete confidence… A self-assumed student? Audrey validated her guess as her smile became more obvious.

After hearing Leonard’s self-introduction, Mobet finally turned his head and sized him up. He scoffed and said, “Student?”

“More like the target of Parasitizing, right?”

Leonard’s expression froze.

Target of Parasitizing… Uh… Although Audrey was mentally prepared, she couldn’t help but twitch her eyebrows.

As for Klein, he had a hard time holding back his laughter.

Of course, he didn't believe that there was anything wrong with Leonard's identity as a student of Pallez Zoroast. If it were him, he would've said the same thing. It just wasn't right to directly mention that he was a Parasite's victim, right? And being friends appeared too distant, a disadvantage for any subsequent attempts to learn more.

The problem this time was that nobody expected Mobet to guess the truth.

After laughing twice, Mobet looked at Leonard's slightly stiff face and said, "You aren't a member of our Zoroast family, so how can you become Old Man's student? You can only be a target of Parasitizing!"

Having said that, he slowed down and said, "Don't worry. Old Man isn't too bad. He wouldn't really take over your body. After the Parasitizing is done, he will at most take away a few years of your life. You're still young anyway, so raising your Sequence would make up for it. Heh heh. Actually, most Beyonders can't live till the end of their natural lifespan."

"Why must he take a few years of my life?" Leonard subconsciously asked.

Mobet raised his glass and gulped down a mouthful. He replied in a daze, "Since you've already been Parasitized, something must be stolen, right..."

Leonard snapped out of his daze and asked in surprise, "You also call 'Him' Old Man?"

“Of course, we all call him ‘Old Man.’ Heh Heh. ‘He’ doesn’t seem to object to it.” Mobet suddenly sighed. “‘He’ is my great-grandfather, and I haven’t seen him for a thousand years—no, 2,000 years…”

So the reason why Old Man tolerates me calling him Old Man is because it can remind “Him” of the beautiful past… I wonder if “His” direct descendants are still alive… Leonard suddenly felt wistful.

As for Justice Audrey, while she was finding the words “something must be stolen” funny, she was surprised at the word “He.”

This represented that Old Man, Mr. Pallez Zoroast, was an angel!

Indeed… Audrey had expected this.

At this moment, Mobet sharply noticed a keyword and asked, “Also? Why did you say ‘also’? Do you also call ‘Him’ Old Man?”

Leonard nodded seriously.

Mobet was instantly puzzled as he sized up Leonard again.

“Don’t tell me you have the bloodline of the Zoroast family?”

“I don’t know…” Leonard answered honestly.

Mobet shook his head.

“No, it doesn’t look like that’s the case. It might be that Old Man suffered a terrible blow and has changed to a certain degree.”

That I know… Leonard pondered and said, “He was nearly killed by Blasphemer Amon. He hasn’t recovered yet.”

Groselle’s Travels was currently above the gray fog. It didn’t matter which deity’s true name was mentioned in it, since it wouldn’t be sensed; therefore. Klein, Leonard, and Audrey were free to talk about Amon and Adam.

“The powerful and terrifying ancestor of the Amon family…” Mobet’s voice unconsciously lowered.

Leonard finally gained the initiative and asked, “The aristocrats of the Solomon empire are all very cold and evil. Why isn’t the Zoroast family like that?”

Chapter 1065: Cosmos Wanderer

Mobet glanced at Leonard and said in puzzlement, “They aren’t that cold and evil…”

He raised his glass and took a gulp.

“Don’t you know that the higher the Sequence, the greater the inclination is towards being cold and crazy? Which major aristocratic family in the Solomon Empire doesn’t have an angel? That’s why they’re definitely different from normal people.

“As for the degree of coldness and evilness, it has to do with the choice of their ‘anchor’ and the traits of their Beyonder pathway. I don’t know what my great-grandfather’s situation is. I only know that he’s very kind and amiable, and the way he speaks and acts is rather casual.

“In addition, the rules set by His Majesty have a key point- disharmony. If all the aristocratic families have the same style, ‘He definitely wouldn’t be satisfied.”

The first reason given was something I expected, but the second reason is a little unexpected, but it’s quite funny… Was the Black Emperor of the Solomon Empire trying to get ‘Himself’ diagnosed with obsessive-compulsive disorder? Disharmony is actually a requirement… Without wearing too thick a mask, the corners of Klein’s lips curled up slightly.

At this moment, Audrey turned her head to look at him and asked the same question that she had as Mr. Star, “Anchor?”

All of them knew that the aesthetic taste of the Fourth Epoch was disharmony and asymmetry and had considered it common sense, so they didn't think too deeply about why there was such an aesthetic style.

"To the deities, believers and faith are an anchor," Klein simply explained.

So that's the case... Mr. Fool also said that it's to stabilize one's condition... Audrey felt her sights broaden, allowing her to consider the relationship between the deities and believers.

At the same time, she thought in puzzlement, In the early stages of Mr. Fool's reawakening, "He" shouldn't have many believers. Back then, what was "His" anchor?

Leonard listened attentively as he couldn't help his expression from turning solemn. It was as though he had suddenly thought of many things.

He quickly focused his attention on Mobet. After some deliberation, he said, "What kind of an angel is Pallez Zoroast? What kind of habits does 'He' have?"

Hmm, Leonard is still very cautious. He still hasn't fully believed that the grandpa in his body is Pallez Zoroast. Yes, we can't rule out the possibility that the real Pallez has fallen, and that the one still alive is an imposter. To an angel of the Marauder pathway, such an action is rather normal... And to a secret existence, replacing a particular identity is equivalent to possessing that identity, so "He" wouldn't deliberately expose the truth...

Heh heh, on more important matters, matters that he's interested in, and those that involve his safety, Leonard is more

reliable than I expected. If not for that, he wouldn't have realized that I was still alive back then... As for other matters, he's just too, too half-hearted. He's too used to using his past experience. It's not that he isn't intelligent, but rather that he can't be bothered to use it... Klein couldn't help but sigh.

Mobet was taken aback for two seconds before he drank a mouthful of hard liquor and said, "Old Man appears to be an ordinary elder at home. He's a bit naggy and likes to throw blows at his descendants, and enjoys life. If one didn't know it ahead of time, no one would've guessed that 'He' is a Sequence 1 angel. "'His' aesthetic style is different from His Majesty. 'He' is absorbed over categories and emphasizes cleanliness and tidiness... When facing enemies, 'He' is good at trickery and often likes to finish off 'His' enemies by making them break down..."

This is quite similar to how Old Man has acted to date... Leonard nodded and asked, "Do you have 'His' portrait?"

"How could I be carrying a portrait with me? It's not like I'm looking for anyone!" Mobet shook his head in amusement.

At this point, Leonard suddenly pointed to the side.

"Isn't that it!"

"Ah?" Mobet turned his head in confusion and doubt, only to discover that an oil painting had appeared in his right hand at some point in time.

As he picked up the oil painting, the content on it gradually became clearer, revealing an old man with dark brown eyes.

The man's hair was already completely white. It wasn't very sparse, and it was neatly combed to the back of his head. His forehead, the corners of his eyes, and the corners of his mouth didn't seem to have any wrinkles, not appearing too old.

It was obvious that he looked quite good when he was young. He looked quite similar to Mobet, but he exuded a rather solemn air.

I really can't tell that this is a Sequence 1 angel... Is this also because "He" didn't reveal "His" Mythical Creature form? Audrey tiptoed and looked at the oil painting.

After Leonard memorized the contents of the portrait, he mentioned a few relevant questions related to the Zoroast family and received a satisfactory answer. The only exception was the name of the potion names of Sequence 3 to 0. Mobet wasn't too sure either; all he knew was that Sequence 1 was apparently Worm of Time.

After ending this topic, Leonard asked about the Solomon Empire:

"In your era, what major aristocratic families are there in the Empire?"

"There weren't many families with dukes." Mobet put down his cup and spread out his palm. "Our Zoroast family, the Abraham family, the Zaratul family. In addition, although the Medici family and Lord Ouroboros didn't have any aristocratic titles, their standing wasn't worse than the major aristocratic families."

Every time he spoke, he would curl his finger, finally curling them into a fist.

Then, he smiled and said, “At that time, although Tudor and the Trunsoest were the most loyal angels under His Majesty, they were still ranked beneath us. They were on par with Augustus and Castiya.”

The history of the Augustus family can actually be traced to the era of the Solomon Empire… While Audrey was surprised, she became even more focused on listening.

Leonard thought and continued asking, “In that era, what was the situation in the Northern Continent?”

“All living creatures submitted to His Majesty. Even deities acknowledged His Majesty’s rule in order to fight against opposing factions.” Mobet chuckled. “They’ all have countries that belong to ‘Them’ in poorer places. In short, Evernight, God of Combat, and Death were at odds. The three deities of Storm, Blazing Sun, and Wisdom had a great conflict with each other. Earth’s attitude was vague and unclear, but ‘She’ was more inclined towards the God of Combat. This made ‘Them’ unable to cooperate in a stable fashion, thus being unable to form an alliance to fight His Majesty and the True Creator.”

At this point, Mobet sighed and said, “And precisely for the sake of balance, His Majesty didn’t attack the Southern Continent, and allowed Death to unite the plains and the ancient forest to build the Balam Empire.”

No, ultimately, the six deities came to an agreement. Hence, the Black Emperor perished, establishing the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire… Leonard recalled Pallez Zoroast’s mention of this particular phase of history and, for a baffling reason, felt how history was filled with vicissitudes.

At that moment, Mobet turned his head and looked at him.

“Do you have cigarettes?

“These little devils that came out from the True Creator’s believers aren’t bad at all.”

Leonard immediately controlled the dream and conjured a cigarette before handing it over.

“Is this an improved version?” Mobet stretched out his right hand and snaked out a ball of fire from the kitchen behind the bar. He lit the cigarette and took a deep breath.

Seeing smoke coming out of his nostrils, Leonard asked curiously, “The True Creator’s believers like to smoke?”

“That’s right. Even Lord Medici would occasionally smoke a few sticks. Although it’s just a habit for ‘Him,” Mobet answered without hiding anything.

Leonard nodded and asked, “Which deity do you believe in?”

“Of course, it’s His Majesty. All the aristocrats in the Empire believe in His Majesty. Uh, other than Lords Medici and Ouroboros. They believe in the True Creator. Also, Duke Bethel Abraham might just be faking it. According to what I know, ‘He’ only believes in ‘Himself,” Mobet quipped.

Bethel Abraham… A thought came to Klein. He was about to signal Leonard to ask further when he heard the poet ask, “Is Duke Bethel Abraham very powerful?”

Clearly, the completely different behavior compared to the other

aristocratic families in the Empire made this ancestor of the Abraham family stand out.

"Very powerful. Even Lord Medici and Ouroboros are afraid of 'Him," Mobet said as he puffed out smoke rings. "In the warring era, 'He' was publicly acknowledged as one of the angels most likely to become a deity."

"Warring era?" Leonard asked curiously.

Mobet looked at the slowly burning cigarette in his hand and said, "This isn't thrilling enough. Heh heh. The warring era refers to the time after the Cataclysm ended to the point when the Empire was established. It lasted about 112 years. Our Zoroast family's first angel perished in the warring era. Thankfully, we were helped by His Majesty before 'He' became a god; thus, we didn't lose the Beyonder characteristic."

"Who did it?" Leonard immediately asked.

Mobet shook his head.

"I'm not Sequence 4 yet, so there are many things I'm not qualified to know.

"Let's talk about Duke Bethel Abraham; I actually don't really know much about 'Him,' but I was very interested in their family and the Beyonder pathway they control. It's said that the Apprentice can wander the cosmos once they reach Sequence 2. Uh, there are also rumors that it's at Sequence 3."

Cosmos? Klein's pupils dilated slightly as he became more focused.

At this moment, Mobet continued, “They left behind lots of information regarding the cosmos, recording many interesting things. Unfortunately, I never managed to borrow them. However, I heard of the three laws that they concluded for wandering the cosmos:

“First, don’t respond to any calls. Second, don’t be reckless and approach unknown creatures or buildings. Third, endure loneliness.”

It sounds like the cosmos is vast and dangerous… I wonder if the current Abraham family still has the travel notes related to the cosmos. I’ll get Miss Magician to ask in the future… When Klein’s gaze swept over, it happened to cross with Miss Justice’s gaze that was directed at him. They immediately realized that the other party had also thought of Miss Magician.

Leonard did the same. He nodded slightly and asked about other matters.

During this process, the dream changed with Mobet’s memories. Following that, they saw the appearances of Medici, Ouroboros, and other high-level figures.

Of course, as Mobet had few interactions with the Black Emperor and Bethel Abraham and didn’t dare to look at ‘Them’ head-on, his impression of ‘Them’ was a blur.

Towards the end, Audrey grabbed both Klein’s and Leonard’s arms and jumped into Siatas’s dream.

This Elven Songster was standing in the garden holding her stomach and frowning at Mobet.

“Can you steal the fetus in my stomach and stuff it into your body?”

“It can be done, but even if it’s stuffed into my body, I won’t be able to give birth to him,” Mobet replied fearfully.

Siatas thought seriously and said, “Then steal the corresponding organs that are needed?”

“...If it’s just the simple act of theft, then it might still succeed. But for what f-follows after, I’ll be at my wit’s end. This is beyond my capabilities...” Mobet said nervously.

The conversation between the human and elf left the trio dumbfounded.

After a few seconds, Audrey suggested, “...Why don’t I do it this time?”

Chapter 1066: Familiar Name

Upon hearing Miss Justice's suggestion, Klein thought for a moment and said, "Guide the dream towards matters encompassing the Second Epoch's history, the Queen of Calamity Cohinem, elf habits, and the most ancient language of the elves, as well as the legendary Western Continent."

"...Alright." Audrey's eyes moved slightly, revealing a thoughtful expression as she digested the information that Mr. World had said.

Then, she walked to the Elven Songster's side.

Under her guidance, Mobet's figure in the garden rapidly blurred as he vanished from Siatas's dream.

The ripples in Audrey's green eyes stirred once again as her lips quivered, as though she was reciting something.

The entire dream world began to shake as the garden was like a reflection of a lake that was smashed into pieces by an invisible stone that flew over from nowhere.

These fragments quickly gathered, but the scene that was restored was no longer a garden, but that of a palace made of coral.

Every detail in the palace was abnormally gorgeous. The entire structure was tall and majestic, but due to the layers of blue seawater, the sky couldn't be seen, making it appear dark and gloomy.

Inside it, coral pillars propped up an exaggerated dome, and the walls and the top of it were filled with terrifying murals of the storm.

Above the murals and corals, silver bolts of lightning followed a certain trajectory as if they were alive. Finally, they converged at the nine steps that were inlaid with pearls, diamonds, emerald, and turquoise.

Siatas was standing there, with many elves standing opposite her.

On the nine steps, there were two huge chairs that seemed to be formed purely of lightning. One of them occupied the center, just like the ruler of this palace. One of them was on its left, appearing less eye-catching.

Sitting on the throne in the middle was a man wearing a simple loose robe. His ears were pointed, and his facial features were rather soft and his hair thick. His hair was a mix of black and blue colors. Not only did his facial features look outstanding on their own, they combined together to form an even more handsome face. However, he directly gave one a tyrannous impression, as though he wouldn't say a word before picking up the electric spear leaning on his armrest, and then throwing it.

Sitting beside him was a beautiful woman with raven-black hair. Her hair was tied up into a high bun, her ears slightly pointed, and her facial features delicate. She had dark brown eyes that were as deep as the ocean, and in her hands, she was playing with a complicated golden wine cup.

Without needing Siatas's introduction, Klein and company could easily determine that this couple was the Elf King, the ancient god, Soniathrym, and the Elf Queen, Queen of Calamity, Cohinem.

“That traitor, Aurmir!” Suddenly, a voice resembling loud thunder boomed, causing the entire palace to shake violently. It made Siatas and the other attendants lower their heads in fear.

This roar came from the ancient god.

Aurmir, isn’t that the name of the Giant King? I’ve recently been drinking red wine named after him. I have to say that its quality is indeed higher than anything else. It’s just a little expensive… As Klein listened, he had a random thought.

He remembered that Little Sun had once said that Giant King Aurmir, Elf King Soniathrym, and Sanguine Ancestor Lilith—the three humanoid ancient gods—were allies. They fought against the opposing camp formed by Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt; Phoenix Ancestor, Gregrace; and the Mutant King, Kvastir. As for the Devil Monarch, Farbauti, and the Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea, they were independent beings who wanted to subvert all order and corrupt all living beings.

So, the alliance of three humanoid ancient gods eventually collapsed? Klein reined in his thoughts and waited for the subsequent changes in the dream.

Due to Derrick’s existence, Audrey wasn’t unfamiliar with the history of the Second Epoch. Without any hesitation, she directly made Siatas’s dream continue its development.

Despite the terrifying roar, Queen of Calamity Cohinem wasn’t affected at all. With a cold expression, “She” calmly said, “Wasn’t this already long confirmed?

“‘His’ reputation is exactly the opposite of ‘His’ physical build.”

At that moment, the ancient god, Soniathrym, had already been enveloped by bolts of lightning. “He” said in a thunderous voice, “I thought that, after centuries, ‘He’ would understand the global situation even more. I’ve overestimated ‘His’ intelligence!

“If ‘He’ didn’t sell out Lilith back then, how could ‘She’ have perished?”

Eh… The Sanguine Ancestor Lilith perished so early? Klein’s eyelids twitched as he quickly focused his attention.

After the Elf King finished roaring, Queen of Calamity Cohinem maintained “Her” previous posture and said, “That’s not a bad thing. At the very least, Kvastir and Flegrea were dragged to the grave together with Lilith. All the deities no longer trust each other. Even if we don’t form an alliance, we can rule the ocean, lakes, and rivers.”

Upon hearing these words, Spectator Audrey, couldn’t help but feel alarmed. She had no choice but to use Placate on herself.

This… It means that the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith, Mutant King Kvastir, and the Annihilation Demonic Wolf Flegrea perished in a battle between ancient gods. So the betrayal of Giant King Aurmir and the other ancient gods had nothing to do with the ancient sun god?

This is why Lilith didn’t fully die and is still able to occasionally deliver divine revelations? And because of this, the Antigonus Mother of the Sky and Hornacis mountain range managed to survive to the Fourth Epoch… Klein increasingly believed that the history recorded in the City of Silver had many fabrications or vague records. Thankfully, he hadn’t completely digested the Bizarro Sorcerer potion and didn’t need to consider advancing to Scholar of Yore. Otherwise, the “history” he used might not be real.

In ancient times, the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith and Mutant King Kvastir perished due to the other… The Sanguine has recently been working with the Mutant's temperance faction. Time sure is a great magician… Heh heh, if The Moon Emlyn were to know of this, I wonder what kind of expression he would have… The Star Leonard sighed as he thought.

As their thoughts raced, the ancient god, Soniathrym, scoffed and said, "Recently, Aurmir wanted to work with some secret sects that have sprouted from the humans to deal with us. Apparently, this matter is led by Harvest and Dawn.

"I'm even thinking of working with Ankewelt to destroy the giants and the Giant King's Court. Unfortunately, every time I see that dragon, I have the urge to string it up on a grill. It's a type of attraction that's simply irresistible!"

Just as he said that, the ancient god suddenly vanished. The entire palace shook violently, causing a rift to appear.

All of this had yet to subside when a bolt of lightning flashed. Soniathrym returned to the massive throne, holding a spear made of pure lightning.

"You went to the Giant King's Court?" Cohinem asked.

"I taught Aurmir a lesson," Soniathrym answered without hiding anything.

Siatas and the other elven attendants lowered their heads even further. They faintly saw slippery tentacles that were thicker than their bodies flipping about on the ground, flashing with silver bolts of lightning.

Then, they shut their eyes.

The dream changed as Siatas "recalled" her interaction with other elves.

With their conversations and interactions, Klein, Leonard, and Audrey learned that Siatas lived in a relatively peaceful time period in the Second Epoch. The giants, elves, dragons, devils, and phoenixes coexisted, splitting up their rule over the Northern and Southern Continent, as well as the Five Seas. Vampires, demonic wolves, treants, sea monsters, mutants, and humans were vassals of the different factions, occupying the lower-middle classes.

"This doesn't resemble the history recorded by the Church. Even the legends in the City of Silver aren't like this." Leonard sighed when he heard that. "Old Man probably doesn't know this much."

"That isn't necessarily true." Klein shook his head indiscernibly. "Many existences in the Second Epoch have survived to the Fourth Epoch, or even to this very moment."

"For example the Wisdom Angel?" Leonard asked with a guess.

"Perhaps." Klein didn't give an affirmative answer as he said with a smile, "When you were talking to Mobet, I thought you would make Miss Justice stand further away."

Leonard immediately shot a glance at him and yawned.

"You mentioned before that there's an existence behind me that might've been seen the second Blasphemy Slate. Then, when I

was conversing with Mobet Zoroast, wouldn't she be able to make the connection from me getting her to stand further away?

"Besides, you also mentioned that back when dealing with all of Amon's avatars in Backlund, part of the clean-up operation involved Miss Justice. To a Sequence 5 Spectator, what she knows is sufficient. Once she understands the Zoroast family's matters, the truth is practically in front of her eyes. In that case, why waste time trying to avoid her. It's too troublesome. I might as well get Mr. Fool to be a witness as everyone vows not to divulge each other's secrets."

Klein nodded slightly and said, "If you were to get Miss Justice to stand further away, it wouldn't be easy for you to bring up the matter of making a vow to keep things a secret…"

At this moment, Siatas continued, "After the death of the Sanguine Ancestor, the Annihilation Demonic Wolf, and the Mutant King, some of 'Their' subsidiary gods were killed, while others surrendered to other ancient gods. There were a few who vanished as they hid in the shadows."

Having "transformed" herself into an elf, Audrey immediately asked, "Who surrendered to who? Who died?"

Siatas recalled and said, "I've never even seen it before. Uh, the Sanguine's Goddess of Life and the Mutant King's God of War were killed. No one even remembers 'Their' names… The Annihilation Demonic Wolf's God of the Dead, Salinger, came under the Phoenix Ancestor. The Sanguine's Goddess of Beauty, Auernia, came under us… The Mutant King's God of Spiritual Creatures, Tolzna, and Annihilation Demonic Wolf's Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises, vanished…"

Salinger… Auernia… These two names made Klein's forehead

twitch. He instinctively used his Clown powers to maintain his facial expression.

Auernia was the Blood Moon Queen, the wife of the Fourth Epoch's Emperor, the Empress of the Trunsoest Empire!

As for Salinger, "He" was the founder of the Balam Empire, the Emperor of the Underworld—Death!

Chapter 1067: The Elven Version of History

This...The Second Epoch's subsidiary gods truly are hidden powers. There was Dragon of Wisdom, Herabergen , and there's God of the Dead, Salinger. They were all powerful figures that even reached the throne of Sequence 0. Of course, I can't be sure about the Dragon of Wisdom. It's just quite possible...

Yes, and there's the God of Dawn, Badheil, and the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella. I can't rule out the possibility that "They" have lived quite well all the way to the Fifth Epoch... I wonder if the God of Spiritual Creatures Tolzna and the Goddess of Misfortune Amanises managed to evade the authority retrieval operation by the City of Silver Creator at the end of the Second Epoch. If "They" managed to escape that fate, what roles did "They" play in the Third and Fourth Epoch? After a moment of shock, Klein began thinking poignantly.

Thinking back to the betrayal of the Kings of Angels in the Third Epoch, he couldn't help but lampoon:

You have to be careful of fire, theft, and subsidiary gods!

At that moment, Audrey, who didn't know much about the subsidiary gods' true names or authorities, didn't show any perturbations in her emotions. She acted as different female elves in Siatas's memories, and she constantly talked to her about her experiences and things she knew about the Second Epoch.

According to Siatas, in the history of the elves, there was no concept of the First Epoch or Second Epoch. In the beginning years that were unknown to her, it was chaotic, dark, and crazy, and it didn't leave behind any texts. After the supernatural races

obtained a certain level of intelligence and had their own languages, creatures finally had some knowledge of history.

In that era, ancient gods appeared one after another. The sky, the land, the sea, and the underground world slowly changed from disorderliness to orderliness. However, other than the tyrannical and crazy ancient gods, no one knew how many years this stage lasted. She just knew that, very, very long ago, it was referred to by the major supernatural races as the “Sprouting Era.”

After the “Sprouting Era” was the “Early Era of Fire” in which the eight ancient gods fought against each other in different camps. This was also a long time before Siatas’s birth, so she could only understand this from the elven historical records that it was a time when quasi-humans fought non-humans, resisting the corruption and intrusion from the devils and demonic wolves. Amongst them, the humanoids were the giants, elves, Sanguine, as well as their slaves.

The “Early Era of Fire” lasted different periods of time according to the different records. However, a common point was that it lasted less than a thousand years, as the essence of the ancient gods was madness, tyranny, cruel, and cold. They were often driven by their instinct.

After the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith, Mutant King Kvastir, and Annihilation Demonic Wolf Flegrea perished during the betrayal, the “E3rly Elm of Fire” ended, and the war broke out “The world was damaged, and it didiVt stop for centuries.

Due to the fact that the giants and dragons were relatively strong in this period of time, they were known as the “Dual Era.”

By the time the five races formed a new balance of powers, the Northern Continent, the Southern Continent, the East Continent,

and the Five Seas had recovered some level of peace. This was when Siatas was born and had grown up in until she entered Groselle's Travels.

In the history that she described, there were two important points. First of all, it proved the existence of the East Continent, a place where the Giant King's Court was. Second, after the "Sprouting Era," the supernatural races had their own kind of civilization. They weren't completely irrational as their descendants believed them to be. Of course, the inclination towards tyranny, cruelty, coldness, and slaughtering still existed, as though they were all in a half-state of losing control. It was only after the "Dual Era" that the new generation of elves and giants gained some level of rationality. They had feelings just like Siatas and Groselle.

The East Continent seems to be the Forsaken Land of the Gods… It was abandoned during the Cataclysm? Similar thoughts surfaced in Klein's, Leonard's, and Audrey's minds.

They were very interested in this, but it was a pity that Siatas had always lived in the Elf King's court. Their occasional forays outside were limited to parades at sea. She had never been to the East Continent, and she lacked the required knowledge.

Under Audrey's influence, Siatas's dream began to show the traditions and language of the elves.

According to the legends that the Queen's attendant had heard of, Elvish was created by the king in the "Sprouting Era." Every word was produced with the birth of a first-generation elf. The number of Elvish words meant the number of first-generation elves.

However, the traditions of the elves weren't too unified. They relied heavily on their surroundings—the elves in the forests

and the sea were undoubtedly different in all kinds of customs.

What they shared in common was that they believed in the king, who was an ancient god, and “His” queen. They liked to make food with the blood of their prey. Many of them had culinary methods such as roasting. Even sea elves often came up to the reefs for a bonfire party. They were close to nature and were good at using all kinds of spices. They idolized the strong, and they were proud of being quick to act before thinking…

With myths and reality mixed together, it’s hard to tell what’s real and what’s fake… Their traditions have destroyed my previous theories… Klein listened with a stoic expression as he quickly analyzed every word Siatas said.

After figuring out the relevant matters, Audrey circled around the keyword of the West Continent and made Siatas’s dream change. It reflected some of her subconscious memories.

The coral palace appeared before Klein and company again. Siatas followed behind Queen of Calamity Cohinem and walked to a crystal window.

She glanced at the Queen’s exquisite and complicated dress, and she stole a glance at the “deity” who controlled calamities. She asked curiously, “Your Highness, are you looking west?”

To the elves, as long as they didn’t feel the pressure of violence, they would ask questions on the spot.

“Why do you think so?” Cohinem didn’t turn back as “She” asked with an indifferent expression.

“I just learned of a legend that our elves originated from the Western Continent,” Siatas replied. “Your Highness, does the Western Continent really exist? Is that really where the first-generation elves were born?”

Cohinem’s lips curled slightly as she said with a slightly ethereal voice, “The Western Continent may exist, but it may not exist either. Every race needs to give themselves an illustrious origin, a home for the mind.

“Siatas, where is your home to you?”

“My home?” Siatas repeated the question as she replied blankly, “It’s where His Majesty and Your Highness are. It’s this palace that can lead to the forest where my parents live…”

As she said this, Siatas’s emotions gradually turned heavy, lost, and melancholic.

It was obvious that she was influenced by her subconscious’s corresponding memories.

She had entered Groselle’s Travels and had been away from home for two to three thousand years.

“Therefore, to elves like you, the Western Continent doesn’t exist, but to some elves, it definitely exists.” Queen of Calamity Cohinem calmly gave her final answer.

Siatas didn’t ask further, because she suddenly remembered that the Queen wasn’t a first-generation elf.

Such a response made Klein increasingly confused and puzzled. Thankfully, from the Second Epoch to the Fifth Epoch, the Western Continent had zero presence, so it didn't have any important secrets related to him. He was just trying to find out more about it and hadn't held out much hope.

After ending the guiding of Siatas's subconscious and since it was almost noon, without any other nearby dreams that they could leap into, Audrey left with Klein and Leonard, and they appeared in Mobet and Siatas's bedroom.

Looking at the Fourth Epoch viscount whose body had been tightly bound by the elf, Audrey's expression suddenly turned gentle as she said with a laugh, "They seem to be doing pretty well..."

"No, no, no, it's terrifying to have such a violent, direct, and imaginative wife who dares to take action! Only a person like Mobet would like and enjoy being with her..." Leonard, who didn't have a poet's talent but had the liberal inclinations of a poet, shook his head as he kept his hands in his pockets.

At this point, he muttered in thought, On the contrary, it's true that an experienced thief needs a woman like Siatas to rein him in. Hmm... I wonder what kind of members of the opposite sex Old Man's other family members like...

"Sigh, they don't need our envy or objections. This is how they live together. Emperor Roselle once wrote a poem, saying 'for my love I'll sacrifice my life [1]'..."

As Klein listened to their discussion, he opened his mouth and closed it again. He didn't tell them that Siatas and Mobet had actually died. It was only when they died that they truly felt their love for one another. The ones living in the book were just copies created by the book world.

After leaving the couple's house, the trio headed to Groselle's blacksmith shop.

Along the way, when they went past a street, Klein saw Frunziar, who was known as a philosopher, and Audrey recognized him to be Loenese a glance.

"Is that the soldier from a hundred years ago?" Audrey slowed down her pace and asked.

Klein recalled Frunziar's longing for his hometown, and the ashes he had placed in Backlund's cemetery. He fell silent for two seconds before nodding gently.

"Yes."

Mr. World is feeling a little emotional… He's like a calm river on the surface, with a lot of undercurrents and eddies underneath… Audrey nodded indiscernibly and asked, "Can we enter his dream? I want to get the Judge and Disciplinary Paladin's potion formula."

"No problem," Klein replied as he glanced at Leonard.

Leonard continued having his hands in his pockets, but his eyes instantly darkened.

Sitting on the bench, Frunziar fell asleep.

Right on the heels of that, three people appeared in his dream.

This was a bustling city with buildings made from wood. The pedestrians who came and went were mostly Loenese.

The black-haired, blue-eyed Frunziar stood outside a house as he looked in without daring to approach. Only when a woman wearing an old long dress came out from inside did he excitedly go forward and attempt to hug her.

His hug went through the woman without them making contact at all.

Frunziar stood rooted to the ground as he blankly shouted, “Mother…”

Audrey, who wanted to guide the dream, quietly watched this scene. Then, she looked around and discovered the iconic clock.

“Backlund…” Audrey pursed her lips and turned her head. She looked at Klein and asked, “Can’t they leave the book world?”

“It’s been too long. If they leave, they will grow old, die, or even be reduced to dust.” Klein’s voice was like a serene river. “I delivered one of Frunziar’s items to Backlund.”

This… As a Spectator, Audrey acutely sensed the cruel reality behind those words. She couldn’t help but raise her head and look out of the dream, looking at the location where Mobet and Siatas were.

Leonard wanted to ask what it was, but after looking around, he maintained his silence.

Following that, Audrey seriously guided his dream. Outside of obtaining two potion formulas, she made Frunziar return home and live happily with his parents, brothers, and sisters.

It was a beautiful dream.

After leaving Frunziar, Klein, Leonard, and Audrey quickly saw Groselle's home.

This was the last stop of their exploration. After obtaining information from Groselle's subconscious, they would enter the book world's sea of collective subconscious and seek out the secrets that might exist in this book.

---

1. Adapted from a Hungarian poet, Sandor Petofi's Liberty and Love.

Chapter 1068: Illogical Details

“W-which one is Groselle?” In the dream, Leonard looked ahead blankly.

There was a huge bonfire there, and there were more than ten grayish-blue-skinned, single-eyed giants who looked no different from each other.

To be honest, I wouldn’t be able to recognize him without the ability of a Faceless… To me, without their age, hairstyle, height, scars, clothes, and maturity, giants all look the same… Klein mumbled inwardly as he looked calmly at Miss Justice, as though saying that it shouldn’t stump a Spectator.

Audrey raised her hand and pointed at a giant who was gulping down alcohol. From time to time, he would shout twice to express his approval.

“That’s Groselle.

“It looks like, in the traditions of the giants, clapping isn’t a sign of affirmation and praise. Instead, it’s a roar. The louder the roar, the higher the level of praise.”

Miss Justice is acting like a folk scholar now… Thankfully, he’s only shouting and not singing. If not, the noise would be worse. It’s obvious that the giants here aren’t adept at modulating their voices. That roar from before didn’t have any rhythm to it… Klein nodded and said to Audrey, “Begin guiding him then.”

As Audrey went forward as Leonard stepped back. He raised his

right hand and stroked his chin.

"Tell me, in the Second Epoch, which supernatural race widely possessed the Beyonder characteristics of the Evernight pathway?"

"Isn't it the demonic wolves?" Klein glanced at Leonard, wondering if the poet had contracted the traditional disease of the Nighthawkshaving a bad memory.

"I know." Leonard maintained his original posture as he said with a strange expression, "Then how do they act as a Midnight Poet? Or should I say that the potion's name back then was called Midnight Roarer?"

"There wasn't a potion name in the beginning…" Klein's thoughts were accidentally led astray by Leonard. The scene of such fellows crouching on the ground and howling at the moon surfaced in his mind. He couldn't help but mutter, "This might be more suitable for you. There's no need to write poems, making it very easy."

The corners of Leonard's mouth twitched as he said, "There are different types of poets. I'm a singing type."

As the two idly chatted, Audrey's guidance attempt gradually pushed through. Groselle's dream began showing the Waning Forest, Barren Tunnel, the corner of the Giant King's Court, Dawn Town, and the Nation of Gold.

Groselle wasn't a subordinate of the "deities" like the Giant King, and he was only able to occasionally see these high-level existences while on duty at the Waning Forest or in particular spots of the Giant King's Court and passageway. Furthermore, he didn't dare look at "Them" head-on, receiving them while

genuflecting and having his head bowed. Therefore, he wasn't able to present the images of Giant King Aurmir, Giant Queen Omebella, and the eldest son of the Giant King, God of Dawn, Badheil. They only appeared as portraits.

Similarly, Groselle knew very few secrets. His grasp of history and the situation in the world was completely incomparable to Elven Songster Siatas. However, an interesting point was that in the Giant King's Court and the giants, the "traitor" was synonymous with Soniathrym. They claimed that "His" abandoning of the alliance had resulted in the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith's death.

Klein strongly suspected that, because of his bad temper, Soniathrym, was obviously not good at such things.

The Queen of Calamity seems capable, but the problem is what "She" plots is extremely hard to hide from "Her" spouse, a true ancient god, Soniathrym... In contrast, Giant King Aurmir being the traitor makes more sense... Klein did a rough analysis as Audrey changed the direction of Guidance in an attempt to let Groselle present anything he had seen or heard beyond the Giant King's Court.

It was a pity that, shortly after the giant left the King's Court and passed through Dawn Town before arriving in the Nation of Gold, he obtained the book and entered it. He didn't know much about the styles and appearances of people from different regions.

"Currently, the most valuable piece of information is how to avoid the front entrance after entering the Giant King's Court from Afternoon Town. It's through the Waning Forest and the Barren Tunnel." Audrey ended the guidance and walked back to Klein's and Leonard's side. This is very useful for Little Sun and company's subsequent explorations."

“Yes, we can tell him at the next gathering.” Klein nodded.

Just as he was about to suggest that they enter the book world’s sea of collective subconscious through Groselle’s dream, Audrey suddenly looked back and said in thought,

“There’s one detail that’s illogical.”

“Which detail?” Leonard seriously recalled what he had seen and heard, but he didn’t find anything suspicious.

Justice Audrey glanced at The World and said, “In the matter regarding how Giant King Aurmir’s father and mother are buried in the Waning Forest, the rule that only the ancient god can enter is illogical.”

Klein didn’t notice that there was something wrong with that detail. But after Miss Justice mentioned it, he immediately had some ideas. He deliberated and said, “The father and mother of the Giant King are equivalent to the ancestors of the giants. Normally speaking, they should be consecrated by the entire race…”

“That’s right. Regardless of the race, they’ll have some level of worship towards their ancestor. The giants are no exception. From Groselle’s dream, the Keepers often make sacrifices to the ancestors outside the Waning Forest.” Audrey nodded in agreement. “If there aren’t any other factors of influence, the Giant King should occasionally organize things and make it a point to honor their ancestors instead of making it a rule that only ‘He’ can enter.”

“Perhaps the Waning Forest contains immense danger. Aren’t the oldest giants crazy, violent, and irrational? After their death, their corpses have corrupted the environment and affected the

entire forest. It's not something that can't be understood." Leonard gave his opinion.

Audrey and Klein shook their heads at the same time, denying the statement.

"If it's only danger or corruption, Giant Queen Omebella and the God of Dawn Badheil can clearly withstand that. With the help of the Giant King, there are almost no problems. Yet 'They' are also forbidden from entering the Waning Forest, even with the ancient god by 'Their' side." Klein simply explained his thoughts and guesses. "Perhaps what's buried inside isn't Giant King Aurmir's parents; there might be some other secret."

"That's more likely the case." Audrey nodded seriously.

She wore a silver mask, and her green eyes darted around slightly, faintly revealing a hint of curiosity.

"If that's the case, what would a secret that can't be known to 'His' wife, child, subsidiary gods, or fellow members of the same race be? That's quite interesting..." Leonard smiled as he allowed his thoughts to wander.

After another round of discussion, the three of them made use of the time to enter the Giant King's Court through the Barren Tunnel and enter the place that was frozen amidst the

sunset.

According to Klein's experience, this was actually the path to the borders of Groselle's dream.

This time, there was no need for him to activate Creeping Hunger and use the strength of a Zombie to open the heavy door to the giant guards' quarters. Audrey directly influenced the dream and made the door flutter open like a piece of paper. Due to the Unshadowed Crucifix, Klein was unable to wear the human-skinned glove.

Outside the door was a hazy world. There was no longer the scene of the Giant King's Court ahead of them, but a cliff.

After a brief exchange of the various situations that could occur in the sea of collective subconscious, Audrey made a staircase appear on the edge of the cliff.

The staircase spun around, sinking deep into the dark, hazy, silent, and bottomless mind world.

The three of them didn't delay as they stepped onto the staircase and walked down.

In this lonely environment that could drive one crazy, Audrey used Placate a few times every time they traveled a certain distance.

This wasn't only to Placate Klein, Leonard, and herself, but it was also to Placate the grayish-white cliff-Groselle's subconscious. It was to prevent him from causing a stir that would contaminate their Astral Projection and Body of Heart and Mind.

The countless rotting giant palms that Klein "encountered" the last time didn't appear. Even the most unbearable feelings of loneliness, silence, and being infinite didn't feel that terrifying thanks to being able to speak to each other.

“This is the mind world. The domain of consciousness is indeed different from the others.” Leonard looked around as though he wanted to use a few poems to express his feelings, but he eventually chose to give up.

If it were any other mission elsewhere, Klein might’ve asked his dear poet to remain quiet, but here, he felt that it was good for him to say something-anything.

Audrey didn’t reject the exchange as she said seriously, “That’s the essence of the environment that we can sense. The cliffs, precipices, and the hazy world are a reflection of our subconscious. If it were another race, it might not be like that…”

“…I now find psychology rather interesting,” Leonard said with interest after hearing that.

Klein glanced at him and resisted the urge to say that, with his personality and habits, he really wasn’t suited to the Spectator pathway.

In this exchange, the three of them lost track of time until they finally stepped onto the solid but hazy ground.

Looking upwards, they could see the undulating shadows. They overlapped and formed an illusory sea.

Klein, Leonard, and Audrey were about to walk forward when a “water spout” suddenly surged over. A rather blurry figure stood up from within.

It was a grayish-blue giant that was six-to seven-meters tall. His chest was covered with dragon scales, and there were all sorts of

indescribable patterns, symbols, and labels that went beyond what one would consider a normal language.

His single vertical eye was filled with blood vessels as it emitted a violent aura that couldn't be concealed. It had obvious hints of destruction in it as it gnawed on a bloody human leg.

This was a demigod-level giant!

He was a projection left in the sea of collective subconscious. Perhaps it was an actual encounter with a human or some other race's ancestor; or perhaps it was something Groselle and the other giants had heard about.

The moment he appeared, the madness spread towards Klein and company like a plague that could infect them.

This was a world that directly came into contact with one's mind and consciousness!

Chapter 1069: "Under the Sea"

The leg-gnawing giant, whose vertical eye was filled with blood-red threads, wasn't actually real. He was, in essence, a strong emotion produced by a particular living creature.

The emotions that originated from having a deep impression had entered the subconscious. It spread from one's island of consciousness to the surrounding illusory "sea," before slowly settling and forming a mark. It wasn't possible for all of its emotions and consciousness to ultimately settle dowoi as the foundation. Most of them would be washed away with time by the "seawater." Only extremely intense and repeated experiences would remain.

And once it formed a mark, it would be a drop of water in the sea of collective subconscious which would then affect living creatures of the same species in its surroundings. It would be a shared, ancient "memory" carved into one's pulse.

Therefore, not only was the phantom image of the giant blurry, but it also had many mistakes caused by the subjective aspects of the mind. Normally, it wouldn't result in Leonard and Audrey being unable to look straight at it, confusing their spirituality and breaking down their minds. However, the madness that came with it—an extreme sense of horror that stemmed from an unknown person—seemed all so real. It could contaminate every living creature's Body of Heart and Mind, Astral Projection, and even Soul Body!

This was the essence of the danger in the sea of collective subconscious. It didn't stem from the strength, level, and status itself, but from the emotions and feelings that were generated and imprinted there.

Of course, if one were to encounter a “mark” left behind by a high-level creature or deity, they could directly see some type or multiple types of Mythical Creature forms. However, the result was definitely nothing rosy. One would either have a mental breakdown or go crazy. Otherwise, they would be completely contaminated by the deity or high-level creature’s emotions and feelings—their outcome would ultimately be completely unpredictable.

All in all, in this sea of collective subconscious, the style of combat was different from the outside world. Sometimes, the more anxious one was at trying to destroy the illusory figure, the more likely one would be contaminated by their stirring emotions.

It was precisely because of this that when Klein saw the 7-8-meter tall, grayish-blue giant rush over, he immediately took the initiative to control his emotions.

Then, he used “Illusion Creation.”

The target of “Illusion Creation” was Leonard and Audrey.

In the eyes of these two Sequence 5 Beyonders, those 2-3-story-tall giants no longer had the madness and violence that left one trembling from one’s heart. Everything seemed normal and ordinary.

Therefore, before those extreme feelings could truly contaminate them, Leonard and Audrey remained very calm, without showing any emotional fluctuations.

Then, with one hand in his pocket, Leonard reached out with his right hand and slightly opened his mouth.

Having become a Spirit Warlock, he originally wanted to use the first spirit—a Terror Banshee—that he sealed in his tooth with the help of the archbishop. It was a powerful spirit world creature with a beautiful face and rotting body. It had a pair of huge eagle wings and was good at draining the consciousness of others, injecting feelings of terror in them. However, he quickly remembered that not only was he in an Astral Projection form, but he had also been cleansed by the gray fog. How could there be other spirits still "on him."

He had no choice but to use a Soul Assurer's powers, turning his green eyes deep and quiet.

The giant shadow instantly slowed down as if it was soothed.

At this moment, Audrey calmly spread her arms wide and used Placate.

An invisible wind blew past, and the giant figure seemed to pause as it instantly weakened the contamination around it.

During this process, Klein took out the bronze cross that had many sharp spikes. As he opened the bottle containing his blood, he poured a few drops onto it and solemnly said, "Light!"

Brilliant, pure, and flawless light burst out, and amidst Klein's fluttering black trench coat, the giant phantom was drowned by the light.

The grayish-blue giant melted away almost immediately.

One of the main powers of the Unshadowed Crucifix was to cleanse and purify lingering spiritual imprints!

This was the reason why Klein brought this Sealed Artifact along.

And when he used the cross from the ancient sun god, Klein dispelled the illusion, allowing The Star Leonard and Justice Audrey to “see” the true appearance of the giant to enrich their experiences in such matters.

Although it didn’t even take a second before the giant phantom was drowned by the endless light, Audrey and Leonard still felt dizzy. M irresistible sense of fear surged from deep within their hearts, and they almost broke down.

This state didn’t last too long, as Audrey instinctively used Placate to calm her emotions before treating Mr. Star and Mr. World’s psychological problems one by one.

“How scary…Is this a giant at the demigod level?” When the light dissipated, Audrey looked around and sighed.

In that instant, she had a deeper understanding of the sentence:

“Do not look directly at God!”

Even at the saint level, the remnant impression a demigod leaves behind in a memory can’t be “seen” directly, let alone a real deity?

Leonard was also experienced. He laughed self-deprecatingly and said, “Sequence 4 is indeed a qualitative change in life’s natural order. However, that wasn’t very scary. It wasn’t as intense as when I was facing a pregnant woman.”

Is the essence of a poet to boast? At that time, you could still control yourself, but you were almost on the verge of breaking down just now… However, if Megose gave birth to that child, we would probably lose control and turn into monsters just by looking at her… As Klein lampooned Leonard, it stirred up some memories as he sighed poignantly.

“Was that pregnant lady a demigod?” Audrey asked curiously.

“No.” Leonard shook his head. “But she was pregnant with an evil god’s spawn.”

Is that so… Audrey didn’t ask further. She knew very well that the adventure and exploration hadn’t ended, and that wasting time wasn’t an option.

She then looked at Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a black trench coat and holding a bronze cross and small metal bottle, and said with a smile, “Thank you for affecting our senses.

“Uh, where should we go next?”

As an experienced Spectator, it wasn’t difficult to determine the fact that she had received Mr. World’s help from making a comparison.

Klein controlled himself from subconsciously furrowing his brows, and he looked around.

“Doesn’t this sea of collective subconscious have a core region to it?”

“No.” Audrey shook her head seriously. “Wherever there are living beings, there’s a sea of subconscious. There’s no such thing as someone who’s more important and lofty. This illusory sea won’t really stir, and the situations within the different areas will depend on their actual surroundings. We call it a ‘precipitating effect.’ To put it simply, the sea of collective subconscious of Loen will be quite different from Intis, because it precipitates the strong emotions and feelings of generations of Loenese. In contrast, this will also affect the citizens of both countries, making them have different qualities and personalities to a certain extent…”

After explaining this a little, Audrey concluded:

“If that’s the case, how can there be a general consensus of a core within the sea of collective subconscious?”

Klein nodded and asked thoughtfully, “In other words, you can’t give any effective suggestions on where to go?”

Mr. World is so direct… If it were another lady or gentleman with a more fragile heart, they would definitely be embarrassed and feel hurt… As the thought flashed through her mind, Audrey saw The World’s pair of deep, brown eyes which were nearly black in color. They were in no way crazy or cold. Instead, they were calm and tranquil.

This… Audrey instantly came to a realization. She realized that Mr. World was doing such things on purpose so that she could experience the various problems within the details of a joint operation, allowing her to gain more experience.

Yes.” She nodded frankly, not feeling embarrassed at all.

Klein secretly nodded and looked at The Star Leonard.

“Don’t look at me. My expertise isn’t in this strange sea of collective subconscious.” Leonard immediately waved his hands.

Compared to Miss Justice, having participated in countless operations, he knew that he shouldn’t force it when he shouldn’t.

“Then follow me.” Klein looked away and moved the Unshadowed Crucifix which had turned bronze again to the hand holding the metal bottle, and he took out a gold coin.

Ding!

As the gold coin tumbled, he grabbed it without looking at the results. He looked in a direction and widened his stride. This is a divination technique… Audrey was enlightened.

She looked at The World’s serious and calm side profile, black trench coat, silk top hat, and bronze cross. For some reason, she felt like the other party was a preacher.

Leonard suddenly recalled something from the past.

It was the first case he had worked with Klein—to find a kidnapped child. At that time, it was also a way for Klein to lead the way through divination. He had been beside him the entire time.

Compared to his awkwardness before, it seems as if he had entered the mysterious world for more than ten years now… Sigh, it’s only been over a year… Leonard placed his hands in his pockets as he followed closely behind Klein.

Audrey glanced at him and felt the change in his mood.

Mr. Star and Mr. World not only know each other in real life, but they were probably rather close friends. Yes, they have at least met frequently in the past one to two years… As she made the judgment, she didn't slow down her steps. Combining what she had learned, she observed the surroundings and identified which spots might hide "maelstroms" and "dangerous creatures."

With her help, Klein's lead went very smoothly. It was nothing like how they had directly encountered a mark like the giant phantom.

Occasionally, they would walk straight and turn at other times. After some time, the area before the trio suddenly opened up.

In front of them was a huge crater in the deep sea. In the middle of the pit was an island-sized city.

The foundation of the city was grayish-white in color, and on it were several hundred-meter tall magnificent stone columns. They either stood there on their own, or they held up majestic ancient palaces together. They were bizarre and magnificent, unlike something built by ordinary creatures.

Although Audrey didn't know the city, an idea instantly appeared in her mind:

City of Miracles, Liveseyd…

Chapter 1070: Maybe It's Real

Liveseyd was a floating city that the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt "imagined" out of thin air. No matter what, it was a miracle, a divine miracle.

It was even more magnificent than the Giant King's Court—more rugged and unique. Every stone pillar was nearly 100 meters tall, like a throne for the dragon to rest on. It was a city that left a deep, unforgettable impression just from hearing about it.

Therefore, although Audrey had never actually seen the City of Miracles, she instantly made connections from witnessing the scene. Of course, one of the main reasons for knowing that was because she knew that Groselle's Travels came from the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt.

As for Klein, as he had once divined the origins of Groselle's Travels and had seen the real City of Miracles, the Floating City, and now, he was sure that the island-sized city in the middle of the deep-sea crater was identical to Liveseyd. All it lacked were the dragons that flew in every direction!

Is this real, or is it a clone? Or is it a gathering of some special creature's subconscious in the book world? Klein was slightly surprised as he quickly analyzed the situation.

According to his divination results and the contents of the dream from Giant Guardian Groselle and Elven Songster Siatas, he was certain that, when Groselle's Travels was created, the City of Miracles Liveseyd still existed. When it reached the Giant King's Court, the City of Miracles Liveseyd still existed. When Groselle began his adventure and when Siatas was sucked into the book world, Liveseyd still existed. If the City of Miracles Liveseyd were

to vanish, the various supernatural races wouldn't have any reaction.

In other words, these facts were undeniable proof that the city in the middle of the deep-sea crater was unlikely to be Liveseyd.

But very quickly, Klein remembered something.

That was the answer that Arrodes had once given him:

"...certain that it first appeared among the dragons, after the disappearance of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd."

This is interesting... What did the magic mirror rely on to confirm that Groselle's Travels was the first to appear and to believe that it was after the disappearance of the City of Miracles Liveseyd? It wasn't even able to see matters related to Zaratul, so how could it pry into the origins of an ancient god's possession? I originally used this conclusion to infer and consider things, but this point was completely overturned by my divination. I never expected... Klein observed the tall stone columns and magnificent city as many thoughts ran through his mind.

Suddenly, he grasped onto an idea:

The last owner of Groselle's Travel was Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, a member of the Church of Knowledge. They believe in the God of Knowledge and Wisdom;

The God of Knowledge and Wisdom can almost be confirmed to be one of the Kings of Angels who served the ancient sun god, the Angel of Wisdom;

And from the Church's history and the history of the Third Epoch, it's reasonable to suspect that the Angel of Wisdom is most likely the Dragon of Wisdom, Herabergen!

This was the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt's subsidiary god, a high-level member of the dragons!

This... The appearance of Groselle's Travels after the disappearance of the City of Miracles was thanks to the God of Knowledge and Wisdom passing it around through a certain method, which had convinced the magic mirror? If "He" really is a Dragon of Wisdom, it means that "He" was directly involved, and "His" level was already very high back then. "His" understanding of this matter definitely trumps the Groselle and Siatas... But how do I explain the scene I divined above the gray fog? Just recalling it now makes my head ache. What I saw was definitely the ancient god, Dragon of Imagination, "Himself... Klein cheered up when he managed to string up all these matters together, but he also fell into a state of puzzlement.

He tossed the gold coin continuously and quickly came up with some theories.

Since the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, was "imagined," couldn't it just be "imagined" again after it disappeared?

The original Liveseyd was stuffed into the book by the Dragon King Ankewelt. Then, the one that subsequently existed was one "He" "imagined" again?

This could fool all the dragons, but not the one that was known for being intelligent?

If this were true, then there were actually two instances of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd. The one here is the oldest one...

But here comes the question. Why didn't the Dragon of Wisdom enter the book "Himself1? Even if "He" wasn't a Spectator, with "His" title of being omniscient and omnipotent, "He" should have enough powers to perform a deeper exploration...

"He" has actually been here a long time ago, but didn't alert any living beings in the book. Also, because of certain motives, "He" left this City of Miracles here?

As thoughts surfaced in Klein's mind, The Star Leonard, who had both hands in his pockets, looked at him and then at Miss Justice, who had also been looking down in silence for a long time. He took the initiative to speak and break the silence:

"This city is grand and magnificent. It clearly doesn't belong to humans or humanoid creatures, but there's no need to stare at it for so long. You're not an architect after all."

Klein gathered his thoughts and glanced at Leonard.

"This might very well be Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt's City of Miracles, Liveseyd. In a sense, it's the divine kingdom of an ancient god."

Of course, if there was really another Liveseyd, the nature of the divine kingdom here didn't hold much importance. "Divine kingdom..." Leonard's pupils dilated as he repeated the keyword.

Audrey regained her senses and whispered, "Is it really Liveseyd?"

"It's only possible." Klein had already calmed down and replied simply, "It's not floating in the air like the legends, but has

sunken to the bottom of the sea of collective subconscious, so it's hard to tell if it's real or fake."

At this moment, Leonard finally managed to control himself. He looked at the magnificent city in the deep-sea crater again and smiled self-deprecatingly.

"I didn't expect the day when I'll come to the divine kingdom of an ancient god..."

Frankly, if Miss Justice wasn't here, he wouldn't have been able to help but marvel at how "rich" Klein's life was.

Ever since he reunited with his former teammate, not only did he meet the two sons of god—Kings of Angels—he had also entered the mysterious book world and found a city suspected to be a divine kingdom.

This was many times more interesting than what he had experienced in the past year. The level of such matters was many times higher!

Of course, it was a lot more dangerous.

Having said that, he looked up at the floating "seawater phantoms" and asked thoughtfully, "How do you know if the sea of collective subconscious is real or if it's imagined?"

This was a continuation of the problem of determining Liveseyd's authenticity.

Audrey thought for a while and said with uncertainty, "There's

no way to tell the difference, or rather, the sea of collective subconscious here is also real.

“In essence, collective subconscious is the accumulation and settling of strong emotions and feelings. Although the people in this world may be imaginary, their experiences, feelings, joy, anger, sadness, pain, and happiness, they all truly happened before…”

As she spoke, Audrey stopped as she vaguely realized something, but she was unable to say it out loud.

At this moment, Klein suddenly said, “The objects that ‘He’ can imagine will be conjured. The kingdom ‘He’ dreams of will surely descend upon the physical world…”

As his voice echoed, Klein put away the gold coin in his hand and jumped into the deep-sea crater, his black trench coat flaring up as a result.

The future that ‘He’ declares will definitely be carried out, becoming reality…”

As his figure glided down, the following words came out.

Audrey’s green eyes were dazed at first before they lit up. Then, she “jumped” towards the City of Miracles.

“Aren’t you going to divine the level of danger? This might be the divine kingdom of an ancient god!” Leonard looked at the two of them in surprise and blurted out.

In the education he received, this wasn't in line with the standard operating procedures.

When did you get the wrong impression that I didn't divine it? You just didn't notice my tiny actions. I just put away the gold coin... Also, I didn't get any warnings from my intuition for danger... Furthermore, if my theory is right, then the Dragon of Wisdom Herabergen should've entered this place before...If there's any form of danger that w head, it would've long been finished off by "Him"... If Miss Justice wasn't here, I'd really wish to berate you... As Klein silently lampooned, he adjusted his direction and speed, passing through a few thick stone columns that stood nearly a hundred meters tall. He descended one level after another before stepping onto the grayish-white ground.

He was in a Spirit Body state now and could fly if he wanted to.

About two to three seconds later, the silver-masked Justice Audrey landed beside him.

Audrey looked up, and after reeling from a few seconds of shock due to the grandeur of the stone columns and palace, she said, "Looking from the inside and looking from a distance feels completely different...

"Perhaps, this is how a rat truly feels in Backlund..."

As she spoke, Leonard also glided over and looked sideways at Klein.

It wasn't that he didn't believe in Klein, nor was he unaware of how cautious he was. He just needed to clarify such matters in a joint operation, because there was the possibility of teammates being unknowingly corrupted, turning reckless.

This was a conclusion the Nighthawks gleaned from their experience of repeated sacrifices.

"Currently, the indications don't point to much danger," Klein said truthfully.

Leonard no longer looked around and said, "The City of Miracles is really big...

"I mean that, for such a big city, even if we can fly, we won't be able to completely explore it without spending a few days here. Or perhaps, do you have a destination in mind?"

The second half of his sentence was said while looking at Klein.

Klein nodded and pointed to a huge palace that was more than 200 meters tall.

"There.

"If I remember correctly, that is the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt's residence."

This was what he saw in the dream divination.

Seeing that Klein already had a plan, as if he had received Mr. Fool's guidance, Leonard felt relieved. He looked at the grayish-white foundation on his feet and said, "Is this a divine kingdom?

"I don't feel anything."

At this moment, Audrey, who was observing the surroundings carefully, said with uncertainty, “All the abnormalities here seem to be gathering towards that palace.”

She was referring to the place that Klein had pointed out to be the ancient god’s residence.

Chapter 1071: Hall of Truth

In front of the grayish-white grand palace that was more than 200 meters tall, there were a few thick stone columns that were slightly shorter than it was, as though they were a squadron of soldiers standing at attention there.

Klein could imagine that, when the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, was still floating in mid-air, these stone columns would definitely have powerful dragons crouching on them.

These were the servants of the ancient god.

He then looked up at the open door and said to Leonard and Audrey, “Stay close to me. Once an accident happens, I’ll immediately take you out of the book world and return directly above the gray fog.”

This was the main reason why Klein dared to explore the area.

“Okay.” Audrey and Leonard didn’t try putting on a brave front as they walked to Klein’s side and walked alongside him.

Relying on their Spirit Bodies’ flight ability, the trio passed the stairs and entered the palace through the exaggerated and magnificent door.

The first thing they saw was a wide space that was enough for multiple dragons to roll around freely, as well as an ancient stone pillars that seemed to prop up the sky.

On the two sides of the hall, there were colorful and beautiful murals. They kept extending forward and intertwining themselves with a huge pillar that was multiple arm spans wide.

The giant pillar was in the deepest recesses of the hall right ahead of them. Without relying on anything else, just the pillar alone was enough to make people feel a strong sense of fear and make them experience the vicissitudes of time. It was like a fossilized deity.

Almost instantly, a grayish-white figure appeared on the pillar.

The figure was covered in scales, and every scale resembled a sturdy stone slab. Just the faint outline of the figure made it seem epic.

Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt! Just as this thought flashed through Klein's mind, he heard an oddly familiar voice echoing in the spacious hall:

"Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt!"

As Klein looked around in astonishment, he heard Leonard sigh emotionally.

"The deep air listen'd round 'Him' as 'He' rode, "And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear [1]...

...This fellow still has the mood to recite poetry, I wonder whose poem he's reciting... Klein turned to look at Leonard. Then, he heard an echo:

“This fellow still has the mood to recite poetry, I wonder whose poem he’s reciting…”

At this moment, Leonard’s expression was one of shock. He shut his mouth tightly and shook his head in denial.

But the next second, a voice sounded beside him:

“I didn’t recite anything!”

“What’s going on? Strange…” At the same moment Klein had this thought, he realized that the strangely familiar voice belonged to him.

As it echoed again, repeating the thoughts that flashed through Klein’s mind.

Then, Audrey’s gentle and mumbling voice sounded:

“This… This hall is able to let our thoughts present themselves in our surroundings, and is even able to conjure them? Hmm…When I saw that huge pillar just now, I was imagining what the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt looked like. It was based on the blueprint of the mind dragon I saw before…

“Why is whatever I’m saying—No, indeed, the ‘hall’ articulates it…”

So that’s the case. Luckily, I didn’t think of anything strange just now. Yes, rein in my thoughts, rein in my thoughts… Klein began to use Cogitation to focus his mind and not let his imagination run wild.

At the same time, the corresponding words echoed around him almost in sync:

"...rein in my thoughts, rein in my thoughts..."

"So that's what Mr. World's inner world is like. He's like a child who just started school, constantly emphasizing matters that he needs to take attention of. Also, the image for his Cogitation is actually layers of spherical lights. It's so beautiful. No, no, I'm not thinking of this! I'm not describing you like this. Mr World, I m serious「^ thoughts kept appearing as she finally couldn't help but curl her lips.

As for Leonard, the voices around him were already echoing with "Hahaha."

"These two fellows... No, why am I using 'fellow'? Be polite, be more polite..." As Klein listened to his thoughts, he sighed helplessly. "This place is very suitable for playing 'Truth or Dare.' Perhaps it should be called 'the Hall of Truth...."

"What game is that?" Audrey didn't need to open her mouth to express her doubts.

"It was probably invented by Emperor Roselle... I have to be careful not to think about things I shouldn't think about. Seriously, it's too difficult to rein in random thoughts without the use of Cogitation..." As Klein replied, he habitually warned himself, only to have the hall ruthlessly betray him again.

This time, Audrey laughed and said, "Haha, Mr. World actually has such a side to him. I actually failed to read it in the past..."

“Hahaha, to think you’re experiencing such a day, Klein. No, what did I say…” Leonard suddenly raised his right hand and covered his mouth.

Unsurprisingly, he heard Miss Justice’s “question”:

“Klein?”

And a certain someone’s complaint:

“Perhaps only turning them into marionettes can stop these fellows from having wild thoughts. Wait, what was I thinking? Phew, calm down, calm down…”

Klein took a deep breath and began to focus his attention on the matter itself.

“Let’s take a look at what the murals describe. In ancient times, murals were very important methods for recording memories. They often contain plenty of information…”

At the same time he made the suggestion, he heard Audrey’s inner thoughts laugh and think:

“Klein—is this Mr. World’s real name? No, no—Don’t think too much about it. Mr. World will be angry. No, I think it’s more likely for him to feel embarrassed. No, no—this is all Lie’s fault. Mr. World, please believe me! Phew, calm down. Calm down! Focus. Focus!”

Using the Spectator pathway’s ability to control her emotions and thoughts, Audrey gradually reined in her thoughts and cast

her gaze on the mural on the right.

Compared to them, Leonard's ability to control his mind was slightly weaker. There were still plenty of random thoughts resounding around him.

"Turning into marionettes… Is this fellow that dangerous now? Tsk tsk, so this is what's truly on your mind. Haha, Miss Justice's reaction is very interesting… I haven't seen that fellow in such an embarrassing situation in a long time…"

When Klein and Audrey began seriously looking at the murals and were exchanging their thoughts through the stirrings in their hearts, only then did Leonard gradually calm his thoughts and focus his attention.

The mural on the right depicted historic developments. There was a scene of human construction, scenes of snow- covered plains, war and migration, various nations and cities, as well as towers and fruits that represented zero communication barriers…

It was obvious that these murals started from the entrance and ended at the Dragon of Imagination's throne.

Towards the end, Klein suddenly noticed a familiar figure.

It was a gigantic dragon with bluish-blue eyes and ice-crystal scales.

It was the King of the North, Ulyssan!

“This… The book world’s development is based on these murals?” As Klein’s thoughts were exposed, he quickly looked back and found many blurry-faced adventurers hunting the frost dragon before opening a door to leave. The snow and ice melted before flourishing cities like Pessote appeared. They then discovered the weather turning cold, implying an end in which a new story was about to unfold.

“The contents of the murals will become reality in this book world?” Audrey couldn’t help but have such a thought.

“This wall, this mural looks very ordinary. It’s not even as good as the works of street artists… As expected of the Dragon of Imagination’s residence. Is this the power and authority of an ancient god…?” Leonard similarly had poignant thoughts.

“It’s possible.” Before Klein could give a more tactful reply, he heard his own voice. “Let’s look at the murals on the other side before putting everything together for analysis.”

Leonard and Audrey didn’t object and followed him to the other side.

During this process, they realized that even their Spirit Bodies couldn’t fly in the palace.

As the murals were huge, it didn’t take much walking before the three of them could see the corresponding content. The first mural near the entrance made Klein’s pupils suddenly dilate.

In the mural, a giant with blurry looks, grayish-blue skin, and a single vertical was holding a hard-covered book in his hand!

“This…” Klein heard his own shocked and hesitant voice.

In the subsequent murals, the common highlight was the goatskin binding. There was a dark brown-covered book: it was obtained by the elves; the words on its surface changed; it was being put into a collection; It was obtained by different people, and it kept exchanging hands until it flew above the clouds and came to the cosmos where it landed on a gigantic claw.

In the next mural, the book seemed to have nothing to do with the scenes in front. It suddenly appeared over the surface of the sea and stayed inside a blurry ship.

In the penultimate mural, it was taken away by a man wearing a top hat before he left that ship.

The next mural was located behind the gigantic pillar suspected to be Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt’s throne. It depicted that the book from before met a classic quill.

At this point, all the murals came to an end.

“0-08!” Leonard’s shocked voice echoed in the hall.

“The Dragon of Imagination wants to create a set with the book and quill? What will happen? When dealing with Ince Zangwill, this scene almost appeared… But ultimately, it didn’t happen because the book landed in my hands… before I sacrificed it to Mr. Fool. Otherwise, Adam was already prepared against it and deliberately provided some help?

“Oh right, previously while inside Groselle’s Travels, the moment the ascetic mentioned the Angel of Imagination Adam, the frost

dragon attacked the camp … It was because the book itself didn't allow him to finish his sentence, or had Adam heard his thoughts which became a connection for 'Him' to see and cast his gaze over, stirring up a certain reaction?" Klein's thoughts wandered before sounding it out loud.

During this process, he could only control himself to treat The Fool as another existence.

At the same time as he "spoke," Audrey's thoughts appeared:

"The contents on this mural will become reality in the physical world?"

---

1. Adapted from Tennyson's Godiva.

Chapter 1072: The Call From Behind the Door

“The contents on this mural will become reality in the physical world…”

Be it Klein or Leonard, they couldn’t help but repeat Miss Justice’s words in their hearts.

If the murals on the other side determined the history of the book world, then it was only considered rather amazing. However, the discovery on this side would be enough to shake everyone’s hearts and bring about a huge upheaval throughout their bodies.

The pictures you depicted would definitely show up on stage in the real world, not in an illusory world. This was the performance of a deity!

“It’s not that exaggerated, right…” After Leonard repeated the statement, he whispered in a low voice, finding it hard to accept.

Klein, on the other hand, started his analysis out of habit.

“Even if 0-08 can only affect a big city, making it difficult for it to exceed this range, a Sequence 1 Author of the Spectator pathway should be similar… And the Visionary’s Uniqueness has been confirmed to be in Adam’s hands… Then what does this City of Miracles rely on to guarantee that the contents on this mural will become a reality?

“The divine power of the Dragon of Imagination from back then? When this book was formed, the contents of the murals had

already been branded into the sea of collective subconscious, sinking right inside and spreading its infection in every direction, so as to drive generation after generation to accomplish this without realizing it?

"If this is true, then the possibility of making another mural become a reality would definitely be nil, as the Dragon of Imagination has already perished, and there's no way to provide any more divine power…

"But we can give it a try. If the contents of the new mural really happens in the physical world, it means that this City of Miracles really is Liveseyd, and it contains a huge secret. It also implies that matters regarding the Spectator pathway goes deeper than what I had imagined."

"Author? There's a potion name like that?" Hearing Klein's thoughts, Leonard couldn't help but mutter.

Compared to how the name "Dragon of Imagination" could be stretched to make an inference to the name "Visionary," the potion name of "Author" was more eye-catching. It made one's imagination run wild. It felt more like walking from reality and into the realm of fantasy.

Audrey, who had long known the name of the High-Sequence potions of the Spectator pathway, suddenly had another thought:

"Uniqueness… Mr. World actually managed to link up and analyze so many things in an instant. Impressive! Uh, did I praise him too directly? Mr. World has heard it all… This hall is really hard to adapt to… No, Mr. World, I really am praising you, I really mean it!"

Audrey felt a little ashamed at first, but then she quickly

adjusted her state of mind, trying her best to keep calm.

"...As expected of a Psychiatrist. She adjusted herself really quickly..." A thought came to Klein's mind.

"As expected, Mr. World isn't as cold as he looks. He's the type of person who will inwardly mutter to himself-Uh... I didn't say anything!" Just as Audrey instinctively thought of something, she immediately denied it.

The same voice echoed around Leonard:

"Klein's Gehrman Sparrow disguise isn't bad. Almost everyone who knows him believes that he's cold and crazy. Hehe, who would've thought..."

Just as Leonard's thoughts were about to wander, a voice interrupted him.

"Shut up!"

Looking at the way Gehrman Sparrow was dressed, he spread out his hands, and held back his laughter as he said, "Look, that isn't cold enough, right?"

"Cold? Then I'll directly press the Unshadowed Crucifix against your head! If you don't want your Beyonder characteristic, donate it to the people who need it!" Without being able to use Cogitation to control his thoughts, Klein instinctively retorted.

"..." Audrey looked at Mr. World and then at Mr. Star, and her heart skipped a beat. "So they have so much drama in their

hearts... I could only tell that was the case for Mr. Star, but I failed to read what's under The World's poker face. Uh... Jiant, Boss, Minnie..."

At crucial moments like this, the experienced Audrey forcibly manipulated her thoughts to begin reciting names so as to stop her thoughts from wandering off.

"Who are they?" Leonard's attention was diverted.

"They're the hounds and horses my family rears," Audrey replied politely.

"A hound costs 450 pounds..." Klein suddenly recalled Butler Walter's suggestion of buying a batch of hunting dogs when he purchased Maygur Manor.

"Why is the first thing on Mr. World's mind the price...?" This question floated into Audrey's mind.

Leonard pursed his lips. Even though he didn't say a word, he answered, "Isn't this normal? This fellow has always been a little picky about this, I remember..."

Before he could "finish," Klein coughed lightly and said, "We'll continue exploring the other areas, and when we have time, we'll perform experiments on the murals.

"Sigh, this hall really complicates matters very easily. The main point is that everyone's privacy is brought to the forefront if we aren't focused..."

Upon hearing the last sentence of his complaint, Audrey and Leonard couldn't help but laugh out loud-but not by their own will.

Seeing that Mr. World clearly didn't want the situation to develop into chaos again, Audrey raised her head, looked up at the ceiling, and focused her attention and got down to business.

"The mural on the right side controls the book world, and the left seems to affect reality… What if you draw the mural on the ceiling? What would happen?"

Klein immediately made a connection.

"The Dragon of Imagination's authority contains at least three aspects: An 'envisioned' kingdom will descend upon the physical world, a declared future that will happen in the real world, and 'imagined' objects that will be conjured… The first point corresponds to the right mural, and the second point corresponds to our guesses on the left mural. Then, could the blank spot on the palace's ceiling be related to the third authority?"

"As long as you draw an object you imagined onto the ceiling, it will be conjured and be usable?" Audrey easily understood what The World meant.

"Then what if I were to draw a Dragon of Imagination?" Leonard "suggested."

Klein glanced at him again.

"First of all, you would've had to have seen the Dragon of

Imagination without completely breaking down and losing control. Secondly, you need to restore the main details of 'His' body. Finally, you have to know how to draw."

"...I might not know how to now, but it doesn't mean that I can't in the future. I can hire a home tutor to teach me," Leonard "grumbled" in reply. "And what does 'the main details' refer to? 'His' body structure, or the symbols and labels depicted from godhood?"

At this moment, Audrey pursed her lips and "said" with a brisk tone, controlling herself so as to not burst out laughing, "I can draw."

This was the basic skill for a noble lady, and Audrey was quite talented in this aspect.

"Yeah, we can try it in the future when there's time." Klein nodded and walked towards the giant pillar right in front of the main hall.

His plan for this expedition was to first gain a complete understanding of the situation before considering how to venture deeper.

At the same time, he thought of something else because of Leonard's question:

"The symbols and labels from godhood... These contain plenty of mixed knowledge. It can even let people learn the corresponding potion formulas and Beyonder powers after surviving the impact from witnessing it directly... Then, before the first Blasphemy Slate appeared, what would one obtain if they survived directly looking at a demigod or even an ancient god? There were no such things as potion formulas back then...

“Is it only through using a magic potion to advance one’s Mythical Creature form step by step that the godhood aspect is able to contain this portion of knowledge? Or perhaps, after the potion formula appears, Mythical Creatures who used any method of advancement had the corresponding knowledge forged within them?

“If it’s because of the two reasons I came up with, it means that the knowledge of godhood can change, and it can increase… Do angels of the Marauder pathway have the ability to alter such knowledge or even delete them directly?”

“Mr. World’s considerations are so deep and profound. They involve very high levels…” Audrey couldn’t help but “sigh.”

Leonard couldn’t control the voice in his heart either.

“There’s such a thing? I should ask Old Man when I return…

“This fellow sure knows a lot… It’s not entirely a pretense when he’s acting as Gehrman Sparrow. At least this sense of profoundness seems to belong to him…”

“Thank you for your praise. Stop!” With a small blood bottle in one hand and the Unshadowed Crucifix in the other, Klein forced himself to rein in his thoughts and cast his gaze at the ancient god’s “throne.”

They were in their Spirit Body forms now. Although they were unable to fly due to the restrictions from the main hall, their top speed was still much faster than their human form.

It was only then that Klein realized that, behind the pillar that

looked like the Dragon of Imagination's throne, there was a dark tunnel.

"I can't see anything. If only there was light..." A thought subconsciously flashed through Audrey's mind.

Then, in that tunnel, a pure and soft light shone out, illuminating the inside of the tunnel completely.

Without needing to enter, Klein, Leonard, and Audrey saw a pair of double bronze doors at the deepest end of the tunnel.

There were countless indescribable symbols covering the door, like countless chains that extended behind them, as if they were sealing something. It gave off a heavy and mysterious feeling.

In the City of Miracles of the dragons, in the residence of an ancient god, there was apparently a sealed door behind "His" throne.

Almost at the same time, the three of them seemed to look through the bronze door and into the darkness inside.

Following that, they heard the loud thumping of hearts.

It was from their own heartbeats.

Yet, they were in their Spirit Body states now, so there was no such thing as a heart!

After that, the bronze-green color on the surface of the

Unshadowed Crucifix slowly peeled off, revealing a corporeal body formed from pure light that emitted a sun-like glow.

As for Klein, Audrey, and Leonard, they felt a baffling sense of coldness. It was as if every cell had their own sentience and wanted to form another “self.”

In their illusory vision, in the darkness behind the bronze door, an eye opened. Its pupil was dark, filled with ghostly-blue cracks.

One after another, similar-looking eyes opened too. They were densely packed together and wore a cold gaze that stared intently at them.

At this moment, Klein and the others seemed to hear a silent calling. It was an extremely attractive shout.

Without any hesitation, Klein’s Spirit Body burgeoned and enveloped Leonard and Audrey. He ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog.

Chapter 1073: Three Possibilities

As he returned to the world above the gray fog, Klein felt the coldness in his body rapidly dissipate. There were no more Worms of Spirit trying to give birth to new consciousnesses.

A moment later, the mottled long bronze table appeared in front of him. He saw that Miss Justice and Leonard's Spirit Bodies were gradually becoming clearer amidst the thin gray fog, although they still maintained a certain blurriness to them.

After the gray fog swirled around them and sank into the "ground," Klein asked, "How are you feeling now?"

He used Gehrman Sparrow's usual tone, but he immediately recalled how his inner grumblings, inner thoughts, habitual analysis, and him dissing Leonard had been exposed. He was no longer able to maintain his image in front of Miss Justice.

It's all Leonard's fault! Sigh, as per the doctor's advice, not only did I not wear a thick mask this time, but I even removed the thin kind... This thought flashed in his mind unconsciously as he cut off his thoughts and warily glanced around.

He still hadn't gotten rid of the fear of having his thoughts "spoken" out loud.

Luckily, this was no longer the place that he had named "the Hall of Truth." There were no more "magical" powers that he couldn't defend again via normal means.

It was obvious that Audrey and Leonard also had a similar

trauma due to their post-traumatic stress. One of them suddenly pursed her lips, while the other sat up straight, as though they had instinctively thought of something.

After a few seconds of silence, they then remembered that The World had asked about their situation, so they quickly turned their attention back on the right track.

“I feel like something was being purified… I had the illusion that I would dissociate into a second personality—no, it wasn’t a second personality—it seemed like a consciousness that didn’t belong to me was awakening inside my body. Yes, it’s now gone. Praise be to Mr. Fool!” Audrey rather professionally did a psychoanalysis on herself before sincerely expressing her gratitude.

I can openly accept such gratitude… That was a dangerous thought. Thankfully, Miss Justice’s and Leonard’s thoughts didn’t steer towards The Fool while inside the Hall of Truth. Otherwise, I’d definitely not be able to resist the urge to “reply.” That’d spell the end of me… My sense of shame will cause me to lose control on the spot, breaking down into a clump of Worms of Spirit… Klein’s thought flashed as he seriously replied, “Praise be to Mr. Fool!”

“…Praise be to Mr. Fool.” As a believer of the Evernight Goddess, Leonard hesitantly echoed and quickly changed the topic. “There’s nothing wrong with me too. Just now, I felt something calling me from behind the bronze door. What about you?”

Seeing that Leonard had confirmed his condition, Klein placed the Unshadowed Crucifix and the metal bottle containing his blood onto the long, mottled table in front of him.

“I felt the same way too,” he answered with certainty.

“Me too. It wasn’t an illusion. I did an analysis on my own mind,” Audrey said in a very clear and certain tone.

Leonard held his chin and said, “What could that be?

“It actually needed an ancient god to seal it behind ‘His’ throne…”

After what had happened before, he felt that he no longer had much of an image in front of Miss Justice, so his posture became more casual.

“We can try analyzing this…” Audrey carefully glanced at The World.

She had a deep impression of this gentleman’s ability to gather information, make connections, complete an analysis, and infer the information in a short period of time.

Klein thought for a moment and said without any inclinations, “There are only three possibilities. One, it’s a powerful creature from the Second Epoch of the real world. It’s at least close to Sequence 0, and the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt had sealed it behind ‘His’ throne and beneath the City of Miracles Liveseyd. However, I don’t think that’s very likely. This is because that ancient god definitely had ‘His* reasons for creating this book and stuffing Liveseyd into it while affecting the book world and the real world. It’s unlikely ‘He’ would place an unpredictable element in here for prolonged periods of time.”

“Yeah, we all know that we have to eliminate possible accidents, what’s more, an ancient god.” Audrey nodded slightly and began to discuss seriously with The World Gehrman.

At this moment, Leonard chuckled and said, “Perhaps an ancient god like the Dragon of Imagination had seen certain scenes of the distant future and believes that the sealed item will help ‘Him’ achieve ‘His’ goals?”

“That’s why I said that it’s not impossible, but it’s highly improbable,” Klein replied calmly. “The second possibility is that the sealed item is key to the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt’s ploy. Once this book and 0-08 meet, the seal will be released and that object will return to the real world and bring about certain changes. I believe that this theory has the highest possibility.”

Amongst them, perhaps it also involves the Dragon of Wisdom’s true attitude or intent.

“Then what could it be? Mr. Fool once said that, after Adam obtained 0-08, ‘He’ is even closer to being divine. The times have changed as a result. Does this mean that Adam has gathered all the ingredients for Visionary and is just short of the ritual… Is there anything wrong with my understanding?” Audrey shared her point of view.

“I’m not sure either. I’ll pray to Mr. Fool and see if I can get a clearer revelation.” Klein didn’t want to say give a firm answer.

Unfortunately, Old Man is an angel from the Fourth Epoch and doesn’t know much about the Second Epoch, but “He” isn’t unfamiliar with Adam… The Star Leonard thoughtfully said, “I’ll try…”

He wanted to say that he would try investigating, but upon recalling that the two knew his secret, he gave up such thoughts and directly said, “…try asking Old Man.”

“Sorry to trouble you,” Audrey sincerely thanked him.

From her point of view, this was a matter regarding the Spectator pathway. The person most concerned about this was undoubtedly herself, while others were merely providing help.

Then she said, “The third possibility is that there is some sort of object or monster sealed inside the book world?”

“Yes, it might be closely related to the book world, and destroying it might cause the book world to collapse. Therefore, all Ankewelt did was seal it.” Klein shared his theory.

Audrey thought for a while before saying, “I have an idea regarding this possibility.”

Seeing Mr. World and Mr. Star cast their gazes over, awaiting an answer, she slowed down her pace and said, “I’m considering it from a psychological perspective.

“Since that book world was created by Ankewelt’s ‘envisioning’ it, the sea of collective subconscious there would definitely be formed as a result of ‘Him.’ It would have ‘His’ psyche, emotions, and feelings branded into it.

“Perhaps the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, seals the most extreme parts of these things. They’re the trauma or fears of the Dragon of Imagination. Some terrifying matters from ‘His1 consciousness might be projected onto this brand. As long as ‘He’ cannot defeat them, and if it hasn’t been dealt with in the real world, the book world’s sea of collective subconscious cannot be destroyed and can only be sealed. If it’s ignored, they will slowly contaminate the sea of collective subconscious and make the development of history deviate from its intended path.”

Leonard was more focused than when he attended Red Gloves meetings. He couldn’t help but mention when he had heard that:

“As an ancient god that ruled the sky and the mind, what could’ve left an irremovable trauma and create such an intense sense of fear?”

“I don’t know.” Audrey shook her head frankly. “If it’s just a psychological analysis, since it’s sealed under the throne and at the bottom of the City of Miracles, and is reached by a tunnel, it means that the source of the trauma and fear comes from underground. Therefore, the Dragon of Imagination sealed it—no, ‘He’ isolated the mental projection coming from underground. Otherwise, why wouldn’t it be beside the throne, in the depths of the hall, in a specially created jail, or somewhere else?”

Upon hearing Miss Justice’s words, Klein instantly thought of what had happened to Miss Magician and Miss Judgment.

According to the information provided by the Sanguine, they found an ancient castle of unknown age. At the bottom of the castle was a bronze door that seemed to seal something terrifying that came from underground. Once they approached the door or stayed in its vicinity for too long, they would be corrupted, dying a tragic death!

It was an ancient castle that was built to defend against something unknown. It was originally guarded by humans from an unknown era… After the Sanguine discovered it, no one dared to enter… Back then, I thought that it might be related to Devils and that one needed to be a demigod in order to explore it… Could this be related to the seal in Liveseyd? Klein’s thoughts wandered as he quickly found the relevant information from his memories.

On the way to the ruins of the battle of the gods on Cattleya’s Future, he met a so-called “deep-sea well.”

At that time, the Future's sailor, Nina, had dived to the bottom of the sea and did a series of investigations. She said that it wasn't a giant well. It was deep and dark, impossible for a human child to enter. The bottom couldn't be seen, and there were strange honeycombed signs of corrosion along the inner walls. Surrounding it were collapsed iron buildings.

In a sense, this is also a "tunnel" that goes deep underground… Klein looked around and deliberated before saying, "Do you remember the matter Miss Magician mentioned? Under an abandoned castle in Delaire Forest, there is a pair of doors that seals a powerful corruptive force."

"Ah, right!" Audrey instantly recalled the past. "Could it be that in the early days of the Second Epoch—in that ancient era—supernatural beings had some common, terrifying enemy that came from underground?"

"Perhaps." Klein couldn't give an affirmative answer, so he took the opportunity to say, "It might also be like the many predictions of the apocalypse which state that the danger comes from the cosmos."

"Yeah." Audrey and Leonard didn't know much about such matters, so they couldn't discuss this matter too deeply.

"Let's end it here for today. After we have a preliminary understanding of the situation, we will try to experiment on the murals. Also, remember to keep this a secret." Klein shot a look at Leonard and said, "Oh, after you return, pray to Mr. Fool and request that 'He' be the witness to our vows to not divulge each other's secrets."

Audrey didn't object and added, "I'll use Hypnosis here to forget certain matters here to prevent myself from remembering it when I return."

Chapter 1074: The Answer to Questions

After Audrey and Leonard left the gray fog, Klein didn't immediately return to the real world.

He was still sitting on the high-back chair that belonged to The World, silent for more than ten seconds.

Then, he beckoned for an item.

It was a "heart" that was the size of a child's fist, one that full of grayish-white wrinkles:

A Manipulator's Beyonder characteristic!

Holding the Beyonder characteristic, Klein stood up and walked out of the majestic palace. He entered the depths of the mysterious space above the gray fog and arrived at the staircase of light that seemed to lead to a divine kingdom.

Walking along the stairs, he walked up to the floating grayish-white clouds and stood in front of the strange door of light and the hanging transparent cocoons. Klein raised his right hand, lifting the brain-like, heart-like Manipulator Beyonder characteristic to his chest and extended his spirituality, hoping to use it.

He wanted to see if there were still any subconscious thoughts in the people inside the "cocoons." He wanted to see if they had put together a miniature sea of collective subconscious.

If that happened, he planned to use Hvin Rambis's Manipulator Beyonder characteristic to enter the consciousness and check on the psyche branding to figure out what the people who had been hanging above the door of light had experienced before their "transmigration." He wanted to know if they sensed anything during that long "slumber."

This was the inspiration that the expedition today gave him.

Of course, the Beyonder characteristic left behind by Hvin Rambis might not be able to help Klein do what he wanted.

It was because it hadn't been made into a mystical item, and it was very difficult to use effectively.

In an instant, the grayish-white and wrinkled "heart" in Klein's hand started to beat slowly as it emitted thumping sounds.

Klein then heard the synchronized heartbeats among the transparent "cocoons."

Thump! Thump...

This meant that the people inside were still alive, only in a certain state of slumber.

In Klein's vision, their figures gradually evolved into several blurry islands beneath them.

This represented their consciousness.

However, these spiritual islands were also trapped within transparent “cocoons,” separating them from the prying eyes of the outside world.

Similarly, they were unable to integrate and create a sea of collective subconscious.

Unless the ‘cocoon’ is destroyed, there’s no way to bypass them and enter the corresponding mind world… Klein muttered to himself and lowered the hand holding the Manipulator Beyonder characteristic.

After a few seconds, he sighed deeply and turned around to leave.

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

With the silk blanket over her, Audrey, who was sleeping soundly with her eyes closed, suddenly opened her eyes.

She then sat up, moved to the side of the bed, and prayed sincerely to Mr. Fool, asking “Him” to witness her vow to secrecy.

After she was done with this matter, she pulled a pillow over and placed it behind her waist, reminiscing over the experiences that she had yet to “forget” during the exploration.

The history of ancient times is really interesting and terrifying… Mr. Star’s performance is similar to my usual observations of him. He’s more carefree and casual, and his thoughts easily wander in an uncontrollable manner. Yet, there are matters where he shows his experience and acuity. He’s rather reliable… This isn’t a contradiction, as many people have such “mixed

layers to themselves"...

Mr. World is indeed a gentle person. He doesn't seem to wear much of an expression on his face, but he's secretly inwardly muttering something to himself all the time. His mental conversations with Mr. Star can practically be adapted into a play...

People call him a crazy adventurer who doesn't care about his surroundings, one that directly draws his gun to shoot when he sees a target... Well, at the last moment, I thought he would attempt to approach the bronze door, but in the end... He fled. No, he broke away so decisively! Audrey's lips slowly curled up when she thought of this.

Then, she made a conclusion.

The facts have proven that, in the mysterious world, unless one has completely lost all sense of rationality or has given up on thinking, there will not be any Beyonders who will really do crazy things. One has to be careful and cautious, not seeing things that shouldn't be seen, and not hear things that shouldn't be heard.

Audrey, you must remember this!

7 Pinster Street. Leonard returned to his body.

He quickly thought of how he should talk to Pallez Zoroast before pretending like nothing had happened and saying in a deep voice, "Old Man, I have something to ask you."

In his mind, Pallez's slightly-aged voice immediately laughed.

“You have to remember this. The more you ask, the more I can guess what you did tonight.”

“It’s not like there’s anything that needs to be kept a secret…” Leonard replied habitually before getting down to the main issue. “Old Man, what do you know about the Amon’s brother?”

“That depends on what you want to know.” Pallez Zoroast tossed the question back at Leonard.

Leonard thought for a moment and said, “After Amon’s brother obtained 0-08, is ‘He’ only short of the ritual to become a god?”

Probably.” Pallez didn’t give an affirmative answer.

Leonard wasn’t too satisfied with this answer. Instead, he said, “I remember you mentioning it once. In the early stages of the Solomon Empire, the two Kings of Angels, Medici and Ouroboros were quite scared of Amon and his brother. This means that they were already very close to being divine.”

This was something that Pallez had occasionally mentioned during their previous exchanges. This time, Leonard had confirmed it from some of Mobet’s answers.

“Heh, I’ve only said the first half of the sentence. I didn’t tell you that Amon and Adam are very close to being divine.” Pallez rejected Leonard’s claim. “There are too many possibilities as to why Medici and Ouroboros are afraid. It’s not just because ‘He’ is close to being divine. It’s not enough to make such a conclusion based on that.”

The Sequence 1 angel cleared his throat and continued, “‘Them’

being close to being divine is one of the possibilities. Adam and Amon wield unique authorities, and them being hard to deal with is another possibility. For instance, you will always have no idea that Adam is sitting beside you. You have no idea if what you're doing was arranged by 'Him,' nor do you know that you're walking into 'His' trap by your own volition. Heh, I'm referring to you, not me. Of course, I also have to be way of such matters. Letting my guard down might result in terrible consequences for me too.

"As for Amon, 'He' has many different ideas and has a 'do-it' spirit, making it hard for people to guess 'His' motives and be on guard against 'Him.' Besides, 'He' is very good at deceit. There's always some conspiracy behind 'Him.' In that era, apart from the true deities, there was no one who wasn't afraid of 'Him.' Heh heh, even true deities had to be wary of him; otherwise, they might have certain authorities stolen by 'Him' at some point in time."

Leonard nodded indiscemibly and diverted the topic:

"Old Man, do you think the Spectator pathway is hiding any secrets?"

"I don't think there are any secrets below the level of angel. I'm not sure of anything above it." Pallez said after pondering for a few seconds.

Without waiting for Leonard to respond, "He" hesitantly added, "I heard from Medici that high-level Beyonders of the Spectator pathway are the hardest to lose control or go crazy, but it's also the easiest to lose control and go crazy."

"Why?" Leonard asked in surprise.

Pallez Zoroast scoffed and said, “I have some guesses, but I lack the necessary evidence and logic behind them. I don’t want to tell you for the time being.”

“You actually don’t have any ideas or theories, right…” Leonard habitually grumbled.

“Don’t try your little tricks in front of me.” The slightly-aged voice wasn’t affected at all.

Leonard didn’t dare to ask further as he deliberated for a moment before saying, “Old Man, I went to a real dream this time. There were quite a lot of psyche remnants of people from ancient times in it.

“Do you know a viscount named Mobet Zoroast?”

“Mobet…” Pallez’s voice suddenly aged significantly before returning to normal. “He’s a direct descendant of my bloodline. He vanished after a large-scale war, and I thought that he had been killed by Amon or Jacob in passing, causing me to fail to divine the murderer… From the looks of it, things weren’t that simple.”

“Indeed.” Leonard gave an affirmative answer. Then, he briefly provided the gist of things: “He’s been dead for some time, leaving some of his psyche behind. In that real dream, he married a songster from the elves…”

After listening quietly, Pallez said after a while, “That’s good, too…”

Leonard had originally wanted to mention that Mobet also

addressed Pallez as “Old Man,” but he suddenly couldn’t bring himself to. He had no choice but to end the conversation there.

After witnessing Leonard’s and Audrey’s vow, Klein returned to the real world.

He tidied up the altar in the room, took out a pen and paper, and drew a complicated symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

He wanted to summon Arrodes to ask how it had confirmed that Groselle’s Travels had appeared after the disappearance of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.

After waiting for more than ten seconds, the full-body mirror in the room lit up with a faint aqueous light.

Silver words appeared one after another in the dim light:

“Exalted, benevolent, Great Master, your puny, loyal, and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

“Do you have any orders for me?”

“Some questions.” After giving his answer, Klein was in no hurry to ask about the matter regarding Groselle’s Travels, intending to start with something that wasn’t very sensitive first.

He thought and said, “Arrodes, there’s an abandoned castle in Delaire Forest. In the depths of it is a pair of bronze doors. It seems to be sealing some power coming from underground. Do you know what it is?”

The moment he finished speaking, the light on the full-body mirror's surface suddenly dimmed and turned pitch-black. In the pitch-blackness, white, liquefied words appeared one after another:

"I came from underground..."

Chapter 1075: No Response

"I came from underground..."

Looking at the ghastly-white words that appeared on the full-body mirror, a chill suddenly ran down Klein's back. His pupils dilated as he instinctively wanted to switch places with his marionette next door.

In the room where the valet was, Enuni, who was lying quietly, had opened his eyes.

His stomach began to expand and contract as though he had a second heart, one that beat extremely slowly.

At the same time, the scene of the magic mirror, Arrodes, answering where it came from flashed through Klein's mind:

Large amounts of black sticky liquid spewed out from an underground hole, writhing and expanding, an uneven number of hands and legs that turned into numerous monsters grew out. During this process, a speck of light was shot out along with the black liquid before landing on a rock, to which it rapidly fused together, turning into a mirror with ancient patterns and black gems adorning its two sides—Arrodes's main form.

It really came from underground... And this underground is the same as the underground area sealed by the bronze door inside the ancient abandoned castle... I didn't make the connection before... It's not like I could help it. There are just too many things that involve things from underground. Most of them have little special meaning, just like coal... Hmm, a few days ago, I didn't think that there was anything overly special with the

underground... Klein controlled the urge within him and ignored the shock from Arrodes's answer, and he said with an unperturbed expression, "What's the exact situation?"

The ghastly-pale words changed and gave off a baffling feeling, as though it was almost crying.

"Great Master, I'm not exactly sure what happened. I only came to the surface and became a mirror before I gained true sentience. I don't remember anything from before.

"Oh yeah, there's something that might be related. Do you want to hear it?"

"Speak." Seeing that Arrodes's attitude was still alright, Klein heaved a sigh of relief.

The color of the words on the full-body mirror's surface had slightly recovered, and it became somewhat pure white:

"Didn't I say it before? I see support and dominance from you, and other than that special calling, I have similar feelings towards the underground. It makes me feel warm and makes me want to return to submit myself. This might be why I became your servant."

What? The things from underground give people the same feeling as the gray fog? They all involve support and dominance? Upon seeing Arrodes's answer, Klein jumped in fright once again. If not for his Clown's ability, he would've lost his composure.

At that moment, he suddenly recalled a Chinese joke he had seen in his previous life and substituted himself into it: "What? The

things that the ancient gods fear come from underground?

“What? Arrodes also comes from underground?

“What? I also come from underground?”

This is really funny and scary… No, this might not be a joke. The original owner of the mysterious space above the gray fog, the creator of that strange door of light, the existence that pulled all the transmigrators over, might be related to the underground, or he has all kinds of connections with it… Klein’s thoughts wandered as he instantly thought of many matters.

As an indescribable shadow loomed over him, he smiled and mocked himself, “No matter what, there are new clues and directions for the investigation into the gray fog and transmigration…”

Klein composed himself and asked in deliberation, “What do the Churches and secret organizations know about the underground objects that require sealing?”

On the full-length mirror, the white words returned to its silver color:

“It’s almost unheard of. It seems to be concealed by some sort of power.”

Isn’t that “concealment”… Klein frowned slightly and didn’t say a word.

The silver words on the mirror continued to appear:

“However, there are some legends that exist within a group of secret organizations.

“According to the legends, the underground is described as the lair of Devils and evil spirits, the source of humanity’s decadence, the primordial sins and evil.”

The first one is wrong. The underground object that needs to be sealed has a high chance of having nothing to do with Devils or evil spirits… Legends are actually similar to the mysterious symbols. Don’t look at what is said, but peel off its outer skin and figure out what it symbolizes… This symbolizes the fear of the underground, from the body to the spirit, from one’s consciousness to one’s feelings? Klein’s thoughts raced as he said with a nod, “It’s your turn to ask a question.”

“Great Master, your loyal servant, Arrodes, has a small suggestion. Do you want to hear it?” Silver words appeared on the full-body mirror one after another.

“Speak.” Klein could vaguely guess what Arrodes was suggesting.

“Before you return to being divine, try not to investigate anything related to being sealed underground.” The silver words quickly squirmed, reforming into a new sentence.

As expected… Klein sighed and calmly said, “Next question: how did you confirm that Groselle’s Travels appeared after the disappearance of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd?”

The words on the surface of the mirror quickly distorted, merging into a clump, and then quickly dispersing:

“It’s a revelation and information obtained from the spirit world; since it originated from the dragons’ subsidiary god, the Dragon of Wisdom, your loyal servant believes that it can be confirmed.

“Great Master, is there a problem with that?”

How direct… After sighing, Klein instantly thought of how the Dragon of Wisdom, Herabergen, should’ve entered the book world before and approached the bronze door behind the ancient god’s throne, likely having some knowledge of what was sealed underground due to “His” “omniscience.” Furthermore, Klein believed that the ancient dragon had hidden a deeper layer of secrets in Groselle’s Travels.

He could vaguely grasp it, but he couldn’t tell what it was and grasp at it.

“No,” Klein answered Arrodes’s question.

Then, he probed, “Why didn’t you mention the Dragon of Wisdom’s true name?”

“It’s because I don’t dare to directly give the name of a god.” Arrodes gave a confirmed answer in a tacit manner.

Klein nodded and didn’t ask further.

“It’s your turn.”

“Great Master, do you have any more questions?” The silver word rapidly reorganized itself on the slightly dark mirror. “No, that’s all for today.” Klein shook his head.

With that said, he remembered what had happened the previous time and added, “I’ll summon you again when there are new questions.”

The full-body mirror immediately brightened, and the silver words sparkled:

Yes, Master!

“Your loyal and strong servant, Arrodes, is waiting for you to call again!”

This time, it wasn’t a simple drawing but a white cat’s paw with a red center.

…There’s always something new…The corner of Klein’s mouth twitched slightly as he watched the full-body mirror the bedroom return to normal.

He stood in the darkness, bathed in the crimson moonlight shining through the curtains. After standing quietly for a while, he returned to his bed and quickly fell asleep with the help of Cogitation.

The next morning, on Monday morning, Klein woke up 15 minutes earlier than usual. He led his valet, Enuni, down to the first floor and said to Butler Walter, “I had a nightmare last night. I want to visit the cathedral before breakfast.”

Although Butler Walter was surprised by this, it wasn’t too strange. After all, as long as the cathedral’s doors were open, people could enter at any time.

He quickly arranged for a carriage and sent Dwayne Dantes all the way to the door.

When Klein arrived at Saint Samuel Cathedral, the door wasn't opened yet. He waited until eight before entering the main hall with the first batch of believers. He found a seat in the first few pews and sat down facing the Dark Sacred Emblem. Closing his eyes in the tranquil environment, he focused on chanting the Goddess's honorific name in ancient Hermes.

"The Evemight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity. You are also the Lady of Crimson, the Mother of Concealment, the Empress of Misfortune and Horror, Mistress of Repose and Silence..."

After he finished reciting the honorific name, he changed to his normal Loen language and said almost soundlessly, "There's an ancient castle in the middle of Delaire Forest. There's an ancient bronze door deep within it. It's sealing a powerful corruptive force... How should I eliminate this latent problem there?"

This wasn't a test of a deity, but an open report. As for what reaction the Church would have after that, and what they would see through their operations, was a whole other matter.

After repeating it seven times, he began to pray seriously.

Time passed. In the quiet and peaceful church, Klein stood up and walked out of Saint Samuel Cathedral with his valet, Enuni.

During this process, he didn't receive any revelations, nor did he see the matron of the Evernight cloister, Arianna.

The feedback itself meant something.

That was he wasn't qualified to know about the underground seal.

East Borough, in a two-bedroom apartment.

Fors pulled up the blanket and covered her head.

She abhorred the curtains here because they were too thin and translucent and couldn't block out the morning sun. That seriously affected her quality of sleep.

I have to change it. No, we might have to move again soon... Just as Fors's thoughts wandered about, she heard the sound of the bedroom door opening and Xio's familiar gait.

In a flash, her blanket disappeared and a letter landed on her.

Your letter, from Pritz Harbor," Xio informed her.

"...Teacher's reply." Fors sat up suddenly, opened the letter, and quickly read it.

After a moment of silence, she said, "I have to go out for a while. My teacher has already reached Backlund... This letter should've arrived two days ago!"

The letter had a date and address.

“The postman over here isn’t that responsible.” Xio glanced at her friend and said, “Will you be late?”

“Fortunately, Teacher said that he would wait three days for me.” Fors hurriedly got off the bed and started changing her clothes.

She had a feeling that she would be able to understand the Abraham family more deeply this time, and also receive the potion formula of Traveler and some Beyonder ingredients.

Chapter 1076: Dorian's Request

Outside Room 2016 at the Hat Trick Inn on Cherwood Borough's 22 Hope Street.

Fors directly walked through the wall without drawing anyone's attention. Then, she knocked on the door in a rhythm that was previously agreed upon.

Not long after, Dorian Gray Abraham, who was dressed in black, with his broad shoulders and thick arms, unlocked the door and turned the doorknob.

The gentleman quickly sized up the area and made way for Fors to enter the room.

"I really didn't expect you to become a Scribe so soon..." After closing the door, Dorian carefully examined the door's lock before turning around and sighing.

Based on the standards of this era, he was considered a middle-aged man, but he was still a Sequence 7 Astrologer. He had no hope of advancing

Yet, his student, Fors Wall, took about a year to go from Sequence 9 to Sequence 6.

This comparison between the two made Dorian feel poignant and sad.

The Abraham family's bloodline should've been noble and

enviable, but now, it was a heavy curse that made him depressed.

"It's because you taught me well." Although Fors didn't like going out and enjoyed staying at home, she would still be invited by the nobles from time to time. She was a best-selling author who participated in high society's literary salons, so she wasn't clueless as to how to speak. Furthermore, she had indeed obtained quite a bit of help from her teacher—from providing knowledge and money to formulas and ingredients.

Dorian looked at her and shook his head with a smile.

"It's not like you're my only student. As far as I remember, this advancement speed can only be matched by one person."

He paused and continued, "Next up, your target is Sequence 5 Traveler. And I have even higher expectations for you. I hope that you can obtain godhood and become a Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer.

"Of course, I also have a request. When you truly become a demigod, try to pray to a hidden existence and listen to 'His' answer to figure out what 'He' is talking about.

"This is indeed a bit dangerous, but a Sequence 4 demigod would have sufficient power to withstand it. Without any other elements at play, there shouldn't be any problems."

"Teacher, is this answer important to you?" Although Fors knew what was going on, she still acted curious and puzzled.

Dorian fell silent for a few seconds before sighing

“It’s very important. My parents, my brothers, my sisters, my children, too many people have sacrificed their lives in pursuit of this answer, but to no avail…

“Don’t worry. We paid such a huge price because there’s an ancient curse on our family’s bloodline, and you aren’t related to us by blood.

“I don’t expect to find a way to break the curse through that answer during my generation. However, I hope to know where it originates from and understand the cause of my death…”

Upon saying this, Dorian took a deep breath and didn’t continue.

For some reason, Fors could feel the weight of time that had accumulated over a thousand years, generation after generation, bearing down on her shoulders.

She really couldn’t imagine how painful it would be for a person’s ancestors, parents, brothers, sisters, and children to directly or indirectly die from the same curse.

Thinking of how well her teacher had been taking care of her, Fors, who had only received this type of care from her elders, opened her eyes, lowered her head, and nodded.

“I’ll try my best.”

Dorian held back his feelings and nodded slightly.

“The most praiseworthy trait of yours is your kindness.”

Fors felt a little embarrassed as she turned to talk about a phrase the teacher had mentioned.

“Family?”

She remembered that her teacher had never told her about the Abraham family. He had claimed that he, Lawrence, and Aulisa were members of a secret organization.

In order to differentiate between matters which her teacher had told her and what she had learned at the Tarot Club, Fors had done a serious list of what she should know before she left home, to prevent herself from accidentally revealing information she shouldn’t have.

Dorian answered simply, “In order to solve the curse, everyone in my family joined that organization.”

He immediately changed the subject.

“Why did you move out in a hurry this time?”

“I was targeted by official Beyonders.” Fors first said a half-truth before complaining a little about the mailman.

Dorian didn’t say anything else as he stepped away from Fors and set up a ritual. He summoned the music-loving void creature, Malmouth, and he made it spit out three items.

One was a transparent, nearly illusory crystal, and the second item was a piece of ancient goatskin parchment. The third was a small hunter’s backpack.

“This is a Beyonder characteristic left behind by a Traveler. With it, you don’t need to gather any additional main ingredients. This is the Traveler potion formula. This backpack contains the corresponding supplementary ingredients. If you don’t have a good way to preserve them, try your best to finish digesting the Scribe potion within half a year. Otherwise, their spirituality will be completely lost…” Dorian handed everything over to Fors.

“Thank you, Teacher,” Fors said sincerely.

Then, she unfurled the goatskin and quickly skimmed through the potion formula before placing her focus on the ritual.

“Set up special coordinates in four completely different spots deep in the spirit world which are all set up extremely far away from each other.”

“The goal of this ritual is?” Fors thought for a few seconds and asked her teacher.

“After consuming the Traveler potion, you will wander the spirit world chaotically. When you grasp some degree of initial level over your powers, you will realize that you have lost your way. At that moment, you can use the four special coordinates to return to the real world. Otherwise, you will be trapped in the depths of the spirit world for a long time. Not only is it dangerous inside, but it will also assimilate you, making you lose your mind and become a living creature that is attached to the spirit world.” Although Dorian had no hope of becoming a Traveler, he had seen students advancing to Sequence 5 before.

“Then there should be another alternative…” Fors muttered in thought.

“Yes.” Dorian nodded and said, “Previously, there was something

in the organization that could allow people to instantly return to the real world from the spirit world. Unfortunately, it was lost."

Without waiting for Fors to ask, Dorian said, "If I'm saying-if you really become a demigod and fulfill my wish, I'll hand over an important item that I'm in charge of to you. This is an expectation your teacher has for

you."

One of the powerful Sealed Artifacts of the Abraham family? Fors had a vague guess, but she didn't dare promise anything. She said the same thing, "I'll try my best."

Following that, she asked curiously, "Teacher, you mentioned that Sequence 4 is a Secrets Sorcerer. What about Sequence 3, 2, and Sequence 1?"

Dorian immediately laughed.

"You're only a Sequence 6.

"Yes, Sequence 3's name is 'Wanderer.' Sequence 2 is 'Planeswalker,' and the Sequence 1 potion name is 'Key of Stars.'

"Heh heh, it's a good thing that you mentioned this. I actually forgot to organize a list of things to take note of in the spirit world. These are things that must be remembered after becoming a Traveler.

"In that case, I'll stay for another night. You can visit me tomorrow for the documents."

As Fors ruminated over the names of the High-Sequence potions of the Apprentice pathway, she agreed.

"Alright, Teacher."

After settling these matters, Dorian paced back and forth and thought for a moment before instructing, "The Beyonder characteristics of the same pathway have a certain attraction towards each other. It's not obvious when one's at a low Sequence, but the higher the Sequence, the stronger it becomes.

"Sometimes, this kind of attraction isn't something you can directly feel, while also making you unknowingly approach a High-Sequence Beyonder of the same pathway. When you become a Traveler, you have to pay attention to this matter."

At this point, Dorian paused and said, "Not many demigods of the Apprentice pathway are still alive. Among them, you need to be extra careful of a man named Botis. He is the Saint of Secrets from the Aurora Order and, just like Lewis, he's a traitor of our organization. I will give you his portrait tomorrow."

Botis... Fors repeated the name her teacher had mentioned in her mind.

At the same time, she had a new understanding about the Aurora Order Oracle, Lewis Wien, over the previous chance encounter.

Perhaps it wasn't a chance encounter, but the attraction force between Beyonder characteristics. Teacher had a sufficiently powerful Sealed Artifact from the Apprentice pathway on him!

Fors quickly suppressed this thought and began asking for advice on how to act as a Scribe.

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

There's actually a path that can bypass the front of the Giant King's Court and enter the interior from the Waning Forest and Barren Tunnel... Derrick Berg recalled the information he had been shared by Mr. World above the gray fog.

This was very important to the City of Silver, as the early-stage explorations after the Afternoon Town camp had set off implied that the closer they were to the Giant King's Court, the stronger the monsters that originated from the darkness were.

"I have to tell the Chief!" Derrick abruptly stood up and rushed out of his house, heading straight for the spire. As he wished, he saw the Chief of the six-member council, Colin Iliad.

He followed Mr. Hanged Man's instructions and said that he had recalled some murals he had seen in the Afternoon Town's "shadow." On it was a secret passage that led into the Giant King's Court.

Colin Iliad listened quietly without interrupting Derrick's narration. Finally, he nodded gently and said, "Good, you did well.

"What do you want to exchange for this contribution?"

"A mature mind dragon's complete brain." Derrick was prepared.

Colin didn't ask why as he thought for a moment and said, "If that secret passage is real, then the value will definitely exceed the complete brain of an adult mind dragon. Hmm… You can pick something else. Are you interested in the potion formula for a relatively higher Sequence of the Planter pathway?"

This is a question for Mr. Fool… While Derrick was enlightened, he said in surprise, "Do we have a relatively higher Sequence potion formula for the Planter pathway?"

He had no recollection of it.

"Of course. You should remember that the Giant King's queen is the Goddess of Harvest, but the surrounding areas lack the corresponding Beyonder ingredients. There's no rush. You can think about it again." Colin Iliad calmly changed the subject. "Are you skilled with your Priest of Light powers?"

"Yes," Derrick replied succinctly.

Colin was silent for a moment as he looked at the adolescent child before him and said, "What kind of Saint-level Sealed Artifact do you want to choose?"

Chapter 1077: Four Choices

What kind of Saint-level Sealed Artifact do I want to choose? Derrick Berg subconsciously considered what he needed.

Due to the fact that the Sun pathway was rather powerful against the monsters in the darkness, and with Thunder God's Roar, he didn't have the desire for Sealed Artifacts that provided offensive or supportive effects. Instead, the pain from being beaten up while making friends made him subconsciously hope to obtain a mystical item that could provide stronger defensive capabilities.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Derrick suddenly realized that the question wasn't directed at the Saint- level Sealed Artifact he wanted, but which Saint-level Sealed Artifact could be used to exchange for the Creator's cross from Mr. Fool.

He hesitated and frankly asked, "Your Excellency, do you have any suggestions?"

Colin glanced at him and left his original position. He slowly walked to the window and turned around.

"There are four Sealed Artifacts that are relatively suitable for you.

"The first item is called 'Sword of Silverdawn.' It was left behind by an elder who died thirteen hundred years ago.

"With this sword in hand, one can hide their malicious intent and certain actions, effectively interfering with divination and

prophecy. They would obtain an exaggerated amount of strength and bring to their surroundings a dawn that can resist evil and degeneration.

“It can also stir up a powerful destructive Hurricane of Light. It can create an invisible and sturdy defensive wall around the wielder. Every time it connects to the land, its defensive strength will be unshakeable.

“At the tip of the hilt is a single-eyed, huge-mouthed head engraving with living characteristics. Feeding the corresponding herbs, essential oils, and medicine to this engraving will give the Sword of Silverdawn different effects. For example, Lightning Strike, Freeze, Purification, Decay, and Exorcism.

“This sword has strict requirements for its usage. It’s impossible to lift up if one isn’t at least 180 centimeters tall. Below 200 centimeters, it will be hard to unleash its full strength. In addition, the head engraving at the hilt is very fond of talking. It’s always talking non-stop. If the wielder doesn’t respond, the Sword of Silverdawn might suddenly give up resisting at a critical moment and even attack its owner. If the wielder is willing to converse with the head engraving, they will be pushed to the edge of madness.”

This is what I want, a Sealed Artifact that’s good at defense… Derrick muttered to himself. He didn’t interrupt the Chiefs explanation as he quietly listened to him introduce the other Sealed Artifacts.

“The second is ‘Twilight Mask.’ This is from the first Chief. It’s a mask made from a skull. It can hide any malicious intent, thoughts, and inclinations. It makes the wearer feel like a dead person without any thoughts.

“As long as one puts on this mask, one will possess the power of

a real giant and have control over the undead. Any living creature that looks directly into the eyes of the wearer will immediately die. Even those that possess godhood will be seriously injured. And even without any direct eye contact, the target of the wearer will slowly wither away as if they were floating across a river of death.

"The person wearing this mask can also create a terrifying Twilight Storm. Any item stained with the dim light will disintegrate, rot, wither, and die, losing the vibrancy of life.

"Most of the attacks, aside from purification, are ineffective against the wearer of Twilight Mask, as though no one can kill a dead person.

"This Twilight Mask is extremely powerful, but it's extremely dangerous. Even if it's not doing anything, the people around it would suddenly die one after another for no reason. Therefore, it must have a proper sealing method…

"No matter who it is, once you put on this mask, you will hear the sharp shriek and howls that seem to come from deep within the Underworld. This is a psyche attack that will drive people crazy and make them lose their minds. At the same time, as long as you wear this mask for more than five minutes, you will permanently become its slave."

This Sealed Artifact is almost useless. Although it's powerful, it can only be sealed… Uh… Only a mighty existence like Mr. Fool can ignore its negative effects… Derrick opened his mouth but didn't say a word.

Colin Iliad did some recollecting and continued, "The third item is called 'Life's Cane.' It can control Beyonder creatures with low intelligence and reduce their insanity for a short period of time. It can use incomplete spirits and various materials to complete

the ultimate 'Alchemical Life.' This could create an ordinary human that can exist for a long time. It can also create different dolls that could be used for battle and various kinds of things; this includes stone golems, mud golems, and steel golems.

"Any living creature lashed by this cane would have an increased tendency towards madness and losing control. Their bodies would also have a certain chance of mutating, producing watermelons, mushrooms, and wheat. Of course, these things cannot be eaten, as they would result in contamination.

"As for the living beings touched by the cane's tip, they'll be healed no matter how seriously injured they are—other than those that have already lost control.

"This cane will fill the surrounding areas with a vibrant life force. Be it plants or animals, it can grow with exuberance and reproduce rapidly. Unfortunately, it is useless against this land that is cursed.

"The person carrying Life's Cane has a high chance of mutating. The longer one holds it, the higher the odds. This will result in additional organs, or even them having missing body parts, being replaced by various plants."

Sounds very sinister... For some reason, Derrick felt a little horrified. Finally, he couldn't help but ask, "What's the fourth Sealed Artifact?"

"It's from a demon which lost control. I hunted it and called it 'Fallen Flute.'

This is a plain-looking silver flute. However, once someone blows it, the living around it will fall into an unavoidable illusion. Their anger, sorrow, pain, greed, vanity, arrogance, and other

desires would rapidly swell. Some would have their mind explode, others lose their sanity or experience a loss of control.

"Being in the vicinity of Fallen Flute, all sentient beings, other than the wielder, will significantly have their mental facilities deteriorate and will easily make mistakes.

"At the same time, the wielder of the flute is exceptionally sensitive to danger. Sometimes, they can even predict the possibility of a threat to their lives one to two days early.

"Wherever this Fallen Flute is, one's humanity will gradually degenerate, and all kinds of desires will enter center stage as their beliefs are cast aside. The wielder will also turn cold and be unable to have normal emotions again. The more they use it and the more they carry it, the worse it will be. And this might result in conflict with their own pathway's acting, leading to an increased risk of losing control."

After introducing the fourth Sealed Artifact, Colin Iliad's light blue eyes, which seemed to be filled with stories, looked at Derrick and asked, "What do you think?"

"...I need some time to consider," Derrick replied rather skillfully.

"Indeed, this is really important to you. You can't rashly make a decision." Colin nodded. "Three days later, we will set off for the Afternoon Town camp. Tell me your answer before we set off, and reserve some time to familiarize yourself with the Sealed Artifact."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Derrick bowed seriously and left the Chiefs room.

He wasn't in a rush to return home to pray to Mr. Fool. Instead, he planned on heading to the training field first to temper his various "Sun" domain theurgical spells.

This was a habit engraved deep within the pulses of every single person in the City of Silver. Only a self-disciplined person who could endure hardship was able to live longer in these desolate and dark lands.

In a dark alley in the Backlund Bridge area.

Xio once again met the golden-masked MI9 member who clearly showed kindness to her.

The Judge potion formula might take some time," the golden-masked man said.

This was because, although the investigation into Xio didn't continue, it didn't end.

Xio pursed her lips and nodded, as though she had finally made up her mind.

"I don't want that formula anymore."

"You... gave up?" The golden-masked man was surprised and couldn't hide his joy.

Xio didn't directly answer as she turned her head to the side and said, "I-I'll exchange all my contributions for cash." After hearing her answer, the golden-masked man nodded in relief.

“It’s best that you understand.

“Let bygones be bygones. You, your mother, and brother will have a brand new future.

Yes, if your contributions are exchanged for cash, it’ll be about 2,000 pounds. I’ll help you gain more. After that, you can continue being an outer circle member of MI9. Having an official status is very useful for unaffiliated Beyonders.”

Xio was silent for a few seconds before her lips quivered.

“Thank you.”

She could clearly sense the kindness coming from the man in front of her, so she sincerely thanked him.

However, there was no way she was giving up. The reason why she chose cash was because she had already reserved the Judge potion formula from The World Gehrman Sparrow—the crazy adventurer had also claimed that the Disciplinary Paladin potion formula would subsequently follow.

At the same time, giving up on the surface could effectively dispel the suspicions of MI9.

After briefly explaining the progress of the previous commissions, Xio bade farewell to the golden-masked man and left the alley.

On Tuesday morning, Fors went out early and came to the Hat Trick Inn in Cherwood Borough where she met her teacher,

Dorian Gray.

“This is one of the things to take note of in the spirit world. This is a portrait of Botis.” Dorian covered his mouth and yawned before handing a thick stack of paper to Fors.

Fors wasn’t in a rush to read the documents as she cast her gaze at the portrait.

On it was a black-robed man who likely wasn’t even forty. His brown hair was slightly curled, but it gave off an unusually firm feeling. His dark eyes seemed to contain countless objects.

This is the Saint of Secrets… Fors rubbed her fingers together and used her Trickmaster powers to burn that portrait. “Not bad. Very cautious.” Dorian nodded approvingly.

He then carried his suitcase and said to Fors, “I have to return to Pritz Harbor. It will arouse suspicion if I come to Backlund for too long.”

Fors knew that the situation in Backlund had been tense recently, so she was eager for her teacher to leave as soon as possible; therefore, she didn’t hold him back and watched him leave the room.

Then, with the help of Door Opening, she walked all the way to the alley behind the hotel.

Just as she got her bearings and turned into a street, she suddenly saw a man in a black trench coat walking over.

The person swept a glance at her before looking away naturally. However, Fors's back muscles tensed up.

Her eyes reflected the other person's appearance:

A man who likely wasn't even forty. His brown hair was slightly curled, but it gave off an unusually firm feeling. His dark eyes seemed to contain countless objects.

Chapter 1078: The Hidden Secret

Saint of Secrets Botis... Fors had experienced many things recently, to the point of being watched by a King of Angels, so she didn't show any signs of abnormality. She retracted her gaze in a natural manner and didn't slow down her pace as she walked towards the man in the black trench coat.

After a few steps, they brushed past each other.

...Did he happen to pass by here because of the attraction between Beyonder characteristics? If he knew that Teacher was here, he wouldn't be so slow and would use Teleport to chase after him... Luckily, Teacher has already boarded the carriage and left the inn... Fors's heart calmed down, her tense mind relaxing a little.

She took a few more steps forward and looked up at the sky. She wanted to confirm if it would rain later.

At this moment, a raven flew over and landed on a tree along the way. It faced the spot where Fors had just passed by.

Fors stopped thinking about Saint of Secrets Botis as she maintained her speed and left the street.

As the Aurora Order hadn't held a gathering in Backlund for a long period of time, and with the target being a demigod, Fors didn't have any thoughts of seeking revenge for her teacher. Ignoring her lack of combat strength, just finding and locking onto a Secrets Sorcerer was a nearly impossible task.

...It's best that I wait till I become a Traveler. I might encounter Botis by chance before entrusting Mr. World the corresponding mission. I'll take the time to save up money... Now, it's certain that the Aurora Order has saints in Backlund... Hmm, I can't eliminate the possibility that during Botis's "Travel" elsewhere today, he was influenced by the attraction force of Beyonder characteristic and had accidentally lost his way in Backlund... Fors very naturally considered looking for The World Gehrman Sparrow's help.

From what she knew, this gentleman had killed two demigods with his own hands, and he had only become a demigod for three months!

In the upper echelons of the seven Churches, they only have about ten demigods... Based on Mr. World's progress, it will take him at most two years to wipe out the powerhouses of a Church... Of course, the real world isn't an ideal measurement... Having received higher education, Fors, who had been a surgeon, gradually let her thoughts wander. She walked to the street and boarded a rental carriage.

Above the gray fog, there was a mini-gathering with The Sun Derrick, The Hanged Man Alger, and The World Gehrman Sparrow.

However, unlike before, Mr. Fool was present as the witness because The Sun's main motive was to find out which Sealed Artifact could please this great existence, as well as to exchange it for the cross left behind by the Creator.

At the same time, he still had some questions to consult Mr. Hanged Man and Mr. World about, so he had applied for a private exchange.

Sword of Silverdawn, Twilight Mask, Life's Cane, Fallen Flute...

These were all items that have outstanding powers and negative effects, ones that require sealing. This also confirms that the City of Silver doesn't have any Beyonders from the Artisan pathway. All the spoils can only be formed naturally. Even with a godlike Sealed Artifact, they can shatter the characteristics, but they are unable to reform them in a better way... As The Fool Klein listened to Little Sun's description, he quickly analyzed the pros and cons of different Sealed Artifacts in his mind.

The first thing he did was eliminate the Twilight Mask because the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact from the City of Silver's first Chief were too great.

Although Klein could let his marionette wear this mask and cut off the aural senses; thus, avoiding the continuous howls and screams. Furthermore, he didn't have to worry about his marionette becoming a slave to the Twilight Mask. However, in that case, his actual body might become a member of the dead who died suddenly for no reason.

Following that, Klein similarly gave up the Fallen Flute for the same reasons. This Sealed Artifact's ability to predict danger ahead of time was indeed better than the Desire Apostle in Creeping Hunger. It was alluring, but the negative effects were also not easy to avoid.

If Klein used this flute with his actual body, he would gradually turn cold and lose his normal emotions. This would be completely contradictory with the concept of using humanity to battle godhood to maintain balance. And if he were to hand it over to his marionette, he would experience a significant decrease in his mental facilities and easily make mistakes. This caused him to lose his main advantage as a Beyonder of the Seer pathway.

In addition, this flute will make the people around it give themselves up to degeneration and desires. I don't want the

residents on Boklund Street to be degenerates who give up on their morals. By then, how many illegitimate children will be bom... I can only consider the Sword of Silverdawn and Life's Cane... Klein mumbled silently before quickly choosing between two.

The Sword of Silverdawn's head engraving seemed to have a living characteristic. To Klein, this meant that communication was possible, and as long as they could communicate, the negative effects could naturally be reduced. As for the height restriction, he could just ignore his thickness and only focus on his height. After all, this didn't affect a Clown due to its extremely high sense of balance.

Regarding the problem of mutation with Life's Cane, he could avoid it by handing it to his marionettes. When he lost or gained any organs, he could heal himself with Flower of Blood. And causing the surroundings to be filled with vitality, allowing for lush growth wasn't much of a negative effect.

Since the negative effects of the two Sealed Artifacts weren't too serious, he had to consider their effects. The Sword

of Silverdawn was clearly from a Demon Hunter of the Warrior pathway. Be it attacks or defense, they were both potent. It could hide his malintent and be good at dealing with Devils. As for Life's Cane, it was good at creating and causing mutations, which made it rather sinister.

After a few seconds of consideration, when Derrick asked for the answer, The Fool Klein spoke unhurriedly, as though he was discussing something ordinary.

"The cane."

In the end, he decided on Life's Cane!

In fact, the Sword of Silverdawn and Life's Cane had their own pros, making it a tough decision. Klein's final decision stemmed from an uncommon reason:

The sinister Life's Cane could be described as bizarre, so it could effectively aid him in acting as a Bizarro Sorcerer and raise his potion digestion speed!

"Yes, Mr. Fool!" Derrick replied, unable to hide his joy.

This meant that when he completed the sacrificial and bestowment ritual, he would obtain the cross from the Creator. After determining this, he cast his gaze at the figure at the bottom of the long bronze table.

"Mr. World, other than the complete brain of an adult mind dragon, do you still need a relatively high Sequence potion formula for the Planter pathway?"

As the secret passage of the Giant King's Court was shared by The World, he became the target of Derrick's question, and not Mr. Fool.

Of course, to Derrick, The World was Mr. Fool's Blessed. His answer represented Mr. Fool's intentions to a certain extent.

A relatively high Sequence potion formula for the Planter pathway... Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, The Fool Klein immediately had a headache and fell into an intense internal struggle.

He could roughly understand what the Chief of the City of Silver's thought process was. On the one hand, this experienced Demon Hunter hopes that he can usher in a bright future through the Giant King's Court's exploration, while on the other hand, he's still cautious and doesn't hold much hope. He's prepared to continue staying in the darkness, so he mentioned the Planter potion formula to see if Mr. Fool has the corresponding authority, or rather, does the faction that "He" watches over have a need for it. If this could bring about certain feedback, it would effectively improve the survival of the City of Silver.

Meanwhile, on Klein's end, Frank Lee had recently come to believe that he's just one step away from his research goals. When he becomes a Druid, he should be able to succeed. This made Klein very hesitant on whether he should give him a push.

...I don't know what the future holds... I'll just focus on what's in front of me. A Sequence 5 Beyonder who doesn't even have godhood wouldn't be able to do anything too serious. Furthermore, Ma'am Hermit is already a demigod. It's not a big problem for her to watch out for Frank...Klein thought for a moment and let The World Gehrman Sparrow say, "Sequence 5."

"What if there's more?" Derrick pressed.

Klein felt like he was being tested. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "If your side is willing to give it, then that works..."

"Alright." Derrick didn't probe any further. Instead, he asked the person beside him, "Mr. Hanged Man, I have a strange feeling about this. Why did the Chief suddenly mention the relatively high Sequence potion formula of the Planter pathway?"

The Hanged Man Alger looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and said, "This should be a test from your Chief, to see if the City of Silver can change its environment.

“I remember you mentioning that you only know that the Goddess of Harvest is the Giant King’s queen, and according to the records of the Sanguine from The Moon, the Goddess of Harvest is named Omebella. Your City of Silver originally believed in ‘Her.’

“I was originally only certain that the name Omebella was real, so I didn’t have any inclination towards other explanations. Now, with your Chief suddenly taking out a relatively high Sequence potion formula that you didn’t know before, this makes me suspect that The Moon is right.

“This means that your City of Silver hid the fact that they once believed in the Goddess of Harvest. They even deliberately didn’t mention ‘Her’ true name.

“There must be a huge secret behind this.”

“A huge secret…” Derrick thought seriously but couldn’t think of any secret.

Fortunately, this wasn’t an important matter to him. He quickly ended the private conversation and returned to the City of Silver to prepare for the exchange of Sealed Artifacts.

Chapter 1079: The Hardworking Gardeners

Above the gray fog, Klein, who was sitting at The Fool's seat, beckoned for the Unshadowed Crucifix.

The bronze cross was tied together with an ordinary-looking button, and the surface of the latter was already covered with a layer of crystalline but heavy-feeling particles.

This was The Hermit Cattleya's Judge button. It was reserved for Judgment Xio at a price of 3,500 pounds. Therefore, Admiral of Stars had sacrificed it to Mr. Fool in advance, requesting the mighty existence to get an angel under him to shatter it.

And on Monday's Tarot Gathering, Xio had made a reservation for the Judge potion formula at a price of 2,000 pounds.

According to their agreement, Justice Audrey wasn't to share anything they obtained from exploring Groselle's Travels —other than knowledge. She was only providing free help for The World killing Hvin Rambis. As for The Star Leonard, he had the right to sell the potion formulas and historical knowledge, but obviously, Judgment Xio trusted The World Gehrman Sparrow more.

The purging should be almost done. This way, I can trade the Unshadowed Crucifix with Little Sun without any worries... In the future, if there are other similar requests, they'll definitely be more willing to trade with Little Sun, instead of asking Mr. Fool for help. No one will dare frequently disturb a hidden existence, unless there's really no other way...

When Little Sun has the chance to become a demigod and transform the Unshadowed Crucifix into a special characteristic,

I should be a Sequence 3. I'll be able to use the power of this mysterious space above the gray fog to shatter Sealed Artifacts...

After the "disinfection" process of the gray fog, Adam probably wouldn't be able to rely on the Unshadowed Crucifix to lock onto Little Sun. However, even if he were able to find it through this, it wouldn't be too serious. His brother,

Amon, knew long ago that Little Sun is related to Mr. Fool...

Yes, it seems that Amon can freely enter and leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods. I wonder if that's also the case for Adam... As Klein separated the Unshadowed Crucifix from the button that had begun to praise the sun, he looked at the Beyonder characteristic that had been purged while waiting for Little Sun to hold a sacrificial and bestowment ceremony.

The City of Silver, within the spire.

Derrick Berg had finished setting up the ritual. He watched as a black, mud-covered doll approached with a wooden cane which looked like nothing special, and he placed it on the altar.

After a serious prayer and doing some work, the illusory sacrifice and bestowment door opened and took away Life's Cane, leaving behind a bronze-green and spiky cross.

At the same time, the name of the cross suddenly appeared in Derrick's mind, including information of its usage and its negative effects.

He suppressed his excitement and first thanked Mr. Fool before ending the ritual. He walked to the front of the altar, picked up

the Unshadowed Crucifix, and scrutinized it repeatedly.

After tidying up, Derrick left and went to a room opposite and knocked on the Chiefs door.

“Come in.” Colin Iliad’s deep voice rang out.

Derrick turned the doorknob, pushed open the door, walked in, and openly revealed the bronze cross.

Your Excellency, this is the item left behind by the Lord I previously mentioned. It’s called the ‘Unshadowed Crucifix.’ The method is to let the spikes on it be stained with the blood of the holder.”

He had deliberately changed the term “relic” to the “item left behind.”

The white-haired Colin had already cast his gaze over when Derrick took out the ancient cross. After listening to the introduction, he walked towards it with heavy steps. He took the item and kept examining it.

Finally, Colin Iliad placed his thumb on a thorn and allowed fresh blood to flow out.

The mottled bronze-green started to peel away as the Unshadowed Crucifix revealed a physical body formed from pure light, illuminating the entire room without any trace of darkness.

After an indescribable sacred feeling filled the surrounding area,

Colin released his fingers and sighed.

“This is indeed the Lord’s item…”

Although he was born in an era more than two thousand years since the City of Silver was “forsaken,” making it impossible for them to sense the aura of god, this city still had quite a few things that were used to offer sacrifices to the Creator. Every time the Black-Faced Grass was harvested, they would be taken out and used in the ritual. Through a comparison with these items, Colin Iliad could almost confirm the origins of the cross.

Derrick had wanted to give a response, but the heavy tone in the Chiefs words suddenly pressed down on his heart, preventing him from speaking.

Colin Iliad didn’t make any further comments and just stood there silently with the Unshadowed Crucifix in hand.

After a few seconds, the City of Silver Chief broke the silence and said with a slightly hoarse voice, “The return of the Lord’s item is a sign. We shall welcome the sign of dawn.

“I will hold onto this Unshadowed Crucifix for half a day. I want to gather all the Elders in the city to present this item to them.

“Heh heh, even I can’t casually deal with a saint-level Sealed Artifact. Since I lost Life’s Cane, I have to explain it to the other Elders and request to be punished. You must remember that, as Chief, you must have the courage to shoulder the corresponding responsibilities. You can’t avoid punishment just because you think that it’s good for the City of Silver. You might be right this time, but you can’t guarantee that you’re always right.

“Don’t worry. This Unshadowed Crucifix will eventually return to you.”

The Chiefs words are deep and profound… I’ll get Mr. Hanged Man to explain it to me at the next Tarot Gathering… Derrick instinctively wanted to raise his right hand and scratch the back of his head, but in the end, he endured it and informed Colin Iliad of the negative effects of the Unshadowed Crucifix.

Backlund North Borough, 160 Boklund Street.

Klein sacrificed Winner Enuni above the gray fog to ensure “marionette preservation.” This was to make it convenient for him to use him in the future. He planned on getting Earl of The Fallen Qonas Kilgor to wear the Flower of Blood ring and wield Life’s Cane. In day-to-day life, he would create some harrowing and bizarre situations from time to time, helping him expedite the digestion of his potion. This way, Enuni had no way of using Flower of Blood to hide in Qonas Kilgor’s stomach. He needed to hide in a more concealed manner, making it rather troublesome. Therefore,

Klein decided to simply leave him above the gray fog. After all, Klein could create ordinary marionettes anytime he wanted.

Why does the action of placing a marionette in a preservation cabinet to keep fresh feel odd… It’s not like I’m acting in a horror movie… However, this does fit the name of Bizarro Sorcerer a bit. The angel from the Antigonus and Zaratul family all hang up their marionettes to “wind dry,” so I’m much better than them! After rubbing his chin, Klein stuffed the ordinary wood-colored cane into a specially-made cane he bought through Miss Judgment.

The cane was hollow, and it could be used to contain a sword that wasn’t considered too wide. It was perfect for hiding Life’s

Cane.

After he was done with this work, he allowed the servant who looked like Enuni, who was actually Qonas, to take away his cane and return to the room next door. He washed up himself before getting into bed.

While sleeping soundly in a pleasant, relaxed state, Klein's spiritual perception suddenly stirred. He abruptly sat up and cast his gaze at the attached balcony.

The curtains weren't fully drawn, and he could see the situation outside.

It was dark green outside the window with vine-leaves, and flowers were growing all over the place in layers. This made him suspect that he had been transported to the forest.

This... The corners of his mouth twitched as he vaguely guessed what was going on.

He rolled out of bed and walked to the balcony, drawing the curtains open.

What entered his vision was no longer the garden in the residence of Dwayne Dantes. Instead, it was a lush forest.

This is what it means to make the surrounding area become filled with a vibrant life force. Be it animals or plants, they're all flourishing and growing rapidly. Isn't this a little too fast? Klein's expression instantly turned a little blank.

Previously, when he had divined that the Life's Cane's negative effects, he had "seen" similar scenes. However, the revelation he received was that it wasn't harmful to the surrounding area. Thus, he believed that the growing and proliferation process took a fairly long period of time and could be effectively controlled, allowing one to pay no attention to it for a very, very long time before seeing such a scene.

With this thought in mind, he observed all the Spirit Body Threads in the surrounding area. He realized that humans weren't affected at all, but the number of rats and cockroaches was clearly increasing.

This result made him heave a sigh of relief. He looked out of the window at the "forest" and sighed silently.

Indeed, there isn't much danger. It's just quite exaggerated... I still have to keep it above the gray fog most of the time...

More than ten seconds later, figures appeared within the "forest." Some of them were very thin, and others were thick. They all wore black trench coats, and their faces were very flat. They had no eyes, noses, and mouths.

These figures were either crouching or standing—busy burning weeds, cutting the vines, and removing the unnecessary flowers in the quiet night.

The next morning, Butler Walter woke up as usual and opened the window.

The garden outside was bathed in the morning fog. There was some dew that gathered, emitting a fresh scent.

Better than yesterday... Walter nodded slightly and praised the two gardeners.

The vibrant scene made him feel a little restless as he began missing his wife for no apparent reason, so he left the room to patrol the estate and made arrangements for all sorts of affairs. Finally, he waited at the entrance of the dining room.

Not long after, his employer, Dwayne Dantes, led his valet, Enuni, down from the third floor.

Walter went forward to bow and talked about today's arrangements before taking the initiative to mention it.

"Sir, I would like to take one day leave from the current month's allowance."

As he spoke, he suddenly saw the mixed-blood servant's neck split open, revealing a black eye.

Walter was shocked and nearly tumbled backward. But in the blink of an eye, he realized that there was no strange eye on Enuni's neck.

It must be because I didn't sleep well last night and had a strange dream, resulting in me being distracted and having hallucinations... Walter hurriedly gathered his thoughts and lowered his head slightly.

In his heart, Klein apologized and nodded.

"No problem. Have a wonderful day with your family."

Chapter 1080: The Line of Thinking for Acting

After watching Butler Walter leave the second floor, Klein entered the dining hall. As he looked around, he realized that the servants were much more energetic than usual. They even felt a little agitated.

Indeed, Life's Cane also affects humans, but it's not that ridiculous. It's at a rather normal level and still within acceptable levels... According to this logic, the servants' reproduction abilities would definitely increase. The only problem is that they don't have spouses, so there's no way to show that...

Eh... Will Mr. Butler's act of returning home today result in him having another child in nine to ten months... His wife is almost 40 years old. It's a little dangerous for her to have children at this age. Of course, as the other party in the copulation process, the effects of Life's Cane would pass over to them. There shouldn't be any problems...

Man, I wonder if the potential effect will result in an increase in conceiving a child. If Dwayne Dantès's moving into Böklund Street causes one to have an increased chance of having children, my reputation will practically be doomed... Klein's thoughts drifted without end. Finally, he concluded in his mind:

Life's Cane truly is very sinister!

In the future, he would only bring it into the real world for some time each day and try his best not to affect the humans around him!

After breakfast, Klein brought his valet, Enuni, to the first floor and prepared to take a stroll.

At that moment, two chambermaids were cleaning in the main hall.

“Good morning, sir.” Upon seeing Dwayne Dantès approach, the two chambermaids immediately stood up, made way for him, and greeted him.

Of course, if they were in a more remote corner, they would try their best not to make a sound, just in case they disturbed their employer. This was something they learned from Butler Walter’s teachings.

Klein nodded and gave a simple response as he slowly approached the door.

At that moment, the two maids suddenly saw a wheat head embedded in Enuni’s head. It was full of golden particles and was extremely attractive.

Before they could even take a closer look, the valet seemed to have sensed something amiss. He raised his right hand and yanked off the piece of wheat using plenty of force.

The two maids looked at each other in surprise and amusement.

They imagined that Enuni had accidentally gotten some wheat on his body when he followed Mr. Dantès over to Maygur Manor, bringing it all the way back to 160 Böklund Street, where they scattered in places that weren’t easy to clean. For example, under the pillow he slept last night. In his dreams, he pushed the

pillow away and ended up lodging a piece of wheat into his hair without realizing it when washing up in the morning and during breakfast.

Although this process was complicated and not easily achieved, it was still possible.

It can't be that Enuni grew a single wheat head, right... The two maids mumbled to themselves as they continued with their work.

After exiting 160 Böklund Street, Klein and Enuni slowly walked with one behind the other under the withered Intis parasol trees, breathing in the fresh autumn air.

Like him, a number of neighbors were taking a morning stroll.

Of course, this wasn't a habit belonging to those amongst Backlund's high society. Last year, the smog was very serious, and the air was quite pungent. No one was willing to waste their time in the streets, braving the cold wind and the humidity.

As a neighbor, since they had met each other, there was no doubt that they would greet each other. When they walked past each other, one of the lawyers glanced at Dwayne Dantès's valet from the corner of his eye-he had raised his hand to cover his mouth as if he was yawning.

When the mixed-blood youth put down his right hand, the lawyer suddenly realized something was different.

His nose seems to be even higher...

Haha, I must've been thinking too much about such matters, causing me to hallucinate...

If only my nose was slightly higher...

As the lawyer thought about it, he raised his hand and rubbed his nose. At the same time, he saw two wild dogs engaged in a chase in front of him, attempting to reproduce on the street.

After the stroll, Klein returned to the activity room on the third floor and sent Life's Cane above the gray fog.

Indeed, there's a certain effect. The main point of the Bizarro Sorcerer's digestion is actually to create shocking scenes to scare people, as well as use a strange method to make people horrified... This really does resemble a "director," but it's just a horror flick's director...

Yes, I don't have to really scare them... Peaceful daily life events contain terrifying scenes, but the surrounding humans don't notice them at all. They only occasionally made the connection, and when they think about it, they would feel a sense of fear from certain possibilities, to the point of not daring to turn off the lights and ending up having nightmares. That's also a horror film archetype... As Klein observed his condition, he summarized his experiences over the past few months and finally summed it all up with the keyword "horror film director."

After understanding this, he had many ideas on how to quickly digest the potion.

Not only did he have to deal with enemies, but he also had to turn his enemies into the main characters or important supporting roles in a horror film!

This will be quite troublesome. I definitely have to give my all to the targets at the demigod level. I wouldn't be in the mood to waste my time and effort on pulling some tricks… Well, there's no need to find a demigod target. There's no restriction for acting like this. I can "Teleport" to the sea, and find some lucky pirates to "participate," creating some horror stories…

That's right. Since I'm a director, I have to let my "works" spread! It seems like I have to let some of the actors escape successfully every time and spread the nightmare that they experienced, creating a corresponding myth at sea. I can't feed them to Creeping Hunger… As he formed his plan, Klein suddenly thought of a question:

In the horrifying legends of the people in the Northern Continent and the sea, how many of them were deliberately created by Bizarro Sorcerers?

There must be some… Sigh, if Amon were to act as a Bizarro Sorcerer, "He" would probably be able to digest the potion in less than a month. "His" talent in this aspect is astounding, and "He" doesn't consider the consequences… In truth, while looking for pirates to "film the horror movie," I can find an opportunity to scare other demigods. I don't have to fight them to the death. Once my goal is accomplished, I can escape… With this thought in mind, Klein came up with a plan for the supporting role.

Hence, he carefully considered his targets.

There's no way I can find an angel or higher. Those who I'm not familiar with will make me the leading character of a horror movie on the spot. Those who are familiar with me are well aware that I'm a Bizarro Sorcerer, so there's no way to scare them…

There are many saints that I have no idea about their

whereabouts. Frightening the archbishops will easily cause unnecessary chain reactions, causing the world situation to become even more tense and for the war to erupt prematurely…

Uh, after eliminating all the possibilities, the most suitable target is the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction's demigod, Patrick Bryan, as well as the councilors of Will Auceptin's Fate Council, as well as…

After creating a name list, Klein decided to take some time over the next two days to visit Dr. Aaron Ceres. He wanted to bring some ice-cream for a certain baby to ask where the "councilors" were recently seen.

If he wanted to frighten someone else's subordinates, he had to get the approval of the president!

Klein was in a good mood after organizing his thoughts. He went out again and went to Saint Samuel Cathedral to pray and donate before heading to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation where he stayed till noon.

In the afternoon, he saw a few businessmen and professional lawyers and accountants who were seeking investments, behaving like a normal tycoon.

After filling his stomach, he returned to the half-opened room with the balcony. Just as he was considering whether to visit Dr. Aaron Ceres's house directly tomorrow, or invite their family to have a nice dinner at the Srenzo Restaurant which served excellent ice-cream, his spiritual perception was triggered.

He turned his head and, without any surprise, saw Miss Messenger walk out of the void with four blonde, red-eyed heads.

One of the heads bit on a letter.

“Who sent it?” Klein habitually and expectantly asked.

As he had yet to receive the letter, Reinette Tinekerr could only answer with three heads.

“King…” “Of…” “Idiots…”

Patrick Bryan? This nickname has even evolved? Klein reached out and took the letter. When he opened it, he realized that it was indeed from the Artificial Death faction’s demigod.

He wrote on the letter:

“…I’ve already prepared the special ritual that will help my teacher, Haiter, recover further. Your Excellency, I will hold it tomorrow at midnight given your permission…”

The ritual that points towards the angel, Haiter? There’s no way to avoid the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction’s testing of Patrick… This can be interfered with using Paper Angel… Just in time… With a flick of his wrist, Klein burned the letter.

Following that, he took out a piece of paper and wrote down an answer:

“Yes, you may. You must be careful.”

In the quiet night, near midnight, in a uninhabited clothes

factory in St. George Borough.

There was an open area that had been cleared. Nearly ten black-robed figures were standing there.

In the middle of them was a deep black coffin that looked rather heavy. Around the coffin were many golden ornaments with mud stains. There were many candles flickering with pale-white flames, as well as one skull after another.

The hideous white skulls belonged to humans, others from animals. Some were extremely strange and had a deformed look to it. It was hard to imagine their original appearance.

The skulls were piled the highest up at the front, with Patrick Bryan standing there.

He had also changed into a black robe, but he didn't pull up his hood, revealing a deep outline. He had black hair, brown eyes, and a rather long face.

This demigod hadn't done anything, but his surroundings had turned extremely cold, as though countless invisible creatures were celebrating

As Patrick Bryan raised his right hand, the hooded believers jumped up and twitched a little. It was a crazy and rhythmic dance.

This was a Spirit Dance, a ritual that Death loved. The stronger the spirituality of the dancers, the better the effects.

As the dance became more intense, a cold and formless wind blew out from the coffin. Patrick Bryan lowered his head and recited in a language that seemed to come from the Underworld:

“The King from the depths of Hell;

“An Angel playing the music of death;

“The Ruler above River Styx.”

Chapter 1081: The Returnee

With Patrick Bryan's chanting, the bones around the black casket were gradually stained with a dark green layer. They blended with the white, bringing out an extremely scary sensation.

As the Spirit Dance became more and more intense, as though the voices from the Underworld were constantly reverberating, the bones floated up one by one, as though they possessed lives of their own.

Then, they were cast towards the heavy and pitch-black casket in what could be described as orderly chaos. They passed through the lid and entered as though they were incorporeal.

The casket immediately transformed into a deep whirlpool that seemed like it couldn't be filled. It expanded on the spot, emitting a cold aura that was high and mighty. This made Patrick Bryan instinctively tremble and lower his head.

This was an angel, the aura of a Death Consul!

At that moment, the believers of Death, the ones who were dancing Spirit Dance, all collapsed to the ground with their bodies left convulsing. Their consciousness became muddled, as though they were touring the Underworld.

And above the gray fog, with the help of his marionettes' prayer points of light, The Fool Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief because the leader of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction, the angel who was sleeping in the mausoleum, the High Priest Haiter's test didn't exceed his expectations. Using the enslavement and control higher Sequence Beyonders of the

Death pathway had on lower Sequence Beyonders, “He” could directly obtain information from Patrick Bryan.

From a certain point of view, this was an “interrogation” at the psyche level, something that Klein was rather proficient at dealing with.

Nas

He immediately let the Red Priest card fly into his hand and enter his body.

All of a sudden, Klein had a dark red robe draped over him. This appearance seemed to look like rust and settled gunpowder. As for his face, it was covered by a dark gold mask. The patterns on it were ancient and set off a contrasting appearance with the crown he wore that was embedded with gems that sparkled red, blue, and green.

Following that, he mobilized all the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog that he could, turning them into invisible torrents that surrounded the paper figurines he had prepared in advance. Through the prayer lights, it shot towards Undying Patrick Bryan.

At this moment, Patrick’s body trembled slightly due to the feeling of submission he felt towards his teacher’s aura, as though he could see layers of holy wings.

Klein had hidden the exact appearance of the flaming angel, allowing a portion of it to be revealed. This also meant that he had interfered with the special effects.

One holy wing after another enveloped Patrick before vanishing, causing him to hallucinate in confusion.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, he quickly came to his senses. He realized that he no longer yearned to submit and not be able to disobey his teacher's orders. His consciousness seemed to have been pulled out of his body as he stared calmly at everything above the mind world.

At the same time, as a zealot, Patrick Bryan didn't hesitate to view Angel's Embrace as a gift from Death. There was no doubt about it.

At that moment, in the deep vortex formed from the black casket, an old and cold voice sounded out-one that could rip out a person's soul from their bodies:

"Not bad.

"Any progress in awakening God recently?"

Patrick Bryan followed the instructions given by the Blessed, and he described his efforts and intentions in a half-truthful manner.

After a series of questions and answers, the Death domain angel on the other side of the vortex, Haiter, didn't suspect anything. "He" calmly said, "Very good. Continue doing it. I will support you."

"He" paused for a moment and nonchalantly said, "I'll send you an assistant first. A Sequence 5 Gatekeeper to help you in completing the corresponding tasks to relieve your stress."

Is this what His Excellency mentioned about not being at ease with me? Teacher is indeed unwilling to see me gain the favor of God and threaten “His” position... Having been slowly influenced by Klein through his daily communications with him, Patrick Bryan, who had slowly changed his mindset, had no way of rejecting such “kind intentions.” He could only answer politely, “Yes, Teacher.”

Just as he said that, the pitch-black vortex suddenly opened up. It transformed into a mysterious pattern, conjuring up a pair of indescribable double bronze doors.

With a creaking sound, the door opened and a crack widened.

There was still darkness behind the rift, and there seemed to be eyes hidden in the depths of the darkness, quietly watching the outside.

At that moment, a palm stretched out and rested on the door crack.

Its skin was rather pale, allowing one to see the blue blood veins underneath.

With a tug, a figure leaped out of the door.

This was a young, tall man wearing a black robe with red linings with his hood pulled up.

His facial features were gentle, and his skin was slightly brown. It was obvious at a glance that he was from a Southern Continent bloodline. He was rather handsome, but he looked anemic.

Stepping on the solid ground beneath his feet, the young man didn't even glance at Patrick Bryan. He raised his head and looked into the sky. The corners of his mouth curled up as he narrowed his eyes and sighed.

"This intoxicating atmosphere..."

As a Beyonder of the Death pathway, to be ignored by someone whose Sequence was lower than his, there was no doubt that Patrick Bryan was a little angry, but in front of his teacher, he had no choice but to follow the flow and end the ritual.

During this process, The Fool's response above the gray fog was even more intense than Patrick's.

Because through the gray fog's "true vision," he could see the abnormality of the new Gatekeeper!

The Gatekeeper's internal Underworld expanded in an odd manner, covering every part of his body. And there was only one soul in the Underworld-a young and handsome soul with red hair, signs of rotting on its face, and a flag mark on its glabella. It wore black blood-stained armor.

Klein wasn't unfamiliar with this soul, for he immediately recognized it:

The Red Angel evil spirit, Sauron Einhorn Medici!

This fellow has returned to Backlund again, and had a certain working relationship with the angel of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction... Klein instinctively took out the Red Priest card and accommodated the Tyrant card before

summoning the Sea God Scepter. He planned on giving the Red Angel evil spirit a zap of Lightning Storm, but as his thoughts raced, he restrained this impulse and gave up on the corresponding thoughts.

This would expose Patrick Bryan's problem and let the angel from the Death domain guess that something had happened to Artificial Death!

This wasn't beneficial to the Evernight Goddess's control and digestion of the Death pathway's Uniqueness.

Amidst his thoughts, he quickly left the world above the gray fog and returned to the real world. He made his marionette secretly leave the clothing factory and "Teleport" away with his body.

He had originally planned on creating a shocking experience for Patrick Bryan after the ritual. He had even made some preparations beforehand. Now, he could only give up to prevent the Red Angel evil spirit from discovering him.

Inside the clothing factory, the young Gatekeeper, who had been possessed by Sauron Einhorn Medici, pulled his hood even lower before turning his head slightly and looking in a particular direction outside.

That was the spot where Klein's marionette, Qonas Kilgor, had been hiding, nearly a kilometer away from the factory.

After staring at it for a few seconds, the young Gatekeeper revealed an obvious smile.

Just as Patrick Bryan was about to say something, planning to

use his identity of the person-in-charge of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction to haze the envoy of his teacher, his spiritual perception was triggered. He turned around in a bizarre manner, casting his gaze on another building in the factory.

On the second floor of the building, behind a glass window in a room, there was a pair of emotionless black eyes staring at them.

Patrick Bryan's eyelids twitched, and his body suddenly vanished.

Woo!

A cold wind blew, causing the glass window to rot silently. Without any movement, it crumbled into countless "snowflakes."

In the corresponding room, a skinny Patrick in a black robe and a thin face emerged. He saw that the master of that pair of cold, black eyes was a rough mud doll.

Who made the doll... Who moved it here? Patrick Bryan looked around cautiously, not missing any corners.

Just as he turned his gaze towards the corridor and faced the glass window with his body slanted, the crude, black eyes of the mud doll suddenly turned. Then, it raised its hands and grabbed Patrick's neck.

Halfway through the action, the mud doll seemed to lose its support and lost all mobility. Many cracks appeared on its

surface as it instantly shattered into pieces.

Patrick Bryan's figure disappeared first before he appeared in the corridor, staring at the collapsed doll as if he was facing a most powerful enemy.

At that moment, he had really jumped in fright. Although there were all sorts of bizarre and harrowing matters related to spirits, it was still quite scary for a puppet to suddenly come alive without the influence of an external Spirit Body.

The mud doll lay there quietly in fragments without so much as a stir. Patrick Bryan waited patiently for a while before finally confirming that there were no more abnormalities.

He shuttled through the spirit world once again and returned to the place where the ritual had been held.

At that moment, the heavy, pitch-black casket had completely decayed. It was as if it had been buried in the ground for centuries, if not millennia. And the surrounding Underworld believers were slowly recovering from their semi-conscious state.

Patrick Bryan looked around but could not find the young Gatekeeper sent by his teacher. He didn't know when he had left.

Isn't he here to spy on me? The demigod of the Death pathway was at a loss.

Taking into consideration the abnormal discovery he had made —the living mud dollPatrick Bryan didn't delay any further. He quickly snapped his followers awake and cleaned up the scene

and removed all traces.

After he was done, he suddenly heard a voice:

“Is this clothing factory yours?”

Patrick Bryan’s figure instantly disappeared and appeared again, now facing the person who spoke. That was the young Gatekeeper who had gone somewhere.

“No.” Patrick frowned slightly.

How could he do such a thing in his own factory? If he was exposed, wouldn’t there be no way out?

“Not too stupid…” The young Gatekeeper nodded gently.

Patrick narrowed his eyes and suppressed his anger.

“Where did you go?”

The young Gatekeeper chuckled and said, “I visited some familiar spots and met a friend.”

Chapter 1082: Sudden Turn of Events

After "Teleporting" back, Klein didn't delay at all. He immediately set up an altar and held a ritual to pray to Death.

"You are the essence of death;

"You are the lord of the dead;

"You are the final home to all living beings.

"I pray for your help. I pray that you will know how to resolve the problem of the Red Angel evil spirit. 'He' has possessed the body of a Gatekeeper and is cooperating with the Numinous Episcopate's High Priest, Haiter. He has come to Backlund and been made an assistant to Patrick Bryan..."

With regard to this matter, there was really no choice but to seek help from the Evernight Goddess.

Ignoring the possibility of seeking out the ascetic leader, Arianna, in a cooperation effort, or whether he had the ability to get finish off Sauron Einhorn Medici, even if he could, once the Red Angel evil spirit disappeared, the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction's High Priest would immediately understand that something major had happened here. "He" could then connect it to other abnormalities and determined that there was something wrong with Artificial Death's condition. Then, using "His" own level and status, possible Sealed Artifacts, and "His" familiarity with the pathway, "He" might be able to create mutually harmful acts of destruction.

And if he ignored the Red Angel, this evil spirit who was a Conspirer wouldn't take long to detect something abnormal with Patrick Bryan. With "His" knowledge and intelligence, it wasn't difficult to guess the nature of the problem.

No matter how I deal with it, it'll be a problem. As expected of an angel in the War domain. Even if "He" is a three-in-one Spirit Body, "He" can still create unresolvable problems for others. This must've actually been an idea that "He" gave Haiter…

Actually, I do have an extreme idea; that is to let the Red Angel evil spirit be killed by other Churches, official organizations, or secret organizations for another whole different matter. In short, anything related to the Goddess cannot come center stage. Things must be made very clear…

The difficulty with this approach is how to let an extremely experienced, high-ranking member of the conspiring domain fall into a trap… If I don't handle it well, it might backfire on me… After the prayer ended, Klein casually let his thoughts wander as he waited patiently for the Evernight Goddess to give him a response.

After more than ten seconds, the herbal dregs that pleased the deity were swept up by an invisible wind. They flew out and landed on the table, forming words:

"His' coming spells the raising of arms."

What does that mean? Looking at the sentence that gave him a sense of déjà vu, he frowned slightly.

As a Seer, he habitually interpreted it:

Due to the king's problem, Loen has fallen into the shadows of war. Hence, the Red Angel that symbolizes war came.

This means that it might no longer be possible to stop the war.

Upon reaching Sequence 1, one would become a symbol of certain phenomena.

As these thoughts flashed through Klein's mind, the invisible wind came to a stop. The altar which was completely isolated by the wall of spirituality turned extremely silent.

There are no other revelations? After waiting for a while, Klein confirmed that this was all, so he ended the ritual and cleared the altar.

He then walked to the sofa in the room and sat down to see if anything else would happen.

After a full fifteen minutes, he didn't usher in the arrival of the matron of the Evernight cloister, the leader of the thirteen archbishops, angel of Concealment, Arianna.

I don't have to deal with the Red Angel evil spirit, and I should just leave "Him" be? Or, there's another solution, but my involvement isn't needed? In essence, he wasn't a devout believer of Evernight. Since the Goddess said that he didn't need to bother about it, he naturally couldn't be bothered to do so. After all, this matter was not only extremely troublesome for him, but it was also extremely dangerous.

Shaking his head, Klein took out a pen and paper from his pocket and began a dream divination.

What had happened tonight made him feel that he couldn't waste any time. He had to digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion as soon as possible.

Above the Fog Sea, inside a steam-powered merchant ship that was extremely close to a pirate ship.

One by one, the men and older women were tied up and pushed to the edge of the deck. Then, the pirates either used their hands or legs to throw them into the sea.

The splashing sounds didn't affect the pirates at all, guffawing over this bloodless massacre.

After clearing the captives, they carried their guns and lanterns to the shipboard, preparing to enjoy the pitiful bugs' struggling.

However, under the light, the dark blue sea beside the boat quietly undulated. No one was there.

"They sank so quickly," a pirate blurted out in surprise.

The leader of this pirate crew frowned. After looking at it for a while, he said, "Perhaps some sea monsters passed by and treated those who dared resist us as food bestowed by the gods.

"Perfect timing. If we feed it, it won't attack us..."

Upon saying this, the leader waved his hand.

"Everyone, enjoy yourselves!"

As a fairly experienced pirate, he knew that there were many strange things at sea. It was best not to seek out the reason and try to figure out the truth. Since it didn't harm him or his crew, he would thank the Lord of Storms for his blessings, doing so as though nothing had happened.

After making sure that there were people on duty, the pirates began gulping down copious amounts of alcohol, ate huge chunks of meat, and sang loudly, and fought for the rights to the young female captives.

In the noisy and lively atmosphere, the pirate leader led a beautiful passenger that he had long taken a liking to into the captain's room. He eagerly began the final process for that night of revelry.

In the middle of the night, the tired pirate leader stretched out his right hand and touched something cold.

He jolted awake. Through the crimson moonlight shining through the window, he saw a piece of coarse wood in his arms.

A series of branches with green leaves grew out from the wooden block, hugging him like a human's limbs.

Pa!

The pirate leader's pupils rapidly dilated. As he pushed away the wood, jumped off the bed, and stumbled back.

Was I with such a thing previously? His mind was filled with terror. He couldn't care less about his clothes, picking up a flintlock and cutlass before leaving the room immediately.

Outside, there was a pirate on duty.

“How can I be happy to steal your ear…” When the pirate saw his leader open the door, he quickly asked.

The pirate leader had originally wanted to chide the other party for secretly drinking, resulting in his incoherence. However, when he looked up, he saw that his subordinate’s mouth and his surroundings were filled with golden grains. Even the surface of his tongue was covered in dense clusters.

The pirate leader’s scalp tightened as he felt a numbing chill run down his spine.

At this moment, the door across the corridor opened as well. A pirate shouted with a sobbing tone, “Oh no! Boss, I-I have a lot of mushrooms growing there!”

As he spoke, the pirate ran out.

At the same time, he felt his eyes itch. He raised his hand and rubbed his right eye.

As he rubbed his eyes, a green vine slowly grew out from the gaps between his eye socket and his eyeball. There was a dark red grape at the end of it.

The flesh around the grape was a blur.

The pirate leader’s body froze when he saw this. He asked in a voice that didn’t belong to him, “What… did you guys encounter…”

While rubbing his eye, the pirates who didn't notice the problem said without any recollection, "A pole-like shadow struck me!"

"W... Ye You..." The pirate whose tongue was covered in golden wheat echoed.

He was blocked by his leader and didn't see his fellow crew member's terrifying appearance.

The pirate leader's legs began to shake uncontrollably. He instinctively turned around and ran out of the cabin.

At this moment, he saw a long wall that looked like a shadow from a pole rapidly sweep towards him before lashing out at him.

The shadow flashed and soon disappeared. It was as though it was a surreal nightmare.

The pirate leader was just a beat slower before he subconsciously raised his hand to block. This was obviously not effective.

Then, he looked at himself in panic and didn't find anything unusual.

"Thankfully, thankfully..." The pirate leader couldn't help but let out a sigh.

Before he could finish, he suddenly heard a slightly muffled voice:

“Thankfully, thankfully…”

This voice seemed to come from his body!

The pirate leader’s pupils dilated to the extreme as he involuntarily lifted up his clothes.

He then saw three cracks appear between his chest-one big, two small.

Two rows of white teeth were neatly arranged in the large crack, and in the middle of the small crack were two lively and nimble eyeballs embedded in them.

It was a mouth and two eyes!

The pirate leader had a mouth and two eyes on his chest!

“No!

A scream rang out from the boat, filled with indescribable terror.

In the next fifteen minutes, some of the pirates went mad and killed their companions. Some successfully escaped back to their own ship, only to discover that the people on it had also turned mutated. Hence, they jumped into the sea in despair.

By the time everything calmed down, there were only about ten normal pirates slumped on the deck and hiding in their rooms. There was a stench around them.

After a while, passengers came out of the cabin one after another.

They looked at the scene in front of them in disbelief. They either thanked the gods or stood there in a daze.

It was early in the morning. Klein got out of bed and began to wash up.

Just as he was changing his clothes with the help of his valet, Enuni, he saw Butler Walter, who had just returned from a leave of absence, walk to the door and say, “Sir, Bishop Elektra is here to pay a visit.”

“... Let him wait for me in the activity room where he can enjoy a cigar.” Klein hesitated for a moment before saying.

He suspected that this was a late response from the Goddess.

Walter immediately turned around and went downstairs to make the arrangements. Before long, he returned and said, “Sir, Bishop Elektra has already bade farewell and left. He wanted me to tell you that you must go to Saint Samuel Cathedral in the morning. He said that the Church and the government are going to hold an air-raid drill together.”

“Air-raid drill?” Klein frowned.

At that moment, his spiritual perception was triggered. He turned around and looked out the window.

In the air, there were rows of dark brown-colored airships

approaching.

These airships had slanted patterns of red, white, and yellow emblems. This was the flag of Feysac!

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly understood what he had overlooked.

War might not be initiated by the Loen Kingdom!

An ancient and hidden organization definitely had very high-ranking members in other countries. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been able to affect the world's situation!

Chapter 1083: Backlund in Chaos

Although the Sonia Sea wasn't like the Fog Sea, with it often being filled with fog, the northern regions would occasionally fill up with a rather thick fog every autumn and winter morning.

Alger Wilson's Blue Avenger was sailing in such an environment, following the borders of the Sonia Island back to the Loen coast.

He had already spent too long in the North Sonia Sea, so he needed to return for a routine report.

Within the pale white fog, the ghost ship quietly proceeded forward, occasionally appearing like a dream that didn't leave any traces.

Alger was wrapped by the wind as he stood in midair in front of the window, admiring the white world outside. He allowed his thoughts to wander in different directions.

Suddenly, his eyes focused as some silvery-white light flashed in his pupils. He saw a large sail through the fog in the distance, and a massive ship silently cruised past.

This ship wasn't alone. Behind it were several similar ships. One, two, three... they formed a fleet that spanned a great distance.

Feysac's Sonia Sea Fleet... They've all been mobilized... Where are they heading to? Alger's feet landed on the deck.

His gaze immediately turned to the other side, where Sonia

Island was located.

After the various exchanges at the Tarot Club, Alger was already certain that the world situation was tense, with war about to break out at any moment. At that moment, he made some connections and made a guess.

To the Feysac Empire and the Loen Kingdom, Sonia Island was extremely important. If it were occupied by the Loen Kingdom, Feysac's eastern naval fleet would be completely blocked off in the cold north, unable to vie for any of the various colonies in the Sonia Sea or head to East Balam. Meanwhile, after waging war, if they wanted to threaten the Loen Kingdom's hinterlands, they would have to cross the Amantha mountain range or cross the Midseashire, passing through the defenses of several counties. That would be extremely difficult.

And if Sonia Island was conquered by the Feysac Empire, then they could use that as a base to attack all the ports in the north and central regions of Loen, including but not limited to Enmat Harbor or Pritz Harbor. If the Feysac commander was more daring and unfazed by the losses, he could even be able to directly target the capital of the Loen Kingdom, Backlund, which was not far from the port.

It was precisely because of this that the two countries had waged the Twenty Year War. The Feysac Empire clinched victory, and they had obtained the crucial southern path.

In the Battle of the Violated Oath, Loen had won the war but had failed to regain this territory. Its strategic goals for the war were only half-achieved.

Alger stared at this scene for a moment before speaking in a serious tone, "Is war about to erupt...?"

In Backlund, a large number of airships from Feysac had entered from North Borough and arrived above the huge city.

As soon as they drew near, the Holy Wind Cathedral seemed to have made certain precautions. The howling of the wind intensified, turning into several giant bluish-black blades that whistled towards the target like surface-to-air missiles.

Seeing that the huge blades were about to hit the airbags of the airship, an invisible layer of defense appeared and shielded it from all the attacks.

Under the violent strike, the transparent “wall” shook, but ultimately managed to hold on.

At the same time, the compartment for guns, projectile launchers, and cannons of the airship opened up and aimed downwards.

Boom!

As a hurricane around the Holy Wind Cathedral took form, a loud explosive boom emanated in every direction.

In such a terrifying storm, the airships were like boats sailing through the sea where they met mountain-like waves and were about to be tossed into the distance.

At that moment, the blood and rust-like beams of light flashed on the leading airship. They enveloped all the other accompanying airships and connected them together.

Suddenly, Feysac's airship fleet had stabilized in the hurricane and was no longer a puny boat in the gigantic waves. The power of the high-level Red Priest pathway belonged to war, and war was the art of gathering the masses!

This was the authority of a War Bishop!

After the Feysacians blocked this wave of attacks, they took advantage of the gap in between the wave of attacks to deliver their bombs through the hatches and allow them to drop beneath them.

And in the hurricane, the trajectories of the bombs became unpredictable.

Boom! Boom!

The cannon hatches also lit up and showed off their prowess that would honor the God of War.

This airship fleet didn't attempt to travel through Backlund. After entering North Borough, it immediately turned to West Borough, the center of politics for the Loen Kingdom.

North Borough, Backlund University of Technology.

The withered Intis parasol tree leaves swayed in the wind. Students were either carrying books or bags as they walked around the campus.

As a member of an institute of higher education, as the first batch of students of this reorganized university, these young

adults were full of vigor. They looked forward to their future and would gather together every day to discuss their ideals, recite poems, and research technology. They were pure and happy.

Melissa Moretti walked amidst them as she raised her head to look at the wall clock at the top of the main teaching building and involuntarily hastened her pace.

She had to go to Chancellor Moment's office today to prepare for the upcoming mechanical laboratory that was to be officially launched.

This was something that she enjoyed greatly, something which made her feel happy every day. She felt that life on campus was so wonderful and that her classmates were so adorable.

Subconsciously, Melissa looked at the steam locomotive in the middle of the square. Its massive, complicated body was displaying its infinite charm in the machinery industry.

Quite a number of students liked to gather there, knocking, hitting, and analyzing its structure. As for the school, it didn't encourage or forbid it.

The corners of Melissa's lips curled into a smile as she moved to look away.

Suddenly, a metallic gray object descended from the sky and landed in the middle of the square.

Boom!

The ground shook violently as all the windows of the main teaching building shattered. If not for the distance, Melissa might've been thrown up by the blast of air.

Countless screams rang out, and like the other students, Melissa fled in panic, not knowing what had happened.

She was only 16 years old after all—she had never experienced such a scene before.

The billowing dust and smoke gradually fell. After hiding behind a tree, Melissa subconsciously looked at the spot where the explosion had just occurred.

Her expression instantly froze, and her eyes glazed over.

The steam locomotive's head was already in pieces, its components and fragments were scattered everywhere.

The students around it, and those passing by, had already collapsed to the ground, their bodies no longer intact. They were no longer breathing. Some of them were covered in blood, others charred. There were some moaning in pain.

This scene was like an oil painting that wasn't realistic enough. Melissa stared at it in a daze, momentarily at a loss for a reaction.

Carter—she knew that male student who had a great spirit for research. Every time everyone was in discussion, he would confidently say that he was going to be a ship engineer. Now, he only had half his lower body left, and his intestines were all over the ground.

Eudora—she was a student from the same faculty as her. Despite studying machinery, she loved poetry very much and was rather talented in this aspect. She was loved by the people around her. Sometimes, Melissa would also attend their gatherings and quietly listen to Eudora's recital. She felt that this girl was really attractive, but now, her leg was badly mutilated, and she was moaning half-consciously in pain.

In just a few seconds, these people's future had been cruelly changed.

It was only when many teachers rushed out of the teaching block and started to rescue the injured and evacuate the students that Melissa woke up from her trance and hurriedly moved closer to the teachers.

"Listen to me! All of you are to split up into two groups. One batch will head to the laboratories, and the other to Tiffany Cathedral. They all have an underground area that you can hide in." One of the teachers wore a look of terror, but he still held his breath and made arrangements with his clear voice as though he had been specially trained.

He looked around and saw that the students didn't dare to leave the teachers. He hurriedly said, "Don't worry. The enemy's airship has already turned and gone to West Borough. There's no danger here."

His words were accompanied by a rumbling explosion that came from the southwest.

West Borough... The kingdom's parliament, various departments, and municipal halls are there... Upon hearing the teacher's words, Melissa immediately thought of many things.

As the light in her eyes flickered, she suddenly pursed her lips tightly and ran towards the school gate, ignoring her teacher calling from behind.

As she moved along a sheltered area, Melissa quickly arrived on the streets. She panted heavily and looked around, trying to get her bearings.

At that moment, she saw the subway entrance nearby. Although she was flustered, she still remembered what the teacher had just said.

"...underground area that you can hide in!"

Isn't the subway underground? The bombing has just started, and the subway probably hadn't stopped moving... As her thoughts raced, Melissa rushed towards the entrance that showed signs of bombardment.

Upon going underground, she realized that the people here weren't as many as she had expected. Most ordinary people who had never been trained wouldn't think of hiding in here immediately.

The subway had indeed not stopped moving, but no one was checking the tickets. After a short wait, Melissa ran over, her lips tightly pursed and her face filled with anxiety.

After three stops, the subway stopped at King's Avenue. Melissa squeezed through the crowd and rushed out of the carriage.

She had already recovered her stamina. She ran along the stairs, her speed increasing ever so slightly before she quickly reached

the surface.

At this moment, whatever she could see was in a state of chaos. Many buildings had collapsed as they were burning in scarlet flames. Broken limbs, blood, and the dead were everywhere. She could hear cries, screams, and orders.

Upon seeing this scene, Melissa became even more anxious as she tried to run towards the four-story building where the kingdom's Ministry of Finance was located.

However, the area had already been sealed. She could see that many window panes had shattered. The walls were riddled with bullet holes, and there were still traces of an explosion.

Melissa tried to enter the perimeter but was stopped by the soldiers who were maintaining order. This only served to increase her anxiety as her eyes reddened.

At this moment, she saw a familiar figure. It was the black-haired, brown-eyed Benson who wasn't wearing a hat.

Upon seeing Melissa, Benson immediately rushed over. He looked anxious and angry as he shouted, "Why are you here? Why aren't you hiding underground! I'm very safe here!

"Quick, follow me there!"

Didn't you not go underground either... Melissa, who had never been shouted at by her brother, wanted to instinctively retort, but her vision was already blurry.

“Phew…” After he shouted, he let out a breath and softened his tone. “It’s good that you’re okay. Quick, don’t wander around on the streets.”

Upon hearing his words, the panic and concern in Melissa’s heart calmed down. At this moment, she felt that even if she were to die, it wouldn’t be that scary anymore. At least, she wouldn’t be the only one left at home.

At this moment, a bomb was blown over by a hurricane and was landing towards the area.

But suddenly, the bomb changed directions abruptly and flew off horizontally.

Boom!

It exploded in midair, only stirring up a blast of air.

Chapter 1084: The People in War

Boom! Boom!

In the building at Cherwood Borough's 17 Minsk Street, the female owner of the building, Stelyn Sammer, and her maidservants heard a loud explosion from afar. She fearfully hid in a corner of the room, feeling as though the ground beneath her feet was trembling.

Only after the constant, terrifying commotion started to fade away did she straighten her body and look left and right with an unusually strained mind.

"What exactly happened?"

The two maidservants simultaneously shook their heads. They were both at a loss and also afraid.

As soon as she left the comer of the room, she instinctively wanted to walk out of the room and talk to her neighbors to figure out what had just happened. However, she was worried that another attack would happen again, so she had no choice but to pace around in the living room.

After a few minutes, she suddenly heard the sound of the door opening. She quickly turned her head and realized that her husband, Luke Sammer, had returned with his valet.

"Aren't you working?" Stelyn asked subconsciously.

The stout Luke replied solemnly, “I happened to pass by the vicinity and came back immediately.

“Quick, put on your coat. Let’s go to the cathedral now!”

“What happened? What happened?” Stelyn asked again.

Luke took two steps forward and said, “Feysac’s airships are bombarding Backlund!”

“How… How could this be?” Stelyn’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“Now is not the time to discuss this. Whatever it is, it has already happened. We have to go to the cathedral immediately!” Luke gave his wife a hug. “Don’t worry too much. I think those airships aren’t heading over.”

“Alright, alright!” Stelyn replied in a panic.

As she wore the coat the maidservant had brought over, she instinctively said with concern, “What about the children?”

“They’re at the Church’s school, so there will be people who will arrange for them to take shelter. We don’t have the time to reach them,” Luke said calmly.

“Alright.” Stelyn made a prayer gesture, hoping that the deity she believed in would provide them with protection.

The two of them, along with their male and female servants, quickly exited their house and walked towards the other end of

the street.

As she passed by Unit 58, Stelyn took a glance and whispered, “Previously, I had laughed at Lawyer Jurgen, saying that he gave up a lot of opportunities in Backlund from moving to the south just because of Mrs. Doris’s ailments. Now, I’m starting to envy him…”

Luke shot her a look and said, “Don’t worry too much. It’ll be fine.”

While walking quickly, Stelyn couldn’t help but ask, “Luke, are we fleeing Backlund?”

“No, there’s no need!” Luke Sammer answered firmly. “This was just an accident.”

Seeing that his wife was clearly confused, he added, “Backlund is the capital of the kingdom, so it has to be the most well-defended area. This time, it was just an oversight that no one expected. The next time, the Feysacians won’t have another chance!

“The kingdom has the strongest military in the Northern and Southern continents. The Feysacians will definitely be taught a lesson. There’s no way they can invade Backlund again. After this, Backlund will definitely be the safest place to be!”

“I see…” Stelyn felt that her husband’s words made sense, and she was willing to believe him.

After the explanation, Luke fell silent for a few seconds.

“However, we still have to make some preparations. Once the Church announces that we can move freely, we’ll immediately fetch the children back and buy more food. We’ll buy as much as we can!”

Inside a public school in the Backlund Bridge area.

Due to the distance, Daisy and her classmates didn’t realize what had happened in the North and West Boroughs, nor did they sense the chaos that had spread from Hillston Borough to Cherwood Borough.

However, teachers still came to their classrooms and arranged for them to line up to head to the nearest cathedral.

This made Daisy recall the Great Smog of Backlund last year. Back then, they had also been asked to hide in the cathedral beside the school.

D-did something similar happen again… The trauma in Daisy’s heart made her tremble slightly as she felt intense sadness and anger.

When she passed by the door, she couldn’t help but turn her head to look at the teacher in charge and ask, “Is it another disaster?”

“Maybe…” The teacher didn’t know the details and had only followed the orders sent by a telegram.

“Is there a disaster like this every year, or maybe even more than one?” Daisy asked with a slightly ethereal voice with a tinge of innocence.

The teacher looked at her with pity and shook his head.

“All difficulties will pass. God will protect everyone.”

Daisy didn’t waste his time and followed the crowd to the nearest cathedral in a somewhat blank manner.

North Borough, 22 Phelps Street.

After hearing the explosion inside the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, the first thing Audrey did was to conceal her dragon scales before rushing to the window.

Seeing the airships with the Feysac flag appearing in the air and the bombs being carried away by a hurricane and being thrown into the distance, either landing on the ground and exploding or disappearing as though they had entered the spirit world, a thought flashed across her mind—the words that The World Mr. Gehrman Sparrow had said, as well as the mission of the Psychology Alchemists. She came to a realization:

War had truly erupted!

She immediately turned her head and said to the huge golden retriever, Susie; her personal lady’s maid, Annie; and the others, “Quick, hide in Saint Samuel Cathedral!”

Although Audrey didn’t know how to deal with an air raid, the education she received from a young age told her to go to a cathedral as soon as possible if she ever encountered danger.

In fact, she instinctively wanted to rush back to Empress

Borough to protect her mother. However, considering that Annie, the other servants, and staff were ordinary people who lacked experience and the ability to deal with su^ crisis, she had no choice but to take care of them and accompany them to Saint Samuel Cathedral.

In order to resolve any dangers that she might encounter along the way, she planned to put on Hand of Horror and Lie. On the one hand, she could “Distort” the trajectory of bullets, while on the other hand, she could control flames and trigger the bombs in advance.

In the face of long-range attacks, the Beyonder powers of the Spectator pathway were indeed not effective.

While secretly protecting her servants and the foundation’s staff, she successfully entered Saint Samuel Cathedral and saw a few bishops and priests approaching her.

“Miss Audrey, you don’t have to worry about the Earl and his wife, as well as Lord Hibbert. They have people to protect them. An air raid like this won’t harm them. Besides, you also know how grand your family basement is and how strong it is.” One of the bishops quickly brought her to the side to console her.

After taking off her fishnet gloves, she nodded and acknowledged the words of the bishop. She was no longer in a hurry to return home and instead asked, “What’s the current situation like?”

The Feysacians have lost two airships and have moved towards West Borough. Don’t worry, all the defenses have been mustered. They won’t cause any further damage.” After a simple exchange of words, the bishop led Audrey’s group towards the underground area of the cathedral. And further below was where the Nighthawks were active.

160 Boklund Street. Butler Walter and a group of servants hid in an underground area which was used as a wine cellar.

This was done under Dwayne Dantes's orders, and this gentleman had headed out to find Bishop Elektra with his valet.

After an unknown period of time, Walter and company heard a knock on the door. Through the peephole, they confirmed that their employer had returned.

"There aren't any more raids now, but it's best you hide at Saint Samuel Cathedral for a while," Klein said as he surveyed the area.

"Yes, sir," Walter replied on behalf of the servants before asking, "And after that?"

As a qualified butler, he often read the papers and understood that the situation was tense. It wasn't difficult to guess that a war would break out after the explosions.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Once the Church has verified the situation, we'll head to Maygur Manor. You can bring your family along.

"No matter what, the capital of the kingdom is definitely a relatively safe place. And the manor at the periphery of the capital definitely wouldn't be a target of air raids, as it's of no value. Yes, there's enough food in Maygur Manor, and there's a large supply of wine. Even if the war were to be extended for a long time, we won't have to worry about starving to death."

Upon hearing the employer's words, the servants who had

already formed a family immediately revealed looks of delight, wiping away their pale looks of fear. Walter expressed his gratitude directly.

He said with some deliberation, “You can buy more food. Under such circumstances, no one will find it excessive.

“Also, there might not be any more attacks near Backlund, but I can’t say the same for security. The manor outside the city must be on guard.”

Klein nodded.

“I’ve also considered this. I’ll discuss this with Member of Parliament Macht and military personnel about purchasing a batch of ‘decommissioned’ weapons and bullets. You must practice more.

“Anyway, during this period of time, Enuni and I will return to Backlund to handle certain matters according to the situation. If there’s anything I haven’t considered, I’ll make up for it later.”

As for the food, he didn’t forbid Butler Walter from buying it. This way, if a famine really happened, he would have the ability to save them.

After discussing the follow-up procedures, everyone in the residence of Dwayne Dantes packed up their luggage and brought their valuables. They followed their employer into Saint Samuel Cathedral and arrived underground.

With a single glance, he saw Audrey walking amidst the people, Placating their moods. He smiled and nodded at her.

Upon seeing Dwayne Dantes, Audrey smiled back and confirmed that nothing major had happened from his attitude.

Fors and Xio had moved again, but they were still at the borders of East Borough, and they were even closer to the Backlund Bridge area.

After waking up naturally, Fors rubbed her hair and walked out of the bedroom to prepare lunch.

As she looked around, she saw Xio, who had gone out early, sitting on a chair and flipping through the newspapers. “What’s wrong?” Fors asked blankly.

Xio frowned and said, “The Feysacians air raids bombed North and West Borough…”

“What?” Fors first blurted out before recalling the matters that had been discussed at the Tarot Club.

At that moment, a paperboy’s voice came from outside.

“Extra! Extra! The kingdom declares war on Feysac!”

“Extra! Extra! The kingdom declares war on Feysac!”

Chapter 1085: Scrutinizing the Situation

“Extra! Extra! The kingdom declares war on Feysac!”

On the way from Maygur Manor to Backlund, Klein heard the paperboy shouting on the streets with brisk steps while on a horse carriage.

Although he had already made preparations, he still sighed after confirming that the war had truly erupted. He couldn’t help but feel depressed again.

The grudge from having Sonia Island, a key territory, taken away… The conflict over the rights of the colonies… The defeat from the previous war… The political corruption leading to a recession… Ever since the repeal of the Grain Act, many farmers of the kingdom have gone bankrupt due to the importing of foreign food products… The lower-class live in abject conditions… The rich-poor divide only grew deeper…

The middle class’s blind confidence in the Loen Kingdom’s might, and the eager desire to raise their own positions… The intensifying conflict between different political factions in high society leading to a fracture… The king and his faction wish for a large-scale war… With all these factors combined, just from an objective standpoint, and considering this from the angle of materialism, it’s almost inevitable for Loen to start a war… Reality is the best author… Jumping out from his experience from the past, Klein scrutinized the Loen Kingdom’s situation from a fresh point of view. He realized that the tides of the times had already formed and were surging over. Without a true deity’s descent, it was completely unstoppable.

In comparison, what puzzled him more was why the Feysac

Empire would be willing to initiate a war.

Even if the members of an ancient secret organization were indeed members of the upper echelons of Feysac or the Church of the God of Combat—key figures who had the right to make the decision—there was no way they could be alone in deciding such an important matter. How could the others agree to a world war?

Could it be that the conflict between the various classes in the Feysac Empire has also completely escalated to the point that it urgently needs a war? With his lack of understanding of the empire of the north, it was difficult for Klein to make an accurate judgment. But they just won the East Balam war and reaped more of the rights to the colonies. There's no reason for its situation to be more serious than Loen's… Yes, the royal family—the Einhorn family—is in control of the Red Priest pathway. It's understandable that they crave war, but the Church of the God of Combat has no reason not to stop it. As a member of the orthodox deity alliance, they lacked the motivation to help Amon's brother advance to Sequence 0.

Thinking of this, Klein suddenly came up with a theory.

Did that brother of Amon realize that the Goddess has already acquired the Uniqueness of the Death pathway and is in a critical stage, so "He" revealed this information to the Church of the God of Combat? And the God of Combat is in a neighboring pathway with the Goddess, so there's no way "He" can ignore this matter; "He" will definitely make an intense response…

Of course, it might not be done by the brother of Amon. It might also be because of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction's angel, Haiter. After being warned by Einhom Sauron Medici, this Conspirer expert, "He" discovered the abnormalities ahead of time. On the one hand, "He" pretends not to notice anything and continues to set up a probe. On the other hand,

“He” pulled in the Church of the God of Combat to worsen the situation and make it more chaotic… The Red Angel evil spirit is truly a symbol of war…

If this is really the case, then it’s inevitable for Feysac to wage this war. Furthermore, the matter regarding the Uniqueness of the Death pathway has no room for compromise. At the critical moment, the God of Combat might descend, causing a battle of gods that hasn’t happened since the end of the Fourth Epoch to happen…

This time, for the airship fleet from Feysac could stealthily to travel from the coast for nearly a hundred kilometers without being detected, it would definitely have a Weather Warlock providing protection. Otherwise, even if they were to take a detour across places with few people, they’ll still be seen ahead of time and definitely be stopped by the Loen airships… A Weather Warlock is an angel. Since the Fifth Epoch, the number of wars that have Beyonders at this level are few and far between… After Emperor Roselle’s death, most soldiers don’t even know of Beyonders, even in the colonial wars… To have a Weather Warlock be involved in this means…

This is really a battle that will sweep through the entire world. It involves battles at all levels. Is this what Amon’s brother wants?

When the time comes, the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Earth Mother, the God of Steam and Machinery, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom will have to take their respective stances. Would the conflicts that “They” have temporarily suppressed for almost two thousand years be escalated…

Earth Mother likes the giants, and even amongst “Her” Blessed, they are Feysacians. And because of the splitting of Lenburg, Masin, and Segar, these made the Feynapotter Kingdom bear a bone-deep grudge with the Loen Kingdom and Intis. The king’s powers and the divine powers are highly likely to be unified, and

they might form an alliance with Feysac. From the south to the north, they will attack Loen and Intis. Of course, countries like Lenburg and the Church of Knowledge, who are in the crossfire, will definitely try to stop it. Uh... As for Desi Bay, Feynapotter, and the Loen Kingdom are directly connected, the south wouldn't be peaceful either...

The more Klein thought about it, the more he felt that the situation in the Northern Continent would become abnormally chaotic. And no matter what direction it developed into, he couldn't stop it.

Even if he were a Sequence 4 demigod, under the tide of the times, there was no way for him to cause any major impact in this battle of gods, or exert any key influence. It would be pretty good if he could protect himself and the people he cared about.

Previously, when the Feysac air fleet attacked, the first thing he did was arrange for Butler Walter and company to hide in the underground area that was used as a wine cellar. Then, he "Teleported" to Backlund University of Technology. At that time, a bomb had already hit the ground. Some had died, and others were injured. The only thing he was thankful for was that his sister, Melissa, wasn't within the vicinity of the explosion.

By the time Melissa and Benson met, the airships from Feysac didn't stay for long and quickly retreated from Backlund. Only then did he return to Dwayne Dantes's residence.

Phew...Klein let out a slow sigh of relief. He turned his head to look out the window and saw that, after hearing that the kingdom was declaring war on Feysac, a small number of pedestrians on the street wore a look of horror as though they had recalled the air raid in the morning. Most of them wore blank expressions with a look of panic. They had no idea what they could do even if they wanted to.

They might not have truly understood what this war would bring, but they instinctively felt that peace had been broken. The future was a chaotic mess, fraught with danger.

Klein retracted his gaze and looked at his valet, Enuni, who was sitting opposite him. From his eyes, he realized that he was somewhat at a loss.

He gave a half-smile and sighed. He raised his hand to rub his temples and wiped away his depressed and helpless feelings. He thought about what he could do and what he needed to take note of.

No matter what, with this experience and lesson, the king's faction has had a war spark out as they wished. Before all of Loen collapses, it's nearly impossible for Feysac to invade Backlund again. It would be safer for Benson and Melissa to stay here...

What's most worrisome is the lack of food and various assassinations. The latter is nothing. The place where Melissa and Benson live in is decided by their own levels. They aren't anywhere close to coming into contact with someone important who is a target for assassination, so they won't be implicated. Fortunately, Portland Moment's research laboratory has just been established, and there are no results from it yet. It won't become a target that must be destroyed. As for the former, I can provide some "help" through Miss Audrey...

The Winter County at the Holy Cathedral is located in the far north reaches of the kingdom, next to Feysac. It's always the front line of every war. Ma'am Arianna might've returned to help the military. Oh, "She" might also be sent elsewhere to protect the coast. After all, the defenses of Backlund are sufficient. The royal family definitely has Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts and also angels. The three Churches most likely have hidden tricks up their sleeves... In that case, my greatest pillar of support is gone.

At most, I can get some help from the Church and use some Sealed Artifacts...

In the past, I wasn't too worried about the effects the Red Angel evil spirit's return has on me. Now, I have to raise my guard for this matter.

Patrick Bryan knows very well that Dwayne Dantes is equivalent to Gehrman Sparrow, who is equivalent to the Blessed of Death. I had intentionally revealed this information, hoping that it would direct the points of suspicion to Mr. Azik, the Death Consul. And now, this also means that the Red Angel evil spirit would be able to grasp this information in no time...

The Red Angel evil spirit currently only has a high level, but "His" actual standard shouldn't have recovered to the level of an angel. There's no irreconcilable feud between "Him" and me, nor do I have what "He" wants. Even if "He" knows that Dantes is equivalent to Gehrman Sparrow, it would be very unlikely for him to deal with me directly...

Other than attacking me directly, what harm will it bring after "He" grasps this situation?

Is he using this to set up a conspiracy or sell the intelligence to someone who needs it?

What conspiracy... Who would want it...

Many thoughts and names surfaced in his mind, but they were quickly eliminated by him. This included Amon's brother and the Angel of Fate Ouroboros. From the Red Angel evil spirit's past actions, for the time being, "He" wouldn't make contact with Rose Redemption, and Amon's brother is a sworn enemy of Medici and company.

Suddenly, a name appeared in his mind:

Zaratul!

The leader of the Secret Order, the Sequence 1 Seer pathway angel, Zaratul, who had returned to normalcy after becoming mad!

According to Arrodes's feedback, this powerful and concealed existence had already left "His" original location, and "His" whereabouts were unknown.

Previously, Klein had been wondering if "He" would come to Backlund due to the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence.

Medici and the Zaratul and Zoroast families were serving under the Solomon Empire. Even if they weren't friendly with each other, they must be very familiar with each other... In the foggy town, Zaratul had met Gehrman Sparrow. If he really wants to pursue something, he would definitely chase after the crazy adventurer... With a thought in his mind, Klein instinctively began to assume that Zaratul was in Backlund in search of Gehrman Sparrow, and with that, he began to analyze the situation for other abnormalities.

At almost the same instant that he thought of something, Klein recalled the failure of the joint operation between Sharron and the Sanguine.

The Rose School of Thought is also looking for Gehrman Sparrow, so would Zaratul, who received the corresponding news, work with them?

Back then, the operation was on the brink of success. The Rose School of Thought's person-in-charge in Backlund had left in a hurry. Clearly, he had only noticed the problem at the last moment. With the Sanguine preparing the corresponding Sealed Artifact, it's rather impossible for such a failure to happen. Even the Sanguine Duke was puzzled and confused, but what if—what if it was thanks to the perceptive intuition of a Sequence 1 angel of the Seer pathway?

This would explain it perfectly!

Back then, Zaratul was sitting opposite the Rose School of Thought's Backlund person-in-charge?

The Rose School of Thought retreated in a panic and had even deliberately left behind a doll to create moonlight and cleanse everything so as to cover up the existence of Zaratul?

Also, the fact that Gehrman Sparrow has a certain relationship with the Death Consul isn't a secret. Will Zaratul spread out all his marionettes and sense if there's the power of Death in Backlund? Previously, when Patrick Bryan was holding rituals, there was actually Zaratul's marionette watching him?

If the Red Angel evil spirit has already sold the intelligence to Zaratul, then wouldn't my returning to Boklund Street in such a chaotic situation be giving myself up?

His pupils constricted, and he immediately said to the coachman in front, "Just stop here. I suddenly thought of something else I need to settle."

After he said that, he felt extremely tense, afraid that the coachman wouldn't answer him and continue driving.

Fortunately, none of this happened. The horse carriage stopped by the side of the road, and with his valet, Enuni, Klein walked towards a small alley nearby.

Immediately following that, he snapped his fingers and allowed the scarlet flames to emerge from his pocket, covering both himself and his marionette.

He had to rush to Saint Samuel Cathedral as soon as possible in a concealed manner!

With a flash of flames, their two figures disappeared.

However, after completing a leap, the flames within his senses suddenly disappeared—all of them.

A spacious living room appeared in front of him. On an ordinary reclining chair was a tall and thin man. He was young and had Southern Continent blood in him. He looked rather handsome and appeared a little anemic.

The Red Angel evil spirit, Sauron Einhom Medici!

This Red Angel played with a ball of scarlet-red flames in “His” hand as the corners of “His” mouth curled up.

You actually sensed it earlier than I expected.

“Heh, using Flaming Jump in front of me…”

Chapter 1086: A Simple Inference

The moment he saw the Red Angel evil spirit, Klein's pupils dilated. The human-skinned glove on his left hand suddenly turned transparent.

He didn't listen to what the other party had to say. His instinctive reaction was to immediately "Teleport" away, but at this moment, the spirit world that entered his eyes was different from usual.

Countless transparent creatures in indescribable forms were all dyed in a color that was a mixture of iron and blood. The surrounding area was filled with thick smoke, and there were seven rays of light that contained infinite knowledge hidden above them. It was almost impossible to see them.

Klein's heart skipped a beat. He didn't rashly "Teleport."

Upon seeing this, the Red Angel evil spirit chuckled.

"What are you afraid of? Zaratul?"

Upon hearing this, Klein subconsciously looked around, but he didn't discover anything unusual.

The Red Angel evil spirit maintained that annoying smile and pointed to the sofa opposite the reclining chair.

"If I had already informed him that Dwayne Dantes is Gehrman Sparrow, and that you will return to 160 Boklund Street in the

morning, then the person waiting in the wine cellar wouldn't be a living person. Instead, it would be your hungup butler and servants, looking as though they were ham left to dry-age. Of course, they would similarly welcome you warmly.

"Sit. Under such circumstances, listening to my thoughts and intentions first isn't a bad thing."

He imagined the scene described by the Red Angel evil spirit. Although Klein had done similar things himself, his hair stood on end, and he was horrified.

He kept his guard up, allowing the marionette, Qonas Kilgor, in the form of Dwayne Dantes to sit on the sofa while he waited by the side as though he was his personal servant, Enuni.

He had unknowingly swapped places with his marionette and instantly changed their appearances.

"Perhaps it's because you just learned of this information from Patrick Bryan, and you haven't even informed Zaratul yet?" Klein retorted through his marionette.

At the same time, he determined from the words of the Red Angel evil spirit that Zaratul had really come to Backlund!

This was a complete and unrestricted, terrifying, and bizarre Sequence 1 angel. It was enough to be called a hidden existence!

The Red Angel evil spirit's gaze swept across the valet and his master before smiling.

“I’ll be able to get something I want to know in 15 minutes from a fool like Patrick Bryan. Furthermore, an entire night and a morning has passed since the ritual.”

...You and Miss Messenger might have something in common... Klein made the marionette raise his eyebrows.

“And so?”

The Red Angel evil spirit gently rocked the reclining chair it was in.

“I’m not sure if you’ve heard of such a saying. When you choose a Beyonder pathway, your corresponding friends and enemies will be determined. As for us, we aren’t friends, but we aren’t enemies either.

“Of course, you did have some conflicts with me, but no one suffered any great losses. The matter has passed. To me, your growth will bring great trouble to a few people I hate, so I don’t want to kill you in advance. I’m happy to see you continue your advancement.”

The emperor had said similar words... A few people “He” hates... Klein deliberated and asked, “Blasphemer Amon?”

“Not that ignorant and not that stupid either.” The Red Angel evil spirit laughed and stroked “His” chin.

Be it “His” words or actions, “He” gave people the urge to hit “Him.”

After some thought, Klein calmly pointed out a question:

“Then you can definitely choose Zaratul. If ‘He* can rise up because of this, ‘He’ will similarly bring about extreme trouble for Blasphemer Amon. Compared to ‘Him,’ I’m still too weak. I’ll still need a long time to grow. There are too many possible accidents from this point forth.”

The Red Angel evil spirit nodded seriously.

“Indeed, that’s what I thought in the beginning as well. A fellow like you, who isn’t much stronger than a wild dog, what are you going to use to compete with the already Sequence 1 Zaratul? Die faster than anyone else?”

At this point, the Red Angel evil spirit changed the topic and sighed.

“However, if one can choose the most ideal proposal in this world, that would be too wonderful…”

Before “He” could finish “His” sentence, a bloody gash appeared on “His” left bloody cheek.

The wound opened up in a wide manner, opening and closing like a mouth, and revealed two rows of illusory white teeth.

“I’ve investigated. The collapse of the Sauron family was caused by Zaratul and Roselle!”

Is this the spirit left behind by the ancestor of the Sauron family? The dissociation of the Red Angel is worse than I

imagined. No, this isn't considered a normal split personality, but three people being stuffed into one body. No matter what they do, they have to first come to a unanimous decision, or there will be internal strife... Klein believed that the Red Angel evil spirit wasn't setting up a trap, but that "He" had no way of informing Zaratul of the relevant information.

This is 'His' weakness. I can use it in the future... Klein muttered silently before asking, "Then why did you come to me? Just to say those words?"

The Red Angel evil spirit raised its hand to rub "His" left cheek, causing the mouth that appeared to slowly disappear.

At the same time, "He" smiled and said, "Aren't you investigating the Loen royal family?

"It seems to involve a high-ranking Demoness named Katarina. If you have any tracks from her, inform me before you carry out any operation."

Saintess of White Katarina... Why is the Red Angel evil spirit looking for her? Hmm, the Hunter pathway's Sequence 4 can cause women to become men. The Sequence 7 of the Demoness pathway can make men into women. This should be two separate Beyonder pathways that can be interchanged... The Red Angel evil spirit can't find a suitable Hunter pathway Beyonder characteristic, so it plans to jump to the Demoness pathway? That's right. As an evil spirit, as long as "He" resolves his issue of survival, "He" can still advance using potions and characteristics... Klein was first taken aback before he used the secrets he knew of to come up with a guess.

He suddenly had a strange idea:

When there are both High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the Hunter and Demoness pathways within a body, would the Red Angel evil spirit display a male form or a female form? Whoever has a higher level and is in charge decides?

At that moment, the Red Angel evil spirit looked at Dwayne Dantes and his valet and scoffed.

You have a great talent for provoking others."

I haven't said anything... Klein inwardly replied in a daze.

The Red Angel evil spirit curled his lips and said, "I can guess what you're thinking, unless you admit that you're ignorant.

"However, this might be a good thing for 'Them.'"

"Shut up!" A bloody mouth appeared on both sides of the Red Angel evil spirit's cheeks.

Looking at the dissociative identity disorder happening before him, Klein rationally gave up on the idea of going deeper into the topic and said, "It's not impossible to inform you in advance, but the problem is how should I inform you?"

From his point of view, the Demoness of Unaging, Katarina, was a vile person. It was the same with the Red Angel evil spirit. It wasn't a bad thing to have them clash.

The Red Angel evil spirit smiled and said, "Of course it's by reciting my honorific name:

The great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife."

"Pui!" The mouth on both sides of the Red Angel evil spirit's cheeks let out a disdainful sound, as though they didn't approve of it.

This is a standard deity's honorific name... After gaining control of the Uniqueness, to a certain extent, Medici had already become a quasi-god? And as long as no one can accommodate the Uniqueness of the Red Priest pathway, this evil spirit's level will not drop? The honorific name will always point towards "Him"? Klein nodded thoughtfully and probed, "What do you know about the secret ruins of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor?"

Upon hearing this name, the Red Angel's facial muscles twitched slightly before sneering.

"Are you asking what the secret of the Loen royal family is?"

"You might not know this, but you might be familiar with the Blood Emperor's secret ruins," Klein said deliberately.

The Red Angel evil spirit suddenly laughed out loud and slapped the armrest of the reclining chair.

"Your tricks are so childish that they look like a three-year-old's!

"Haha, the secret hidden by the Loen royal family is very simple. I could guess it just by reading the newspapers. Tsk, you only have a smart-looking face. Your brain is filled with squirming worms."

“You can guess it just by reading the newspapers?” Klein frowned and asked.

The Red Angel evil spirit finished laughing and curled “His” lips.

“Of course, it needs some basic knowledge. I believe you should have it.

“How about this? I’ll ask you a few questions, and you’ll understand how simple the answer is.

“Is that Blood Emperor secret ruins the kind known by the Churches?”

“No.” Klein shook his head firmly.

The Red Angel evil spirit smiled and continued asking, “Do you know which Sequence the Blood Emperor, Alista Tudor, was in before he advanced to Sequence 0?”

“The Black Emperor pathway, Sequence 1 Prince of Abolition,” Klein calmly replied.

The Red Angel evil spirit nodded slightly.

“Did you know that before Alista Trunsoest became Blood Emperor, ‘He’ was one of the two consuls of the Tudor- Trunsoest United Empire and that the ones supporting him were six of the seven present deities, including Evernight and Storm?”

Klein nodded and gave an affirmative answer.

The half-slumped Red Angel evil spirit crossed one leg over the other.

"Then do you know that, after Alista became Blood Emperor, 'He' had truly gone mad and even died during the battle of the gods?"

"Kind of." Klein didn't dare to be too sure, because this was something he had read from Roselle's diary, and the Emperor had learned it from Mr. Door.

The Red Angel evil spirit chuckled and said, "Then do you think that Alista Tudor would have the rationality and opportunity to leave behind secret ruins after 'He' became Blood Emperor?"

"No." Klein slowly shook his head.

The Red Angel evil spirit spread its hands and said, "Since it's a ruin left behind by Alista before 'He' became Blood Emperor, and if the six deities who supported 'Him' aren't aware of it, what could it be? If you had a choice, would you take a path destined to go mad?"

This... Klein instantly thought of the nine mausoleums that the Black Emperor needed in the ritual needed to become a god.

To a Prince of Abolition, before the return of the former Black Emperor, secretly seeking out a way to advance to Black Emperor was something "He" wanted to do!

"Is that ruin related to the Black Emperor?" Klein asked in a deep voice.

The Red Angel evil spirit rubbed “His” chin and chuckled.

You seem to know the Black Emperor’s ritual.

“Isn’t that simple? What has the King of Loen been doing in the past two to three years? The Grain Act was abolished; there’s the Civil Servant Unified Examination, a restructuring of the military, the House of Lords and nobles are struck down a notch, strengthening the authority of the House of Commons… Isn’t this something that was published in the newspapers?

“Besides, isn’t it common knowledge that the Justiciar pathway can be switched to the Black Emperor pathway?”

As many of these things were the trends of the times to Klein, with one of them being pushed by him, he had never considered them from a mysticism perspective in the past. Now that they were connected, he immediately understood.

Soon, he recalled something else:

The last person who wanted to become Black Emperor was Roselle. He happened to be related to Amon’s brother!

Chapter 1087: The Deities' Attitudes

The Grain Act was abolished... The Civil Servant Unified Examination... A concession was made, bringing the Church's forces into the military... These seem to be in line with the trends of the times, but in essence, they're oppressive, weakening the nobles, and supporting a new class. Compared to the previous thousand-year rule, this can really be considered to be against the norm. It's the order needed to become Black Emperor...

In the past decade or so, the changes in architecture style have been very drastic as well...

For Roselle to be able to obtain the Uniqueness and obtain the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, that ancient secret organization must've put in quite a bit of effort. It might've even provided part of it directly. When this emperor perished, who took away those characteristics?

Also, Bernadette has been in Backlund for the past few months and has been coming here frequently...

Sigh, the main issue is that the asymmetrical aesthetics of the empires in the Fourth Epoch had affected my understanding, making me believe that rules that violate normal circumstances are odd and against the order that humans would strive for. Now that I think about it again, what does it mean by normal circumstances? Isn't it just something that everyone has already gotten used to and therefore, won't have an instinctive sense of resistance towards it? From the tribes to the countries, from feudalism to republicanism, don't they all violate the normal circumstances of the period they were in, with countless people wishing to return to the past?

The phrase “old fogies and left-overs from the old dynasties” encompasses this problem...

From the looks of it, as long as a deity doesn’t intervene, the revolution that the Black Emperor needs will definitely happen. It’s just a matter of time... With the tides of the times surging over, it’s really hard to stop it. That brother of Amon is indeed a powerful and terrifying Author...

In the depths of the Blood Emperor’s ruins, there should be a mausoleum similar to a pyramid. And according to the ritual requirements, one has to drive one’s citizens to build it. Therefore, there are cases of people going missing in the East Borough and overseas slave trade...

When the war develops to a certain stage, using the excuse of praying for victory, or the nation’s mourning for soldiers, a huge gathering with a large number of citizens can be convened to participate in the sacrificial ritual in the various cities in the royal capital...

Yes. Many years ago, the Loen royal family obtained the crown of the Balam Empire, and they connected the king’s name to the title of “Emperor.”

What a great plan!

When he was alerted by the Red Angel evil spirit’s questions, Klein’s mind tensed up. Many thoughts flashed through his mind, and at the same time, he had another question.

He looked at the tall, thin, young Gatekeeper who didn’t look rosy. He said after some deliberation, “George III wishes to directly become Black Emperor?

“But he isn’t even at Sequence 4…”

Even if George III could act ahead of time to make himself “more talented” and reduce the impact caused by the mental imprint in the potion, Klein didn’t believe that a Sequence 5 Beyonder could become a god directly. Unless he was lucky enough with that very slim chance of success.

And such luck wasn’t something that could be described simply as being “sufficient.” The Snake of Mercury who represents fate, Will Auceptin, didn’t even dare to directly devour the Die of Probability, and he had to seriously find a way to accommodate it.

The Red Angel evil spirit scoffed when “He” heard that.

“How do you know that George III is only Sequence 5?

“How are you so sure that the George III under investigation is the real George III? Could it be that he was ‘imagined’ into existence, or could it be a Faceless at the angel level?

“These are truly very difficult things to accomplish, but to a certain zealot, these are all within the scope of one’s ability and the resources in one’s grasp.

“I suspect that George III is an official member of the secret organization that was created to mimic our Rose Redemption. His true level might already be at the angel level. Heh heh, I wouldn’t be surprised if “He” is already at Sequence 1.”

… This, Emperor Roselle once said that the members of that ancient secret organization are all important figures that he

couldn't imagine. When they combine forces, other than dealing with the seven Churches, there's nothing that can't be done… This actually includes the king of a country? That's right, later on, the emperor also became the ruler of Intis… Zealot… Is this what the Red Angel evil spirit thinks of Amon's brother? Although this is clearly a little extreme, with a strong bias, there's a certain reason for it. A nickname isn't given randomly… Klein made his marionette frown slightly.

"You seem to be able to see through the truth of this matter easily, but why hasn't the Church of Evernight, Storm, and Steam realized this problem?

"Their understanding of the Black Emperor is no less than yours…"

After all, the two Churches of the Evernight and the Storm had supported the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire!

The Red Angel evil spirit wore an amused expression again as "He" sized up Dwayne Dantès and his valet.

"How old are you?

"Why are you still so naive and childish?

"The six deities and the six Churches are not necessarily equivalent at times. The things the six deities know might not be told to the angels and saints beneath 'Them."

The Red Angel evil spirit let out a chortle again when "He" saw that Dwayne Dantès was still frowning in confusion.

“Trust me, what I said, and what I’ll be saying next, is undoubtedly a form of provocation to ruin the image of the six deities, but you can consider whether it’s the truth.

“Let’s put it this way. In regards to someone wanting to become the Black Emperor, the attitude of the six deities—uh, the seven deities is rather ambiguous. They’ often have conflicts of ‘Their’ own. More precisely, ‘They’ are happy to see a mentally-sound Black Emperor be born, but they also wish that it’s one ‘They’ support. Therefore, ‘They’ will not give any detailed revelations to the various Churches. ‘They’ will only follow the normal procedure and deliver punishment if there are results to the investigation. Otherwise, they will tacitly approve of its development.

“Of course, during this process, we cannot eliminate the possibility that a certain existence might want to do some damage, but it will not be so direct and obvious, because it will definitely be stopped by the other deities.

“If it wasn’t because he knew of ‘Them’ taking such attitudes, how could George III dare take the risk?

“Alright, now that the war has broken out, he has overcome the crisis. He can wait for the next opportunity.”

At that moment, Klein thought of the news that had been leaked out during the operation launched at the Blood Emperor ruins. He was momentarily unsure if he should suspect that the upper echelons of the three Churches had a member of the ancient secret organization, or that a certain deity had personally reminded Amon’s brother. And if it were the latter, the suspect was undoubtedly not the Lord of Storms.

After a moment of silence, Klein hesitantly asked, “So, as long as nothing goes wrong, George III will carry out the ritual to become

a god, despite everything that he has done? And if everything goes smoothly and he survives the backlash from the potion, will he ascend to the throne of Black Emperor?"

The Red Angel evil spirit replied in a relaxed tone, "Is there a problem?"

"Why would the seven deities..." Klein couldn't help but ask.

The Red Angel evil spirit tsked and said, "Do you want to know? If you want to know, I can tell you now."

Just as he was about to say "of course," Klein suddenly recalled the warning that Ma'am Arianna had given him.

"There are some things that make it easier to be 'infected' the more you know. Both your body and soul will be infected. Once you become an angel, you can seek out the exact answer."

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein made his marionette smile.

"Forget it then."

"Very good. You nearly died out of curiosity and foolishness." The Red Angel evil spirit shook "His" head regretfully.

"He" then looked out the window and said, "If there's nothing else, you may leave."

"Alright." Klein made the marionette stand up and raise his right

hand.

At this moment, the half-slumped Red Angel evil spirit suddenly asked, “I have this nagging feeling that if I had attacked you just now, you wouldn’t be completely helpless, am I right?”

Of course, why do you think I chose Flaming Jump instead of “Teleporting”? That was to hide the burning of the paper crane in my wallet! This way, Snake of Fate Will Auceptin’s gaze would silently land on me. If anything happens, “He” would use the Yesterday Once More charm... To “deal” with an existence at your level, one can’t be too careful. How could one not be careful and keep a trump card hidden? Klein didn’t directly answer the Red Angel evil spirit’s question. He smiled and expressed his tacit agreement.

Pa!

He snapped his fingers, causing scarlet flames to surge out of his pocket and envelop him.

As the scarlet streams dispersed, Klein’s figure disappeared in front of the Red Angel evil spirit.

Backlund, at Dr. Aaron Ceres’s home, in a black pram.

The chubby baby rubbed his eyes and muttered silently, “Backlund really isn’t suitable for children to live in!”

39 Böklund Street. Having done a divination, Klein saw Member of Parliament Macht who was about to head to West Borough.

“Didn’t you go to Maygur Manor? I’m planning on letting Riana and Hazel hide in Moose Manor.” Macht pinched the sockets of his eyes.

I wonder when this side effect will disappear… Klein retracted his gaze from this action and sighed.

“I have to prepare some weapons for the manor, so I came to seek your help.

“Also, if you have the means to get food, you can help me buy some.”

In his opinion, the low-level citizens weren’t able to stock up on food because they didn’t have any money at all. At most, they would stock up a few days’ worths of food. Therefore, his purchase wouldn’t affect them for the time being. Once the food situation worsened, he could donate more of it through Miss Audrey. Before food rationing was implemented, if Klein didn’t stockpile, other rich people would do so. Furthermore, they might not donate it.

“No problem,” Macht agreed without any hesitation.

Klein didn’t ask about the price, because he had given Housekeeper Taneja a total of 5,000 pounds for such matters.

Of course, after confirming that Zaratul was in Backlund and that Dwayne Dantès being equivalent to Gehrman Sparrow was known to the Red Angel evil spirit, he decided not to return to Maygur Manor. He planned on changing his identity so as not to affect the innocent.

As for the excuse, it had been arranged by the Church of Evernight that he would perform certain tasks and that he was unable to return for a long period of time. If there was a charity event that required his help, he gave Miss Audrey the authority to stand in his place.

Chapter 1088: Hiding in Secret

On the way to Saint Samuel Cathedral from Boklund Street, Klein passed by the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation at 22 Phelps Street. He was surprised to find that the door was still open.

As the initiator and current director, he placed quite a bit of concern over this matter. He temporarily slowed down and walked over.

Just as he entered the door, he saw Miss Audrey walking down from the second floor with her personal maidservant, a big golden retriever, and a few staff members beside her.

“Good afternoon. In this situation, there doesn’t seem to be a need to insist on doing anything.” Klein went forward and voiced out his doubts.

Audrey held the newspaper in her hand as she looked at Dwayne Dantes.

“Some of our beneficiaries were injured in the air raid. I just went to visit them and arranged for follow-up treatment.” The noble lady’s eyes were slightly red, as though she had seen all sorts of heart-wrenching scenes in the hospital.

“May the Goddess bless them.” Klein came to a realization and drew a crimson moon on his chest.

He took the opportunity to say the idea that he had come up with long ago.

“I plan to donate some more money to buy food, medicine, and medical equipment for the foundation. In this manmade disaster, we can do more things.”

“A brilliant idea. Those who are suffering will be grateful to you from the bottom of their hearts, Mr. Dantes.” Audrey tapped her chest four times in a fluid motion. There was obvious joy and pity in her eyes. “I will do my best as well.”

She didn’t want to just donate money, but to spearhead certain matters.

Klein nodded.

“You don’t have to praise me. At times like these, I only did what I should do.

“Apart from donating funds, I will also donate food. All of you can discuss this directly with my butler, Walter. Yes, Miss Audrey, I can write a letter of authorization to you now so that you can use my name to transfer the resources of Maygur Manor.”

“What about you, Mr. Dantes?” Audrey asked with a vague guess.

This was the most normal response in such a conversation.

“I received a notice from the Church that I need to help them perform certain tasks. As for what they are, I haven’t gone to Saint Samuel Cathedral yet, so I’m not sure either. The only thing I can confirm is that I have to travel around. I won’t be able to return to Maygur Manor for a long time.” Klein gave the reason he had come up with previously. “Miss Audrey, during this

period of time at the foundation, I have come to understand your character and ability. Your background and standing also determine your visions and style. Handing these matters to you is the best solution I can come up with."

Klein didn't expect his lies to fool a senior Spectator. He only wanted to deceive the people around Justice—oh, these people didn't include the dog.

Does Mr. World want to temporarily give up on his identity as Dwayne Dantes so that he can perform certain matters in secret? Feeling enlightened, Audrey pretended to think. After a few seconds of silence, she said, "With the current situation, I can't refuse such a request."

Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He immediately got his personal servant, Enuni, to go upstairs to get a piece of paper and a pen. Then, while being witnessed by the staff, he personally drafted a letter of authorization, signed his name, printed his thumbprint, and stamped the seal.

After doing all of this, Klein cast his gaze at the newspaper in Audrey's hand.

"Is there anything else? I just came back from outside the city. I only heard the paperboy shout that the kingdom has declared war on Feysac."

Audrey pursed her lips and said with a slightly gloomy expression, "Not long after the airship fleet from Feysac attacked Backlund, their Sonia Sea fleet took advantage of the thick fog to attack the Imperial Navy's base at Pritz Harbor's Oak Island and the shipyards in the surrounding area. Fortunately, the Church of the Lord of Storms received a warning beforehand and sent a telegram in advance. Pritz Harbor wasn't lost, but it lost quite a number of ships and factories. It's said that many people died

and were seriously injured…”

“This is war…” Klein sighed. “Can I see how the king declared war?”

Audrey knew that there was something wrong with King George III, so she could tell that Mr. World was hiding his contempt. She didn’t refuse and handed the newspaper over.

It was the Tussock Times.

Without needing to spread it open, he directly saw the king’s declaration on the headlines:

“…708 years ago, the Feysacians took away Sonia Island from us.

“A year ago, the Feysacians stole half of our interests in East Balam.

“Today, they bombarded Backlund and attacked Pritz Harbor. Many Loenese were killed and injured, and their blood has stained the ground.

“There’s no way for us to back down any further. We can only be bullied again and again by the Feysacians if we back off. If we continue retreating, we will lose all our interests overseas. Large amounts of our products will not be sold. Countless workers will lose their jobs, and even more peasants will go bankrupt!

“Everything from the past and now states that justice is in our hands, and we have enough strength to seize complete victory.

“Everyone, I, your emperor, George III, represent the parliament and the kingdom’s government to declare war on Feysac. Unless they raise the white flag and surrender, we will never stop advancing!

“Advance, we shall take back Sonia Island! Advance, we shall conquer St. Millom!

“Victory will definitely belong to us. The gods will be with us!”

Klein quickly browsed through it and used his Clown ability to stop his lips from curling up.

He then returned the Tussock Times to Audrey. He took off his hat and bowed.

“I’ll leave the rest to you.”

“I will, please rest assured.” Audrey held the letter of authorization and newspapers and bowed.

Without any further delay, Klein left the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation with his valet, Enuni, and arrived at Saint Samuel Cathedral.

At that moment, the church no longer had many believers present. Most of them had returned to their homes, busy preparing for their life with war having been declared.

In the dark and quiet environment, Klein found a seat and sat down. He took off his hat, clasped his hands, and placed them in front of his mouth and nose. He softly recited the honorific

name of the Evernight Goddess, then said, "...I received news from the Red Angel evil spirit that it's very likely that Zaratul has already arrived in Backlund. As for the secret ruins of the Blood Emperor, there's a high chance that it's the mausoleum needed for the Black Emperor ritual ..."

After the prayer, Klein waited patiently for a while. He saw the archbishop, Anthony Stevenson, enter from the side door and walk towards him.

This saint was clean-shaven. He wore a black robe that had the crimson moon's emblem on it. He walked without making a sound, as though he was the night that slowly descended.

Anthony didn't say a word after he approached Dwayne Dantes. He only signaled with his eyes before turning towards the library.

With that, Klein got up, put on his hat, and followed silently behind.

As for his personal servant, Enuni, he held his cane and walked to the entrance of the cathedral to wait.

Outside the library, Archbishop Anthony turned around and revealed a smile. He said to Dwayne Dantes, "War has erupted. There are too many things that need to be done. As a devout believer of the Goddess, are you willing to provide some help?"

Indeed... From the looks of it, Ma'am Arianna has left Backlund... As Klein sighed, he drew the crimson moon on his chest.

"It's my honor. Praise the Lady."

After responding, he immediately asked, “What do you need me to do?”

“I’ll inform you when needed. Try not to go home during this period of time,” Saint Anthony said in an illogical tone.

And in an instant, he understood what the other party meant. He had to hide for now. They had no time to deal with Zaratul. At most, they could provide him protection within a certain range.

Just as I thought, the Goddess is digesting the Uniqueness of the Death pathway. “She will not be able to do a divine descent for a long period of time. The upper echelons of the Church have to deal with the war, while the negative effects of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are more terrifying than the last… Klein nodded gently.

“Yes, Your Grace.”

“May the Goddess bless you.” Saint Anthony drew the crimson moon.

“Praise the Lady. The only escape is tranquility.” Klein responded with a familiar gesture.

Then, he left Saint Samuel Cathedral and headed to another street with his valet.

After walking for a while, both of them disappeared at some point in time.

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

Wearing an ordinary face, Klein took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew at it.

Soon, Reinette Tinekerr walked out of the void with four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. She wasn't surprised by her contractor's appearance.

Without giving a letter, he directly said, "Tell Miss Sharron and Marie that Zaratul has come to Backlund and is very likely to be in contact with the Rose School of Thought. They must be careful. It's best not to go to the Bravehearts Bar in the near future."

"Zaratul..." This time, Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke at the same time, as though they had spent a great deal of effort to recall who it was.

"Leader of the Secret Order, a Sequence 1 angel who once lost his mind before becoming normal again." Klein took out a gold coin and handed it to Miss Messenger.

He didn't mention that Zaratul was very interested in Gehrman Sparrow. He believed that, as a high-level spirit world creature, Miss Messenger would be able to sense his uniqueness to a certain extent. Otherwise, there was no need for this angel to lower "Her" status to be his messenger. If it was for Yesterday Once More charms, "She" could provide him help in a more decent manner.

As for why Zaratul didn't discover the gray fog's aura in the foggy town but now shows interest in Gehrman Sparrow, Klein believed that there were three reasons. The first reason was that the gray fog's Beyonder convergence had compelled this powerful Seer to come to Backlund, and "He" predicted something. The second reason was that Gehrman Sparrow was able to leave the foggy town despite receiving the wrong symbol and return to the

real world. The third reason was that Gehrman Sparrow was likely related to the organization that believed in The Fool.

By the time Zaratul came into contact with the Rose School of Thought and realized that the Mother Tree of Desire was somewhat interested in Gehrman Sparrow, even if he didn't have a guess, the importance he placed on Gehrman Sparrow would still rise exponentially.

Reinette Tinekerr didn't say anything else. One of the heads tilted forward and bit the gold coin.

After watching Miss Messenger leave, he pulled a chair and sat down. He sized up the sky outside the window across a wooden desk.

The layout of the rental apartment was the same as the one he used to live in Tingen City. There was a bedroom inside, and outside of it was a living room, dining room, and study room. There was also a bunk bed.

At that moment, in the room, other than him, there were only his marionettes—Qonas and Enuni.

Chapter 1089: A Difficult Decision

After sitting for a while, Klein raised his hand to rub his temples. He then stood up, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

He then conjured Gehrman Sparrow. By praying to Mr. Fool, he sent messages to Danitz and The Hermit Cattleya.

The message for the former was to remind him to be careful of the Secret Order. Although he didn't believe that Zaratul would directly seek out Danitz, a person who had crossed paths with Gehrman Sparrow on the surface, there was nothing wrong with reminding him regardless. As a Bizarro Sorcerer, Klein had a certain level of understanding of the Beyonders of the Seer pathway. He believed that those who could truly advance to such a state were sufficiently cautious and careful. This didn't exclude certain oddities and exceptions, but it definitely didn't exclude Zaratul who was at Sequence 1.

And in this situation, in the eyes of an angel who was in control of enough secrets, Danitz was more like bait that was deliberately thrown out to fish for certain targets. Therefore, it was highly likely that Zaratul would very carefully and cautiously avoid him. At most, he would send members of the Secret Order to do some direct or indirect investigations.

By the same logic, the message that Klein gave The Hermit Cattleya had the same content. However, this wasn't the main point. The main point was for her to immediately contact Queen Mystic Bernadette, saying that Gehrman Sparrow wanted to meet her as soon as possible. In addition, he also informed the Admiral of Stars—something he wanted to delay till the next Tarot Gathering—that she was to decide if she wanted to purchase the Sequence 5 Druid and Sequence 4 Classical Metallurgist of the Planter pathway.

West of the Berserk Sea, Theros Island.

Danitz, who was gathering clues about Vice Admiral Ailment, held a cup filled with golden beer when his expression suddenly became extremely complicated.

“What’s wrong? You saw someone and recalled an indescribable encounter?” Anderson shook the Lanti Proof distilled liquor in his hand as he teased the abnormal Danitz.

Danitz gulped down a mouthful of beer and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand before saying with a somewhat depressed expression, “We have to be careful of Secret Order members from now on…”

Ever since he met Gehrman Sparrow, such words were a common occurrence for him. His initial reaction had gone from the point of panic to numbness and depression.

He suspected that one day, he would be listed as being wanted by all organizations of different sizes, except Mr. Fool’s organization.

Anderson sized up Danitz when he heard that as he chuckled.

“Sometimes, I feel that Gehrman Sparrow is more like a hunter than me.

“Heh, so the two of you have a special method of communication. You don’t even need to summon a messenger.”

Danitz was just about to say a few perfunctory words when a

person from Intis rushed into the tavern. He held a telegram and shouted, “Feysac launched an air raid on Backlund, Loen has officially declared war!”

Declared war? Anderson and Danitz looked at each other. By relying on their pathway’s characteristics, they acutely caught the scent of a large-scale war.

Feysac attacked Backlund and Pritz Harbor, and in return, Loen has officially declared war… The three ironclad warship fleets weren’t at the harbor, so there wasn’t many losses. They’re heading back to the Loen coast…Cattleya’s crew happened to pass through Oravi Island, and they had gathered all sorts of information from the telegrams.

Just as she was thinking about how the pirate crew would react in this situation, she suddenly saw an endless gray fog and heard The World Gehrman Sparrow.

“Be careful of the Secret Order members. Be careful of Zaratul…” As someone from Intis to a certain extent, what caught Cattleya’s attention was something that with the least importance.

And it was precisely because of this that she had no doubts about The World Gehrman Sparrow’s request to meet the Queen as soon as possible. She believed that this was related to the Secret Order and Zaratul.

Finally, she said the two potion names softly, “Druid… Classical Metallurgist…

“This Sequence 4’s modern name should be the Ancient Metallurgist. It was previously called Human Metallurgist…”

Cattleya subconsciously walked to the window and cast her gaze down. On these seas which had a time difference between it and Backlund, Frank Lee and Artisan Cielf were leaning on the side of the ship' sunbathing. The former ^ a relaxed expression and looked very pleased, but there was a pensive look in his eyes. It was as though there were still some problems that couldn't be resolved. The latter's face was pale, and his lips were quivering. Scattered over his clothes were mushrooms.

Druid... Ancient Metallurgist... Admiral of Stars Cattleya repeated the two terms again, feeling as though something was pressing down on her.

After about ten seconds, Cattleya adjusted the heavy glasses on her nose bridge and consoled herself.

Mr. Fool didn't give any warnings. It means it's not a big deal...

With this thought in mind, specks of bright light floated down, forming a staircase of light between the captain's cabin window and the deck.

Cattleya went down the stairs and walked to Frank Lee and Cielf s side.

After a few seconds of silence, Cattleya asked, "Frank, what are your dreams?"

Only then did Frank Lee realize that his captain had arrived. With a push of his palm, he flipped to his feet.

"Dreams?"

This Biologist thought about it seriously and said, “I wish to be able to study the soil, the creation of objects, and crossbreeding techniques without restrictions, so as to ensure that humans will no longer be hungry anymore. Equality between people will be achieved. What you can do, I can do. What you can grow, I can also grow…”

Upon hearing this, Artisan Cielf slowly got up and silently crouched to the side, opening his mouth and vomiting.

Frank Lee continued without being affected, “In order to have such a world, one has to have sufficient food and resources, so I hope to create all kinds of creatures that can deal with different environments and conditions. Heh heh, everyone has their own tendencies. I prefer fish, beef, and spores…”

Cattleya finished listening to Frank’s description with a deadpan expression. However, during this process, she repeatedly nudged the thick glasses on her nose thrice.

After a moment of silence, Cattleya asked, “There’s only one step left to your research now?”

“That’s right. I’m just short of a Dmid’s ability for catalyzing it. If I can t get the formula, I m 伽 help me make the Druid Beyonder characteristic I have into a mystical item,” Frank answered frankly.

“No, I won’t help you! You devil!” the silently vomiting Artisan Cielf raised his head and shouted anxiously.

Cattleya watched this scene quietly. With a flip of her hand, she produced a gold coin.

Ding!

The gold coin flipped up before landing in Cattleya's palm, heads facing up.

"I have the Druid potion formula. It's from Gehrman Sparrow, 5,000 pounds," Cattleya explained in detail, as though she was deliberately telling Artisan Cielf, informing him who the true "murderer" was.

A look of pure joy immediately appeared in Frank Lee's eyes.

"He really is a swell guy!

"Uh, Captain, I've only saved up to 3,000 pounds. Can you lend me 2,000 pounds?"

Most of his previous savings had been used to buy the Druid Beyonder characteristic, and he had even sold some of his items.

Cattleya fell silent once again. A few seconds later, she nodded while Frank Lee's expectant eyes were on her. "Okay."

North Borough, Backlund Medical University's affiliated hospital.

Eudora lay on the bed with a blank expression, lacking the vibrancy a young girl should have.

She had woken up from her coma some time ago, but she hadn't opened her eyes. Thus, she heard the doctor tell her parents that the injury she received to her right leg from the air raid likely

couldn't be saved. They had to be prepared for an amputation procedure.

After that, she lay down in a daze, feeling as though there were many people coming and going one after another. Among them, the person who had originally only visited the student next door, the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation director, Audrey, indicated that she was willing to pay for the subsequent treatments after hearing about her. The school's chancellor, Mr. Portland Moment, had promised to create the most advanced and most convenient robotic limb for her to walk like a normal person.

However, none of this dispelled the gloominess, heaviness, sorrow, and despair in Eudora's heart.

She wasn't even 18, and she had yet to enjoy the beauty of life, but now, she was about to lose a leg and lose her dreams.

Her family wasn't considered wealthy. Her father was the owner of a grocery store that believed in the Lord of Storms. He was violent, barbaric, and unwilling to reason with women. Her mother was timid and weak, and she relied on her father to survive. If not for the fact that her family didn't have a second child at home, Eudora wouldn't have been able to study at all. But even so, her father had chosen a place like the Backlund Technical School where results could be quickly seen.

Previously, she had commented on how lucky she was that the Backlund Technical School had been turned into the Backlund University of Technology; furthermore, she had passed the examinations and become a real university student. This made her smile every day as she passed the joy to the people around her while having the time to indulge in her hobby for poetry.

Eudora's dream was to remain in the university and be a university teacher, finding a husband who loved her as she loved

him. At the same time, she could constantly keep true to her pursuit of poetry, hoping that they would one day be published in magazines and newspapers.

Now, all of this had been destroyed by a bomb that fell from the sky. It had been mercilessly and cruelly destroyed.

After an unknown period of time, Eudora silently pulled up the blanket and covered her face. She let out a soft whimper that sounded like a baby beast.

The crying didn't stop for a while. After a while, Eudora suddenly lifted the blanket and saw a black figure standing by her bed.

Half of the black figure's face was covered by mushrooms, while the other half was covered in weeds. In the black figure's hand was a wooden cane.

Eudora couldn't even scream. She felt like her heart was about to burst out of her chest.

The black figure touched her with the tip of the cane.

Eudora felt her heart return to normal while her right leg felt cold, as though she could feel her leg again.

When she looked at the bedside again, the black figure wasn't there anymore.

In her daze, Eudora moved her right leg and realized that it wasn't painful at all. It was if she had never been hurt before.

She pulled up the blanket again and covered her face.

A few seconds later, there was a sound of disbelief under the blanket. It was filled with fear, but it was also mixed with crying that were tears of joy.

Chapter 1090: Haunted Tales

Nighttime, Pritz Harbor, in a cemetery in the suburbs.

The people who died in the airship bombings had been brought here. The priests and bishops of the three Churches were busy comforting the souls of the dead to prevent any anomalies from happening.

In that short day, many wives lost their husbands, many children lost their mothers, and many families were down to a single person. Some of them loitered in the cemetery—some silent, others sobbing. Some even wept until they fainted.

Wearing an ordinary-looking face, Klein stood among them and watched everything without saying a word. It was as if he had recalled the funeral he had attended before.

While it was dark, he had just used Life's Cane to treat the injured in Backlund and Pritz Harbor's various hospitals—victims of the air raid. He had also left behind a strange and horrifying urban myth to help him further digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion.

And he knew that, once such haunted tales spread like wildfire, Zaratul, who was in Backlund, would immediately be able to understand what was going on. "He" would send his marionettes to monitor the corresponding areas. Hence, before the news spread, he relied on "Teleporting" to travel to all the hospitals in Backlund and Pritz Harbor, leaving behind all sorts of horror stories to treat patients with severe illnesses.

When this matter spread, he believed that he would receive a

great deal of feedback, allowing him to take a firm and huge step in the direction of completely digesting the potion.

However, Klein didn't stop there. The existence of a conspiracy created by the Red Angel evil spirit, and the fact that Zaratul was in Backlund, was like a guillotine hanging above his head, urging him to continue searching for opportunities.

Hence, he came here to witness the grief of the ordinary citizens.

After a moment of silence, Klein retracted his gaze and turned to leave the cemetery.

After arriving at an empty spot, his left glove quickly turned dark blue, and slippery fish scales grew out.

With a whoosh, the wind swept over, and Klein flew up into the air towards the harbor.

In the sea beyond the land, the Sonia Sea fleet from the Feysac Empire was quietly waiting. It was as if they were prepared to launch another bombardment after daybreak, destroying the rest of the shipyards.

Soon, Klein arrived above the harbor ruins and looked at the faint flames in the dark night.

At the same time, his two marionettes had used Flaming Jump to rush over from the ground, splitting up into different hidden locations.

From what he had heard and seen, Klein didn't have any doubts

or feelings towards what he was about to do. However, he was still confused.

Taking revenge on the invaders was a legitimate matter, but if he were to seriously injure the Feysac fleet, the happiest person would be the Loen King, George III—the true mastermind behind all of this, one of the culprits who had pushed for war!

There are too many principles in this world, but only those who have truly experienced it will realize that there are times when doing nothing is the correct path. It will fill one's heart with conflict… With a sigh, Klein turned his attention to the information he had received from The Hanged Man.

The commander of the Sonia Sea fleet from the Feysac Empire was Admiral Egor Einhorn. He was a demigod from the royal family, currently a Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight of the Red Priest pathway!

Through this information, together with the contents of the Red Priest card, more key points surfaced in Klein's mind.

Iron-blooded Knight can make women turn into men, and also make them have courage that is comparable to steel. Not only can they control multiple types of flames, but they're also masters in this domain. They can even turn their own flames into steel…

On the Nepos, the flagship of the Feysac Empire's Sonia Sea fleet.

A burly man with a thick beard more than two meters tall, Egor Einhorn, was sitting behind a desk. As he drank Sonia blood wine, he pondered over what to do next.

After daybreak, Loen's airship crew will definitely attack. Their Pritz ironclad warship and the corresponding fleet will return soon. If they continue staying here, I'll be left in a passive situation.

Although I'm a Iron-blooded Knight, allowing the entire fleet's power to gather onto me while distributing the damage, the commanding officer of the ironclad warship is most likely a demigod of the Arbiter pathway, or they have the corresponding Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, so it won't be easy to deal with them... If I'm not careful, they might be able to make use of the advantage of their fleet's speed and armaments...

Retreating is the best option. After that, we'll continue attacking the coastal ports while the Loen navy is damaged... Heh heh, this war is indeed a good opportunity to digest potions.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to become a War Bishop before this. Otherwise, I might have a chance to advance to the level of an angel after the war. Sigh, only a War Bishop can truly unleash the strength of an army. It's not like how I am right now, only able to focus power on myself...

In the midst of Egor Einhom's thoughts, he planned on using the hidden connection between an Iron-blooded Knight and the soldiers that were under his command to inform his adjutant to pay him a visit, so that he could give the orders of performing a retreat overnight.

Suddenly, he looked up at the door.

Thump!

There was a knock on the door, and it instantly reverberated in the quiet room.

An advance warning before an attack... This thought flashed across Egor's mind and he became extremely tense.

In a battle between demigods, setting up an environment, sudden attacks, and catching enemies by surprise was a good way to seize the initiative. It was a combination that could effectively defeat or even kill an enemy of the same level. On the contrary, it was very difficult to accomplish it successfully. Therefore, giving an advance notice before an attack was either a warning without any follow-ups, or it meant that the attacker's level and strength far exceeded the target.

As a senior Iron-blooded Knight, Egor instinctively considered the worst situation. He immediately woke up every sailor and soldier on the Nepos to establish a connection with him.

At that moment, the noise sounded again.

Boom!

This time, the knocking sound on the door was comparable to the loud boom of a salvo. It made Egor feel like a bomb had exploded in his ears.

Under his high-strung nerves, he carefully listened to the commotion. This wasn't much different from the roar of a Cataclysmic Interrer!

In an instant, Egor's ears buzzed and he felt dizzy.

He quickly spread out the damage and let every member of the Nepos hear a faint buzz.

Then, Egor grabbed the fountain pen on the table and threw it at the door.

This dark red fountain pen left afterimages along the way, like a cannonball that had been fired.

To an Iron-blooded Knight, no matter how ordinary it was, it could become a terrifying murderous weapon through his augmentation!

Boom!

The door that was hit by the fountain pen cracked open, revealing the person in the corridor who had knocked on the door.

It was a man in a black trench coat. His body was as thin as paper, and his face had no facial features.

At that moment, the fountain pen had already exploded. The tiny fragments were like storms brought about by the sweeping of a machine gun. It embroiled the person who knocked on the door, tearing him into pieces of flesh and blood.

Egor didn't relax. Instead, he stood up and looked around warily.

He clearly knew that the person who had knocked on the door hadn't appeared!

At this moment, the adjutant, whose bunk was diagonally across from him, opened the door and ran out. When he saw the flesh and blood on the ground, he said in surprise, "Admiral, what

happened?”

“There’s an intruder…” Before Egor could finish his sentence, his gaze suddenly froze on the adjutant.

The adjutant retracted his gaze from the flesh and blood on the ground and slowly raised his head.

There were no eyebrows, eyes, nose, or mouth on his face. It was the same as the person who had knocked just now—a featureless surface.

Egor’s heart palpitated, and his entire body ignited, transforming into flames that shot out in all directions.

After the scarlet flames dispersed, they swept forward and surrounded the adjutant.

The fire quickly spread, revealing the already charred adjutant.

When the cold wind blew past, the adjutant collapsed into a pile of ashes.

The flames didn’t stop as they flew out of the room, one after another, forming a tall and burly Egor in midair.

At that moment, he saw seagulls flying around him. All of them had a human head without any facial features—their heads bare!

Egor let out a secret grunt as a blazing flame surrounded him

before he sent towards the strange seagulls at high speeds.

At that moment, he heard the sound of metal rubbing against each other and immediately looked over with the help of the soldiers.

When he saw this, his body suddenly turned cold. He couldn't help but feel a sense of horror.

On one of the ships on the other sail-powered battleship of the Sonia Sea fleet, the cannons seemed to come alive and had a life of their own!

They turned around and aimed into the air.

As for the cannonballs, they actively leaped into the cannons.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The moment these shells were fired, they were struck by fireballs that followed different trajectories, exploding prematurely mid-flight.

Seizing this opportunity, Egor quickly recited the honorific name of the highest commander in the Sonia Sea theater—a Weather Warlock from the royal family.

"The ruler of the fog of the battlefield, the symbol of weather flux, the totem of the storm and lightning, the great Awatoma Einhorn..."

This was also the reason why it was difficult to kill a demigod of the same level when an advanced warning was given. They could always find an opportunity to seek help.

Of course, the main goal of the attacker, Klein, was to create a bizarre scene to scare a demigod and help him digest his potion. He had no intention of completing the hunt.

Upon seeing this, he hid beneath the water. Having achieved his goal, he immediately got Qonas and Enuni to swap locations over to him and “Teleport” away with them.

As for Egor, he didn’t let his guard down. He remained extremely tense and guarded against any possible attacks.

Only when the angel responded did he truly heave a sigh of relief.

Following that, Egor didn’t let the fleet stay any longer. He abandoned the sail-powered battleship that had turned into an urban myth, and he left those waters.

After a while, a seagull flew over and landed on the sail-powered battleship that had regained its silence.

The seagull had obvious dark eye circles. It looked around and said in the language of humans, “I can smell the aura of a Seer demigod…”

Chapter 1091: Asking Himself

Backlund, East Borough, in a cramped rental apartment.

Wearing a rather thick jacket, Klein stood behind a desk and looked at the glass window in front of him. He carefully sensed the speed at which the Bizarro Sorcerer potion was being digested.

It's really fast. It's even more than the first three months of my digestion combined... However, there's nothing I can do about it. Before I received Life's Cane, I couldn't provide sufficient treatment. I have to make sure that the heart of the target can withstand the fright they experience, so as a result, I wasn't able to go to the hospital to create an urban

Similarly, if it wasn't for the fact that a war broke out, it would be rather difficult to find other demigods. Those whose whereabouts that I can confirm are mostly on their own home ground. To secretly invade and create a bizarre sense of horror will involve turning innocents into marionettes. Even if there's no other choice, I wouldn't have considered it... Klein shifted his attention away from himself and sighed silently.

He then repeated a word in his mind:

War...

At this moment, the street lamps in the distance were lit up. East Borough was pitch black with the occasional policemen patrolling the streets with lanterns.

In the past, these policemen wouldn't have been so enthusiastic. Now that the war had broken out, they had to carry out the corresponding curfew orders to ensure that there was order and security.

"War..." Klein repeated the word softly again, and in a daze, he saw a part of the ending.

The Loen King, George III, has finally broken through the shackles. He's no longer worried that any of the seven deities will strongly object to his apotheosis. He can officially push for the various rituals needed of Black Emperor. What follows will depend on himself, or should I say "Himself." As long as "He" can withstand the impact of the potion, and as long as "He" can maintain "His" rationality, "He" would be able to ascend to the divine throne and advance to Sequence 0.

The Einhorn family of Feysac used this war that can embroil the entire world to allow its key members to significantly digest their potions, and without much difficulty, they can prepare the corresponding rituals and allow their family's overall strength to be enhanced.

As for Amon's brother, "He" can consume the potion during these tumultuous times and experience a transformation to become a Visionary, allowing this world to have another true god...

As Klein's thoughts drifted, a question suddenly popped up in his mind:

Can I accept such an outcome?

Can I accept such an outcome... Klein opened his mouth and slowly closed it. Everything he saw seemed to pass through the limitations of time and space before returning to another place:

It was the extremely thick, slightly pungent, cold, and moist smog which was yellow and slightly iron-black in color which had permeated through the entirety of Backlund;

It was the tramps who were suffering from ailments, hunger, pain, and cold before being pushed to the brink of death. He was also struggling to survive. For the sake of food, he pushed himself with all his might, not daring to slack off at all. Finally, he saw the light of life. He bought his long-awaited ham, but in the hazy smog, he fell to the ground and never got up again;

She was a hardworking widow. In order to survive, and to provide for her two children, she had abandoned all her dignity and made herself a shrew that spewed vulgarities. With pain-ridden joints that suffered repeatedly from the invasion of the humidity on a daily basis, she supported a roof that could block out the elements. However, the roof had collapsed in the Great Smog. The child she wanted to protect had died in her arms;

It was a young girl who yearned to study and fantasized about a bright future. She doted on her mother and her younger sister, working hard in the room that was filled with moisture, always carrying that tiny bit of hope. However, after the Great Smog, she was no longer able to see the future she longed for;

It was a girl who desperately took in knowledge under the care of her mother and elder sister. She had gone through too much suffering, and she walked out of her predicament one step at a time, hoping to improve herself. She hoped that her mother and sister wouldn't tire themselves out anymore and that she would have a chance to let her family of three to live an ideal life. However, all of this ultimately shattered. In that terrifying smog, this girl was left alone. No matter how much pain or joy she felt, she was no longer able to share it with her mother and sister. That fantasy of her family life never appeared, nor would it ever appear again;

They were living beings that fell to the ground like straw, one family after another, one human after another. They would never be able to erase the pain in their bones;

It was a student who clearly had a bright future, but only half of his body was left—his intestines splattered all over the ground;

They were children who returned home from school, only to suddenly realize that they had lost their parents and had become orphans;

It was the pain of writhing on the ground while crawling with great difficulty. He was an ordinary person who wanted to approach the future, but was powerless to swallow his last breath;

It was the people in the cemetery who were so silent that it made one's heart ache, or those who cried until they fainted several times;

It was a land stained with blood;

It was the air filled with gunpowder;

They were cold and ruthless shells.

And for the mastermind behind all of this, the greatest murderer, he would step up to the divine throne over piles of corpses, only to receive cheers and escape his mortal coils.

Can you accept such a development?

Can you accept such an arrangement?

Can you accept such an outcome?

After a moment of silence, Klein suddenly spoke with a deep voice:

“No, I can’t.”

This voice immediately echoed in the room. It was layered and interlinked:

“No, I don’t accept it!”

There were still lingering echoes in his ears as the corners of his mouth curled up. Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh.

“The seven deities already tacitly accepted it. What meaning is there even if you don’t accept it?”

Once again, he fell silent. After a long while, he finally exhaled and said to himself with a calm expression, “Even if it’s meaningless, some things still ought to be done.”

In this world, how could there be many things that were guaranteed to succeed? That they were of value and be of use?

The corners of Klein’s mouth curled up. He looked away, turned around, and entered the room inside the rental flat.

Although he had already made up his mind, he had no intention of doing it rashly. With his current level and status, no matter how hard he tried, it would be difficult for him to affect George Ill's matters. Other than throwing away his life, there wouldn't be any other outcome.

Furthermore, if this resulted in chaos in the Loen Kingdom during a critical period of the war, resulting in the invasion of the Feysac army, then the deaths and injuries of the innocent would only be ten times or even a hundred times worse than the Great Smog of Backlund.

All I can do now is make preparations. On the one hand, I have to improve myself. On the other hand, I have to make more preparations and patiently wait for an opportunity... Klein muttered silently to himself. He found a black sticky blob and split it into two before smearing one half uniformly on a mirror.

This was a way to contact Demoness Trissy.

However, when all the black objects disappeared, there was still no abnormality in the mirror.

There's no response... After being frightened by an angel like Miss Messenger, Trissy has already decided not to have any contact with Gehrman Sparrow... Klein sighed and walked to the bed to sit down.

His thoughts quickly shifted to the reason why the Demoness Sect had helped King George III.

...One of them is that the Demonesses need a catastrophe to digest the potion and hold a ritual. The other is that George III has made a promise to them? He promised them that they could openly spread their religion? No, this should be something that

the seven deities wouldn't allow. Even if the Black Emperor is a Sequence 0, and with the Primordial Demoness and the True Creator, "They" wouldn't be able to fight against the seven deity alliance. Of course, after this war, the existence of an alliance between the seven deities is itself a question…

In that case, the seven deities that know that George III is working with the Demoness Sect shouldn't let "Him" become the Black Emperor…

The promise is for something else? The Demoness pathway has a true god, and there are very few valuable items left outside… Similar pathways? Isn't that the Red Priest pathway… George III —no, Amon's brother doesn't only know of the secret mausoleum needed by the Black Emperor from Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, but "He" also obtained the angel-level Beyonder characteristics or Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Red Priest pathway?

With the condition that having a Sequence 0 means no Sequence 1, this is probably the greatest hope for the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect to advance further. Yes, the Primordial Demoness should also be very interested…

This can explain why the Demoness Sect is providing help… The Red Angel evil spirit is searching for Saintess of White Katarina, and it doesn't seem to be as simple as "He" said… No, "He" didn't say anything else besides using common knowledge and reactions to guide me into thinking that way…

Klein's train of thought gradually became clear. He decided to use Saintess of White Katarina, as a breakthrough point, making her his next target. However, before that, he had to listen to what Queen Mystic had predicted. He wanted to know what she was planning to do in Backlund from her mouth.

Only by understanding the situation could he find and seize the opportunity!

The next morning, The Hermit Cattleya conveyed the words of Queen Mystic Bernadette:

Today between 12 to 12:30 p.m. at Srenzo Restaurant, Golden Theater."

It was the name of a private room.

When Klein arrived at 11:55 a.m., he used an illusion to deceive the waiter, and he walked all the way to the room and waited patiently.

After a while, he took out his golden pocket watch and opened it.

With that, he put away his pocket watch and counted down to ten silently. Then, he raised his hand and knocked on the door of the Golden Theater.

At that moment, his marionette, Qonas, was sitting on a bench across the restaurant and reading the newspapers leisurely. Enuni was with a group of students, giving off a flyer that promoted the evilness of Feysac. Of course, the three of them would switch positions from time to time, making it impossible for anyone to make an accurate judgment.

"Come in." Bernadette's voice came from the room.

Very impressive. I didn't notice anyone inside, nor did I notice anyone entering... Well, it's also because I didn't activate my

Spirit Body Threads vision... Klein mumbled to himself before turning the doorknob and pushing the door open.

The first thing he saw was large swaths of gold before noticing the chestnut-haired woman sitting at the head of the table.

Chapter 1092: Ridiculous People

Bernadette was wearing an Intis-styled blouse and was sitting there quietly. Her chestnut-colored hair was naturally draped over her shoulders, and her straight brows were spread out perfectly. She actually had the aura of a female professional from Earth, one that had been in a high position for a long period of time.

The Emperor's sense of aesthetics still has quite the influence over Queen Mystic. However, it's limited by the environment around her, and it cannot be fully manifested... Klein took off his hat and pressed it to his chest. He bowed slightly before casually pulling out a chair and sitting down.

With a sweep of her blue eyes that resembled the deep-blue sea, Bernadette's gentle and calm voice rang out:

"Why did you contact me so urgently this time?"

Aren't you a Clairvoyant? Didn't you receive a hint of a revelation? Klein subconsciously replied in his mind before he felt that he was being too arrogant.

This should be the aftereffects of interacting with the Red Angel evil spirit for too long... With "His" level, it would naturally affect the people around "Him." If "He" was willing, this effect would definitely turn into a form of corruption... Klein quickly did a self-analysis and made a judgment.

He pondered for a moment before asking, "Have you attained what you wanted to achieve in Backlund?"

Bernadette slowly shook her head.

“No.

You can even say that I failed.”

“Oh?” Klein used a tone to express his surprise and puzzlement.

Bernadette glanced at him and said unhurriedly, “There’s a strange name for the Sequence 2 potion of the Mystery Pryer pathway. It’s called ‘the Sage.’ To advance to this level, one has to prevent a disaster that involves a higher level of power.”

Sage… So that’s where “sage” of the Hidden Sage comes from… Klein was momentarily enlightened. Just as he was about to ask, he heard Queen Mystic continue, “I anticipated such an opportunity in Backlund, so I came here a few years in advance to make preparations. I’ve recently been waiting for it for a long time.

“Unfortunately, I predicted that it would happen in the second half of this year. Last year, I wasn’t in Backlund at the end of the year, so I wasn’t able to stop the Great Smog. And in this war, I tried my best to do something, and I achieved something. But to my surprise, Feysac directly attacked Backlund with an air raid, and the disaster ultimately erupted.”

That’s why you said you failed… Klein nodded indiscernibly and said with a sigh, “I didn’t expect the ones to start the war to be the Feysacians either.”

As he spoke, he sighed inwardly. The difficulty of Queen Mystic’s advancement ritual was controversial. It all depended on one’s

luck.

One had to know that before he became a demigod, Klein had already stopped the True Creator from descending. He had saved Tingen and Backlund, which were feats that could definitely satisfy the ritual requirements of becoming a Sage. But under normal circumstances, there weren't as many disasters like these, and they weren't things that could easily be stopped.

Just like the present situation, Amon's brother had planned for one to two thousand years. Even if something went awry with King George III, war would erupt as "He" had expected. This was because the root cause of the Uniqueness of the Death pathway hadn't been resolved.

This made him suspect that Mr. Azik's life in the Northern Continent had always been under the arrangement of Amon's brother. If not, how did "He," who had lost his memories, escape from the sights of the various major Churches without a shape-shifting mask?

More importantly, it was unknown why Azik had used his real name in this life!

And this wasn't something that was suspected by anyone, nor did it incur any investigations!

Is this all part of your plan? Amon's brother... Upon thinking of this, Klein felt a certain trauma, a result of post- traumatic stress disorder. His body nearly trembled.

He silently took a deep breath and looked at Queen Mystic and added, "This war involves the son of the Creator, King of Angels, and the true deities. It's not something you can stop."

With Bernadette's knowledge and experience, she still had some changes to her facial expression when she heard the sentence. She repeated a few keywords in a low voice:

"The son of the Creator… King of Angels… Deities…"

She wasn't too surprised by this, as if she had already made a prediction. However, even if she was a Clairvoyant, she wasn't able to pry into the "script" composed by Amon's brother.

After repeating it again, Bernadette fell silent for two to three seconds before sighing to herself, "So that's the reason…" Klein adjusted his posture and thought.

"Actually, to you, this war is also an opportunity.

"Next, there will be many disasters, including the clashing of powers at the angel level. I believe that you should at least be in control of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. You can stop certain matters from happening at the critical moment. Of course, you have to choose a good time and method."

Bernadette nodded gently and agreed with what he said. She also tacitly acknowledged that she possessed at least one Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

Of course, as the daughter of the protagonist of the previous era, as the child Emperor Roselle doted on the most, it would be unbelievable if her father didn't leave her one or two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts.

What was more important was that Bernadette was already preparing the ritual needed to advance to Sage. This meant that

she definitely had the corresponding Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic in her hands. To a certain extent, it was equivalent to a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

After tacitly agreeing, Queen Mystic Bernadette's gentle but emotionless voice changed slightly.

"However, I still don't like war, even though it will give me a chance.

"I once hated him and couldn't understand him. That's why I didn't call him father for many years. It's because he did too many things against the trend of the times and hurt the innocent. I couldn't accept my heroic father turning into a crazy tyrant...

"And now, through the answers from the entity behind you and my own investigations, I somewhat understand his situation. I understand that he was suffering from despair, pain, and loneliness. I understand him as a drowning person, only struggling on instinct."

When Klein heard that, he sighed and felt his emotions in turmoil.

In this world, the only people who understood Huang Tao—Roselle Gustav—the most were probably the two people sitting here.

Of course, this feeling didn't stop him from sensing that Queen Mystic Bernadette's condition was a little different today. In the past few times they had met, this king's daughter had never said so much, nor had she opened her heart so directly. At most, she would play the tune of music, subtly expressing her sadness.

After some thought, Klein pretended not to notice, and he asked, “When did ‘He’ start changing? Do you think there was any prior warning, or something worth paying attention to?”

Queen Mystic Bernadette’s deep blue eyes moved slightly, as though she had sunken into her trove of memories.

After a while, she slowly said, “Not long ago, he proudly said to me, ‘Haven’t you always wanted to know what’s surrounding our moon and other planets? In the future, our journey might be towards the sea of stars.”1

The sea of stars… What’s on the moon and other planets… As Klein pondered over Queen Mystic’s words, he suddenly recalled a key phrase and something.

The keyword was:

Cosmos!

That matter was:

Mr. Door had once told Emperor Roselle that once he had the ability, he could take a look at the moon. That would resolve many of his doubts.

The emperor finally went? That hysterical diary page [1] was written after this exploration attempt? He had unknowingly changed his personality, becoming extreme? Klein recalled the corresponding content. Under Queen Mystic Bernadette’s gaze, he deliberated and said, “At your level, you should more or less know that there’s corruption coming from the cosmos.”

Bernadette nodded and didn't pursue the matter. It was as though she knew that Gehrman Sparrow wasn't sure either. She knew that only an angel-level demigod could detect and resist the corruption.

After more than ten seconds of silence, the topic was directed towards Klein's reason for being here.

"One of the reasons for this war is because the Loen King, George III, discovered the nine secret mausoleums left behind by the Blood Emperor, doing so with the intention of switching to the Black Emperor pathway and becoming a Sequence 0. As such, he abolished the Grain Act…"

Klein didn't care if Queen Mystic knew anything about these matters. He followed his own pace and roughly told her everything without missing out any key matters. Finally, he said, "The Black Emperor does have the ability to revive, but once a new Black Emperor appears, the original entity would perish completely."

The original entity here referred to Emperor Roselle, who might've succeeded before being "assassinated."

Sometimes, Klein even suspected that Roselle had intentionally given others a chance which resulted in him perishing on the spot. This way, when he revived from the astral world and regained his Uniqueness and absorbed the three Sequence 1 characteristics, he would no longer absorb the characteristics of Knowledge Emperor, Arcane Scholar, and the characteristics of another pathway. He could make himself pure; thus, free from madness.

This was a way to live through death, but the prerequisite was that Roselle's ritual had succeeded. He had died during or after the ritual, and not before the ritual.

Queen Mystic Bernadette took it all in before slowly saying, “You want to stop George III?”

“Yes.” Klein nodded frankly.

“Why?” Bernadette pressed in an unperturbed tone.

The corners of Klein’s mouth curled up as he smiled.

“Some ridiculous reasons that aren’t worth mentioning.”

Bernadette’s gaze landed on his face for a moment before she said, “That’s enough. I’m also doing such things for something that has slim chances, one that’s almost impossible to happen.

“We can cooperate on stopping George III.”

We’re all “ridiculous” people… Klein sighed and said, “I’ll give you the method to summon my messenger.” “Alright.” Bernadette reached out her right hand and lightly tapped the table.

The fountain pen that was originally placed diagonally in front of her suddenly jumped up, as if it was held by an invisible elf before writing fluidly on the paper.

“This is the method needed for summoning my messenger,” said Bernadette calmly.

1. **Author's Note:** From Chapter 715.

Chapter 1093: The Angels of The Fool

Queen Mystic's powers are all very fantastical—no, fairytale-like... Klein glanced at the fountain pen that was writing on its own. He took out a pen and paper from his pocket and wrote the incantation to summon his messenger. He also indicated that each letter delivery needed the payment of a gold coin.

Right on the heels of that, he handed the piece of paper to Bernadette and took the other party's piece of paper. He quickly scanned through it.

"An invisible creature that roams the upper realms, a strange spiritual body that is friendly to humans, a messenger that belongs solely to Bernadette Gustav..."

There's a certain difference between this and a standard incantation, but it's essentially the same... Hmm, Queen Mystic must've deliberately changed it to this to prevent others from trying out the summoning incantation and using the connection between the messenger and the contractor to lock onto her... For me, it doesn't matter. My messenger is an angel. Only "She" can threaten others, and no one can threaten "Her." Even if "She" were to meet Zaratul, "She" should have the ability to protect "Herself and escape... Klein mumbled inwardly and shook the piece of paper, igniting a scarlet red flame.

As she looked at the piece of paper turning into dark ashes amidst the flames, Queen Mystic Bernadette said without emotion, "What are your thoughts regarding the preventing of George Ill's matter?"

Having already made some considerations, Klein deliberately spoke slowly, "First, don't be rash. Don't take risks that we can't

bear. Don't hurt the innocent."

If not for the fact that Queen Mystic Bernadette had mentioned earlier that she hated wars and hated harming the innocent, Klein wouldn't have said so directly to prevent exposing his weaknesses. He would've used a milder and more roundabout method to achieve his goal.

Upon hearing this, Bernadette nodded slightly in acknowledgment.

"Then, there are only three possibilities. One is to destroy the ritual at the critical moment and let George Ill's advancement fail. The second is to attempt an assassination in advance so that 'He' won't be able to hold the ritual." Klein deliberately didn't give his third idea as he first analyzed the viability of the first two possibilities. "Assassination has an extremely slim chance of success. George III, or should I say, the one who will become Black Emperor should be a Sequence 1, so it's not someone we can deal with.

"Even if 'He1 has yet to advance to Sequence 1, he will definitely have acted ahead of time. Once 'He* completes the preparations for the ritual and consumes the potion, 'He' will be able to quickly digest it and build a foundation for the future.

"Of course, even if this situation has a very slim chance of happening, that person must be at least at the Sequence 2 level. Furthermore, the Augustus family definitely has no lack of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. Together with the protection bestowed to 'Him,' it's impossible for us to succeed."

Here, he changed the way he addressed George III from 'him' to "Him."

After calmly listening to everything, Bernadette seemed to do an assessment.

"As long as we can create a good opportunity, a Sequence 2 can also be assassinated, but at least one of us will die, or perhaps both of us."

What she meant was that the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact she wielded was sufficiently powerful, magical, and terrifying. However, if she wanted to fully utilize it, the price paid would be very high.

In that case, there really is a chance. That's because I lied just now. If I really had to give it my all, I could still find Will Auceptin, Pallez Zoroast, and Miss Messenger to help me. I can let "Them" use the Yesterday Once More charm to recover "Their" normal states for a short period of time. The problem is that I don't know how much of a price needs to be paid, or what kind of effects it would have on the situation. I also need to consider if it would end up involving Kings of Angels like Ouroboros and Amon…

It would be great if Mr. Azik woke up. With four angels and Queen Mystic's Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, as long as we create an opportunity, we can even place our sights on a Sequence 1. Of course, the chances of failure are extremely high, since there's no way to sustain it for long… Klein's heart was stirred when he heard that, but he didn't discuss it further.

It wasn't that he wasn't willing to be honest during the cooperation effort, nor was it that he didn't trust Queen Mystic. Instead, Will Auceptin and Pallez Zoroast were being pursued, so once "Their" whereabouts were exposed, it was very likely that it would lead to "Their" deaths. This was something that Klein absolutely didn't want to see happen.

He vaguely said, “If assassination attempt is the only solution left, I can invite at least two angels to help.”

This was referring to Death Consul Azik Eggers and Snake of Fate Will Auceptin who Bernadette already knew of. She could guess the latter through the drop of Mythical Creature’s blood.

Bernadette was extremely surprised.

“This is that entity’s will?”

Without the consent of The Fool, how could “His” Blessed seek the help of an angel?

“‘He’ has tacitly agreed to it,” Klein spoke the absolute truth.

Queen Mystic’s blue eyes turned darker. She didn’t say another word and only nodded slowly.

As for Klein, he brought the topic back on track.

The destruction of the ritual might be relatively simple, but it has to be done at the most critical moment. Otherwise, it will only be delaying George Ill’s apotheosis. ‘He’ has already received the tacit consent of the deities, so ‘He’ isn’t concerned about that. Even if the mausoleum is destroyed, it wouldn’t take long for ‘Him’ to rebuild it.

“And it being destroyed at the critical moment will cause ‘Him’ to fail at the advancement and lose control to become a monster. No deity would allow such a creature to roam the world freely. A deity’s descent will definitely happen to kill it off. The problem is

that, with a King of Angels's reminder and help, George III won't take it lightly. 'He' will definitely arrange for the most secure protective measures. The difficulty might only be lower than directly killing 'Him.'

"This requires us to gather intelligence as soon as possible and find an incisive angle to be used.

"And be it the first line of thought or the second line of thought, it's best that you advance to Sequence 2 in advance and become a Sage."

Bernadette nodded slightly to show that she understood.

She then said, "What about the third line of thought?"

Klein was silent for a few seconds before saying, "If the ritual was successful back then and the emperor had already advanced to Sequence 0, then 'He' would still have a chance to revive. As long as we could find the arrangements left behind by the emperor before George Ill's apotheosis and allow 'Him' to return, the plot of George III will fail."

He didn't use the word "him" to refer to Roselle as Bernadette did, to avoid exposing his identity.

Queen Mystic's eyes clearly flickered before they turned dark and reserved.

She opened her mouth slightly and said, "I'll hand over selected diary entries to Cattleya."

Klein didn't discuss the matter deeply. Instead, he smiled and said, "Actually, there's still a fourth line of thought."

Bernadette's eyebrows twitched as she expressed her doubts.

"That's to do nothing. Let George III hold the ritual and attempt to become a god while we wait for 'Him' to fail." Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. "The higher the Sequence is, the greater the chance of failure."

This was actually the truth. Even if there was the "script" written by Amon's brother with the road to success completely paved, and even if George III had perfectly digested the previous potions, the odds of "Him" successfully advancing to become a god didn't exceed fifty percent.

Of course, what Klein said was just a self-deprecating remark.

Queen Mystic didn't immediately respond. She looked seriously at Gehrman Sparrow for a few seconds before saying, "The feeling you give off to me now is different from the previous few meetings."

"I'm taking advice from my psychiatrist." Klein smiled, describing himself as a very serious mental patient.

Without another word, Bernadette retracted her gaze and looked at the fountain pen lying on the table.

"Then, let's gather the corresponding information and maintain communication through letters."

At this point, she paused for a moment before speaking again. Her gaze remained unchanged.

"Actually, I'm wondering if he might've already been resurrected. It's just that he's still finding his past self... I'm not sure what details the Black Emperor's resurrection entails. I wonder if he really chose to be the Black Emperor in the end..."

Bernadette's voice gradually became ethereal and carried an indescribable feeling.

As Klein listened, he suddenly understood what Queen Mystic was thinking or expecting.

She suspected that The Fool was the resurrected Roselle, suspecting that the emperor had fooled every one in the past. In fact, he had never thought of switching to the Black Emperor pathway. Instead, he had chosen another path. As such, he needed to find himself by seeking out his past diary pages and Cards of Blasphemy.

Unfortunately, I'm just Uncle Zhou from next door... Klein originally wanted to say something cheeky, but his emotions gradually turned staid, making it difficult for him to force himself to relax.

Without saying anything, he stood up, bowed, put on his hat, and left the room.

After closing the door to the Golden Theater room and taking two steps forward, he suddenly heard a tranquil and melodious tune.

This melody was ethereal and carried with it a faint sense of

melancholy.

After pausing for a few seconds, Klein turned towards the hall and left with Flaming Jump.

City of Silver, a team gathered at the city gate and was about to set off.

This was the team that was headed for Afternoon Town to prepare the exploration of the Giant King's Court.

Derrick Berg was standing in the middle and was the second shortest person. In his hand was a bronze cross with sharp spikes.

To his sides were Joshua and Haim. They were prepared to receive the Unshadowed Crucifix at any time to prevent Derrick's Beyonder characteristic from being purged.

This Sealed Artifact required three people to take turns to resist the negative effects.

As he looked down at the Creator's relic, he suddenly felt someone looking at him. He subconsciously looked up and saw that it was a member of the six-member council, Shepherd Elder Lovia.

The woman, who was shortest in the group, had long silver and slightly curled hair. She was looking at the ancient, mottled Unshadowed Crucifix with her pale gray eyes. Her gaze seemed to be blazing hot.

Upon sensing Derrick's gaze, this Shepherd Elder's lips twitched, revealing an indescribable smile.

"This is the Lord's item."

For some reason, Derrick shivered. Then, he heard the Chief, Colin Iliad, say, "Let's set off."

Chapter 1094: Breakthrough Point

In a small alley in the Backlund Bridge area, Xio once again met the MI9 staff responsible for contacting her.

"This is your reward from exchanging your merit points. A total of 2,500 pounds. Heh heh, I helped you get another 500 pounds." The golden-masked man threw a bulging envelope at Xio.

Xio caught it accurately and didn't count. She instinctively pressed down and sincerely said, "Thank you."

The golden-masked man waved his hand and said, "There's no need to thank me. This is also a good thing for me. If you continue to harp on past matters without letting go, I'm very worried that I'll go to military court one day.

"Are you still going to stay in Backlund?"

"Yes, I'm already used to living in a big city. When the war stops, I'll bring my family here," Xio said, having already made up her mind.

"Wait for the war to stop..." The golden-masked man repeated Xio's words with a slightly odd tone. He smiled and said, "May the Lord bless us to live until the end of the war."

Here, the "Lord" referred to the Lord of Storms.

"I believe in the Goddess," Xio replied seriously.

“You understand what I mean.” The golden-masked man waved his hand and said, “Are you still planning to take on missions from MI9?”

“I won’t reject an opportunity to earn money,” Xio scratched her slightly coarse hair and said half-truths.

“Yes.” The golden-masked man nodded and said, “The main thing to take note of during the war is to deal with spies from all over the world. If there’s a suitable mission for you, I’ll look for you.”

“Alright,” Xio replied without staying any longer. She cautiously and carefully retreated out of the dark alley.

After watching her figure disappear, the golden-masked man looked at the shadow in the corner and said, “She was likely used by some particular faction. She was abandoned after she stopped investigating the matter.”

In the shadows in the corner, a deep voice sounded:

“On the surface, it looks like that, but there’s no need to pursue or worry about the truth. Even if she can figure out the truth and spread it, it will not affect His Majesty’s matters. Heh heh, the Church of Evernight has already tacitly agreed.”

“That’s for the best…” The golden-masked man silently exhaled.

After returning to her residence at the edge of East Borough, Xio said to Fors, who was sitting by the bed and reading the newspapers, “I received 2,500 pounds.”

Fors put down the newspaper, her eyes moving slightly as she focused on making calculations.

"That's enough."

Xio had savings of more than 600 pounds, and with the 2,500 pounds, other than her necessary expenses, she had 3100 pounds to spend freely.

And her purchase of the Judge potion formula was 2000 pounds, and the Beyonder characteristic was 3,500 pounds. In other words, she was still short of 2,400 pounds, something that Fors could lend her.

After borrowing this sum of money, Fors's savings would be reduced to 780 pounds. However, this didn't affect her at all. She had the subsequent potion formula and main ingredients, so she didn't have many expenditures for a long period of time into the future. Occasionally, she could even earn a little from renting out Leymano's Travels.

Yes." Xio nodded. "I'll complete the transaction as soon as possible and strive to advance to Sequence 6 as soon as possible."

Seeing that her friend's matter was settled, Fors turned to worry about herself.

"I don't know when my Scribe potion will be completely digested. Now that the war has broken out, it will be much safer with the ability to 'Travel.'"

"The crux of a Scribe is definitely 'Recording.' When I become a Judge, you'll have new Beyonder powers to repeatedly 'Record.'

This should be able to speed up the digestion of the potion." Xio pulled a chair over and sat down.

Fors sighed.

"I suspect that, other than the 'Recording' of Beyonder powers, I need to 'Record' down the sights and customs of different places. Only then can it be matched with the subsequent Traveler Sequence. But with war having broken out now, it's fine if I go further inland, but it will be difficult and dangerous if I go somewhere else. Sigh, the price of bread is rising. The price of one pound of bread has risen by a farthing. It's even more expensive than before the Grain Act was abolished!"

"Indeed." Xio thought seriously and agreed with Fors's conclusion.

The two fell silent. After about ten seconds, Xio suddenly had an idea.

"Actually, there's a very simple solution."

"What?" Fors sat up slightly and asked.

"You can spend money to hire that person to take you 'Traveling.'" Xio was very careful not to mention specific code names and actual names. "You can be thrown somewhere unfamiliar each time for three to four days, or even a week.

Then, you wouldn't take long to 'Record' all kinds of customs and traditions. Besides, you can rent some mystical items from him —from them—to 'Record' Beyonder powers. This can both improve your strength and help your digestion."

“That’s right!” Fors’s eyes lit up when she heard that.

Only then did she realize that her usage of the Tarot Gathering was very superficial.

After the pleasant surprise, Fors gradually frowned. This method meant that she had to frequently deal with The World Gehrman Sparrow, and the thought of the crazy adventurer left her trembling.

Indeed, there’s nothing that doesn’t require a price… To digest the potion, I can only take the risk… Finally, Fors made up her mind to make the request next week at the Tarot Gathering.

In an apartment several streets away from where Xio and Fors stayed.

After returning from the Srenzo Restaurant, Klein was sitting in front of a table. He quickly flipped through today’s newspaper and summarized the important information he had received:

The Feysac Empire’s Sonia Sea fleet has retreated from Pritz Harbor, their whereabouts are unknown…

The Ministry of Defense, Admiral Amyrius, has indicated that he will strengthen the coastal defenses and allow the three ironclad warship fleet to not return too hastily, and will take detours to avoid being ambushed…

Feysac’s two-headed giant army invaded the Winter County’s Amantha mountain range and suffered intense resistance. They failed to pass through the few strongholds…

Feysac's Subjugation Fleet attacked Constant and other large-scale industrial cities along the Midseashire's eastern coast. There was a large-scale sea battle with the kingdom's Midseashire Fleet. Both sides suffered losses...

East Balam's Feysac and the Loen colonial armies are fighting in multiple locations...

The rest of the countries have yet to make their stance clear. In the corresponding capitals, the ambassadors are running around to contact each other to have emergency diplomatic meetings... The electrical transmission waves contain all kinds of important news and are intertwining with each other in the different cities of the Northern and Southern continents...

We are still in the early stages of the war... Klein didn't believe that the diplomats were able to avert the war. He put down the newspaper and thought about how he could gather information regarding George Ill's Black Emperor ritual.

According to normal logic, before Blood Emperor Alista went crazy, "He" did things in a reasonable manner. That is to say, "He" couldn't build all nine mausoleums in the same hidden area; this would've been easy for others to wipe them out all at once, causing "His" resurrection to fail.

Therefore, in the surrounding areas of Backlund, in other parts of the kingdom, there should be eight other mausoleums that are similar. They haven't been exposed yet, so they might not be as heavily guarded as Ruins No. 1. This might give us an opportunity...

Perhaps the Red Angel evil spirit might know something, but I can't contact "Him" now. Ignoring the question of whether chanting "His" honorific name will be dangerous, just this act alone will expose my intention to prevent George III from

becoming the Black Emperor. To a terrifying Conspirer, there are too many points that can be exploited.

Queen Mystic might have some channels and clues, but I can't just rely on her… At the moment, the Church doesn't know how many of the Blood Emperor's secret ruins there are, or where they are…

Attacking a key figure beside the king, such as a demigod from the royal family who is deeply involved in this matter? They must be on their guard. Furthermore, the angel of the Augustus family and that ancient secret organization would most likely be watching everything, one in the open, and one in the dark… In addition, as long as the royal family's demigod ends up in an accident, George III would definitely guess that someone is trying to stop "Him" from becoming a god…

Yes, Demoness of White Katarina will be easier to deal with than the demigods of the royal family. It would attract much less attention…

Hmm, theoretically speaking, George III, who has been tacitly accepted by the few major Churches, no longer needs to work with the Demoness Sect. Not that there is a need for that. If not for some particular reason, the two sides would've been completely tied together in this matter. The first thing "He" needs to do now is to cut off ties with the Demoness Sect.

Of course, "He" would most likely not betray the Demoness Sect directly. On the one hand, the Demonesses are also adept at ploys, so they wouldn't be unwary. On the other hand, if they anger the upper echelons of the Demoness Sect, George Ill's Black Emperor ritual might not be that safe. This is a secret organization with a true deity, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, and angels.

As long as George III is still rational, the correct method is to follow the agreement and give everything that needs to be given. Then, “He” will send the members of the Demoness Sect away. During this process, “He” will use the help of angels from the mind domain or even a King of Angels to erase the key memories of the Demon Sect participating in the matter.

If that’s the case, even if Demoness of White Katarina goes missing for some time, it wouldn’t alert George III. “He” might not even know.

And from the perspective of the Demoness Sect, the matter has come to an end. The various Churches have also tacitly agreed to it. They no longer need to hide like they did in the past and can move about freely. This gives me and Queen Mystic a chance.

Yes, Vice Admiral Ailment will likely appear again. From her appearance and the attitude of Demoness of White from back then, it can be determined that she and Katarina are related by blood…

With this in mind, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He cast his gaze out the window and silently muttered, I hope Anderson and Danitz can find that pirate admiral as soon as possible…

I hope that the City of Miracles in Groselle’s Travels can effectively destroy the influence of the mind domain…

And all he could do now was to wait patiently.

Berserk Sea, Theros Island.

Danitz said to Anderson in delight, “I just learned that the

southwest region of this place isn't a normal sea route. There's an island with no resources but is hidden enough."

Chapter 1095: Acting as Himself

“You suspect that Vice Admiral Ailment’s fleet is hidden there?” Anderson asked in thought when he heard Danitz’s words.

Danitz replied in excitement, “It’s very likely! Didn’t the Black Death vanish after steering towards the west and after leaving Theros Island?”

Anderson curled his lips and chuckled.

“If Vice Admiral Ailment’s whereabouts were so easily discovered by you, why would she need to hide?

“How can islands that you can find out about be considered hidden enough?”

“Hey! What do you mean by that?” Danitz felt like he had been mocked.

Anderson shrugged.

“I don’t mean anything. I’m just using my brain to analyze it.

“That island should exist, but it either belongs to the type that many people here know about, or it’s intel that someone deliberately released.

“If it’s the former, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy’s fleet definitely

wouldn't be hiding there. If it's the latter, that would be interesting. Who would release this intel?"

Danitz was still a little angry at first, but later, he began analyzing Anderson's line of thought.

"A trap set up by some pirates or adventurers? However, an island without any resources isn't enough to lure others into exploring it.

"Vice Admiral Ailment herself? To figure out who's investigating her whereabouts?"

Anderson smiled.

"That's right. After my teachings, you've improved quite a bit. Otherwise, I suspect that even if you drink the Conspirer potion, you wouldn't be able to enhance your brain. You'll only mutate and turn your enemy stupid, bringing him down to a level at which you're familiar with, and then defeat him with experience.

"I didn't say that. It was Emperor Roselle."

After this period of searching, Anderson had already helped Danitz obtain one of the main ingredients of the Conspirer potion and nearly all the supplementary ingredients. He was just one step away from success.

"I suspect that you have such an ability..." Danitz muttered softly in response.

Anderson ignored him and continued, “If Vice Admiral Ailment got someone to release the news herself, the secret island must be a trap. Perhaps there’s nothing other than a mirror that monitors the ships and humans that approach the island. Or perhaps it might be an important gathering base of the Demoness Sect that Gehrman Sparrow mentioned.”

“Then what should we do next?” Danitz subconsciously asked.

Anderson chuckled when he heard that.

“You can’t even figure out such a simple matter?

“Naturally, we’ll seek out the person you heard this intel from. After finding the source of his information, we can trace it back, and we’ll eventually find something.”

That’s right… Danitz wanted to nod in agreement, but the words that reached his mouth turned into a “heh.”

Nearing dawn, on the second floor of a casino.

Bartz, with his brown hair, yawned and walked into his room.

Before he could use the moonlight outside the window to light the candle, he suddenly saw a bright white flame light up in front of him, momentarily blinding him.

Bartz’s heart tightened as he pounced to the side and rolled.

After rolling twice, he suddenly stopped his actions, as though he

had been petrified.

This was because there was a bone-chilling coldness and a slight pain around his neck. This made him have no doubt that if he proceeded any further, blood would definitely spray onto the roof.

“What do you want?” At that moment, Bartz’s vision had recovered. He saw a blond man with one hand in his pocket and a black short sword in the other. Beside him was a man wearing a black cloak that covered half of his face with a hood.

Danitz didn’t answer Bartz’s question as he looked at Anderson in surprise.

“Why didn’t you disguise yourself?”

“If you disguise yourself, how can you let others know who to hate?” Anderson replied with a nonchalant look.

Danitz exhaled. “Thankfully, I haven’t been infected by this crappy habit of yours.”

“It’s fine,” Anderson said with a smile. “Any random person on the island can know who I’ve been hanging out with.” “Dogsh*t!” Danitz cursed.

Bartz, who had Anderson’s sword at his neck, didn’t dare to move. All he could do was listen quietly. He felt as though he had returned to Trier and was watching a comical scene.

What are the two of them here for...? The intelligence peddler

was deeply puzzled.

At that moment, Anderson retracted his gaze and looked down at Bartz.

“Who told you about the secret island to the southwest that deviates from the main sea route?”

Bartz suddenly came to a realization as he looked at Danitz.

“It’s you!”

In the past few days, this information had only been sold to one person!

...I was recognized so quickly? Danitz was momentarily at a loss as to how to respond.

Anderson slightly lowered the pitch-black short sword in his hand, making the stabbing pain even more obvious. “Please respect the order of what is to come and follow.”

Bartz immediately felt as though his life was rapidly slipping away. He hurriedly replied, “I-it was Vice Admiral Ailment!”

“When did she tell you? Why did she tell you?” Anderson asked without any surprise.

“The night before the Black Death left Theros Island,” Bartz replied quickly, afraid that he would die from excessive blood loss. “I didn’t ask her why. Back then, I was only focused on

admiring her beauty. She lives up to being the infamous Ailment Maiden of the Five Seas…"

Even after a long time, Bartz couldn't hide his admiration of her, even when he recalled her while being in extreme danger.

"Is this the charm of a Demoness?" Anderson muttered to himself before asking, "Do you have a way to contact her?"

"No." Bartz quickly shook his head and said, "She told me to take note of everyone who asked about her whereabouts. I'll tell her when she returns to Theros Island. And if anyone leaves the port after obtaining the information on that secret island, they shall be left alone to leave freely."

"Is that so… Very reasonable." Anderson nodded and withdrew the short pitch-black sword. "Is there a trap?"

"I don't know either," Bartz replied frankly.

Anderson didn't say a word as he searched for the money on Bartz's person and in the room. Then, he pointed at the intelligence peddler with his short sword.

"I wanted to kill you, but no one will hate me if that's the case.

"Live well, curse me a few more times every day."

He then turned around, walked to Danitz's side, and jumped down the window with him, disappearing into the dark, unlit night.

Bartz touched his bleeding neck and stood up in fear. He ran to the window and confirmed that the two of them had disappeared.

Thankfully, I met a guy with mental problems. If not, I would be dead today... He closed the window and locked the wooden door. After carefully inspecting the room, he finally sat down and gulped down half a bottle of Lanti Proof.

In his tipsy state, Bartz collapsed onto the bed and fell asleep.

Time ticked by slowly until it was three in the morning.

Suddenly, Bartz flipped over and sat up. His eyes were bright and spirited, and he didn't even feel the slightest bit drunk.

He found a dagger and pried open a wooden floor in the room. He took out a thumb-sized ball of paper.

After the white paper unfolded layer by layer, there was a sticky black object in the middle.

After taking a quarter of the blob, Bartz walked to the mirror in the room and was about to smear it.

At this moment, he saw two figures reflected in the mirror. One of them was wearing a white shirt and a black vest with one of his hands in his pocket and the other carrying a short sword. The other wore a black cloak that didn't reveal his face.

Just as Bartz's pupils dilated, Danitz punched the back of his head, causing him to faint.

And his final memory was a voice with a smiling tone.

“He really didn’t disappoint.”

After dealing with Bartz, Danitz bent down to pick up the sticky substance that had fallen to the ground. He chuckled and said, “This fellow actually believed you. He believed that you didn’t kill him because you wanted him to hate you.”

The conversation he had with Anderson was actually a rehearsed play. It was to make it reasonable for Anderson to let Bartz go without being suspected.

“This means that you acted sufficiently well,” Anderson said with a smile. “It’s truly different when you’re acting as yourself.”

“Dogsh*t!” Danitz cursed without any qualms.

He then sighed.

“I didn’t expect him to be so patient. He waited past midnight before he took action. But we were more patient.”

“If a hunter wants to capture his prey, he has to be patient. Sometimes, he can wait a few days,” Anderson replied.

To the two of them, there was actually nothing they could do. Be it a Hunter and Provoker, or Pyromaniac and Reaper, none of them were good at mediumship, much less having the ability to hypnotize others. In order to obtain information, other than interrogating and threatening others, they had to work hard on “scheming.”

This is very reasonable, but in the future, it will be done with the words I use to school others... Danitz looked at the black sticky blob in his hand and said, “It seems like it should be applied on the surface of the mirror... before contacting Vice Admiral Ailment?”

“That should be the case. However, what’s the point even if we contact her? Are we going to ask her out on a date to join us for breakfast at Theros Island?” Anderson mocked.

Danitz knew that he and Anderson were unable to influence the person in the mirror. All he instinctively wanted to do was to do something more, so as to better complete the task that Gehrman Sparrow assigned him.

He frowned slightly and said, “Then what should we do next?”

“Of course it’s to contact Gehrman Sparrow. Let him handle the aftermath. This fellow is very mysterious in every aspect, so he should have a way to resolve it,” Anderson said with a tsk. “Besides, the mission he gave us is to seek out Vice Admiral Ailment’s whereabouts. And there are results already now.”

Danitz acknowledged and began taking out the candles and other items for the ritual.

“What are you doing?” Anderson asked with an odd expression.

Danitz set up the altar without looking back.

“Summoning Gehrman Sparrow’s messenger.”

Anderson fell silent for a few seconds before saying, “I’ll go out for a smoke first.”

Chapter 1096: Cooperation

At just past six in the morning, the entirety of Backlund remained dark. It was very quiet, with most areas being illuminated only by the street lamps.

Wearing his pajamas, Klein sat on the bed and looked at Miss Messenger who was carrying four heads. He rubbed his temples and asked helplessly, “Who sent the letter?”

Why couldn’t he have a good night’s rest?

The three heads in Reinette Tinekerr’s hands replied one by one, “That…” “Particular…” “Brainless…”

“Servant…” “Of…” “Yours…”

Danitz… He prayed in the middle of the night in the past, and now he’s sending letters in the morning… Klein took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. Following that, he received the letter from Miss Messenger.

When he opened it, his expression gradually turned solemn. This was because Danitz’s and Anderson’s discovery of Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy’s location was extremely untimely.

According to Klein’s deductions, it wouldn’t take long for the pirate admiral and Demoness of White Katarina to regain their “freedom.” They wouldn’t be hiding much, making it easier to find them. Now that they had dealt with the intelligence peddler, Bartz, and obtained the items to contact Tracy from him, the greatest possibility was that they had frightened the target and

made her continue hiding.

Of course, Klein could seek the help of Queen Mystic Bernadette to find a way to lock onto Vice Admiral Ailment through the mirror. However, the problem was that he suspected that the target's hiding place was an important stronghold of the Demoness Sect. It might even be the headquarters where there were Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. This way, even if he had confirmed the whereabouts of Tracy, he wouldn't dare to "Teleport" over to capture her. Hence, any contact would alert the pirate admiral.

And if he didn't take the opportunity to contact her, regardless of whether Bartz was dead or alive, the news would spread after daybreak. Similarly, Tracy would be on guard.

Seriously… However, this is also because Anderson and Danitz don't know the truth. They don't know the changes in the situation of the Loen Kingdom… After some thought, he said to Miss Messenger who was waiting by the side, "Wait for me. I'll write a reply."

He had originally planned to "Teleport" over directly to decide what to do next, but after some consideration, he still chose to write a letter.

Although he believed that Zaratul wouldn't waste time on an obvious "bait" like Danitz, he still felt that he had to be more careful. If Zaratul didn't do so, it didn't mean that the members of the Secret Order under "Him" would do the same. Such a huge secret organization definitely had a few demigods at the saint level. Once he got entangled by the other party, it would be a huge problem.

"Alright." The head carried by Reinette Tinekerr that had failed to speak previously rushed to answer first.

Klein got out of bed, walked out of the bedroom, and came to the room outside. He took out a pen and paper and wrote fluidly:

“Think of a way to make Bartz faint until dawn.

Then, leave his room immediately and stay far away. There is a great danger lurking there.

“Monitor Bartz again when daybreak arrives, but don’t alarm him.”

The so-called danger was a half-truth, and his main goal was to get Anderson and Danitz to leave the scene, so as to draw away any possible spying.

Putting down the pen and looking through it again, he folded the letter and handed it to his messenger, Reinette Tinekerr, who had followed him out.

At 3:10 a.m. in the Berserk Sea, Theros Island, Bartz’s room.

Danitz had just finished clearing the altar and wiping away the traces when he saw the terrifying messenger with four heads return.

Gehrman Sparrow actually didn’t come… Danitz reached out to receive the letter in surprise, then he took out a gold coin for the messenger.

After the figure with four heads and dark, complicated long dress disappeared into the void, he opened the letter and quickly read through it.

T-there's danger! Danitz's pupils dilated as he rushed towards the door as if he had been burned in the ass.

After leaving the room, he said to Anderson, who was standing in the corridor with his back against the wall with an unlit cigarette in his mouth, "Quick, let's go. It's very dangerous here!"

"...Did Gehrman Sparrow say that?" Anderson was taken aback as he asked thoughtfully.

"Yes, how do you know? Couldn't it be that I discovered something?" Danitz replied instinctively.

"You? Heh." Anderson chuckled and asked rather relaxed, "What else did he say?"

"Aren't you nervous? Gehrman Sparrow is very reliable on such matters." Danitz's focus was completely off.

Anderson fell silent for a moment before saying, "His messenger is more reliable. At least, within the few minutes of his messenger's return trip, there won't be any danger here."

If there really was any "danger" lurking here, they would silently shrink back when they saw the messenger.

Danitz originally wanted to reply that it may seem so in terms of her image, but for some reason, he instinctively gave up on that sentence.

He switched to saying, "Gehrman Sparrow also said to let Bartz pass out until dawn so that we can monitor him again when the

sun rises without exposing ourselves."

Anderson frowned. "What does he want to do? There won't be any latent dangers anymore once the sun rises?"

Without waiting for Danitz to respond, the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea turned around and entered the room. He took out a small metal bottle he carried with him and pulled out the stopper. He placed it at the tip of Bartz's nose and moved it back and forth.

"It's done. Let's go." Anderson didn't hide his curiosity as he surveyed the area before leading Danitz out of Bartz's room and walked far into the distance.

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

At 7:25 a.m., Audrey suddenly woke up from her dream.

She dreamed of the boundless gray fog and dreamed of The World Gehrman Sparrow asking her to help hypnotize someone, making the target forget everything that had happened in the past six hours, as well as all the people who asked about a particular secret island.

This is something that can be used as contributions needed for the Manipulator potion formula and Beyonder characteristic... Also, Mr. World said that he would donate 7,000 pounds for the war efforts... Audrey got off the bed very lightly and put a teal cloak over her white nightgown.

Following that, she followed Gehrman Sparrow's instructions

and set up a ritual, praying for Mr. Fool's bestowment.

The illusory door quickly took shape and opened, sending three items flying out and landing on the altar.

One of them was a thin human-skinned glove, the other was the "instruction manual" on a piece of paper, and the other was a neat stack of cash that wasn't tied up.

This is Creeping Hunger? Audrey scrutinized the altar and thanked Mr. Fool.

Then, she put on the glove and, according to the "instruction manual," activated the spirit of the Traveler.

When the glove turned transparent, the twelve sacred angels with fiery wings suddenly appeared in front of her.

This is the Angel's Embrace that Mr. World has requested? Its effect is to interfere with divination and prophecy powers at the scene, so as to ensure that my identity won't be exposed? Audrey's eyes darted around as she changed the Lie accessory which she had already prepared into a silver mask, and she wore it on her face.

Following that, she followed the coordinates given by The World Gehrman Sparrow and began the "Teleportation" step.

During this process, the strange scenery of the spirit world and all kinds of strange creatures left a deep impression on her. However, before she could carefully observe them, she arrived at her destination. She saw that the colors were saturated, and the stacked scenes rapidly faded away, becoming normal. It was still

late at night outside.

It feels like I've recovered my feelings and mood from when I first entered the mysterious world... Audrey analyzed her mental state and focused her attention on the target lying on the floor in the room she was in.

It was an unconscious man. The door to his Body of Heart and Mind was rather weak, meaning that he was someone who could easily be charmed, even if it didn't involve Beyonder powers.

Hypnotizing such a target wasn't difficult for Audrey. However, in order to digest the potion, she decided to use dreams to help with the "Hypnosis."

The unconscious Bartz had a dream. He dreamed of a blurry female figure. In his dream, he believed that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, a perfect state that Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy could achieve.

Bartz wildly chased her as he ran back and forth in the wilderness, hills, and mountains. However, he couldn't catch up to her, as though he had left behind something very important.

After an unknown period of time, he woke up from exhaustion and slowly recalled what had happened last night. He was in a bad mood because of him losing money. He had fallen drunk after drinking only half a bottle of Lanti Proof. Up to now, his temples were still throbbing in pain.

I even knocked the back of my head... Bartz rubbed the swollen area and lumbered back to the bed. He fell into it and continued sleeping.

And for Audrey who had completed a milder form of hypnosis with the Dreamwalker's powers, she had long followed The World Gehrman Sparrow's instructions and restored the scene completely, leaving nothing suspicious behind.

This was the ability of a senior Spectator.

Then, she "Teleported" back to Backlund and sacrificed Creeping Hunger to Mr. Fool.

The entire process didn't cause much of a stir. The Church of Evernight Beyonders in charge of protecting the Hall family were completely unaware.

After dealing with all kinds of traces, Audrey pulled a bell and let the maidservants waiting outside enter.

Her personal maidservant, Annie, gestured for the other maidservants to get busy as she said to Audrey, "Miss, there's a piece of news from the bursary foundation."

"What news?" Audrey interpreted the shock, confusion, disbelief, joy, and curiosity in Annie's tone.

Annie replied quickly, "That Miss Eudora who needed to have her leg amputated has completely recovered. It's as though she was never injured. This... this is a medical miracle!"

Audrey was similarly stunned. She had some guesses, but she didn't dare to confirm them. She lacked sufficient clues and evidence.

“Also, all the patients with serious medical conditions have fully recovered!” At this point, Annie couldn’t control herself. She lowered her voice and said, “I heard that there was a ghost wandering around. Half of its face had mushrooms growing all over, and the other half was covered in weeds. It ate illnesses, trauma, and grief. I don’t know if it’s true, but it’s scary.”

“Mushroom… Weeds…” Audrey repeated the two words, momentarily at a loss.

Chapter 1097: Different Conundrum

Seeing that her mistress was clearly interested in ghost tales, Annie glanced at the other maids who were preparing hot water, combs, and other items. She continued, “The doctors and nurses wished to invite the Church’s bishop to host a Mass, but the remaining patients strongly objected to it. They look forward to meeting that ghost. They all call it ‘the Clown Angel.’ They say that its terrifying appearance resembles a specially dressed clown, but in actual fact, it’s an angel who can resolve pain and torment.”

“This title is very interesting…” Audrey said with a faint smile.

If it were in the past, she would definitely be very interested in this, perhaps eager to make a trip to the hospital via Dream Traversal to figure out what was going on with the so-called “Clown Angel.” However, the sudden eruption of the war made her feel rather depressed. She felt that there were too many important things that she needed to do, so she wasn’t in the mood to probe further.

In fact, if she hadn’t experienced the air raid herself and seen those who were injured because of it, she would definitely feel like a war had never happened over the past few days and that Backlund was still very peaceful.

This was because, after that air raid, the airship fleet of the Loen Kingdom had been roped into the war effort. The air defenses of the coastal city’s had all been raised, and Backlund didn’t suffer another attack again. Currently, the battle between Feysac and Loen was mainly focused in three places—the Winter County’s Amantha mountain range, the heavy industry metropolitan area along the Midseashire’s east coast, and the few harbors along the Sonia Sea coast. Furthermore, they were in a deadlock with no side gaining an advantage over the other. Even if there were

casualties, it didn't have any material impact on Backlund. Other than the rise in prices with several editorial pieces in the newspapers, this city seemed to restore its peace in a few short days.

However, Audrey didn't think so. Her father and brother have been busy with work recently, often returning late at night or convening a private gathering with a group of nobles, Members of Parliament, and clergymen. Through the other charity organizations in the Church of Evernight, she learned of the exact number of casualties at the front lines of Pritz Harbor and Amantha. She even saw some photos of the battlefield. She was working hard to gather funds, contacting various pharmaceutical companies and hospitals, hoping that she could organize help and treatment needed in the war effort.

Who would've thought that the crazy adventurer has not only offered the excess food in his manor, but he has even donated 7,000 pounds in cash... Audrey sighed secretly and began letting the maidservant help doll her up.

South of the Bridge, Rose Street.

Emlyn White casually donated ten pounds to a charity organization's solicitor. He pressed his top hat and walked up the stairs, entering the Harvest Church.

At this moment, there were no believers in the cathedral. Father Utravsky, who looked like a half-giant, sat at the front and prayed sincerely.

Emlyn was in no hurry to change into his priest robes. He sat beside the priest and wanted to say something, but when he opened his mouth, he ended up scoffing.

“It must be your typical Feysac appearance and figure that made those believers fearful of coming over,” Emlyn said casually as he looked at the altar in front of him.

Bishop Utravsky put down his hands and opened his eyes.

“I can understand them.”

“What’s the point of understanding them? If the war gets more intense and the number of soldiers who die in the battle increase a bit more, the believers might rush in here and bum the cathedral and hang you to death.” Emlyn continued to look at the Sacred Emblem of Life.

Father Utravsky shook his head slightly.

“No, they won’t. They sincerely believe in the Earth Mother. They won’t bum the cathedral. At most, they will banish me. If I express that I’ve given up on my Feysac nationality, there will always be people who will understand and accept me.”

Emlyn tsked and said without moving his gaze, “What if Feynapotter joins in the war and attacks Desi Bay, Loen territory?

“What if the Church of Earth Mother calls all clergymen to arms and become enemies with Loen?

“Are you going to obey the orders of the Church and abandon the believers here, or are you going to pretend that you don’t know anything? Continuing promoting how precious life is, how joyous the harvest is as you are now? Or, will you directly organize those believers to make them become enemies with

their own kind, using blood and sacrifices to prove their faith?”

Bishop Utravsky slowly looked at the Sacred Emblems of Life up and above the altar, not saying anything for a long time.

Emlyn didn’t bring up any more questions as he fell silent like the priest.

The entire Harvest Church was silent.

On a colonial island, Alger Wilson, who hadn’t had the chance to return to Pasu Island, didn’t leave the Blue Avenger due to his principles of being cautious. He only sent his sailors to take turns to gather information.

“Captain, there still isn’t any news about mustering us,” a sailor reported to Alger of his findings of the day while reeking of alcohol.

Alger waved his hand and dismissed his subordinate to leave the room. Then, he frowned slightly and muttered silently to himself, The Church doesn’t seem to care much about this war…

From what Alger knew, this was likely an intense war that would cover a huge scale. As the victim of an invasion, the Church of the Lord of Storms would definitely mobilize all its strength to defeat the enemy, including the “captains” who were scattered across the sea by giving them corresponding missions. However, at this moment in time, Alger had yet to receive orders from Pasu Island.

This didn’t mean that the Church of the Lord of Storms was slacking off. The activity of the Church’s forces amongst the Loen

army and the air raid drills it was involved in the various major cities, and the activities of the demigods implied that the Church of the Lord of Storms was seriously resisting the invasion of the Feysac Empire. It was just that it wasn't going all-out.

Could it be that it's because we're still in the early stages of the war? The Church wishes to preserve a portion of its strength for the critical moment? Alger held back the stirrings in his heart and waited for further information.

At night, another group of sailors returned with news that had nothing to do with the war.

"Captain, there seems to be some kind of monster hiding on this island. Many pirates say that they encountered a terrifying situation when they head out to pee after drinking too much. Some of them were violently slapped by the branches of trees, while others saw fruits growing on their bodies—ones filled with blood and flesh in them. Some of them encountered skinny ghostly figures with wheat faces…" A rather sober sailor described the rumors he had heard.

Tales about ghosts and monsters… Alger didn't have the intention to probe into the truth of the matter. He nodded and sternly warned, "Don't go out at night."

After such paranormal tales started in Backlund and Pritz Harbor, Klein never went to those hospitals again, afraid that he would directly meet Zaratul's marionettes.

With the Creeping Hunger and the ability to "Travel," he expanded his range for creating terrifying tales. Sometimes, he would be in the Sonia Sea, at other times in the Fog Sea. He would go to Lenburg, sometimes to Feynapotter, and sometimes appear in places like East and West Balam, the highlands and valley. He didn't abide by any rules, and he relied solely on his

momentary inspiration. He would visit some cities two or three times while not stepping foot into others even once.

During this process, Klein felt an inexplicable strange feeling. In the terrifying darkness, invisible tentacles extended out, either searching for his whereabouts or attempting to predict his movements so as to intercept him ahead of time.

They were silent and cold, and once they entangled him, the consequences were unimaginable.

Klein knew that this might be the result of Zaratul's "search." His best solution was to temporarily stop acting and to lay low in wait. However, it was also this subtle feeling that made him wish to digest the potion as soon as possible. Hence, he made use of the gray fog's powers. Every time he randomly chose a target location, he would go above the gray fog to divine the danger level and use Paper Angels to interfere.

At this moment, with the huge progress in his digestion, he "Teleported" to Cookawa, which was in the Northern State of West Balam.

This was where he had killed Ince Zangwill to avenge himself and the captain.

The moment his figure appeared in the White Feather Square, he suddenly sensed something amiss.

The residence that belonged to Maysanchez was too quiet. It was so quiet that it sent chills down his spine.

Maysanchez was a native general who had previously bought

arms from Dwayne Dantes. He was a Beyonder of the Death pathway, and he was backed by the Church of Knowledge.

What happened? Klein frowned slightly as he considered whether he should enter to confirm the situation. After all, that was his “collaboration partner.”

Furthermore, if he were to encounter an enemy that wasn’t weak, it would be a very good opportunity for him to act. After doing a self-analysis of the situation, he believed that if he could use a saint-level demigod as the main lead and create a few more horror tales, then his Bizarro Sorcerer potion would be digested for the most part.

Of course, the prerequisite for everything is to be safe. I have to be careful and cautious… As he made his marionette, Qonas Kilgor, transform into the appearance of Dwayne Dantes, he took out a gold coin.

This time, the revelation he received was that there wasn’t any danger.

Strange… Klein didn’t let his guard down as his body turned incorporeal before becoming a shadow that disappeared into the darkness of the night. As for his marionette, Qonas Kilgor walked slowly towards Maysanchez’s mansion with his face facing down.

This was the ability to hide in the shadows that Creeping Hunger provided itself.

As for the other marionette, Enuni, he was waiting about 1000 meters away. As for the few “rats” that belonged to the marionette, they were spaced out nearly 1000 meters away from each other, but they were unable to do anything.

Soon, Dwayne Dantes arrived in front of the general's residence and activated his Spirit Body Threads vision.

What entered his vision were black illusory threads that were "grown" in a messy fashion. They seemed to come from different people, but they also had an obviously similar aura.

And normal Spirit Body Threads didn't exist at all.

After a few seconds of silence, Dwayne Dantes extended his right hand and pushed open the closed door.

The scene inside was completely different from what he remembered. The pillars that were covered with golden foils, the golden sculptures on the walls, and gorgeous stairs were now rolled into a bunch like a huge porcupine with golden spikes growing out of it. On the ground, there were sharp stone pillars and shattered glass everywhere.

Apart from these, there were more illusory bookshelves in the hall that didn't appear real. There were pools of black shadows hidden in different spots on the bookshelf as they curled and stretched like eyes from time to time.

As the door opened, the pool of liquid-like shadows suddenly came alive and produced the same sound:

"It's you!

"My prediction was right. You're the one who can help me out of my conundrum!"

Chapter 1098: Contribution Accumulation

Upon hearing the words of the pools of black shadows, a figure suddenly appeared in Klein's mind.

It was the elder in a white robe with inlaid brass lines. His hair was completely white and neatly combed. His pair of gray-green eyes left a deep impression on him.

He claimed to be a member of the Church of Knowledge and that he was in charge of matters in West Balam and had a close relationship with Maysanchez.

Back then, he had suddenly paid a visit to Dwayne Dantes, giving the excuse for his visit as him having predicted that he would be in a very troublesome situation in the future, and that someone he met during that time period would help him resolve the problem.

After some thought, he slowly said, "Lucca Brewster?"

"Yes, it's me. You actually still remember me!" In the different parts of the illusory bookshelves, the pool of liquid-like shadows rushed to answer.

Their voices were no longer uniform. They were layered over each other, echoing endlessly. Even though he was separated by his marionette, Klein's ears still rang, and he felt a sense of dizziness.

This isn't a normal sound. It contains a certain inclination towards losing control or experiencing mental corruption... The

illusory bookshelves themselves are just for show... Just as this thought flashed through Klein's mind, he heard the black shadows curling and extending at the same time.

"Sorry, I was too agitated just now and couldn't control myself."

Hiding in the shadows outside the mansion, Klein controlled his marionette, Qonas Kilgor, and said, "What did you encounter? How did you end up like this?"

The black figures sighed and said, "The Adjudicator of the Feynapotter military, Bellacosta, and the Church of Earth Mother's archbishop, Martina, jointly attacked this place, with their main target being me. I had no choice but to activate my Mythical Creature form and make them temporarily retreat. Seeing as you entered without noticing anything, you must've 'Teleported' here.

"You're also a demigod. You should know that once you reveal your Mythical Creature form, it won't be easy for you to return to normal. I was also affected by inclinations towards going insane, and I nearly lost control. Fortunately, I was once a Mysticism Magister and had mastered many strange but effective mystic arts. Hence, I sealed myself to a certain extent at the critical moment and ended up like this.

"Sigh, this can only last for some time. The madness is still eating at me. I've already contacted the See, and it wouldn't be long before a helper comes. However, I don't know if I can last that long.

"I was just thinking that this should be that very troublesome conundrum in the prophecy, and I was wondering if the person who could help me solve this problem would appear. I'm so happy that you're here. This proves that my prediction and interpretation wasn't wrong. This has improved my mental

state…”

He really is a demigod who’s determined to see his predictions succeed… If I were to turn around and leave at this moment, would you just break down and lose control on the spot… After lampooning silently in his heart, Klein began thinking about the key information that was revealed by Lucca Brewster.

The Feynapotter military and the Church of Earth Mother had begun taking action!

He then got his marionette, Qonas Kilgor, to take out a gold coin and flick it before reaching out to catch it.

From what he knew, the clergymen of the seven Churches were focused on maintaining order and ensuring the safety of their believers, regardless of the situation. From this angle, it was impossible for Lucca Brewster to be a Devil or a Demon.

As for the impression that Vice Admiral Iceberg and Detective Isengard Stanton gave him, it made him feel that the Church of Knowledge wasn’t too bad. He felt that, other than their habitual discrimination against people with low intelligence and those who were not fond of studying, there was nothing wrong with their actions and style.

This is also the reason why they’re unable to develop and expand. They can only stay in a few small countries… Klein didn’t look at the result from flipping the gold coin. He mumbled a few words before saying, “How can I help you?”

The excited black shadows fell silent. A few seconds later, they said, “I don’t know either…”

Klein looked at them, and they looked back at him in silence. Instantly, there was a mutual silence.

Why don't I suggest turning you into my marionette? Nearly ten seconds later, Klein lampooned inwardly.

His thoughts raced as he began to think of a way to resolve the Lucca Brewster's problem of not being able to recover from his Mythical Creature form.

To be honest, his seriousness towards helping Lucca out wasn't just because of his good impression of the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom, but also because of interests that could benefit him.

Firstly, there was the inkling of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom's existence in the matter of Groselle's Travels. At present, he was unable to determine the true god's goal. He felt that showing some goodwill might lead to pleasant surprises. Secondly, if Roselle's return really happened, the attitude of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom was rather important.

From the Red Angel evil spirit's tone and manner of speech, Klein could make a preliminary judgment: Compared to the Fourth Epoch, the seven deities of the present era had a drastic change in attitude towards the appearance of a Black Emperor. Their reaction wasn't as intense as before, and they were more inclined to tacitly approve of it, even if the person wasn't their own candidate of choice.

Under such circumstances, if Emperor Roselle were to return, the only ones who would be against it would probably be the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery. After all, back when Roselle perished, "They" had been involved in the matter to some extent.

However, this objection wouldn't be too strong either. As long as Roselle's mental state was normal and he escaped the corruption and madness, there was a chance of being accepted. After all, the Black Emperor didn't have the problem of switching with the Sun and Savant pathway, so there weren't any direct conflicts of interest.

As for the original grudge, it wasn't too serious at the level of a deity. Of course, this was just a guess Klein made from his knowledge of ancient history and from the angle of mysticism. According to his understanding of the situation, other than the God of Craftsmanship, the other six deities had been enemies with each other back during Solomon's first empire. "They" had left behind countless grudges, and had no choice but to rope in the Black Emperor back then to help "Them." In the end, "They" still put these matters behind "Them" and formed an alliance that lasted to this day.

Even the deities of neighboring pathways could coexist peacefully to a certain extent. As long as Roselle could really be revived, then as someone who wasn't completely dead, the feud between him and the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery could be resolved.

Of course, with his understanding of Roselle, it was only a matter of time before Roselle took revenge. As long as he wasn't crazy and wasn't forced into a corner and wasn't extreme, he could still understand the situation clearly and know what to do and what it meant to wait for an opportunity.

Under such circumstances, Klein believed that the ones who were able to suppress the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery when "They" expressed "Their" objections and also make "Them" tacitly agree to it were definitely the Lord of Storms and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, because "They" and the Eternal Blazing Sun were on Beyonder paths that could be interchanged.

I'm just afraid that the corruption that stems from the cosmos isn't that easy to resolve. The revived Roselle may end up completely turning into an evil god, but such matters can only be done one step at a time. Only by understanding the situation can one grasp the crux of the matter and decide whether to press the "button" at the final moment... Humans can't stop because of worries with low odds. If that's the case, nothing can be done. Even drinking a mouthful of water might lead to the descent of an evil god...

Similarly, what are the reactions of the various parties towards Roselle's return, and how intense would they be? This will require me to wait and make further observations before I can find the most acceptable solution for everyone... At the moment, causing damage during the ritual at the critical moment has the highest chance of success... As his thoughts raced, Klein looked at the pool of dark shadows and slowly said, "How long can you last?"

Lucca Brewster observed his condition and said, "Seven, seven minutes.'

I thought you were going to say "seven, six, five, four, three..." After lampooning, Klein said, "I'll get you a Psychiatrist."

As he spoke, he retreated a few hundred meters out of the shadows of Maysanchez's residence. Then, he set up a ritual and sacrificed Creeping Hunger above the gray fog.

After doing all of this, he sat in The Fool's chair, conjured Gehrman Sparrow's figure, and made him do a simple and quick prayer.

At this moment, it was almost dawn. As for Audrey, who had been busy with charity work, she had yet to sleep.

Treat a demigod who has shown signs of losing control... I can accumulate more merit points as well... Audrey put down the fountain pen in her hand and put on a white cloak with golden patterns.

Just like the previous mission, she set up a ritual to receive Creeping Hunger and wore Lie, which was in the form of a silver mask. Under the protection of Angel's Embrace, she "Teleported" to the Maysanchez mansion in West Balam according to the map provided by Gehrman Sparrow.

The difference this time was that, due to her facing a demigod, not only was she wearing a mask, she had also used Lie to adjust her figure, aura, and appearance under the mask.

Then, she saw "Mr. World" in the form of Dwayne Dantes.

"That demigod has broken down into pools of black liquid. Try not to communicate with his Body of Heart and Mind directly. This will infect you with his inclination to lose control. If you can't treat him, I can lend you a Beyonder characteristic." Klein specially warned Miss Justice.

Audrey didn't say that she was very clear about this. She was very professional in this aspect and listened attentively. "Let me give it a try first."

She tugged at the cloak covering her body and took a few steps forward, casting her gaze at the illusory bookshelves and the pools of black liquid.

"Thankfully, he hasn't truly lost control." After examining for a few seconds, Audrey said gently.

Accompanied by her calm and powerful words, an invisible wind of Placate began to blow.

The frequency at which the pools of black liquid curled up and stretched began to decrease as the sense of anxiety weakened.

Audrey used Placate a few more times. It was only when Lucca Brewster's mental state was completely stabilized and he had the ability to cooperate did she get him to open up his mind and receive the treatment.

And she took the opportunity to open the door to the demigod's Body of Heart and Mind. She split her use of Placate into multiple treatments during the process of purifying the corruption. She planted psychological cues, cuing Lucca Brewster into believing that everything was fine, allowing him to easily converge his Mythical Creature form and turn back into a human.

The reason for splitting up the process was because if Audrey was affected by the slightest bit of corruption and the negative effects, then she would immediately retreat and resolve her mental problems first.

Finally, she completed the treatment and cues before taking a few steps back.

"Your Excellency, you can remove your Mythical Creature form."

The moment she finished speaking, the illusory bookshelves in the hall vanished. The pools of black liquid gathered together like life, taking on a human form.

The black colors quickly faded away, turning back into Lucca

Brewster's original form. He sighed and said with a smile, Thank you very much. When I saw a Sequence 5 Spectator come over, I thought that I would become the main ingredient for her switching to another pathway…"

This old man's words are so direct… I don't even know how to respond to his words… Klein turned his head to look at Justice Audrey. He realized that her eyes were closed tightly.

Uh… Klein opened his mouth to respond to Lucca Brewster.

"Don't worry. What you need the most right now is a set of clothes."

Chapter 1099: 1368

"..."Lucca Brewster looked down at himself and hurriedly raised his right hand to grab something beside him.

Then, his grayish-green eyes darkened.

The gold that mixed with the stairs suddenly flew out and fused in midair, forming a thin piece of armor that then covered Lucca Brewster.

Lucca stretched his arms and explained as he took in the feedback, "Stiano's Golden Armor Art. Its defensive capabilities are equivalent to that of a Sequence 5 Guardian."

"Stiano?" Klein asked casually.

Lucca said in a tone as though he was introducing a famous historical figure, "One of the earliest founders of the Moses Ascetic Order.

"I heard that Emperor Roselle had previously modified this Golden Armor Art. I wonder what effects it eventually produced."

...I can roughly imagine... Maybe this "Golden Armor" has twelve different styles [1]... After muttering inwardly for a while, Klein changed the topic to the main topic at hand:

"Will Feynapotter and the Church of Earth Mother officially join the war?"

When Lucca introduced the Stiano's Golden Armor, Audrey opened her eyes and turned her head in a controlled manner. Without any perturbation in her eyes, she looked at the glimmering demigod.

Lucca sighed and said, "Regardless of what they were thinking previously, they'll officially join the war tonight.

"Of course, they wouldn't target Loen for the time being. There's a high chance that they will attack either Lenburg, Masin, or Segar. It's to prevent an extended battlefront and from making too many enemies which would prevent them from being able to concentrate their strength. Furthermore, the Church of Earth Mother might not be willing to exert too much strength…"

After sighing, this demigod from the Church of Knowledge earnestly said to the silver-masked Audrey, "What kind of consultation fee should I pay you?"

Audrey glanced at Mr. World beside her.

"He has already paid."

Lucca Brewster immediately shifted his gaze to Dwayne Dantes.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Let me ask a few questions."

"Please speak." At that moment, Lucca didn't look like a demigod at all. Instead, he looked more like a professor waiting to answer his student's questions in class.

Of course, if he could take off that set of golden armor and change into a three-piece suit, the resemblance would be uncanny.

Without thinking, Klein directly asked, “What do you know about the corruption from underground?”

In his opinion, if the Church of Knowledge, which was famous for being knowledgeable, knew about it, then he was definitely at a strong enough level to bear the effects. And if this wasn’t suitable for Miss Justice’s ears, then he believed that Lucca would bring it up. After all, he wasn’t merely a bookworm.

As the discussion about the underground corruption stemmed from their experiences from exploring the sea of collective subconscious in Groselle’s Travels, Audrey had a certain understanding of it. At that moment, it didn’t feel as though she couldn’t understand anything. She was very focused on waiting for the demigod to give an answer.

Lucca frowned slightly and said, “I don’t know much about it. It’s as though just knowing about it will result in corruption in of itself.

“Uh, I’ve seen a sentence before in an ancient book: The higher the Sequence, the more dangerous it is to be closer underground.”

So the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt left an extremely deep trauma and some kind of fear down there? Audrey instantly thought of the object sealed in the bronze door of the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.

She then looked at Mr. World beside her, but she didn’t notice any changes in his expression.

However, Klein made his marionette nod gently, so as to tell Miss Justice that the connections he made with were identical to hers.

This made Audrey feel like she had returned to the past. Back then, she was still a Low-Sequence Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. There was no way she could decipher any useful information from Mr. World's expression and actions.

The higher the Sequence, the greater the threat of underground objects? This doesn't make sense... Realizing that Lucca was unable to provide more information, Klein thought for a moment and said, "Second question, what prophecy do you have regarding this war?"

With the mention of a prophecy, Lucca Brewster suddenly became spirited.

"It's only the beginning. It's far from reaching its peak.

"Also, a greater portion of the damage stems from the war and is also present beyond the war. I don't know what it is exactly though."

The war has just begun... Audrey's heart sank uncontrollably.

Stems from the war and is also present beyond the war? Is it the apotheosis ritual of Amon's brother, or is it the advancement of the Black Emperor? Or perhaps, the return of Roselle? With a guess, Klein nodded and raised the third question:

"Have you heard of the prophecy of the apocalypse? How do you interpret it?"

Lucca Brewster's expression instantly turned serious.

"No, this is not a prophecy•

"Anyone with the ability to predict the future is certain that the apocalypse will definitely come.

"God mentioned in 'His' holy bible that the apocalypse will happen in the year 1368 in the Fifth Epoch.

"Of course, God also said that there will be a savior."

The prophecy of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom? 1368, there's only about ten years left... Could the Goddess's act of destroying the alliance with the God of Combat to control the Uniqueness of the Death pathway have something to do with the impending apocalypse? Without realizing it, Klein's expression turned serious. However, he didn't show his reaction on the marionette's face.

It will be the apocalypse in about ten years... As for Audrey, she ruminated over the demigod's words in a daze.

To be honest, she felt that it was fake. It was used by people who pretended to be mysticism experts and were religious cheats so as to deceive the people and earn money through that.

Although she could foresee a large-scale war breaking out, she had never imagined that this world was very close to ending.

This was the understanding of almost all ordinary people and Beyonders.

“Why 1368?” Klein couldn’t help but ask.

Lucca Brewster shook his head.

“I don’t know either. That’s what God’s prophecy says.”

At the thought that he was only a Sequence 4, making him not have the ability to resist the apocalypse, Klein rationally ended the topic. He said to the saint of the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom, “That shall be all.”

What he really wanted to ask were things that the other party probably didn’t know either—matters like the corruption that stemmed from the cosmos, or whether Roselle could return or not, or what his state was.

Lucca Brewster nodded and said, “In the future, if there’s anything you need help with, you can come to me. For the details, find them out through Edwina.”

He remembered that Dwayne Dantes’s firearms transaction with Maysanchez had been facilitated by Edwina Edwards.

Edwina… Vice Admiral Iceberg? Audrey was taken aback for a second before coming to a realization. She glanced at Mr. World curiously.

She remembered that she had read a newspaper article before. It contained the story of Gehrman Sparrow and the three female pirate admirals.

“Alright.” Klein was never worried about having too many

helpers.

After he nodded at Justice Audrey, Lucca Brewster's figure quickly turned transparent, as though he had fused with the spirit world.

Then, he disappeared.

Looking at the spot where he had been standing earlier and then at the hall that no longer had any gold. Klein let out a terse remark inwardly and fell silent for two seconds.

He then made his marionette look at Justice Audrey.

"I thought it would be a little more troublesome."

"That saint had saved himself in time and was willing to trust me, allowing me to plant a psychological cue," Audrey replied with a faint smile, trying her best to appear sincere and humble.

Dwayne Dantes nodded and said, "This help will be taken into account. Go back as soon as possible. It's very dangerous here."

Seeing that a demigod had nearly lost control, Audrey had no doubts about the danger Mr. World warned her about. She immediately used Creeping Hunger and "Teleported" back to the Northern Continent through the spirit world.

After she sacrificed the human-skinned glove to Mr. Fool and settled the rest of the matters, Earl Hall and his eldest son, Hibbert, returned home.

Just as Audrey was about to head out to meet her father and chat with him, she heard her mother, Lady Caitlyn, ask in the hall, “Did something happen again? You came back a lot later than scheduled today.”

Earl Hall sighed and said, “Feynapotter has invaded Lenburg.”

“Extra! Extra! Feynapotter invades Lenburg!”

Leonard, who was wearing a pair of red gloves, got off the carriage. Just as he was about to enter Saint Samuel Cathedral, he saw the paperboy waving a newspaper and running quickly across the streets and square.

He stopped the paperboy and took out a penny and bought a newspaper. As he flipped through it, he said in a low voice, “Perhaps it won’t be long before the south becomes a battlefield.”

“That’s right.” Pallez Zoroast’s slightly-aged voice echoed in Leonard’s mind.

“But why am I still staying in Backlund…” Leonard muttered in confusion.

After advancing to Spirit Warlock, he had already become the captain of a Red Gloves team. The members had been transferred from other teams, including the familiar faces of Cindy and Bob.

After the war broke out, Leonard had originally thought that his team would be transferred back to the Holy Cathedral like Soest’s team, so as to participate in the battle at the Amantha mountain range. To his surprise, he was arranged to be used as a reserve force for the Backlund diocese.

As for this large city, due to its implementation of a night-time curfew and other emergency policies, its security was good, and there weren't many Beyonders who came out to cause destruction. Even the Devils who liked to murder didn't create chaos. It made Leonard rather free, making it more relaxed for him than during non-wartime duty.

At that moment, Pallez Zoroast smiled and said, "I have a guess."

"What guess?" Leonard hurriedly asked in a low voice.

"I'm not telling you now," Pallez replied leisurely.

Leonard didn't say a word. He straightened his collar and entered Saint Samuel Cathedral. He exchanged a few words with the archbishop and prayed for five minutes.

Then, he went underground and pushed open the door to his Red Gloves team's temporary office.

"Good morning, Captain." Bob, Cindy, and the other Red Gloves all stood up and bowed.

Upon hearing their greetings, Leonard, who felt that he was already used to it, was once again in a daze.

In the blink of an eye, it was Monday afternoon. Leonard arranged for his team members to go on separate missions, and he found a lounge to wait for the gathering to begin.

1. Reference to Saint Seiya: Knights of the Zodiac.

Chapter 1100: One Book

Above the boundless gray fog, inside the ancient palace that resembled a god's residence.

Dark red beams of light shot up from both sides of the long bronze table, materializing into blurry figures.

Justice Audrey immediately stood up, lifted her skirt, and curtsied towards the seat of honor.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

She wasn't in a bad mood, but with everything that had happened recently, she couldn't keep her spirits up like before.

After all the members bowed and took their seats, Audrey swept her gaze and habitually began observing.

Almost instantly, she discovered that Ma'am Hermit's mental state and body language indicated that she was worried about something.

It has something to do with Queen Mystic? Or could it be that there are other problems? Or could it be that both factors are involved in the matter? Audrey was slightly surprised, and she curiously considered the possible reasons for this.

After so many Tarot Gatherings, she had long drawn a psychological portrait of Ma'am Hermit. She believed that she was a rather contradictory Beyonder. She was experienced,

knowledgeable, and calm. She was also bold and reckless in certain aspects, like a young girl who had yet to mature.

Combined with the relationship between the other party and Queen Mystic, Audrey's interpretation of this analysis was that, although Ma'am Hermit had experienced a lot, she had managed to resolve many problems successfully with Queen Mystic's protection and arrangements. Deep in her heart, she was still a young girl who yearned to be loved and cared for.

And it was precisely within such a concealed state that Audrey boldly guessed that, when facing someone who had been "abandoned" and one who didn't commit any serious mistakes, she would unknowingly show mercy, pity them, and help them.

At the same time, due to her being a woman who was active at sea, with the strength of Sequence 5 who also had quite a number of mystical items, experience, and knowledge, while wearing heavy glasses and having interactions with Gehrman Sparrow, Audrey believed that if she casually flipped through the wanted posters and newspapers related to pirates, she would be able to confirm Ma'am Hermit's identity without a doubt. However, she deliberately didn't do this. She only had a general idea as to her identity.

No, Ma'am Hermit should already be a Sequence 4 demigod, so there shouldn't be too many things for her to be worried about… It's definitely not because of the war. It's impossible for a powerful pirate to be too troubled over it…

As her thoughts raced, due to her lack of knowledge, Audrey had no clues apart from guessing that it was related to Queen Mystic.

And at this moment, there were two matters echoing in Cattleya's mind:

Why did Her Majesty send so many diary pages over? If I hadn't become a Mysticologist and grasped certain secret techniques, I wouldn't have been able to memorize all of them in such a short period of time... What exactly happened? Has the Queen fallen into some sort of dilemma?

That fellow, Frank, actually didn't want to hold a ritual and wanted to directly consume the potion. Thankfully, I stopped him. However, the Druid ritual isn't difficult for him at all. Being aware of the behavior and physical structure of various ordinary animals and three kinds of extraordinary creatures. As a crazy Biologist, he has already done his homework in advance by trying to crossbreed plants and animals. Next week—no, he will become a Druid in the next two days. What he needs to do is write down all the knowledge and experience that he has built up as part of the ritual...

Amidst her thoughts, Cattleya shelved her concerns and turned to the end of the long bronze table. She lowered her head and respectfully said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I have found an entire book of Roselle's diary this time."

An entire book... Upon hearing Ma'am Hermit's words, all the members, including The Hanged Man Alger, were clearly stunned. This was something that exceeded their understanding.

In the past, submissions ranged from one to three pages at a time. This time, it was an entire book!

Did something happen? Even though he was the least concerned about such matters, the slowest-to-react The Sun Derrick, had noticed something unusual.

They all knew that Queen Mystic Bernadette was the eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle. It was normal for her to be able to provide an entire diary. However, it was abnormal for her to give

an entire book!

Cattleya ignored everyone's gazes and continued, "These diary pages aren't connected, but they all originated from Emperor Roselle's later years."

Very good." The Fool Klein nodded slightly, indicating that The Hermit could begin conjuring them.

One page after another, the slightly yellow pages of the diary took shape, and soon, it was stacked into one book.

After receiving it, he casually flipped through it. Without reading it, he put down the diary and looked at The Hermit Cattleya.

"You can raise your questions now.

"Including the contributions you previously accumulated, you can ask a total often questions."

He didn't read the diary carefully, because there were too many pages this time. There were at least thirty pages to read. It would require the members of the Tarot Club to wait for too long, affecting Mr. Fool's image; therefore, he planned to read it slowly after the gathering ended.

Ten... Cattleya immediately felt a headache. This was because there were only two questions that Queen Mystic had asked her to raise.

She deliberated for a moment before saying, "Honorable Mr. Fool, can we split the questions into multiple sessions?"

“Sure.” Klein nodded with a smile.

This was convenient for what he had in mind. To answer ten questions at once was also a very difficult task for Mr. Fool.

Cattleya secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

There are two questions this time:

“First, why does one need to be careful of the Spectator?”

Be careful of the Spectator? Audrey wore a blank look. For a moment, she was unable to find any leads for coming up with a guess. She even examined herself.

Be careful of the Spectator? The Moon Emlyn, The Star Leonard, and the other members of the Tarot Club all cast their gazes at Miss Justice.

The Fool Klein chuckled and leisurely said, “A Spectator always likes to hide in the shadows to secretly control certain matters, making it difficult for people to notice and be on their guard.

“In particular, one needs to be especially careful towards Angel of Imagination Adam. ‘His’ apotheosis ritual is to consume the potion when the trend of the times follows what ‘He’ envisioned.”

“The trend of the times that follows what ‘He’ envisioned… Allow the development of the times to meet ‘His’ expectations?” Justice Audrey couldn’t help but ask Mr. Fool.

Klein nodded slightly and said, “That’s right.

“A war that sweeps the entire world is exactly what Adam wants.”

This… The Hanged Man Alger, The Hermit Cattleya, and the other members of the Tarot Club were bombarded by the information divulged by Mr. Fool, and their minds were momentarily incapable of thought.

Be it the apotheosis ritual or the trend of the times, all of them involved a very, very high level. It was so high that they could only look up at it!

Suddenly, they vaguely understood the reason why the Psychology Alchemists were deeply involved in the royal family’s conspiracy. And the members who knew of the Twilight Hermit Order further understood the essence of keeping the trend of the times on track.

Only an existence at Mr. Fool’s level can understand these secrets and participate in the corresponding game… Alger quickly found his train of thought and sighed inwardly. He was increasingly eager to become a demigod.

He believed that this war would bring him plenty of opportunities, but he didn’t know if he could seize them.

The members of the Tarot Club were silent. As their thoughts ran through their heads, The Fool Klein, let out an inexplicable sigh. This was because he had no way of stopping this war. If it was only the matter of making George Ill’s Black Emperor ritual fail, he could jump through some hoops and stretch himself out to affect it slightly. However, in this war involving the trend of the times, even if he was an angel—a Sequence 1 angel—there was

no way he could affect the overall situation. Forcibly trying to stop it would only squish him under the rolling wheels of history.

Apart from Adam, who has spent one to two thousand years arranging for such a plot to play out, the rest of them— even the Kings of Angels—can only change certain situations but not the overall trend. Only a true deity at Sequence 0 can truly participate in this game… It's no wonder the emperor said that only by becoming a god can he protect those who he wants to protect… The only thing I can do now is to make preparations for the Resistance in the Rorsted Archipelago. I hope they have the opportunity of being liberated from being colonies… Klein reined in his thoughts and made his gaze maintain a smiling look.

He wasn't blindly opposed to everything about war. The education he had received in his previous life, and what he had seen at sea and in East and West Bayam, had made him have a supportive attitude towards overthrowing colonial rule.

To put it simply, what he didn't like and abhorred was an "unjust war."

Sensing Mr. Fool's gaze, The Hermit Cattleya controlled her chaotic thoughts and said again, "Secondly, where is the secret mausoleum that Emperor Roselle has yet to discover?"

Secret mausoleum? Yet to be discovered? Fors became more focused as she felt that this was material for a bestselling novel that possessed all kinds of popular elements.

On the other hand, Audrey and Alger could acutely sense something from this question:

The eldest daughter of Roselle probably wasn't willing to accept

her father's death, and was still searching for traces left behind by "Him," hoping to find clues to revive the emperor.

Of course, they couldn't eliminate the possibility that there were other important items in the secret mausoleum. That might be Queen Mystic's goal as well.

Roselle even left behind a secret mausoleum? I wonder what's inside… The Star Leonard and Judgment Xio were more concerned about this.

The Fool Klein was already prepared for this. He smiled and said, "Perhaps in the Fog Sea—in the secret primitive island Roselle discovered—or the Abyss."

Abyss… Emlyn immediately felt his eyelids twitch.

In the history of the Sanguine, there were many records of Second Epoch Devils wreaking havoc. Even when he read those materials after thousands of years since it happened, he still felt himself turn impetuous and become entangled by chaos.

The Sun Derrick had a similar feeling as him, but he didn't think too much about it. When reading certain documents, his mental state would be over-exerted, and his mental state would unknowingly be affected. This was common knowledge known by everyone in the City of Silver, so he had to first receive general education and listen to a teacher's recount.

Abyss… Audrey, Xio, and company subconsciously repeated that term in their hearts.

In their daily lives, the Abyss was an abstract expression. It was

synonymous with danger, pain, decadence, and corruption.

They never expected that it really existed somewhere in the Fog Sea!

Chapter 1101: Special Reward

Cattleya also didn't return to her senses for a few seconds. She never expected Emperor Roselle's secret mausoleum to involve the Abyss.

However, after some careful thought, she realized that it wasn't surprising that a conflict at that level would involve something like that.

For a moment, she hoped that the Queen wouldn't pursue this matter, but in the end, she suppressed this thought to the bottom of her heart. She felt that if it were her, then she would also make the same choice.

All sorts of thoughts flashed through her mind as she bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table.

"Thank you for your answer. I have no further questions today."

The Fool nodded slightly and surveyed the area.

"You may begin."

Just as he finished speaking, Fors, who had been mustering her courage all this while, said as she closed her eyes as though she had resolved herself to charge towards death, "Mr. World, I have a commission for you."

Seeing The World Gehrman Sparrow look over, she hurriedly explained, "You don't have to do much. You'll just leave me at an

unfamiliar place every once in a while, and you can pick me up after a few days. If you're really busy, you can present 'Traveling' to me several times at a particular point in time for me to 'Record.'"

Upon hearing Miss Magician's words, the first thought that came to Klein's mind was:

Man vs. Wild?

I have too many suitable places, such as the battlefield of the gods on the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea, Calderon City in the spirit world, the City of Miracles Liveseyd in Groselle's Travels. They're ten times, a hundred times, or even a thousand times more dangerous than the wilderness. I'm just afraid that Miss Magician won't be able to handle the danger… Klein didn't let The World Gehrman Sparrow immediately answer. He controlled the fake person and cast its gaze on Miss Magician with a pressuring look.

Fors silently took a deep breath, calmed her emotions, and added in more detail, "This is the thing: I'm a Sequence 6 Scribe of the Apprentice pathway now. In order to digest the potion, aside from recording all kinds of Beyonder powers, I still need to record down the local customs and traditions of different places. I h-hope that I can become a Traveler as soon as possible. Only then can I avoid most of the dangers during the war.

"Mr. World, I've only 'Recorded' 'Traveling' once, so I won't be able to return if I go somewhere else. I can only ask for your help. I wonder if you're interested, and what kind of payment you'd wish to receive?"

So that's how it is… Justice Audrey finally came to a realization. Furthermore, she felt that Fors's method was really great.

Especially since she's a best-selling novel author, her act of "Recording" scenery and customs and publishing it as a book should be able to greatly aid in her potion digestion rate… Audrey nodded silently as she felt sincerely happy for her friend.

However, as a senior Spectator, how could she not sense Fors's horror and fear towards Mr. World? She was looking forward to knowing what would happen when the two of them formally interacted.

Audrey, this state of mind isn't good! However, this is the attitude of a Spectator… Fors definitely wouldn't expect that the so-called crazy adventurer she fears is only a mask. Beneath it is a gentle and kind heart… I also have to work hard to digest the Dreamwalker potion. I should visit the dreams surrounding me every night… Audrey didn't show any changes in her expression or gaze as she maintained the attitude of a spectator.

After The Hanged Man Alger heard The Magician's words, he sighed. This was because even this Apprentice was beginning to break through to Sequence 5, while he was still stuck at that level.

The World and The Hermit are already at Sequence 4, Justice, The Sun, The Moon, and The Star are also all at Sequence 5. Apart from The Magician, the newly joined Judgment is lower than my Sequence… As his thoughts churned, Alger felt that stifled, a heavy feeling that was difficult to resolve. He wished he could immediately find an opportunity to make contributions and become a demigod—a Cataclysmic Interrer.

He yearned to have a high position and be in a position of power. He wanted others to acknowledge and respect him and be submissive to him. He didn't wish to fall behind in the Tarot Club.

Is that so... At the same time that Klein understood what Miss Magician was thinking, he suddenly recalled something. It was the identity that the other party had mentioned in front of Mr. Fool during a particular full moon.

An ex-surgeon who was now a novelist!

Hmm, will spreading the terrifying legends that I create into text form help me digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion further... Hmm, the more shocking, harrowing, terrifying, and incomprehensible the description in the novel is, the better the effects... Klein suddenly had inspiration and controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow to say, "This commission is very simple, but the payment I need is very special."

Upon hearing that Mr. World was inclined to agree, Fors asked in both joy and anxiousness, "What's the payment?"

The World Gehrman Sparrow pondered for a moment and said, "Collect information about the ghost stories that have happened recently in the various major hospitals in Backlund, and write them into a small publication or have them published in the newspapers.

"The requirement for the novel is that it's even more terrifying and bizarre. It's best if it can be a best-selling novel."

The reason why he only mentioned the matters of the major hospitals in Backlund was because Miss Magician was a local author who was part of medical circles. Being able to come to know of the urban myths and use that as material for a novel was very reasonable, and it wouldn't incur suspicion. However, if she had even learned of the urban myths in the Rorsted Archipelago, Fog Sea, and East and West Balam, then Zaratul's marionette would definitely "visit" her.

The ghost tales of the various hospitals in Backlund... After hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's words, Audrey was stunned for nearly three seconds.

She had originally thought that those rumors were caused by the Church's Beyonders secretly treating the injured victims. Mushroom and weeds were the negative effects of the mystical items, but she never expected it to be something else.

Audrey had also guessed if it was done by "Dwayne Dantes." After all, this gentleman had heard from her about the victims of the air raid. Furthermore, he was a very kind gentleman. However, due to the lack of clues and evidence, she could only believe that it was more likely to be related to the Church.

At this moment, she was almost certain that the Clown Angel was Mr. World Gehrman Sparrow. Even if it wasn't, they definitely had a deep connection.

A Mr. World who wears a mushroom and weed mask is the same as the Gehrman Sparrow who wears a crazy adventurer mask... Why does he act like that when he's doing something good? Is it because he needs the feeling or corresponding feedback from creating fear? Audrey thought to herself with some guesses.

As for The Star Leonard and The Hanged Man Alger, one immediately thought of the strange urban myths that the Nighthawks who belonged to Saint Samuel Cathedral were discussing recently, while the other fell deep into thought about the horror stories his subordinates had heard or encountered.

Uh, I've never really heard of such payment before. It's not like I'm writing a biography... Although there has been a recent war, the sales of newspapers and novels seem to have increased. My previous editor has been urging me to write a new book... Yes, I

must keep my identity a secret. I have to convince my editor to change my pen name. The excuse is that novels of different styles should use different pen names... Fors didn't think too much about it. After a slight period of deliberation, she agreed, "Alright, no problem."

The World Gehrman Sparrow chuckled and hoarsely said, "If you do well, I'll give you the opportunity to 'Record' the Beyonder powers of a demigod."

"...No problem!" Fors swept away her usual languidness and firmly replied.

To her, "Recording" a demigod's powers not only increased her ability to protect herself, but it could also effectively help her digest the potion.

This also made Audrey, Xio, Leonard and the other members sigh in their hearts. Scribes were truly enviable...

Once a demigod-level expert became a backer, a Scribe wielded extremely powerful strength. They wouldn't be weaker than a Sequence 5, or may even be stronger than one at times!

After coming to an agreement, the scene fell silent for a moment. This was because the other members of the Tarot Club currently didn't have any requirements.

Leonard had become a Spirit Warlock recently, and he had yet to conclude the acting principles. There was still the possibility of him advancing from within the Church of Evernight. As for mystical items, he had already bought the Word of the Sea. If there were any special circumstances, he could request to use Sealed Artifacts of the Church.

Emlyn was reading the Sanguine's research information regarding the Moon domain every day, hoping to make a Scarlet Scholar more practical. As for the Sequence 4 Shaman King's potion formula and Beyonder ingredients, he didn't need them for an extensive period of time, nor could he afford them.

Derrick had recently mastered the powers of Priest of Light, and he was still very far from advancing. As for the Unshadowed main ingredient, he had already obtained it.

Similarly, Audrey and Xio had also recently advanced. One of them was working hard to help Mr. World, accumulating contribution points, while the other was burdened with a huge debt and was eager to repay it.

Alger was in the Church of the Lord of Storms, so he had to keep a secret. He was currently in an awkward position which required him to find a chance to advance. Furthermore, he had obtained the Cataclysmic Interrer's potion formula from The World.

Cattleya had just become a demigod. She was currently deep in research on all kinds of secrets and all sorts of mysticism knowledge. She was pleasantly surprised that, despite having recently advanced, just recalling the knowledge and secrets she knew from the past had allowed her to directly digest quite a bit of the potion. Amongst them, the various things she had heard from the Tarot Club had contributed greatly!

The transaction segment quickly ended as the members began their free exchange.

Emlyn surveyed the area and his gaze landed on Leonard's face.

"If you're an official Beyonder, how will you deal with a

clergyman of an opposing faction in your area of jurisdiction? He hasn't done anything wrong, nor does he plan on doing anything wrong."

Although Feynapotter had yet to start a war with Loen, they had invaded Loen's ally, Lenburg. This made the believers and citizens living around the Harvest Church look at Bishop Utravsky in an increasingly odd manner.

Leonard thought carefully and said, "Protective custody."

Chapter 1102: Engaging Tigers to Hunt Wolves

Protective custody... That's quite a witty answer. As expected of a newly promoted Red Gloves team captain... When The Fool Klein heard The Star Leonard's answer, he couldn't help but laugh inwardly.

He knew very well who Emlyn was referring to, and he knew quite a bit about Bishop Utravsky, who wished to be called a priest.

He didn't really believe Emlyn White's claim that "he hasn't done anything wrong, nor does he plan on doing anything wrong." This was because, to a deity's Blessed or a zealot, their understanding of something wrong might be different from a normal person's.

Of course, Klein never suspected Father Utravsky's claim that life was precious and his piousness and acknowledgment of a joyous harvest, but the problem was that the Church of Earth Mother also preached that lives were like "plants," which would ultimately wither and die, returning to the embrace of the Earth Mother. They would then grow again when the "next year" came.

A qualified bishop of the Church of Earth Mother wouldn't treat death in the same manner as the most ordinary of people.

Regardless, Father Utravsky has to be controlled. This is both a form of protection for the Earth Mother's believers, as well as the citizens around him. It's also a form of protection for this half-giant bishop, in case some irredeemable situation occurs... While Klein was thinking to himself, Leonard, who had no lack of understanding of the Harvest Church, also understood the meat of Emlyn's question. He planned on leading his team members

to confirm the situation in the next two days, taking the Earth Mother's Blessed into protective custody with the help of the official organizations that were in charge of the area south of the bridge.

And when Emlyn heard the answer, he slowly nodded without saying a word.

Seeing that he was silent, Leonard turned to ask a question he wanted to get some feedback on.

"Are there any major matters lurking beneath Backlund recently?"

What he really wanted to ask was why his Red Gloves team had been left behind in the Capital of Capitals as a part of the reserve forces.

As soon as he finished speaking, the other members of the Tarot Club, including The Sun Derrick, who wasn't too concerned about matters of the outside world, all cast their gazes at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

From what they knew, whenever something happened in Backlund, Mr. World would more or less give a warning.

What major matters has been lurking beneath Backlund recently? There's plenty... The Black Emperor ritual of George III, my secret alliance with Queen Mystic, the three Churches may seem to be tacitly in approval but all have different attitudes... As Klein's thoughts raced, he suddenly understood what Leonard wanted to ask. After all, they would occasionally communicate privately.

That's right. Why was Leonard left in Backlund? Because of me, the Church doesn't want to put Leonard in a dangerous situation? Am I thinking too highly of myself? Klein secretly shook his head and rejected the thought that first came to him.

He quickly changed his train of thought and analyzed the problem on matters that Leonard could be of service.

Leonard is only a Sequence 5, so what use can he play in Backlund that has deep undercurrents?

Even if he's of use, they wouldn't use him. Instead, they would make use of me, who's related to him, or Pallez Zoroast.

This can rule me out. I'm still a qualified Blessed at the moment. If I really needed to do anything, then a simple instruction would suffice…

The clearing of the Amon avatars in Backlund last time made the Goddess or the upper echelons of the Church guess that Pallez Zoroast is hiding in the vicinity of Boklund Street, and they ended up suspecting Leonard?

There's a possibility, and it's not a low one either. Back then, I was concerned to some extent. I only believed that, in the case of Amon becoming a god, the Church and Pallez Zoroast were on the same page, that they could form some sort of tacit understanding. In fact, I believed that that grandpa had such considerations when "He" first chose Leonard as a target for "Parasitizing."

But why is Pallez Zoroast being kept in Backlund? To fish for Amon?

Even among the Kings of Angels, Amon ranks among the top. It's almost impossible for the Goddess to engage in a divine descent. With the Church's angels, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, and Pallez Zoroast, it shouldn't be difficult to expel Amon, but it's almost impossible to kill "Him," unless "He" doesn't come with "His" actual body. But in that case, it's not worth making such arrangements…

Klein's thoughts quickly developed, and soon, he had a new idea:

Fishing for "Amon" isn't done so as to deal with "Him." Instead, it's to hold back Zaratul who's currently in Backlund?

Similar pathways could be interchanged at high levels. Even if one became a true god at Sequence 0, "They" still have a strong desire for the Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of neighboring pathways. On this point, the Evernight Goddess's plan was excellent evidence.

The Goddess wants to make Backlund into a potpourri mess before wiping them all out? Klein made The World Gehrman Sparrow hesitate for a few seconds before saying, "The leader of the Secret Order, a Sequence 1 angel, and an old friend of Emperor Roselle, Zaratul, is currently hiding in Backlund."

Seeing that the members of the Tarot Club were clearly a little confused and perplexed, The World added in a hoarse voice, "The Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation we often refer to often refers to the conservation of Beyonder characteristics of neighboring pathways.

"In other words, similar pathways also obey the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics."

Leonard immediately fell into deep thought. After a few seconds,

he deliberated and asked, “The Marauder and the Seer pathways are neighboring pathways?”

Yes, the Apprentice pathway is also a neighboring pathway,” The World answered frankly.

Upon hearing their conversation, Fors first connected the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics to the attraction between Beyonder characteristics taught to her by her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham. She connected it to the Saint of Secrets who had been “attracted.”

Then, she began to consider a question.

If it really is as Mr. World said, that Beyonder characteristics of neighboring pathways attract one another, then would it have attracted the attention of Zaratul back then? After all, “He” is in Backlund.

All of a sudden, Fors thought of the raven that was staring at Botis’s back.

Uh… Fors hurriedly raised her hand, indicating that she had something to say.

Seeing all the members looking over, she hurriedly said, “My teacher is a member of the Abraham family. He wields a rather important Sealed Artifact.”

As the first part of the sentence was known by the other members other than The Star, Fors had no intention of hiding anything. As for the second half of the sentence, she had made some modifications. It was very important to change the phrase

to “rather important.”

Seeing that no one was raising any questions, Fors continued, “This causes him to occasionally encounter High- Sequence Beyonders of the Apprentice pathway. Previously, when he came to Backlund, the Aurora Order’s Saint of Secrets, Botis, had appeared nearby.

“As for me, I noticed that a raven was looking in the direction where Botis was heading.”

A raven… The details of the foggy town surfaced in Klein’s mind. At the top of the pitch-black cathedral, there were ravens flying around, as if they were holding a memorial or in grief. As for Zaratul’s avatar, it was hidden inside the cathedral.

Zaratul is used to using ravens as marionettes? Is this a mark left behind during his phase as a Bizarro Sorcerer? While in thought, Klein made The World speak:

“That might very well be Zaratul.”

I actually met a Sequence 1 angel… Fors felt a sense of fear and horror.

She then recalled how she and Xio had discussed Adam and thus ended up possibly targeted. For some reason, she had the illusion that she had become the protagonist of a novel. Despite being only a Sequence 7 or 6, she had established connections with the Kings of Angels and Sequence 1 angels!

With this in mind, Fors hurriedly turned her head to Miss Justice and said, “Can you hypnotize me later into forgetting certain

matters? I'm afraid that I might accidentally recall something and attract attention."

"No problem." As Audrey answered, she glanced at Xio and nodded at her.

As for The Star Leonard, he had some ideas as well. He planned on discussing it with "Old Man" when he returned to hear "His" opinion.

Klein didn't continue talking about the major matters that lurked beneath Backlund. This was because they were just too high-end for the other members of the Tarot Club. Not only were they unable to participate in it directly, but even having a complete understanding of them could bring about a disaster upon themselves.

In this aspect, Klein's idea was that he could get the help of the members of the Tarot Club in certain segments, but it was like commissioning a bounty hunter to do something, without getting them too involved in the matter and figuring out the reason for the commission. It was a form of protection for them.

At this moment, Alger looked around and said, "According to my observations, the Church of Storms isn't too enthusiastic about this war."

They aren't too enthusiastic? This doesn't match the image of the Church of the Lord of Storms... Although their teachings don't advocate combat and don't promote war, they definitely emphasize the need to treat their enemies like a storm, and vent whatever anger they have on the spot... When Klein heard this, he felt a little surprised. He then combined his understanding of the deities and began his preliminary analysis.

According to my previous speculations, Storm, Sun, Reader, Spectator, and Shepherd can switch paths at high levels. There should be an immense conflict between them...

As for the Lord of Storms, “He” is highly likely the Wind Angel of yesteryear. “He” had “eaten” Adam’s father, the ancient sun god, the City of Silver Creator. Even if “He” had tacitly allowed George III to become Black Emperor, it’s impossible for “Him” to sit back and watch Adam make use of the ‘flood of the times’ to ascend to divinity...

Therefore, the Church of the Lord of Storms is unwilling to have the war increase in scope and allow it to turn into a world war. Hence, “He” is trying hard to control “His” impulse?

It must be really hard on them...

This can explain why Loen and Intis would maintain their strange silence when Feynapotter invaded Lenburg, Masin, and Segar... The Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun and the Church of the Lord of Storms are probably in a difficult position. They’re unable to make up their minds.

On the one hand, at the level of the deities, it isn’t that there is no possibility of abandoning their alliance to deal with the Church of Knowledge. On the other hand, the battle strategies at the national-level also prompts them to protect those countries. Forcefully breaking the perceptions built-up by the citizens of a country, would be an act that causes the anchors to become unstable.

Also, once they participate in the battle, they would help Adam fulfill the conditions of “His” advancement to Sequence0.

Klein deliberately made The World silent for a moment before

replying to The Hanged Man's intelligence.

"At present, this is inevitable."

Chapter 1103: Hint

Klein didn't actually remember if he had told The Hanged Man and the others that the Sailor, Spectator, Sun, Reader and Secrets Suppliant pathways were interchangeable—unless he used dream divination to recall it.

However, since The Hanged Man had expressed his doubts towards the Church of the Lord of Storms, it meant that he hadn't thought about the interchangeability of both paths. Regardless of whether he knew it or not, or if he had yet to connect the two matters together, Klein believed that there was a need for him to explain things clearly. This allowed the members of the Tarot Club to grasp the true stances of the various major factions, thus letting them avoid many dangers.

After The Hanged Man, Alger, and the others cast their gazes at him, he controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him say in a low, uncertain tone, "The Storm, Sun, Spectator, Reader, and Secrets Suppliant pathways are neighboring pathways.

"Likewise for Evernight, God of Combat, and Death.

"And neighboring pathways often become enemies. Of course, that's not absolute. At least the seven deities have established an alliance."

Upon hearing The World's reply, Alger first recalled Adam pushing for the "flood of the times" to become a god. Following that, thoughts flashed through his mind as he gained a certain level of understanding of the Church of the Lord of Storms's current attitude.

This made him feel a rather special sense of superiority and joy. It was as if he had seen the essence of the matter, exceeding the level of most Beyonders in the Church of the Lord of Storms.

Similarly, Audrey had a brand new understanding of Intis's strange silence in this war. She was even more worried about the situation in Lenburg, Masin, and Segar.

In addition, she also knew that she could switch to Unshadowed, Cataclysmic Interrer, and to the corresponding Sequence 4 demigod of the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom she had recently met.

As for the corresponding Sequence 4 of the Secrets Suppliant pathway, it wasn't within her considerations at all.

Of course, compared to other pathways, she still preferred Manipulator. She liked the Spectator pathway from the bottom of her heart. However, she also felt deep fear towards the upper echelons of the Spectator pathway—Hvin Rambis had left a rather bad impression on her. Adam's "any mention of it will be known" had left her with a trauma.

She had no choice but to undergo self-evaluations and treat the corresponding problems from time to time.

The Hermit Cattleya had always been deeply knowledgeable about such matters. Apart from the information mentioned by The World Gehrman Sparrow, she also knew that the Mystery Pryer and Savant pathways were neighboring pathways that could be interchanged at high Sequences. It was likewise for the Arbiter and Lawyer pathways, the Prisoner and Criminal pathways, the Hunter and Assassin pathway, and the Planter and Apothecary pathway.

As the other members of the Tarot Club dispersed their thoughts, Alger said to The World Gehrman Sparrow, “Thank you for your answer.”

He didn’t say exactly what insights he had gleaned from the answer.

In fact, for an instant, Alger wanted to leave the Church of the Lord of Storms and switch to another pathway. This was better than waiting for a very slim chance in the Church. However, he ultimately gave up on this idea. After all, his goal for a long time was to become a cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms. At present, he was beginning to yearn to be ranked first amongst the cardinal ranks, becoming an angel in charge of the Mandated Punishers or Ascetics.

As for the position of pontiff, Alger didn’t yearn for it. This was because it was too close to the Lord of Storms, and he had many secrets he kept close to his chest.

If he were to be chosen as pontiff, Alger suspected that he would be smote to ashes by a lightning storm that descended from the sky the moment he put on the papal tiara.

Seeing that the exchange between The World and The Hanged Man had ended, Emlyn asked with curiosity, “Which pathway can the Apothecary pathway be interchanged with?”

Being from the Sanguine race made them have no thoughts of switching to other pathways, as it would often mean that they had lost their “identify.” Therefore, Emlyn wasn’t too concerned about such matters.

“The Planter pathway of the Church of Earth Mother,” Cattleya answered casually.

The Planter pathway... Possessed by the Church of Earth Mother... Emlyn frowned as he vaguely grasped something.

At this moment, Xio also asked, “Which pathway neighbors the Arbiter pathway?”

“Lawyer,” Cattleya answered simply.

Lawyer of the Black Emperor pathway... In other words, if I could become a Sequence 5,1 would be able to switch to Sequence 4 of the Black Emperor pathway. And Fors had previously told me that Mr. Fool has the Card of Blasphemy; it contains all the secrets of the Black Emperor pathway... Xio suddenly realized that there was a glimmer of light for her future.

It had to be known that the Arbiter pathway was firmly controlled by the two royal families. Even the corresponding military only had the potion formula for the Low- and Mid-Sequences. If they wanted to advance beyond Sequence 5, they had to receive a bestowment from the royal family. Just like how every general had to be conferred by the king or queen. Furthermore, what they obtained in the end was the concocted potion and the ritual.

To Xio, this meant that it was almost impossible for her to get the Sequence 4 potion formula for the Arbiter pathway.

Of course, no matter how tightly guarded the potion formulas was, there were bound to be loopholes. The military’s demigods knew of the ritual, and from time to time, they would cooperate with the royal family to hunt powerful supernatural beings. They could roughly narrow down the candidates for the main ingredient to a small area, but this also meant that they could only confirm the formula through repeated experiments. At the same time, the military demigods were also unable to grasp the supplementary ingredients. If they wanted to rely only on the

main ingredients to advance, they needed to seek out the benediction of fate.

And now, Xio had seen another possibility.

At this moment, Audrey had already summarized the neighboring pathways that Mr. World and Ma'am Hermit had mentioned before thoughtfully asking:

"Among Prisoner, Criminal, Hunter, Assassin, Savant, Mystery Pryer, and Monster, which ones are neighboring similar pathways?"

The World Gehrman Sparrow glanced at The Hermit and replied hoarsely, "Prisoner and Criminal, Hunter and Assassin, and Savant and Mystery Pryer are similar pathways that can be interchanged at high Sequences."

This was knowledge that could be confirmed by Klein. Among them, the interchangeability between Prisoner and Criminal was something mentioned by the Red Angel evil spirit to which Miss Sharron tacitly accepted. The interchangeability between Savant and Mystery Pryer had been personally demonstrated by Emperor Roselle. As for Hunter and Assassin, it was information that he had accumulated over time which could finally be confirmed.

"What about Monster? There's only this one left, Fors, who was listening, couldn't help but ask.

Seeing The World remain silent, Cattleya thought for a moment before saying, "It's difficult to be categorized as a neighbor of any other Beyonder pathway. Just like fate, it can only objectively exist alone.

“I can be sure of that. I can only say that the most fundamental order in our world’s supernatural powers might be chaos and disharmony.”

The reason why Cattleya was certain that the Monster pathway didn’t have the means to be interchanged with other pathways was because her advancement ritual required her to analyze the Snake of Fate’s blood.

I see… Audrey was slightly uncomfortable with this disharmonious situation, but she quickly adjusted her state of mind.

After the exchange was almost complete, all the members of the Tarot Club looked at The Sun Derrick.

The youth said without any hesitation, “We’ve already set off. We’re currently less than a day away from Afternoon Town. When we arrive, we’ll be resting for another day or two before we begin exploring the Giant King’s Court.”

The Sun’s words made Alger, Cattleya, and company suddenly feel like myths were entering reality. Compared to places like the ruins of the battlefield of the gods, the Giant King’s Court was a symbolic entity that appeared in various legends and in different secret documents.

What secret was it hiding? What was buried in it? The answer was about to be revealed!

Even though they had followed The World Gehrman Sparrow into the City of Miracles Liveseyd, which was on par with the Giant King’s Court, The Star Leonard and Justice Audrey were also secretly excited and looking forward to hearing more. After all, the city that the Dragon King had “imagined” into existence

had lost too much in the process of being transferred to Groselle's Travels. There were no traces of anything of value. Apart from the building itself, there was only the hall that expressed the extraordinariness of the ancient myths.

Furthermore, what was even more important was that Derrick had mentioned that the Kings of Angels had come to a secret plot in the Giant King's Court!

As for The Fool Klein, he was thinking of something else:

Should I get Little Sun to pray to The Fool before the exploration? Then, I'll use the crimson star and the Sea God Scepter to extend my vision to a certain distance so that I can watch a live broadcast…

Yes. In that case, if there are any accidents, I can still provide some help. The only problem is that this method of relying on the prayer points of light for "observation" cannot last too long.

This has nothing to do with my own spirituality. It's just that this connection will fade away with time and last forty- five minutes at most… Let Little Sun pray every once in a while? Uh, that's under the premise that it doesn't affect his battle or attract the attention of the people around him…

In that case, my spirituality can probably last for two hours. It's not on the same level as my Sequence 5. Heh heh, it's also because of my recent rapid digestion of the potion.

After pondering for a moment, Klein didn't speak. He controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow to hint to The Sun:

“Before exploring the Giant King’s Court, you can pray to Mr. Fool and pray for good luck. In the process, you can also pray many times.”

Mr. World really is a nice guy… After Derrick sincerely thanked him, he hurriedly turned his body towards the end of the long, mottled table.

Then, he saw Mr. Fool, who was enveloped by the grayish-white fog, nod slightly.

Chapter 1104: Contradiction

The world above the gray fog had been restored to its state of silence, as though the gathering that had just ended was an illusion.

Klein bent his finger and lightly knocked on the edge of the long, mottled table. He made the pages of the Roselle diary which Cattleya had just given appear once again.

Amidst an indescribable stillness, Klein cast his gaze towards the first paragraph of the first page with a solemn expression.

"27th September, I saw Miss Ithaca once again. I had a nerve-wracking and thrilling but sufficiently wonderful experience with her. As expected, I prefer women of this age. I'm not just reminiscing about my youth, but rather that I haven't changed after so many years. Heh heh, I'm really dedicated."

...I read your diary with such seriousness, and you're giving me this? The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he lampooned at the emperor who he had only seen a portrait of.

He immediately gathered his thoughts and shifted his gaze.

In a lounge at the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

After Leonard Mitchell opened his eyes, he deliberated for a moment and said in a low voice, "Old man, the Secret Order's Zaratul seems to be in Backlund."

In his mind, the slightly-aged voice quickly sounded:

"Indeed..."

Upon hearing this, Leonard immediately asked, "Old Man, are you familiar with that Zaratul? Didn't you say that the Zoroast family and the Zaratul family are both important nobles of the Solomon Empire?"

From his point of view, as ex-colleagues and former comrades in arms, how could Old Man not be familiar with Zaratul?

Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"I'm familiar with the Zaratul who died in the War of the Four Emperors. The one alive who's now should be 'His' descendant. I might or might not have seen him before.

"Sigh, the Zaratul back then had already obtained clues regarding the second Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic from the True Creator. 'He' was waiting for the War of the Four Emperors to end before searching for it. If he succeeded, 'He' would be considered a King of Angels. Unfortunately, in the War of the Four Emperors, 'He' directly encountered the existence from the Antigonus family who could be known as 'The Half-Fool,' and Bethel Abraham was also involved. 'He' could appear anywhere, anytime. If 'He' hadn't been quickly banished and sealed by Evernight and Storm, I might not have survived to the end of the War of the Four Emperors either."

The Half-Fool... Leonard's eyelids twitched when he heard this title as he thought of the entity above the gray fog for some baffling reason.

He then forced himself to control himself and directed his thoughts to something else:

Even from the description of a bystander, Mr. Door was clearly one of the top existences among the Kings of Angels. It required two true deities to join forces to banish and seal “Him.” Uh, there’s a high chance that “He” was especially good at escaping, making it very difficult to kill. And back then, the battle situation was tense, so it was imperative to eliminate an enemy that posed a threat as soon as possible…

Heh heh, Old Man is reminiscing about the past, so he’s feeling a little uneasy. He actually said so much in one breath…

Amidst his thoughts, Leonard suddenly said, “I was left in Backlund because they wish to use you to attract Amon here?”

The wistful feelings in Pallez Zoroast’s tone vanished as he clicked “His” tongue.

“Who made this guess? I don’t think it’s you.

“However, it’s not bad that you know how to use your own resources to probe for the truth.”

This is something I’ve been very familiar with ever since I joined the Nighthawks! Leonard replied inwardly but didn’t say a word.

Pallez Zoroast continued, “I guessed that too.

“To be honest, your ex-colleague’s relationship with Evernight really confuses me. If it wasn’t for how familiar the concealment

forces that appeared that day was, I wouldn't have dared to make such a guess.

"Heh heh, with Zaratul and I in Backlund, Amon will arrive soon too. It truly is a perfect triangle of balance."

What do you mean... The concealment forces used to deal with Amon came from the Evernight domain, not Mr. Fool? Does this point that there is a certain level of cooperation between Mr. Fool and the Goddess, or is it that the faith of those higher-up in the Church actually to Mr. Fool? Leonard suddenly felt a strong sense of confusion and puzzlement regarding his position in the grand scheme of things.

Seeing that Pallez was also quite confused, he converged his thoughts and didn't ask any questions regarding this. He frowned and said, "Two Sequence 1 angels and a King of Angels. Will this bring about a devastating disaster to Backlund?"

He remembered that Amon was a terrifying existence that could kill countless people silently, and could even live happily as "His" victim.

Using this as a reference, Zaratul, who was of a neighboring pathway, definitely possessed similarly terrifying powers.

If "He" and Amon were to clash, half of Backlund or the entirety of Backlund could become the Capital of Death or the Capital of Bizarreness!

Pallez Zoroast laughed and said, "Balance also means that everyone will be very restrained. Besides, it's very likely that Amon won't let 'His' true body enter Backlund. At most, 'He' will send a large number of avatars over. After all, the impossibility of a divine descent by Evemight doesn't mean that Storm or

Steam can't."

"What do you mean?" Leonard acutely grasped the key point in Old Man's words.

Pallez Zoroast's tone suddenly became more relaxed.

"Regardless of whether it's because of the war or for other reasons, Evemight is likely unable to interfere with the matters on the ground at the moment. Otherwise, why would 'She' need to lure Amon over to form a balance? 'She' directly set up a trap, and who knows, 'She' might be able to capture Zaratul or scare the cowardly Seer away."

"...Did something happen to the Goddess?" Leonard suddenly turned nervous.

The slightly-aged voice replied, "It might not be a bad thing, and it might be a good thing."

Without waiting for Leonard to ask further, Pallez Zoroast sighed again.

"Amon was attracted to Backlund by me. What about Zaratul? What about me?"

"I think Zaratul is also here because of you, and you're in Backlund because of me..." Leonard pondered as he replied. "Heh, why do you think you're in Backlund?" Pallez immediately scoffed.

Leonard immediately replied, "This is the arrangement of the

Church. It can't be the effect of the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, right?"

"That's not necessarily true." Pallez's tone turned a little stem. "Most of the time, the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence will not directly show in places where you can sense it. Most of the time, it will influence fate. Just like when you board a train, you'll suddenly feel that the scenery along the way is beautiful and will get off the train in advance, resulting in you entering the small city. This might be because there are Beyonders or mystical items of neighboring pathways around you."

"In other words, there are other things in Backlund that attracts you and Zaratul here, and through you, my fate is affected, causing me to be arranged by the Church to stay in Backlund most of the time?" Leonard asked in enlightenment, hoping to gain confirmation.

Pallez Zoroast slowly sighed and said, "That possibility can't be ruled out."

Above the gray fog, Klein soon flipped to a diary page of value.

"21st November. As I had made too many preparations in the early stages, I obtained that chaotic and terrifying Grade

0 Sealed Artifact even faster than I imagined.

"And then, after a difficult battle, and with some help, I finally restored it to a pure Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic.

"In a few more days, the ritual will be completed. I should be

able to advance to Sequence 1 Knowledge Emperor of the Mystery Pryer pathway."

"26th November. Sunny and breezy.

"The ritual was very successful. I digested it thoroughly, and my anchors were even more stable. There weren't many difficulties during the entire process.

"I'm already a Sequence 1 angel, a Knowledge Emperor. Bernadette no longer has to worry about the influence of the Hidden Sage. She can abide by the words 'do as you wish, but do no harm,' and continue on this path!

"At the same time, the level of an angel at Sequence 1 means that I can greatly resist the notice and corruption from the cosmos. I can head to the crimson moon and see what's happening there.

"Regardless of whether Mr. Door is lying or not, everything points to the fact that the crimson moon is the key to the problem. If I wish to become a true deity, I have to figure out the reason.

"I'll make preparations for another three more days before attempting to land on the moon!

"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind! Haha, don't quote me on that."

Upon seeing this, Klein recalled the hysterical diary page of Roselle. He began to suspect that it was written after the emperor's "landing on the moon."

Putting down the remaining, unread diary pages, Klein began to use dream divination to recall the content he had read over the past year. He wanted to use the comparison to find clues to Roselle's abnormal mental state.

Not long after, he saw a few lines of text in his dream. It was the last diary entry that was theoretically written by Roselle:

"I'm unable to give any actual suggestions because I myself can't see the true faces of the seven deities or those evil gods. This might be partially related to the second Blasphemy Slate that the ancient organization hides. Unfortunately,

1 only have a rough idea of the hidden parts, and I'm unable to verify them."

In this diary, the Emperor had even solemnly warned his "friends" to be careful of the moon.

The dream suddenly shattered, and Klein snapped awake. There was an obvious look of fear in his eyes.

He clearly remembered that, a long time ago, Roselle had confirmed that there was a hidden portion in the second Blasphemy slate.

"19th July. The night of the Blood Moon.

"Mr. Door's answer allowed me to confirm one thing: In that ancient secret organization, the second Blasphemy Slate I saw wasn't complete!"

This… The emperor forgot? No, how could he have forgotten such an important matter? He only appeared a little extreme, and he didn't have much of a problem. Why did this happen… Klein couldn't help but mutter to himself silently, having an inexplicable and terrifying feeling.

The last diary entry, or rather, the Emperor Roselle who wrote that sentence seemed to be another person.

Chapter 1105: The Key Diary Entry

Above the grayish-white that wasn't perturbed at all, Klein silently sat at the end of the long, mottled table, like a stone statue that had existed for hundreds of thousands of years.

Regarding the discovery he had just now, he felt a deep sense of fear from the bottom of his heart. He felt a chill rush out from the back of his head, spreading across his entire body, bringing with it obvious yet real shudders.

It was as if he had witnessed a familiar friend become a stranger in a very short span of time. His actions were abnormal, as though he had been replaced by someone else.

Of course, there was a clearer and more direct analogy in this aspect: It would be Leonard Mitchell coming to visit and discuss the matter regarding Pallez Zoroast as a monocle is suddenly taken out and then put on.

Could it be that the emperor was unknowingly corrupted after his ascension to the crimson moon, and he didn't notice it at all? He usually didn't show any abnormalities. Only through reminiscing about his past through his diary entries, analyzing his inner voice, and talking to himself would certain premonitions surface in his mind? Or could it be that this was a form of hypnosis by Adam? But Roselle was at least a Sequence 1 when that happened... Klein couldn't help but lower his head to inspect himself. He imagined how another version of himself existed in his body without realizing it. He wasn't sure if this entity could be called a "human."

This truly is an extreme sense of horror... Klein slowly took a deep breath and forced himself to focus his attention on the

diary pages of Emperor Roselle.

Soon, he discovered something worth reading:

“28th July. I attended that ancient secret organization’s gathering once again.

“From the discussions among the members, I sensed a problem:

“Is it because I advanced too quickly that I’m relatively inexperienced? There are many things that I have never heard of before?

“Just like how they mentioned about the corruption from the cosmos and underground. This is the first time I know of their existence!

“Heh heh, I wonder how many of them are ‘He’s1 or ‘She’s.’ Apart from a minority of the members, most of them don’t like others knowing their levels.

“While others are communicating with each other, I asked Old Mister Hermes with a whisper, hoping to understand more about the corruption that stems from the cosmos and underground.

Hermes told me that this isn’t something I can come into contact with at my current level. Just learning about it alone will cause me to be corrupted!

“It’s actually that scary? What could it be? I’m even more intrigued.

“That old mister later told me that the corruption that originates from underground can be ignored because it will fade with time. A long time ago, in the era when the ancient gods were active, powerful creatures had attempted to resolve this problem completely. In the end, it made things worse and caused tremendous losses. Later, they gave up on the idea of directly exerting influence, and they switched focus to sealing and guarding it.

“From that day forth, although accidents happened occasionally, it was stable overall. Today, even if there are no seals or guards, as long as no one comes close and tries to go deeper, there won’t be any incidents of corruption.

“What a surprising situation. It appears it doesn’t require the protagonist of this era to resolve this problem.

“Old Mister Hermes mentioned the cosmos again and said that the situation there is more complicated, interesting, and more dangerous than I imagined. ‘He’ said that even a Sequence 2 angel doesn’t have much knowledge of the cosmos. ‘They’ only have a general understanding of it. ‘They’ aren’t aware that, apart from the dangers, there are too many other things. If it wasn’t for the fact that ‘He’ once knew an existence that was good at wandering the cosmos and learned plenty of matters from that person, he wouldn’t be able to tell me all of that.

“I was very curious, but I didn’t hold much hope when I asked about the existence who was adept at wandering the cosmos.

“Old Mister Hermes didn’t hide the truth. He said that it was Mr. Door, Bethel Abraham.

“Mr. Door… I pretended not to know anything and asked about that person’s level in a very casual tone.

“Hermes didn’t answer directly. ‘He’ only said that in the Fourth Epoch, even angels and demigods would address ‘Him’ by ‘His’ name in private. ‘Those’ who could make everyone address ‘Them’ by their titles are in a small minority—of which, Mr. Door was one of ‘Them’—aside from Evernight, Storm, Earth, and the other deities.

“Is that so… Mr. Door’s level really isn’t low.”

The corruption that stems from underground will naturally fade with time? Arrodes, said that the gray fog gives it a feeling that resembles that of an object from underground… It hopes that I can explore the underground world after I return to my throne of divinity. As for Lucca Brewster, he’s certain that the higher the Sequence, the greater the danger the underground world will bring… Klein tapped the edge of the long, mottled table with his fingers. He was increasingly puzzled about what was happening underground.

Fortunately, Hermes’s description, the state of the abandoned castle, and the attitude of the Evemight Goddess seemed to indicate that the corruption that stems from underground would naturally dissipate. Leaving it alone was the best solution.

Phew, then I shall temporarily put aside my worries regarding the underground world… Hermes’s words and the bronze door deep in the City of Miracles corroborate with each other. The Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt had really tried to resolve the problem of the underground world, but ended up with fear and trauma… From the looks of it, the greatest possibility for the coming of the apocalypse is probably from the cosmos, and my current Sequence doesn’t qualify me to know of it… Amidst his thoughts, Klein sighed as he continued flipping through the diary pages in his hand.

After reading a few pages, his eyes suddenly lit up and locked onto one of the pages.

“31st December. The end of a year is the most suitable time to make a resolution and start a new story.

“I’ve already thought of where the eight secret mausoleums should be built. I’m just clueless about the last one.

“This has to be more covert than the eight previous ones, or else it will be meaningless.

“After a long thought, I thought of a place: The nameless island where Grimm was buried.

“Of course, the Abyss is also an option. However, I can’t find a living Devil in the area that I can enter, so I can’t force them to become my citizens and help me build a mausoleum. Ordinary humans can’t survive there, and even powerful Beyonders will find it difficult to resist the corrosive properties of the Abyss itself.

“Regardless, the environment on that nameless island seems like a pretty good choice.

“Heh, the Princes of Abolition in the Fourth Epoch’s understanding of citizens is too limited. The rule of an Emperor is not only limited to humans and humanoid creatures; all living things should be my subjects!

“And there are many extraordinary creatures on that nameless island with no intelligence. They have long worshiped and followed me. I can totally drive them into building a secret mausoleum.

“When I wrote this, I suddenly recalled that experience. Because I

dreamed of Grimm, I brought Edwards, Benjamin, and the others back to this nameless island and discovered that those extraordinary creatures lived together in harmony. They were gathered together and holding a ritual, and amongst them was the deceased Grimm.

"I was indeed shocked back then. I felt a fear that I hadn't felt in a long time, and everything appeared extremely bizarre.

That time, William and Poli died. Only Edwards and Benjamin survived. If I hadn't already become powerful and controlled a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, everyone would've perished along with them.

The power of those Beyonder creatures that affected that nameless island actually came from the cosmos, and those who were corrupted would return to the source after dying.

Thankfully, the power from the cosmos could only project a small portion of it into the real world. I finally solved the problem and made that nameless island my secret base.

"Now, it's time to use it!"

After reading the diary, Klein didn't feel exhilarated that he had correctly guessed where Emperor Roselle's final mausoleum was. Instead, he frowned slightly.

This was, on the one hand, because the corruption caused by the cosmos had truly appeared "in front of him." On the other hand, the nameless island wasn't that secretive. Other than the emperor, there were also the two survivors, Edwards and Benjamin. It didn't meet Roselle's requirements of complete secrecy.

Before this, did Edwards and Benjamin pass away normally, resulting in them being unable to divulge any secrets, or was it that, after Roselle successfully built the mausoleum, he made these two subordinates stay on the island forever, resolving the problem of spirit channeling? Of course, if Roselle had the corresponding Sealed Artifacts or Beyonder powers, he could also make them completely lose the corresponding memories… After a moment of silence, Klein flipped through the diary pages again in search of the coordinates to the nameless island.

However, he didn't see the corresponding content when he reached the last page. Instead, there was a diary entry that vaguely revealed some of Roselle's thoughts in his later years.

"27th December. I've been feeling uneasy recently because I have no confidence in what will happen next.

"I no longer yearn for help. I'm very satisfied if they can remain neutral.

"I have put myself in the most dangerous situation. This is an act of me taking initiative, but it is also a choice due to a lack of options.

"Sometimes, I'm very confused. How did I end up like this?

"Was I too extreme, or was this the only thing I could do?

"No, at this point in time, I can't be confused anymore. Apart from affecting my mindset and making the already slim chances even slimmer, it's meaningless.

"Now that I've reached this point, I can only continue on. If I

succeed, it will naturally be sunshine and rainbows.

“Heh heh, all my hopes are placed on one sentence:

“Life is possible by being in death’s embrace!”

From the looks of it, the emperor really chose the method of making use of one’s revival after death to escape the madness and corruption… This is simply crazy. It’s like he’s playing a game of Russian roulette with all six chambers filled, hoping that one of the rounds misfire… People who don’t like going to the extremes, or those who are good at coming up with all kinds of strange ideas, wouldn’t consider the viability of this method… Perhaps it’s because the enemy can’t guess it that this might give the emperor a sliver of a chance of living… Klein leaned back into his chair as he silently sat in the ancient palace for a while.

After he slowly recovered his scattered thoughts, he considered how to find the nameless island.

I remember that the person who visited the nameless island, Benjamin, seems to be from the Abraham family. This be asked via Miss Magician… Yes, I’ll be meeting her soon. There’s no need to specially get The Fool to pass the message…

I’ll get Queen Mystic to ask the descendants of Edwards, William, and Poli. That will be more suitable…

With this in mind, he surveyed the area and sighed before disappearing above the gray fog.

Chapter 1106: Making Contact

Returning to the real world, Klein immediately took out a pen and paper and wrote a short letter:

"Investigate the nameless island which led to the deaths of Grimm, William, and Poli. This can be done through the descendants of Edwards, Benjamin Abraham, and the descendants of the three deceased."

This was a letter to Queen Mystic Bernadette, so Klein didn't write the reason. He believed that she would understand what this meant.

After folding the letter, Klein casually found a candle and began the summoning ritual.

After completing the setup, he placed the letter on the altar, took two steps back, and recited in ancient Hermes:

"I!

"I summon in my name:

"An invisible creature that roams the upper realms, a strange spiritual body that is friendly to humans, a messenger that belongs solely to Bernadette Gustav."

The moment he said that, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He instinctively activated his Spirit Vision with a mere thought.

However, he didn't see anything.

Then, he discovered that the letter placed on the altar had disappeared.

Queen Mystic's messenger is very special... Next time, I'll switch to using my Spirit Body Threads vision... Klein was stunned for a second before he sighed inwardly.

In the evening, under the illumination of the street lamps that lit up one after another, a carriage drove to the intersection of the Backlund Bridge area and East Borough and stopped by the side of the streets.

Wearing a long dress and a dark cloak, Fors paid the fare of three soli before alighting from the rental carriage. She walked slowly along the shadows of the street, preparing to make a large detour to escape from her imaginary stalker.

At the end of the previous Tarot Gathering, she had swiftly overcome her laziness, packed up, and went out to visit her former teachers, classmates, and colleagues.

As for the reason, there was no need for a special reason. It was very normal to care about friends and acquaintances after an air raid.

And the reason why it wasn't last week was because, in the eyes of the ordinary citizens, the situation in Backlund was especially tense. There could be a new round of attacks at any moment, so everyone naturally tried their best not to leave the house.

During the visit, Fors had originally planned on diverting the

topic onto the strange tales at the hospital, but to her surprise, there was no need for her to do so at all. Her former teachers, classmates, and colleagues would usually chat about such matters on their own accord after some idle chatter, making one convinced that such illusions happened at every hospital.

No, Fors knew that it wasn't an illusion, so she inexplicably felt horrified, suspecting that she would have nightmares at night.

I don't have to make any major changes at all. As long as the patients' miraculous recoveries are changed to them having their physical wounds healed, only to have them go bonkers, it would make for an excellent horror story. Furthermore, it happens in a city that everyone is familiar with and also in the hospital that people often come into contact with in the city but exudes a terrifying atmosphere. It will result in perfect immersion. I can almost foresee another best-selling novel about to be bom. I just don't know if I can write this genre well...

Uh, the only problem is that this story will lack sufficient emotion... A female patient passionately kissing a face that's covered in mushrooms and weeds? Isn't that way too outlandish... Fors walked as she thought, entering a creative state of mind.

At this moment, her vision blurred. She saw a figure walk out from the shadows in front of her where the gas lamps couldn't illuminate.

The figure wore a black trench coat and a half top hat. He had a deep-set face with cold facial features. Apart from his gold-rimmed glasses, he looked identical to the crazy adventurer of the Five Seas, Gehrman Sparrow.

Although Fors knew that Mr. World wouldn't hunt her and was here to fulfill the contract, she couldn't help but tense up. It was

as though she had met her strictest teacher from back in her school days.

"Uh, good evening." Her footsteps slowed down, but she still continued moving forward and greeted him.

Klein nodded without a word. He turned around and walked into a secluded alley to the side. The gas lamps inside were already damaged so it was dark.

Despite the dark environment, Fors similarly didn't say a word. She lowered her head slightly and followed behind Gehrman Sparrow at an adequate pace.

When they reached the depths of the alley, Klein looked around and said in a deep voice, "Help me ask your teacher if he knows of this person—Benjamin Abraham. If he knows him, I want all his information and all the text and pictures he left behind."

"Uh... Okay, okay." Fors was nervously waiting for Mr. World to "Teleport" her somewhere else, but she never expected him to mention something else for no reason. She nearly failed to react.

She didn't ask why and quickly nodded in agreement, as though she couldn't wait to do it.

Then, she took a deep breath and continued waiting for Gehrman Sparrow to approach her. He grabbed her shoulder and began "Teleporting."

But after a few seconds, nothing happened.

Fors looked up in shock, only to see Mr. World still standing in front of her, looking at her.

She then heard him say in a deep voice, “Write it now.”

Write it now… Fors didn’t ask why as she subconsciously said, “I didn’t bring any paper, a pen, envelope, or stamp with me.”

Before she could finish her sentence, the four items were thrown at her.

Fors caught the items and took a few steps out. Using the gas lamps at the end of the alley which opened up to the roads and the hard wall, she quickly wrote the letter to her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham.

With both hands in his pockets, Klein waited patiently without any signs of impatience.

In fact, he had long been lurking around Miss Magician without showing himself.

According to the address Fors provided, he had been secretly monitoring her from the moment she left home in the afternoon. His monitoring was done by getting his marionettes to pray to Sea God Kalvetua from time to time while his actual body stayed above the gray fog, using the prayer light dots to observe the situation around the Magician.

With the help of his “true vision,” Klein was currently certain that Zaratul hadn’t targeted Miss Magician; thus, it was safe to make contact with her.

After knowing that Miss Magician had met Zaratul's marionette, how could he be at ease and be daring enough to meet her and take her "Traveling"?

Now, he was certain that Zaratul had been attracted by the Abraham family's Sealed Artifact or Saint of Secrets Botis. As for a mere Sequence 6 like The Magician, she wasn't worthy of notice. Hence, she wasn't exposed.

A few minutes later, Fors finished writing. She used a sticky herbal powder she carried with her to seal the envelope and pasted the stamp.

"Do I throw it into the mailbox now?" Fors glanced at the cover of the letter with her teacher's address and real name and asked hesitantly.

She felt that she had to do it herself. She couldn't hand it over to The World, or it might bring danger to her teacher.

Of course, if Gehrman Sparrow insisted, Fors felt that there was nothing she could do. Even if she tore the letter apart, there was still a possibility of her being hypnotized or having her spirit channeled.

Klein nodded indiscernibly.

"Return after you're finished posting it."

Phew... Fors let out a long sigh of relief. Turning around, she ran towards the street and found the mailbox.

After finishing all of this, she returned to the dark alley. Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow to speak, she handed over the fountain pen and the remaining two stamps. She very quickly said, “One was enough.”

Klein gave Miss Magician a look before he took the stamp and pen and calmly said, “This means that your teacher’s residence is less than 100 kilometers from Backlund.”

Fors’s expression froze.

What’s the big deal? I also know that your teacher lives in Pritz Harbor, and there’s a high chance that he hasn’t moved away yet… As for why I gave you three stamp tickets, of course it was intentional… Klein muttered to himself before taking a few steps forward to stand in front of Miss Magician.

He then reached out his left hand that was wearing a transparent glove and grabbed the lady’s shoulder.

Fors subconsciously lowered her head again.

The surrounding colors immediately became saturated and layered while countless, indescribable figures flashed. When the things and colors she saw returned to normal, Fors instinctively raised her head to thank him.

However, Gehrman Sparrow had already disappeared!

Fors sized up her surroundings in a daze and realized that she was standing in an empty corner. In front of her was a door, and a din and the smell of alcohol were emitted from beyond the door.

Fors pulled at her cloak and walked out the door with a hint of fear, only to see many men dressed as pirates.

They had scimitars and guns, either hanging or lodged by their waist. While drinking hard liquor, they discussed the strengths of the fleets of Feysac and Loen in high spirits. Quite a number of beautifully dressed women were amongst them, like dancing butterflies.

She was wearing a long, dark-colored cloak in a Backlund style. Her brown hair was long and slightly curled. She had a rather mature temperament, but her expression of fear made it seem like Fors was a lamb that had barged into a wolf pack. It was so disharmonious and eye-catching, and it quickly attracted the attention of many.

She felt a little familiar with what those people had said to her. It was as if they were part of a language branch she had learned, but she couldn't understand them immediately.

Where am I, what am I doing, who are they... As Fors was at a loss, a plump man squeezed over and said in broken Loenese, "10 soli, one night!"

Fors had been involved in many of the Beyonder circles over the years. Although she didn't know where she was, she knew very well what kind of situation she was in. The light in her eyes flickered strangely before they converged into one point.

An indescribable aura emanated from her body, making the people around her subconsciously avoid her gaze.

This was the authority of a Judge, a qualitative change in the ability of an Arbiter.

Berserk Sea, Theros Island.

Danitz hid in the shadows, watching the intelligence peddler, Bartz, in a serious manner.

Chapter 1107: Relax

As a Hunter who had Shadow Cloak, Danitz's hiding and monitoring abilities were always pretty good. Back then, he had even helped Gehrman Sparrow lay an ambush for Steel Maveti. At this moment, he didn't show any traces of himself, but he felt a little bored. He was eager for Anderson to switch with him as soon as possible.

When will such a life end? Vice Admiral Ailment, hurry up and appear. No, no, not now. It's better to wait until Anderson arrives... Danitz did some introspection and rationally ended his "prayer."

He was worried that a pirate admiral at Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy would discover that he was hiding in the dark, and he lacked the courage and confidence to deal with her.

Of course, if he wore the boxing glove, everything wouldn't be a problem.

As long as he made the decision fast enough, fear and apprehension wouldn't be able to catch up to him!

"You seem very troubled?" Suddenly, a voice rang beside Danitz's ear.

Danitz jumped out of the shadows in shock as an orange flame quickly formed in his hand.

At the same time, he cast his gaze to the source of the voice. He saw Anderson hiding in the woods. There were green vines stuck

to his head that seemed to meld him with the environment.

"...Dogsh*t!" It was unknown if Danitz was cursing Anderson or himself. After venting his anger, he asked, "When did you come?"

Two minutes ago," Anderson replied with a smile. "You hid well. I didn't manage to find you immediately, so I followed your hiding habits and casually asked you a question."

Danitz was momentarily unsure if he should be proud or angry. He asked with mixed feelings, "If I had remained calm just now, would you have failed to discover me?"

"In theory," Anderson said with a smile, completely unfazed. "But as an experienced Hunter, there can't be only one way."

Just as Danitz was about to ask what other solutions there were, he suddenly saw Bartz extinguish the candle and prepare to sleep.

Minutes later, the figure of intelligence peddler, Bartz, appeared by the window in the darkness. With a nimble leap, he landed into the shadows outside the house.

That was where Danitz had been hiding. Having re-entered the shadows, he was almost stepped on by his target.

Bartz walked towards the sea under the cover of the shadows.

...Dogsh*t! Only then did Danitz appear, giving Bartz the middle finger.

Anderson also left the woods. As he pulled out the branches from his head, he smiled at Danitz.

“I think we’ll hit the jackpot tonight.”

Danitz glanced at the strongest hunter in the Fog Sea and nodded vigorously.

“I hope it’s Vice Admiral Ailment.”

He used the shadows that were everywhere at night and immediately took the lead in following the intelligence peddler, along with Anderson. They maintained a perfectly adequate distance.

“Not too stupid…” Anderson observed for a moment before chuckling.

Danitz scoffed inwardly but didn’t respond.

He knew very well that this wasn’t an occasion where they could afford to mock and provoke each other!

Fifteen minutes later, Bartz arrived at the beach and stood there, staring at the dark blue sea under the crimson moonlight.

He didn’t wait too long. In the darkness of the sea, a huge outline appeared, gradually forming a black ship with a white flag fluttering in the air.

On the flag, two ghostly-blue flames “burned” within a pitch-

black skull.

The Black Death!

Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's flagship, Black Death!

Danitz instantly became excited. If not for his shadow form, his pupils definitely would've dilated in a bid to draw in more light to see every detail of the ship.

He subconsciously moved a distance forward, hoping to confirm if Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy was on the ship.

As the gigantic sailboat approached, the two people in the shadows could see sailors busy on the deck.

Is there a dock for docking here? Or will they just give Bartz a dinghy and get him to row himself over? Just as these thoughts flashed through Danitz's mind, he heard Anderson say with a suppressed voice, "Leave."

Ah? Danitz's greatest strength was that he was good at following the instructions of an authoritative figure. Be it in front of Edwina Edwards or Gehrman Sparrow, he would follow the instructions to a tee, apart from grumbling at most. At that moment, although his face was filled with puzzlement, with the intention to retort and persist in his own plans, he still used the shadows to silently leave the beach.

When they could no longer see the Black Death and could only hear the vague crashing of the waves did Danitz leave the shadows and appear in the forest. He hurriedly asked, "Aren't we going to confirm if Vice Admiral Ailment is aboard?"

Anderson sized up Danitz and chuckled.

“Never underestimate a Beyonder who’s very famous at sea but has lived to this day. Every pirate admiral is a target you must be careful against. You must never be careless.”

Danitz subconsciously replied, “Admiral of Blood Senor, Admiral Hell Ludwell…”

They were all pirates who were easily killed by a particular crazy adventurer.

Anderson was momentarily at a loss for words to rebut Danitz with. After a few seconds, he said, “So, isn’t Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy worth paying more attention to considering how she survived Gehrman Sparrow’s attack?^^

After careful thought, Danitz inexplicably felt that Anderson’s words made sense. Just as he was about to speak, his throat suddenly felt itchy as he coughed.

After coughing a few times, his throat began to swell in pain, and he could taste metal.

“Look, I told you to be careful.” Anderson clenched his fists and held them to his mouth. He coughed lightly, but it wasn’t as serious as Danitz’s. “Tracy must’ve spread all kinds of ailments around the ship. Once anyone approaches it, they’ll quickly be infected with it and be exposed. Heh, with this wide of a range, it means that she has completely digested the Sequence 5 potion and has a chance of advancing to Sequence 4.”

“Why couldn’t it be that she has already advanced to Sequence

4?" As he was far from the source of the infection, Danitz quickly recovered and instinctively retorted.

"If that were the case, you are either on the Black Death, or you have a victim of the Black Death disease and are on your deathbed." Anderson half-turned his body and cast his gaze towards the obstructed beach. "Tracy must've used some sort of trick. It's unlikely for her to only be able to maintain the target area of the ailments to be at the front and not the other three directions. Instead, she used the wind to spread the ailments to affect the people on the shore."

With that said, Anderson clapped his hands and smiled again.

"Isn't our encounter proof that Vice Admiral Ailment is on the ship? You can inform Gehrman Sparrow."

Danitz didn't hesitate any further. He immediately set up a ritual and summoned the messenger. Using the excuse of guarding the area to prevent any accidents, Anderson walked out of the forest.

It was three in the morning in Backlund's East Borough. Apart from the moonlight and starlight, it was pitch black.

Wearing cotton pajamas and a sleeping cap with a protective hairnet, Klein sat on the bed and received the letter from Reinette Tinekerr without asking anything.

Opening the letter, he calmly got out of bed, took out a pen from his pocket, and wrote on the back of the letter: "Return to the port city and await further instructions."

After watching Miss Messenger leave, he calmly changed into

his shirt, put on his vest, tied his bow tie, and put on his black trench coat.

Then, he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog. Using the topaz spirit pendulum to divine the danger level of this operation, he received almost no revelations.

Without any hesitation, he returned to the real world and stood in front of the mirror. He picked up his half top hat and wore it above his head.

On the bunk bed in the room outside, Qonas and Enuni opened their eyes.

In an empty room on the Black Death, a figure quickly outlined itself. He had black hair and brown eyes with cold and hard facial features. He was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

Under the dim crimson moonlight, Klein swept his gaze and casually found a chair to sit down as he admired the sea vista outside.

In the captain's cabin one level away, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, who was dressed in a white blouse and beige pants, watched Bartz leave the room in disgust. She pulled at her collar out of reflex, and her expression turned livid.

She had just learned that Blazing Danitz and the Strongest Hunter Anderson had been staying in Theros Island recently with unknown motives.

They're all related to Gehrman Sparrow... Is that fellow looking for me? Tracy narrowed her eyes as she walked towards the

window without any hesitation. She was prepared to instruct the sailors on the deck to steer the ship away from these waters.

At this moment, her thoughts suddenly turned sluggish. It was as if she had sunken into a state where she knew she was in a dream but was unable to extricate from it no matter how hard she struggled.

Not good... Black flames abruptly emerged from the surface of Tracy's body, attempting to burn away any external influences.

However, while the flames were initially able to "flow" smoothly, they later began to turn intermittent as they kept falling to the ground like withered petals.

A strong sense of despair surged within Tracy as her thoughts turned increasingly slower.

Desperate, she quickly condensed a layer of crystalline ice around her body, retracting the invisible threads towards her and wrapped herself in layers.

At that moment, the door to the captain's cabin creaked open. Wearing a silk top hat and black trench coat, Gehrman Sparrow walked in.

Then, he politely closed the door.

With a light cracking sound, the entire captain's cabin instantly became extremely quiet. The sound of crashing waves was no longer present, as though they had been separated from the real world.

As for the invisible spider webs that entangled Tracy, they seemed to misunderstand the order that was given as they tightly bound Vice Admiral Ailment up, preventing her from moving or using her Beyonder powers.

Distortion!

As her thoughts returned to normal, her brain no longer felt frozen.

“W-what do you want to do?” She couldn’t hide her fear as she watched Gehrman Sparrow slowly approach.

What she couldn’t understand was why the other party would give up on the attempt to make a marionette even though she had clearly lost her ability to resist.

The reason why Klein did so was because he was worried that Vice Admiral Ailment and the Demoness of White were related by blood. This way, Tracy’s death would cause the demigod who was good at hexes to sense something and take measures ahead of time.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Klein stopped in front of the Demoness.

Chapter 1108: Messed Up Family

Gehrman Sparrow's silence made Tracy's heart sink, as though she had fallen into an ice cavern.

When he saw despair surface on Vice Admiral Ailment's face, Klein took out a piece of paper from his pocket. With a flick of his wrist, he made it fly forward like a poker card.

With a whoosh, the slip of paper cut through a tiny portion of the invisible spider webs like a piece of metal. It tore open the translucent ice crystal and lacerated Tracy's left arm, causing blood to splatter.

The surface of the paper was quickly dyed with a bright red tinge before it boomeranged back from the trapped Demoness into Klein's palm.

Tracy originally imagined that the piece of paper would come at her throat, but she never expected it to only target her arm. She was momentarily stunned. Only when Gehrman Sparrow folded the piece of paper and placed it into an iron cigar case did she suddenly realize something. She asked, "Your true target is Katarina?"

Klein placed the iron cigar case back into his pocket without answering her. He calmly asked, "You are her descendant?"

Upon hearing this, Tracy, who was still trapped by the ice crystal and spider silk, suddenly let out a low laugh.

"I'm not just a descendant. I'm her child."

Child…Daughter…As Klein rejoiced over his caution in not recklessly killing her, causing Demoness of White Katarina to sense something, he subconsciously analyzed whether Katarina was the mother or father of the Ailment Maiden.

If Katarina was also formerly a male, it's possible that she's Tracy's father, but the problem is that she was already a Sequence 4 demigod during the Pale Disaster that was at the end of the Fourth Epoch. And for the Assassin pathway, a man will change into a woman at Sequence 7 Witch…

In other words, if Katarina is Tracy's father, Tracy needs to be at least l,300 years old. However, it's impossible for a Sequence 5 Beyonder to live for so long. Even most Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 saints aren't capable of that!

There's only one answer, and that is that Tracy was borne by Katarina. Also, it happened in the past few decades… An advanced maternal age of more than a thousand years… Klein nodded slightly and confirmed without any change in expression.

"She's your mom?"

Tracy's expression suddenly turned odd.

"No, my mother."

Just as he was about to ask what was the difference between that and mother since it was essentially a more formal and eloquent manner of speech. Tracy sneered and said, "My mom is another person. She used to be my father."

…You Demonesses have messed up families… But that isn't the reason why you spread catastrophes to the world… Klein used his Clown powers to control his facial muscles as he continued looking at Ailment Maiden, his face impassive.

Tracy, who was already in a dire situation, was now beginning to abandon herself to despair. Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow's response, she sighed and gave a self-deprecating laugh.

"Maybe it was all a mistake since I was born.

"Abnormal parents, abnormal family relationship, abnormal sect members. They sculpted me and harmed me. At the age of 8,1 found out that my father, who I had always admired as a role model, had suddenly become a woman. He was becoming like a dainty flower by the day, becoming more and more adept at using his charms. Later on, he even found a male friend and gave birth to my younger brother. Can you imagine that kind of feeling?

"After I ran away from home and came to the sea, I finally found a normal sense of self-recognition and a social identity after many years of hard work. I finally understood what I really wanted. Then, a potion bottle turned me into a woman. Heh, a woman…"

After listening quietly, Klein said without changing his tone, "Your instigation skills are pretty good."

Tracy turned agape, but in the end, she only sighed and smiled with a complicated expression. "I admit that I was trying to win your sympathy. Everyone wants to live. Isn't that right? However, I didn't lie. That was my life experience."

She stopped exaggerating her pain and sadness and paused.

“Before you kill me, I would like to ask you a question. It’s a question that won’t put you in a difficult spot.”

“What is it?” Klein looked at the Demoness and asked.

Tracy hesitated for a moment before finally asking, “Before you came to assassinate me the previous time, did Helene know about this?”

Klein was silent for a moment before he said, “She didn’t know what would happen.”

Tracy’s face suddenly glowed.

“Really?”

Before Gehrman Sparrow could respond, she revealed an extremely complicated expression.

“Before I die, can I ask you for another favor? If you can see her again, tell her that I feel very guilty about what happened in the past, but I don’t regret it.”

At this point, Tracy tried to shake her head, but failed thanks to the restriction provided by the crystalline ice and invisible spider webs.

She could only laugh at herself.

“Forget it, there’s no need to tell her. Let’s leave it at that.

“You can do what you were here for.”

With that, Tracy closed her eyes.

After a few seconds, she didn’t feel the pain she expected. Instead, she heard Gehrman Sparrow say in a deep voice, “Say this: No one is to disturb me.”

Tracy was surprised as she felt perplexed, and it showed on her face.

However, since she was already facing death, such a small matter wasn’t worth nitpicking about. She opened her mouth and said, “No one is to disturb me.”

As soon as she said the statement, the same voice echoed on the Black Death, greatly amplified.

The pirates didn’t have any doubts about this. It was as if they were following a specific pattern. They instinctively avoided the captain’s cabin and continued their work.

Since the captain said not to disturb her, they naturally wouldn’t seek her out!

At the same time, Tracy saw Gehrman Sparrow take off his top hat and press it to his chest. He bowed slightly at her, as though he was bidding her farewell.

Then, she felt as though she was isolated from the entire world. There was silence. Even the crazy adventurer was gone.

She had obtained the environment of “not being disturbed” just as she wanted.

The “Magnify” and “Distortion” powers of the Lawyer pathway!

The layer of ice on Tracy’s body began to melt, but the invisible spider webs continued to bind her firmly, preventing her from doing anything. She couldn’t even change her center of gravity.

Hence, she could only stand there like a lifelike wax statue.

He didn’t kill me… Tracy looked ahead blankly, momentarily in disbelief.

She didn’t believe that Gehrman Sparrow hadn’t taken action because he pitied her. This crazy adventurer had killed many pirates, and there had never been a situation where he showed mercy. As for Tracy, although she believed that she wasn’t the typical Demoness and didn’t live up to her status as a Demoness, how could she not have done anything bad as a pirate? She was experienced in both the slave trade and in plundering ships.

Similarly, Tracy didn’t believe that Gehrman Sparrow was moved by her beauty and her experiences, and had ended up coveting her, because his cold gaze was like he was looking at a dead person.

There must be other factors… A thought flashed through her mind as she made connections with matters she might be involved in. She quickly came to a conclusion. It’s likely because

of my blood relationship with Mother. As for Demonesses, they're all good at hexes. Once I die, Mother will immediately notice it. When she discovers that there's a problem here, she will make preparations ahead of time, preventing Gehrman Sparrow from finding his target during his subsequent actions. That's why he allowed me to live but made it impossible for me to contact anyone else… From the looks of it, regardless of the outcome of his operation targeted at Mother, he will return to kill me… And if I want to continue living, I have to succeed in saving myself before that happens.

In Tracy's heart, she didn't have much of a relationship with her mother, Katarina. This Demoness of Unaging had lived for a long time, and most of the time, she had maintained her youthful state of mind by dating young men. She was passionate about the occasional children that she had whenever she found it novel to have one. At other times, she was mostly indifferent.

However, as she grew older, Katarina's evaluation of Tracy was that she resembled her past self more and more.

Hence, she was doted on her and provided more help.

However, Tracy didn't want such attention. It only served to make her lose her original gender, putting her into a painful situation that she couldn't shake off.

Phew… Although I hate her and blame her, I still unknowingly rely on her, hoping that she can respect my opinion more… I h-hope that she can escape Gehrman Sparrow's pursuit… Tracy once again began to struggle in an attempt to escape her bound state.

On the one hand, she was trying to save herself. On the other hand, she wanted to inform her mother to be careful of Gehrman Sparrow as soon as possible!

Of course, Tracy found it questionable that Gehrman Sparrow, who had likely advanced to Sequence 4 recently, would be able to harm her mother. She was, after all, someone who had survived since the Fourth Epoch, and was a Demoness with the title of "Unaging." However, she didn't only pin this belief on hope alone. This was because Gehrman Sparrow had helpers, such as the Death Consul who even her mother feared!

Plop!

Tracy finally collapsed on the ground and tried to roll towards the desk. But no matter how hard she tried, she was unable to roll her body.

The person she was fighting against was none other than herself, she who had been "Distorted" and "Magnified"!

Above the gray fog, Klein had already taken his seat in the high-back chair of The Fool. He placed the paper stained with Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's blood on the surface of the long, mottled table.

Following that, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote a divination statement:

"Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's mother, Katarina's current location."

Putting down the pen, he held the two pieces of paper and leaned back into his chair. He closed his eyes and repeated the words he had written.

After repeating it seven times, he entered a dream. He saw a tall

and towering gothic bell tower appear in the gray world.

Around the bell tower, the white-robed Katarina stood in the shadows of a few houses. She observed the surroundings with a heavy expression, as though she was searching for something. As for the crimson moon hanging high in the sky, its position was identical to what he had seen before entering the gray fog.

This meant that Demoness of White Katarina was still in Backlund. She was in West Borough, in search of a particular target.

Chapter 1109: Patience

After ending the divination and returning to the real world, Klein walked to the room outside the rental flat. There, he pondered for nearly a minute while looking at the crimson moon in the night sky.

Perhaps, there's still another chance for digesting the potion... he muttered silently as he ultimately rummaged for something. He took the two marionettes and disappeared into the shadows.

In Backlund, he no longer dared to use Flaming Jump, afraid that it might catch Zaratul's notice. After all, it was impossible for him to always have an opportunity to ignite Will Auceptin's paper crane to protect himself. This was a sign of disrespect towards the Snake of Fate, and it was easy for Dr. Aaron's family to be targeted if he kept visiting them.

In the blink of an eye, Klein appeared at the back of the tall, gothic-styled bell tower in his dream. He hid in the shadows—one formed by the Bell of Order, a symbol of Backlund.

Immediately following that, he and his two marionettes split apart, each occupying different hidden spots.

After doing all of this, Klein quickly turned a rat into a marionette, allowing it to run to the edge of the range of his control. It opened its mouth and softly chanted an honorific name:

"The great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife. Demoness of White Katarina is in this area..."

Since Klein was fulfilling his agreement with the Red Angel evil spirit, he also hoped that this high-level creature would step into a trap that might possibly be for him. At the same time, he had some doubts about Sauron Einhorn Medici's true intentions. He had no intention of urgently getting help from the Church of Evernight or Queen Mystic. He planned on watching from the sidelines to confirm the situation, lest he implicated others into springing a trap.

Just as the prayer ended, the gray rat suddenly twitched and fell quietly beside the rubbish bin.

It had already lost its life and was no longer Klein's marionette.

This was a way to prevent himself from being marked by the Red Angel evil spirit.

As for him, after giving up on that rat marionette, he immediately left the area where the Bell of Order was located with Qonas and Enuni. He also made "the Winner" pray to Sea God Kalvetua a few kilometers away.

After the prayer, the two of them continued to retreat, widening their distance.

Then, Klein hid in a storage room in a particular house, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog to sit at the position of The Fool.

He then beckoned for the Sea God Scepter. With the help of the prayer light of "the Winner," he expanded his scope and observed the target area.

At the same time, with his other hand, he held the piece of paper that was stained with Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's blood.

With a medium like this, and a general scope, it didn't take long under his "true vision" before he found the hidden Demoness of White Katarina.

The black-haired, blue-eyed woman was dressed in a pure white robe. She looked like a weightless feather, and she was gently drifting across the streets and alleys. Even if the patrolling policemen looked in the right direction, they were unable to detect her presence.

If it wasn't for the gray fog's help, Klein could only use Spirit Body Threads to see through the invisibility to a certain extent.

Taking a deep breath, he patiently waited for the Red Angel evil spirit to appear. He also observed Katarina, wanting to know what she was looking for.

He suspected that the Demoness of White was targeting Trissy Cheek.

Seconds changed to minutes as the crimson moon gradually tilted to the side. Having wandered around the Bell of Order for a while without finding anything, Katarina revealed a slightly frustrated and disappointed expression. She looked as though she was about to leave that area at any time.

And the Red Angel evil spirit never appeared!

This... Sauron Einhom Medici was just lying to me. He really didn't have the Demoness of White as his goal? No, that's not

necessarily the case. If that happened, then “His” condition would be meaningless… The Red Angel evil spirit has actually arrived at the scene, but has chosen not to immediately take action like me? “He” is waiting for the battle between Katarina and me and my companions to reach its most intense state before suddenly appearing to reap the greatest benefits… Klein’s thoughts wandered as he came up with a guess:

He suspected that the Red Angel evil spirit was as cautious, careful, and staid as he was. “He” hoped to be the fisherman pulling in the net and not that net.

This is really troublesome… Next, it will depend on who’s more patient… Klein muttered silently as he continued to observe the situation around the Bell of Order through the prayer light.

Tick. Tick. Tick. The second hand was beating at the same pace in the quiet night. Demoness of White Katarina’s expression turned increasingly gloomy.

Suddenly, she cast her gaze on the glass window of a building.

The dim night was like a mirror reflecting the things in front of them.

Katarina’s beautiful blue eyes sparkled slightly as the surface of the mirror instantly turned dark, as though there were countless objects and layers of space hidden within.

The glass window seemed to have become a passageway to an alternate world!

With a thought, together with the various Beyonder powers that

Demoness Trissy had showcased, he suspected that Katarina was about to use the mirror world to leave this place and end her "hunt" tonight.

How can the Red Angel evil spirit still endure this? Klein tensed up as he instinctively wanted to put down the Sea God Scepter and return to the real world. He wanted to act against the Demoness of White and prevent her from leaving.

As this thought flashed through his mind, he ultimately didn't move.

He felt that he could still wait a little longer because even if Katarina left the surrounding area of the Bell of Order, he could still locate her again as long as she didn't discover that something had happened to her daughter. When the time came, he could first summon Arrodes to ask about the target's actual abilities and items. Then, he could either seek the help of Queen Mystic Bernadette or the Church of Evernight to borrow a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. He could then make the scales of victory tip towards him before taking action.

I deliberately didn't hide my operation this time. If I were to borrow a Sealed Artifact and the archbishop assents to it, that means that the Goddess's true attitude towards George III is: "She" doesn't like the king becoming the Black Emperor, but "She" can only accept it silently. If someone is willing to disrupt the ritual, "She" is willing to provide some help… Klein calmed his slightly anxious feelings, allowing his observation to become more relaxed.

At that moment, Demoness of White Katarina's expression returned to normal. She floated to the glass window and entered without any corporeal form.

The layers of illusory worlds within the mirror converged as

though they were constantly moving away.

At this moment, using his “true vision” to observe the area underneath, Klein seemed to hear a shrill female scream. This cry seemed to come from another world. It contained extreme fear and disbelief.

None of the residents in the surrounding area were jolted awake. No one heard anything.

That was Katarina’s scream? What exactly happened to her… Klein’s gaze froze as he thought of something:

The Red Angel evil spirit is also an evil spirit, and it’s also capable of using Mirror Blink; thus, using this medium.

In other words, “He” is no stranger to the mirror world!

Could it be that Sauron Einhorn Medici had been hiding in the “mirror” all this time, waiting for the Demoness of White to throw herself into a trap? As his pupils dilated, the darkness and gloominess in the glass window disappeared.

The “mirror” had lost its unique characteristics and returned to its original state.

A few seconds later, the bottom of the glass window slowly bled, forming a liquid that slid down.

In the areas that the liquid passed, the surrounding grayish-white tint spread, covering its original pale yellow color. It was like a newly embedded stone.

Drip! Drip! Drip!

The drops of liquid landed on the ground, dyeing it bright red like blood, beautiful like flowers.

Upon seeing this scene, the muscles on Klein's face twitched slightly before he forced himself to use his Clown powers to control his expression.

This ending was really unexpected.

A powerful and senior Sequence 3 saint, one who had lived for more than a thousand years, was unable to put up any resistance in front of the Red Angel evil spirit's trap. There was only silence left.

As for Klein himself, even if he counted the two marionettes and the Sealed Artifacts he possessed, he was still a little weaker when compared to Katarina's strength. He needed to make up for this gap through prior preparations.

This also meant that, if he were to face the Red Angel evil spirit, he would probably not end up any better. He would similarly be powerless and puny, slowly sinking in the torrent that followed.

Is this what a former King of Angels is? Even though "His" strength has yet to recover to its peak state, it still leaves one in such despair... Seeing the blood seeping out from the glass window gradually lessen, he took a deep breath and returned to the real world.

Following that, he and Winner Enuni exchanged positions as he "Teleported" to the glass window.

When Bizarro Sorcerers switched positions, they could only choose two swapping their bodies or bodies and external objects. However, it was impossible to be too precise at his current level, so Klein wasn't able to leave behind whatever he wanted. He could only choose to leave everything or not leave anything behind.

Enuni, who wore Gehrman Sparrow's appearance, said to the glass window in a deep voice the moment he materialized in front of it, "I have already fulfilled my promise."

A figure suddenly appeared on the glass window.

He was wearing a long black robe with red stripes. He casually wore a hood, revealing a soft outline. His skin was brown, and he had a pale face. He was the Gatekeeper who had been possessed by Sauron Einhorn Medici.

"Well done," the young man walked down from the window and said with a smile.

Upon hearing this, Klein took out something from his pocket. The corners of his mouth curled up as he happily replied,

"You did well too."

As he spoke, he blew at the monocle in his hand and wore it on his left eye. Sauron Einhorn Medici's smile froze.

Chapter 1110: "Spirit" Channeling

For a moment, the cold night became abnormally scorching hot, as though invisible lava was surging within it.

However, everything quickly returned to normal.

The Red Angel evil spirit sized up Klein and smiled as if nothing had happened.

"I'll say it again. You have talent in being a Provoker.

"Back when Zaratul digested the Bizarro Sorcerer potion, even 'He' didn't dare to pretend to be Amon in front of me."

There wasn't a hint of anger in his tone. He didn't mention why Zaratul didn't dare to do so, but with his gaze sweeping across Klein, it was as if he had fallen deep inside a glacier, his body freezing in the process.

This was how his actual body felt. Even though he was separated by a marionette, the back of his neck and back still had goosebumps.

Without needing Sauron Einhorn Medici to say anything else, Klein understood the hidden meaning behind his words:

Anyone who dared to use such a method to scare "Him" would suffer the punishment of steel and blood on the spot!

Looking at the Red Angel evil spirit in front of him who had a converged aura but was giving off a feeling of an extremely high level of superiority, Klein couldn't help but inwardly mutter, If it wasn't for the fact that the Bizarro Sorcerer potion had been digested to a certain extent, I would've thought that your willpower was as strong as steel and that your strength has returned to the level of at least a Sequence 1. And now, I can basically confirm that, under your calm demeanor, you're hiding a strong fear towards Amon. This also means that your current level is at most at Sequence 2...

Besides, I was already mentally prepared to lose a marionette. In order to quickly digest the potion, I had to take the risk...

If Danitz was here and he was given the opportunity to shout out "coward" twice, he could probably quickly digest the Provoker potion even if he had drunk four or five bottles...

Without further agitating the Red Angel evil spirit, Klein smiled and took off the monocle.

"Back in the Solomon Empire, Zaratul should already be an angel. How would he still need to digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion?"

"I'm talking about the young Zaratul," Sauron Einhorn Medici said casually.

This is consistent with the description from the grandpa in Leonard's body... Klein nodded indiscernibly and focused on the main topic at hand.

"You've already finished off the Demoness of White?"

“What do you think?” The Red Angel evil spirit laughed and said, “Also, one must be polite. Since Katarina calls herself the Saintess of White, then you shouldn’t call her a Demoness anymore.”

Polite… A Hunter emphasizing manners with me… At that instant, the corners of Klein’s mouth twitched, expressing the ludicrousness of the matter, but he ultimately held back.

From the looks of it, “provoking” isn’t limited to ridiculing and cursing others. Uh, Danitz, who only knows how to curse using one word, is a disgrace to Hunters… As he thought, Klein said, “I’ve already fulfilled my promise. I think you don’t mind giving me a small reward.”

“Reward?” the Red Angel evil spirit scoffed and asked.

Klein ignored “His” attitude and continued, “I wish to communicate with the Demoness of White. I want to ask her something.”

“Just this request?” the Red Angel evil spirit asked in amusement.

Klein nodded.

“That’s right.”

“No problem.” Sauron Einhorn Medici raised his right hand and grabbed at his glabella. From there, a blurry figure was pulled out. It was none other than Saintess of White Katarina, whose facial expression was filled with horror.

“Can we have a private conversation?” Seeing this, Klein looked around.

The Red Angel evil spirit immediately laughed and said, “Do you need a room where the two of you can be together?

Think about it with that brain of yours. Even if you want to hide the questions you would like to raise from me, I can still find out through Katarina’s spirit. That is, of course, unless you don’t plan on returning her to me? Or are you a little boy who needs things to follow a ritual?”

Klein made the marionette reply with a deadpan expression, “I have a way to make her forget my questions.”

This was both the truth and a lie. The truth was that he could use Hvin Rambis’s Manipulator’s Beyonder characteristic to complete the job. However, it was relatively difficult, and the chance of failure was very high. Furthermore, the negative effects weren’t minor. The reason why he lied was because he had no intention of doing so. This would expose many important matters. He only had one purpose in saying this: to make the Red Angel evil spirit suspect that the answers obtained weren’t the truth and that there were key hidden parts beneath the surface. From that, “He” would ignore the value of the answers obtained on the surface. This worked wonders on people who were highly suspicious.

Of course, there was no hope of success. After all, the entity opposite him was the Red Angel who was master of “conspiracies.”

“Not bad.” After Sauron Einhorn Medici heard Klein’s reply, “His” body suddenly vanished, projecting itself onto the glass window.

Klein glanced at the blood that had already coagulated on the gray stones, feeling somewhat wistful as he brought the somewhat muddle-headed Demoness of White Katarina far away from the glass and into a dark alley.

He then took out candles, essential oils, and herbal powders. He set up an altar and prayed to the Evernight Goddess, hoping that he could use ritualistic magic to complete the mediumship.

This was a skill he had mastered when he was still a Nighthawk.

As the ritual was completed, an immense and terrifying power descended from an indescribable height, causing the surroundings to become unusually quiet.

Klein's eyes instantly darkened, as it was like the dark night was compressed.

He then saw more things around Katarina's spirit—flickering light and blurry mind storms.

He easily passed through those obstacles and faced the Demoness of White's Body of Heart and Mind.

"Has the cooperation between the Demoness Sect and George III come to an end?" Without being careless, Klein began from a less sensitive question to observe Katarina's condition.

The dazed and confused look on Katarina's face faded a little as she nodded with a pure smile.

“Yes.”

“Then why are you still in Backlund?” Klein asked further.

Katarina replied solemnly, “I’m in pursuit of Trissy. She took an important Sealed Artifact from us.”

“What’s the Sealed Artifact?” Klein suddenly recalled the sapphire ring that Demoness Trissy had once worn on her hand. It was intricately made.

Demoness of White Katarina said with a pious expression, “It has something to do with the awakening of Primordial. Apart from its high level at Grade 0, it doesn’t have any special abilities.”

Indeed, it has to do with the Primordial Demoness… You people even changed Trissy’s name to Trissy Cheek… Klein didn’t reveal that he knew the true name of the Primordial Demoness. Instead, he asked, “Do you know where the other eight mausoleums of George III are?”

Katarina frowned slightly and answered in a manner meant to garner sympathy, “They’re separately located in the southwest suburbs of Backlund, Awwa County, East Chester County…”

This Demoness of White first gave a simple account of the locations of the eight mausoleums before introducing their specific locations and situations in detail.

“The eight mausoleums have already been repaired. They temporarily deactivated the teleportation tunnel. Even if they have the corresponding charms, there’s no way to open them

again. It's almost impossible to find them directly from the outside world...

"Other than Prince Grove, Duchess Georgina, the two angels of the royal family, and George III, no one else can enter..."

Well, some of those places were places where Qonas Kilgor often went hunting, so it matches my guess. This means that the Demoness of White isn't lying... I'll make a confirmation above the gray fog later...

If this is really the case, it would be quite troublesome... With the current situation, be it Prince Grove or Duchess Georgina, they would definitely be in the sights of the angels...

The biggest hurdle is entering the ruins. Once entry is gained, what follows won't be that dangerous. War has already broken out, and there's a need to fight against the Feysacians. Demigods are a limited resource, so there's no way George III can have every ruin be guarded by a saint, with the option of an angel to provide reinforcements... As Klein's thoughts raced, he first posed a question:

"The royal family has two angels?"

"In fact, that's not the case. It's very likely that George III is also one," Katarina replied honestly. "One of those two angels is the Founder of the Loen Kingdom, Protector William I who has survived since the Fourth Epoch. 'He' is a Sequence 1 Hand of Order of the Arbiter pathway, while the other is the former Duke of Southville, Dlink Augustus. 'He' is a Sequence 2 Balancer... As for how many Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts the royal family has, I'm not sure."

The Founder on the ten-pound note is still alive? I have the

feeling that history has seeped into reality again... After some thought, he nodded and asked, “Why are you working with George III?”

“For a Conqueror Beyonder characteristic. It’s already in our hands.” Katarina’s expression became a little excited. Conqueror was the name of the Red Priest pathway’s Sequence 1 potion!

“Then, will it belong to the Primordial Demoness, or belong to the upper echelons of your sect?” Klein asked thoughtfully. “Who are the higher-ups of your sect?”

“It will be sacrificed to Primordial. However, we have to find the Sealed Artifact that Trissy took away first. Currently, it has been kept by the Saintess of Black... All the higher-ups of our sect have colors as their code names...” Katarina answered truthfully.

After understanding more details, Klein terminated the spirit channeling, cleaned up the altar, and allowed the Demoness of White’s spirit to return to the glass window from before.

As for himself, his body suddenly turned transparent. With the help of “Teleportation,” he disappeared from this region, rendezvousing with his actual body and his other marionette.

After watching Gehrman Sparrow leave, the gloominess and confusion on Katarina’s face suddenly vanished as her expression became extremely astute.

She then entered the glass window which had turned dark again.

A few seconds later, Sauron Einhorn Medici and Demoness of

White Katarina walked out of the “mirror” together. The latter’s figure was clear and filled with flesh. She showed no signs of death!

“Are you saying that he was asking about the other eight secret mausoleums of George III? The power of the spirit channeling came from Evernight?” The Red Angel evil spirit stroked “His” chin and turned to ask Katarina.

The Demoness of White nodded slightly and said, “That’s right.”

“Heh.” The Red Angel evil spirit immediately laughed. “So he doesn’t want George III to become the Black Emperor.” Katarina’s eyes darted around as she revealed a smile.

“But it’s impossible to succeed. No matter how fast he advances or how much help he receives, there’s no way he can resist the combined forces of the royal family, the military, and that organization. No, if it’s just the Augustus family, with his level and strength, he won’t be able to do anything, unless Evernight personally descends.”

Having said that, this Demoness of White asked in a seemingly casual manner, “I’m very puzzled. Why didn’t you kill me directly after grasping the absolute advantage over me?”

The Red Angel evil spirit glanced at her as the corners of “His” mouth slowly curled up.

“Do you think you have the right to be my true target?”

Chapter 1111: "Poker Expert"

Upon hearing the Red Angel evil spirit's reply, Demoness of White Katarina's expression instantly froze, unable to contain her anger.

Sauron Einhorn Medici laughed and continued, "You must've become a demigod at the end of the Fourth Epoch. It's been more than a thousand years, but you haven't become an angel. Don't you feel inferior?

"As for that fellow just now, he had to rely on Azik Eggers to face you head-on in the beginning. He was as weak as a chick that had just hatched. But now, in less than a year, he has already advanced to Sequence 4 and obtained godhood. He has the ability to match your strength. Don't you have any thoughts about this? Didn't you think that the past thousand years were a waste? Even a dog might open the gates to angelhood after living for more than a thousand years.

"I know what you're thinking. You're very jealous, and on the other hand, you also have a twisted desire. You want to prove yourself by sleeping with him. You Demonesses are really laughable. On the one hand, you insist that you were originally men so as to prevent yourself from losing yourself, thus, resulting in you losing control. On the other hand, you have to showcase the charm of a woman and try your hand at extreme pleasure and intense love. But we Hunters have no such problem. Regardless of what gender we were in the beginning, all we need to do in the future is war, war, war!

"Primordial really is a twisted fellow. Letting a pure woman take the path of a Demoness would be so much better; however, generation after generation, you pass the damage down. And for what? Isn't the main goal merely to seek revenge on fate?"

Every word of the Red Angel evil spirit was like an arrow that stabbed into the heart of the Demoness of White. It made her beautiful and exquisite face twitch, and her smooth, raven-black, long hair seemed to grow thicker.

Sauron Einhorn Medici glanced at Katarina and immediately chortled.

“Don’t tell me that you’re losing control because of my provocation?

“What a nostalgic feeling.”

The Red Angel evil spirit paused for a moment before saying:

You can leave now. If there’s anything, then remember to recite my honorific name. Of course, I will come to you directly if I have to.”

Demoness of White Katarina’s expression returned to normal. She frowned slightly and asked in disbelief, “You’re letting me leave, just like that?”

The Red Angel evil spirit chuckled.

“Why? Do you want to sleep with me? It’s not impossible if the timing is right, but there’s something very important that needs to be done right now.

“Don’t worry. Since you’ve already recited my honorific name and given me a drop of your blood, you’ll be under my watch, and you can be affected by me at any moment.

“Have you already forgotten the differences between an angel and a saint? Don’t you know how powerful a real high- level figure is?

“Heh heh, unless you directly pray to Primordial and receive a response; otherwise, you’ll never be able to free yourself from my gaze. Well, in normal circumstances, an angel can do such a thing, but that’s only limited to the situation of you only chanting my honorific name. If you don’t believe me, I’ll let you seek the help of an angel.”

Demoness of White Katarina listened with a gloomy expression before finally smiling.

“I’ll keep your teachings in mind, Lord Medici.”

Sauron Einhorn Medici’s eyebrows twitched.

“You don’t seem so compliant. I can even imagine how you were when you faced Gehrman Sparrow, but I don’t care.

“Ah, I forgot to tell you. It’s best if you immediately confirm the condition of your bloodline descendants. Don’t you find it suspicious that Gehrman Sparrow managed to find you so easily?”

Katarina’s face turned slightly pale, but then it grew serious. She slowly nodded and said, “I understand.”

With that said, she immediately retreated and entered the glass window again. It was unknown where she was headed for in the illusory, stacked mirror world.

With the Demoness of White disappearing, a bloody gash suddenly appeared on the left side of the Red Angel evil spirit's left cheek and made a sound:

"What an excellent actress. She made it seem like she wasn't good at controlling her expression, showing her restlessness and lack of intelligence as though it was easy for her ulterior motives to be discovered."

"That's right. That way, there's a high chance that we would belittle her and let our guard down against her." The Red Angel evil spirit's right cheek also cracked open in a hideous manner.

"Tsk, Demonesses are indeed very cunning. However, I've never underestimated any prey." The Red Angel evil spirit used "His" normal mouth to say, "She wants to desensitize me and make me belittle her, but it's impossible."

The bloody gash on "His" left cheek opened and closed and replied, "Then why were you captured by Alista Tudor?"

"That's because of the two of you." The personality that belonged to Medici pouted and said, "It had nothing to do with belittlement and desensitization."

The blood-colored crack on his right snorted and said, "How does it feel like to become someone else's prey? The mighty God of War, the Red Angel beside the Creator?"

"Not bad." Medici's expression darkened a little, but "His" words seemed to contain some self-complacency.

The personality that belonged to Sauron said with the left cheek,

“You really like to bluff in order to achieve your goals. Back then, Alista and company managed to see through your lies, which was why they managed to seize the opportunity.

“And just now, you were bluffing Katarina. You’re only capable of releasing your aura, relying on traps and surprise attacks to bring about a certain amount of damage. There was no way you could quickly finish her off, but you pretended that you had returned to your Sequence 1 state, tricking her into reciting your honorific name and handing over her blood.”

Medici pouted again and said, “A bluff is also a normal playstyle in poker. The effect is pretty good, isn’t it?”

At this point, the Red Angel chuckled and said, “Furthermore, it’s not just a bluff. What I’m most fond of is to mix in a truth or two every few bluffs, allowing me to wait for fellows who think they’ve seen through my disguise to step into a trap. It’s just like the mistakes you two idiots made back then.”

“But you were the first to die!” The two sides of the Red Angel evil spirit’s face cracked at the same time.

Without any hesitation, Medici said, “That means I’m the strongest, worthy of having the most attention!”

With that said, the three personalities of the Red Angel evil spirit fell silent at the same time. After a few seconds, the blood-colored crack that represented Einhorn opened and closed.

“Gehrman Sparrow’s connection with Evernight is tighter than I imagined. He should’ve noticed Katarina’s true state just now.”

Medici chuckled and said, “It’s alright. This is something ‘She’ has tacitly allowed in the first place.

“Back when the Great Smog of Backlund happened, the ones who participated in the operation are all gone. Only that Demoness named Trissy is still alive. Isn’t that enough to explain something?”

Sauron and Einhorn didn’t speak further as they allowed the bloody crack on the cheeks to wriggle and heal.

The Red Angel evil spirit then reflected “Himself on the glass window and disappeared from the area around the Bell of Order.

Above the grayish-white fog, inside the ancient palace.

Looking at the spinning topaz pendant in his hand, Klein nodded indiscernibly.

He had already used spirit dowsing to confirm Katarina’s answers, and he came up with a concrete conclusion.

Right on the heels of that, he began his dream divination based on what he knew of the eight secret mausoleums. He saw the corresponding areas and their blurry states.

This made him understand that entry was impossible via normal methods. Even the process of prying without interference had difficulties in locating the interior of the mausoleums.

This is very troublesome… Also, when I was channeling the

Demoness of White girl's spirit, it was quite different from the time when I did it for Qonas Kilgor and Hvin Rambis. She had too many expressions, and her answer was more proactive... Is this something special about Demonesses, or is it due to other factors? With a thought, he beckoned with his hand to draw out a piece of paper that was stained with Vice Admiral Ailment's blood. He wrote down the corresponding sentence and made a dream divination to search for his target.

In the blurry world, Klein saw Tracy, who had escaped from her spider webs, looking out the window.

There was a dark and illusory storm around there, making it impossible for him to know where it was.

Tracy has escaped... She doesn't look sad. She only feels a certain amount of anger and confusion... Her relationship with the Demoness of White is so terrible? Or could it be... Just as he was feeling puzzled, he saw a black flame suddenly ignite and melt his dream away.

He opened his eyes and confirmed that he could no longer use the blood in his hand to divine the location of Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy. This meant that a demigod powerhouse had used a mysticism technique to sever the connection between the two.

Could it be that the Demoness of White Katarina isn't dead yet? This... Right, when the Red Angel evil spirit answered me, "He" was using rhetorical questions. He didn't admit it at all... I was channeling the spirit of a living person! Klein was instantly enlightened as he hurriedly made another divination. Finally, he confirmed that the Demoness of White really was still alive.

Indeed, the Red Angel evil spirit's true target isn't the Demoness of White... Also, combined with the feedback from the progress of my potion's digestion, is it right for me to say that the Red Angel

evil spirit is weaker than I imagined? “He” hasn’t even recovered to the level of Sequence 2, and he was unable to quickly finish off the Demoness of White. “He” could only rely on other means to subdue her? After pondering for a moment, Klein realized he couldn’t come to a conclusion.

He quickly reined in his thoughts and stopped considering the problem. This was because he had already obtained the information he needed from Demoness of White Katarina.

Klein put down the piece of paper that was stained with Vice Admiral Ailment’s blood and suddenly chuckled.

Severing the connection between the blood and the body, preventing powers of divination and prophecy from using it as a medium?

I wonder if it will work when rubbing it on the surface of Groselle’s Travels?

After looking at the piece of paper for a few seconds, Klein temporarily gave up on the idea of testing it, because there was no need for it.

His focus quickly shifted to the other eight mausoleums of George III.

Ordinary lines of thought shouldn’t work. The things that I can come up with are definitely things that the angels and saints under George III can figure out as well…

If it wasn’t for the fact that the gods have already tacitly allowed this matter, exposing this matter by printing it on flyers

might've been effective...

Hmm, teleportation nexus... the Tudor Ruins... This...

As he thought about it, a thought suddenly came to his mind. He had an idea.

Chapter 1112: Traveling Notebook

In the magnificent palace above the gray fog, Klein stretched out his right hand and tapped the edge of the long, mottled table as he muttered silently, The five large family clans of the Tudor Dynasty are Amon, Abraham, Antigonus, Jacob, and Tamara… The one who helped Alista Tudor become Blood Emperor were the Kings of Angels, Adam, Amon, and Abraham…

Can it be inferred that, during the time of the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire, there were the consuls, Amon and Abraham standing beside Alista?

If that's the case, Blood Emperor Alista Tudor didn't have plans on switching paths in the beginning. When he secretly constructed the mausoleums, he likely would've sought the help of one or more of the following: Amon, Abraham, and Antigonus. As for Bethel Abraham, he's Mr. Door, and he grasps the Apprentice pathway. When it comes to "Teleportation," even a true deity might not be as good as "Him"…

So, could the teleportation nexus in the Tudor ruins be set up by Bethel Abraham?

There's a high chance of that!

Yes, only important figures like Mr. Door can enter and exit a secret ruin at such a level. Even my divination above the gray fog is unable to pinpoint its location. Likewise, it's difficult for an angel who wields Concealment to enter it directly…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein was leaning more and more towards his own guess being closer to that of reality.

I wonder if Mr. Door left behind any relevant information to provide accurate coordinates or methods of entry? This would require Miss Magician to ask her teacher again...

Sigh, I really hope that Miss Magician can become a Traveler as soon as possible. That way, she wouldn't need to rely on writing letters to contact her teacher. She could "Teleport" over directly. Yes, she can do it now, but the act of being able to "Record" so many "Traveling" spells would scare her teacher and arouse suspicion. It's really troublesome...

If there are no records left behind by the Abraham family, do I have to attempt to converse with Mr. Door? Not only is this troublesome, but it's also dangerous... Most importantly, Miss Magician isn't even Sequence 5 yet. She hasn't been able to clearly hear, much less respond to Mr. Door. It's impossible for me to turn her into my marionette or descend onto her body... Early on, Klein had seriously considered communicating with Mr. Door through Miss Magician when he first pulled her above the gray fog. Later, after he came to learn more, he grew increasingly apprehensive about the idea, and he didn't dare take the risk.

Furthermore, the level he was at now lacked the measures that spelled sufficiency and security.

As his thoughts churned, he suddenly sighed and said a word, "Patience..."

At sea, on an island with relatively high pirate activity.

Fors raised her glass and took a sip of the transparent and colorless liquid in anticipation.

Her face scrunched up as if she had tasted something hard to

swallow.

Pfft, isn't this Lanti Proof too inferior? Why are they having so much fun drinking this? Fors put down her cup, raised her right hand, and fanned her mouth. She softly muttered, "Apart from the alcohol content, it doesn't have any other strengths. Oh right, it's also cheap!"

After drinking a mouthful of cold water from another cup, Fors picked up a fountain pen and wrote in a rather poor quality notebook:

"The pirates here are only in pursuit of strong liquor while keeping an eye on the price. To them, being drunk is more important than anything else.

"Three pirate friends that I know have told me that this port city was built by them. At first, they only docked their ships here to hide their loot and settle their families. Later on, the bankrupt, adventurers, and tax fugitives came to this place and settled down. They also ploughed the lands on the island and built houses. Finally, an entrepot market was formed, and the merchants at sea swarmed over like sharks smelling blood."

At this point, Fors looked up at the three pirates curled up in a corner.

"Do you have anything else to say?"

The three burly pirates trembled at the same time and said with a mournful expression, "No, really. We have nothing."

...I have to say that it feels pretty good to imitate Mr. World's

attitude when it comes to dealing with pirates... Fors sighed and shook her head. She retracted her gaze and continued writing:

"There's a liberal mood here. If the women are interested in any man, they can, like the men, offer a price. Similarly, it works when a man catches the eye of another man, or when a woman catches the eye of another woman. According to my three pirate friends, due to the long periods of repression and boredom while drifting out at sea, it's inevitable for some people to experiment with certain forbidden taboos. In this aspect, they've been very honest and even described their experiences...

"In addition, they informed me of things that I never dared believed: Pirates actually advocate the concept of democracy and justice.

"This has completely overturned my understanding. But on careful thought, it doesn't seem difficult to understand. At least they didn't say that they were pursuing justice.

"The explanation from my three pirate friends is that when a person with his weapons doesn't have absolute, overwhelming strength, it's always the case of there being tyranny from the majority on a pirate ship. Furthermore, a large ship requires a lot of people to run it... When these factors are combined, it makes the pirate crew very particular about democracy. There will always be a captain who will be voted by his or her crew now and then to be banished or even killed.

"I believe that if a captain possesses absolute strength, the pirate crew would definitely develop another style of governance."

At this point, Fors looked out the window again and saw that, under the blue sky and white clouds, buildings made of wood and rocks formed a dense circle around a market. From time to time, she could see a few children in tattered clothes skipping

past.

Upon hearing the extremely lively commotion, Fors wrote again:

“There’s no urban planning here at all. Everyone casually builds their houses and expands their borders. As a result, many roads only allow for one person to walk through. There’s no sunlight at all…

“My first reaction is that once a fire breaks out, the outcome will be extremely terrifying. Backlund once had a similar tragedy. However, my three pirate friends told me that this isn’t something worth worrying about, because it’s humid and often rains here. People with special powers never keep it under wraps…

“This place is still under the influence of war. Although it’s chaotic, it gives people a sense of tranquility.

“Also, what they’re most afraid of isn’t the King of the Five Seas, Nast, or all sorts of horrifying legends, but rather of the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. Every pirate is warned by their peers not to drink too late into the night.

They shouldn’t take a walk in the middle of the night or use small alleys. That’s because it might lead to them going missing. And the murderer is rumored to be that gentleman…

“Is this a form of ‘hunting’?”

As she wrote, Fors’s expression gradually turned solemn. She hurriedly pulled out another stack of paper and added on the content:

"... There's a unique coldness that wafts through the hospital at night, and the darkness outside the window is much thicker than other places...

"...No one knows why that young lady who lives in a single ward gets her family members to bring her mushrooms and weeds. No one knows where these things end up. In short, there were no signs of any fires in the ward, and there's no abandoned junk outside. This makes the nurses suspect that the patient is secretly eating mushrooms and weeds..."

Standing in front of the mountain, Afternoon Town, which was divided into three regions of the top, middle and bottom, had a camp set up by the City of Silver.

Derrick Berg clasped his hands and placed them in front of his mouth, softly chanting, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era..."

After piously chanting, he stood up and picked up the ancient bronze cross that was covered with sharp spikes, walking towards the bonfire outside.

As the Unshadowed Crucifix couldn't coexist with other mystical items, his giant hammer named Thunder God's Roar could only be temporarily left to Haim and Joshua to carry with them.

As the City of Silver's expedition team gathered, Klein, who was in Backlund, had already arrived above the gray fog. He picked up the Sea God Scepter and, with the help of one of the crimson star's burgeoning and contracting, he saw the situation in Afternoon Town, and he expanded his vision towards the Giant King's Court.

If he didn't use the prayer light and the Sea God Scepter, Klein

was unable to expand his field of view by relying only on the crimson stars.

As his gaze moved, a beautiful but deep dusk gradually appeared in his eyes.

In the area where dusk was frozen, there were countless palaces, countless towers, and many majestic city walls. They were magnificent and opulent, resembling a miracle found in myths and legends. Furthermore, they were frozen in time.

The Giant King's Court!

As he tried to zoom in with his vision, Klein realized that he was unable to see the exact situation beneath the dusk.

As expected of the divine kingdom of an ancient god, and it's not the kind that has been abandoned or hidden... It's no wonder that the Kings of Angels chose this place for a secret gathering... I hope that Little Sun's prayer after entering the Giant King's Court will help me see it more clearly... Klein nodded thoughtfully.

At the same time, he focused a portion of his attention on Shepherd Elder Lovia. He discovered that this lady had an illusory silver armor covering her entire body.

This should be the evil spirit she "Grazed"... I haven't seen any effects from the True Creator yet... Klein slowly let out a breath and patiently waited for the subsequent developments.

After a while, under the lead of Chief Colin Iliad, the nine-men expedition team, including Derrick Berg, left the Afternoon Town camp. They followed the stairs paved with gray stones and

walked towards the peak of the mountain.

They were at least Sequence 6 Beyonders, and most of them belonged to the Warrior pathway. They moved at relatively fast speeds, clearing a few waves of monsters that were mainly rotten giants. Finally, they arrived at the region shrouded by dusk. They were shocked by the grand and epic building, and no one spoke for a short period of time.

This was also the first time they had encountered a place where there were no flashes of lightning, a place that was illuminated by “natural” light!

Demon Hunter Colin narrowed his eyes. He took out a small metal bottle and drank the liquid inside.

After their evolution over the many generations, they were more accustomed to the dark environment with frequent lightning. They were instinctively afraid of such a situation that was in a state of frozen twilight.

It was both a point of hope and fear.

After drinking the prepared potion and mentally preparing himself, Colin Iliad and Shepherd Lovia led the members of the expedition team as they stepped into the region illuminated by the sunset.

Before Derrick could sense anything, he saw the Unshadowed Crucifix in his hand drop, revealing a corporeal form formed from pure light.

However, the light emitted by the corporeal body was no longer

pure. It was tainted with an orange-red color unique to dusk.

Right on the heels of that, Derrick felt his condition plummet. It was as if he was at the weakest point of the “day,” ready to welcome the approaching “night.”

Chapter 1113: Powerful Guardian

The towering building stood quietly in the frozen dusk. There wasn't any sound in the area, as though it was just an oil painting.

After passing through such an environment, Derrick Berg became even more high-strung than when he had explored the depths of the darkness. The hair on his back stood on end.

After entering a place shrouded in dusk, the entire exploration team, including Chief Colin Iliad and Shepherd Elder Lovia, couldn't help but show signs of exhaustion and looking worn out. It was as if they had reached the end of their lives. And as they proceeded forward, rotting giants ran out of different buildings in increasing numbers and increasing strength.

With one side weakened and the other side strengthened, it became difficult for them to advance. After several intense battles, the City of Silver's expedition team finally broke through the "lockdown" and "barricades" of the monsters and came to an extremely quiet area. There wasn't any sound at all, and that only served to leave their scalps tingling.

With regards to this, Demon Hunter Colin Iliad had no choice but to break the silence and remind everyone, "This means that we have truly entered the Giant King's Court and are about to approach the core region. The danger level will only increase and not decrease."

Upon hearing this, a few members of the expedition team began to waver due to the influence of the "twilight." From their point of view, although they didn't dare to stay in one place in the earlier stages most of the time, afraid that they would be

surrounded by the rotting giants, they had ultimately eliminated all the monsters in a tiny area. They felt that they could rest for a while and obtain many Beyonder characteristics, mystical ingredients, and potion formulas. This expedition could be said to have been very fruitful, leaving them no reason to continue delving deeper. What they should do was seek out a suitable building and set up an advance camp to make preparations for a second expedition.

Faced with such a suggestion, Colin Iliad didn't say much. He only emphasized that the objective of this exploration was to figure out the general situation of the Giant King's Court as much as possible, so as to accumulate sufficient information for the subsequent operations.

Then, he let one of the members named Antiona to "Placate" those who had wavering wills.

As the Shepherd Elder Lovia also supported the Chief, a small number of the members of the expedition team quickly adjusted their mindset and quietly followed the Chief forward.

After a while, they saw a huge stone staircase. It was entirely grayish-white, but it was dyed with an orange-yellow glow. It was gorgeous and silent.

Every step of the staircase was relatively high. If it were any ordinary human, they would definitely find it very difficult to walk. Fortunately, the shortest member of the expedition team, Elder Lovia, was nearly 1.9 meters tall, and she could muster strong winds.

On the huge staircase, it was so majestic that one had to look up to see the city walls at the top. There were many signs of burn marks and damage on the walls, and some places were impaled with arrows that were as thick as ordinary trees. The several-

meter-long arrows had even caused some rocks to crumble.

In the middle of the city wall was a door that was tens of meters tall. Its color was closer to grayish-blue, and there were golden nails embedded in it. There were two guards standing outside that exuded an extremely oppressive stance simply by looking at them.

They were five to six meters tall, wearing exquisite, sturdy silver full-body armor. One of them held a great sword, while the other held a greataxe towards the ground. Behind the armored visor, there was a ball of orange light that looked like a single eye.

"Silver Knight..." Demon Hunter Colin raised his right hand and swung his sword horizontally to stop the members of the expedition team behind him.

He had long removed the two swords on his back and applied different concoctions on them.

Silver Knight... Derrick Berg's eyelids twitched as he felt his heart palpitate.

He had recently come into contact with information that only the upper echelons of the City of Silver knew about. He knew that the Giant pathway's Sequence 3 was called Silver Knight. He also knew that the City of Silver lacked the correct potion formula, but it had the corresponding Beyonder characteristic.

What horrified Derrick was that the guards of the Giant King's Court core were actually two Sequence 3 demigods. This was a level higher than the City of Silver's strongest combat force!

This was only the area of the royal court's entrance. So it was questionable what they would encounter if they ventured deeper.

After the initial shock, Derrick couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation.

Perhaps, he could find the potion formulas after the Giant pathway's Sequence 4 in the Giant King's Court.

That way, the Chief could become a Silver Knight and greatly increase the strength of the City of Silver. When the time came, they could explore the Giant King's Court at a deeper level, find more potion formulas, hunt more monsters, and obtain even higher level Beyonder characteristics and magical materials.

Subconsciously, Derrick looked around and discovered that the reactions of the other members of the expedition team, such as Joshua, Haim, and Antiona, were basically identical to his. They were both nervous and fearful, but also somewhat hopeful.

At this moment, Shepherd Elder Lovia took two steps forward and stood beside Colin Iliad. She looked up at the gray-blue door and the two Silver Knights who were in an unknown state and said, "If there was only one, then we would have a chance of finishing it off."

What she really meant was that, now that there were two Silver Knights, even if they were willing to suffer heavy casualties, they were unable to clear the enemies. After all, even if the Chief could control his Mythical Creature form and normally battle a Sequence 3, the environment here didn't permit him to make similar attempts—the decadence that the twilight had brought might make something that could previously be resisted into something impossible to withstand.

Colin Iliad nodded and glanced at both Lovia and Derrick Berg before observing the area ahead.

"From the looks of it, as long as we don't get close to that door, the two guards won't attack us."

"Perhaps we can try to lure one of the Silver Knights away to finish it off?" The female warrior named Antiona suggested after some deliberation.

She had long, wine-red hair, and her facial features weren't considered exquisite. However, when combined together, she looked extremely elegant and beautiful.

In this expedition, her main mission was to rely on a Sealed Artifact she wielded to treat her teammates' psychological problems and fight against enemies of the psyche domain.

Her exact thoughts were to wait for the members to lure one of the Silver Knights away before using the terrain and their combined efforts. As for the Chief and Elder Lovia, they could work together to deal with the remaining one as soon as possible.

This was a textbook solution that the City of Silver had used in situations they had encountered.

"Even if there's only one Silver Knight, it will be very difficult. Furthermore, there's no guarantee that the Silver Knight you lure away won't directly reveal its Mythical Creature form." Demon Hunter Colin firmly rejected her suggestion.

Ignoring the fact that the Silver Knight had powerful Beyonder

powers, as long as it revealed its Mythical Creature form, most of the members of the City of Silver's expedition team wouldn't be able to look at it directly and would be affected. There was no way they could run circles with it.

Without waiting for the rest of the team members to speak, Colin Iliad looked back and said, "Let's take another path.

"Derrick found some information in the world of reflections in Afternoon Town. It recorded a tunnel behind the Giant King's Court."

Shepherd Elder Lovia cast her gaze on Derrick Berg. She was indifferent, calm, and without any emotions.

Derrick subconsciously raised the "Unshadowed Crucifix" higher, restraining his indescribable shivers.

"Alright." Lovia agreed with Colin Iliad's suggestion.

Hence, the expedition team retreated from the huge stone staircase and headed left.

Before long, they saw a rugged trail. On the right was a towering cliff, and on the left was a bottomless chasm that was tainted with the glow of the sunset.

Of course, it was only a trail for giants. To the members of the City of Silver's expedition team, it was still relatively spacious.

As they proceeded forward, Derrick and company's spiritual perception were triggered as they subconsciously looked to the

side.

At the edge of the cliff, grayish-blue swollen palms stretched out from the orange clouds and grabbed onto the ground. They were densely packed and difficult to count.

If they were all giants—even if they were Sequence 7 or 6 giants—they were able to destroy the City of Silver's expedition team here relying on sheer numbers.

Just as Colin Iliad was about to swing his sword, Derrick suddenly had a strange, subtle feeling. He quickly raised the Unshadowed Crucifix higher and pressed one of his fingers onto a particular thorn, causing bright red blood to seep out.

The pure cross emitted a bright twilight glow as though it had returned to the state of "noon." They surged towards the edge of the cliff, enveloping the gray-blue giants that attempted to climb up.

The giants froze at the same time as their bodies began to fade, quickly melting away.

They weren't real giants, but that of wraith and shadows left behind after the tragic deaths of those giants. Therefore, the Unshadowed Crucifix had sensed them.

It was a saint-level Sealed Artifact of the Sun domain, the nemesis of wraiths, shadows, and evil spirits.

After easily killing these monsters, the City of Silver's expedition team warily continued proceeding forward. After a while, they finally circled around the mountain wall and cliff and saw a

dark forest.

In the forest, the trees were tens of meters tall and were extremely thick. However, their barks were peeling off, and the trunks rotting. The leaves were withered, giving the feeling that they were waning.

The leaves were supposed to be entangled together, but they formed a barricade in midair, blocking the light of dusk, darkening its interior. But at that moment, due to the large number of collapsed and fallen trees, the orange-red glow had already scattered across most of the areas within the forest that were visible with the naked eye.

Derrick looked ahead and silently calculated how much longer he could use the Unshadowed Crucifix. He said to the Chief and his teammates, “This is the Waning Forest where the ancestors of the giants are buried. In other words, the Giant King’s parents.”

Colin Iliad stared at the forest and said, “It has already been destroyed. Even if there are still remnants of danger, it won’t be too powerful. We can try exploring it.”

“Yes, Your Excellency,” Derrick replied without hesitation. “My cross can deal with the environment here. I’ll walk in front.”

He remembered that Mr. World had reminded him that there might be some kind of corruption lurking in the forest, and that the Unshadowed Crucifix could provide him with an effective warning.

The grizzled Colin nodded gently and said, “Be careful of your surroundings.”

Derrick took a silent breath and took a large stride forward and walked towards the Waning Forest.

At the same time, he used the convenience of walking ahead to softly recite Mr. Fool's honorific name.

Then, Klein, whose gaze that had been blocked by the dusk and had been disconnected for some time, could finally see the actual situation. However, he was unable to significantly expand his range of sight.

Chapter 1114: The Remnant Will

The forest that should've been engulfed in darkness and in decline was filled with the orange-red light of dusk. The light was intense and burned like fire, but it couldn't help but carry a sense of brilliance with it that couldn't be ignored.

With the Unshadowed Crucifix that seemed like pure light condensating in his hand, Derrick Berg slowly walked ahead. The grizzled Demon Hunter Colin, who was walking behind him to the left, held two straight swords in his hand. Haim, who was walking behind him to the right, held the Thunder God's Roar hammer. This two-meter-tall half-giant was prepared to switch the hammer for the Sealed Artifact with Derrick at any time.

The radiance emitted by the Unshadowed Crucifix became increasingly dim, as though the sun had already set in the horizon, leaving only a sliver of golden light.

Of course, no one from the City of Silver had ever seen such a scene before. They could only use the descriptions from ancient literature to imagine it. Similarly, this was the first time they understood what a sunset meant.

Whoosh!

As the exploration team ventured deeper, a wind began to blow in the nearly frozen Waning Forest. It was as if countless living beings were weeping deep within the forest.

However, Derrick and company didn't feel any effects of the wind.

Whoosh!

The sound of the wind intensified, making his heart tremble. Derrick suddenly felt a chill run down his neck, causing his hair to stand on end. His body and mind turned cold.

Generally speaking, it was human instinct to shrink their necks, raise their arms, and defend their backs at such moments in time. They would then half-turn their bodies, observe the situation, and be ready to attack. However, Derrick didn't do so, because in a dangerous environment, rashness would often result in terrible situations. Furthermore, he had the Chief and his teammate behind him. He had full faith in them that they would react in time; thus, he had handed his life to them.

With a swoosh, a silvery-white blade wrapped by a small snake-like electric bolt flew across the side of Derrick's neck, vaporizing a blurry and twisted figure into the light of dusk.

At the same time, the Unshadowed Crucifix was triggered by something. It suddenly broke out of its gloomy and dim state, making the light it emitted to once again become bright and pure.

Dawn seemed to come to the surrounding area immediately as indescribable black shadows began to show themselves in the light of dawn before quickly melting away.

After everything calmed down, Derrick looked ahead and asked curiously, "What are these? They don't look like wraiths, shadows, or evil spirits..."

Demon Hunter Colin surveyed the area and slowly said, "A remnant aura of some sort... They seem to have combined with the power of dusk, causing a certain anomaly."

I've never seen such monsters... Derrick tightened his grip on the Unshadowed Crucifix and moved his other finger, which hadn't been stabbed, onto the thorns.

Relying on the Unshadowed Crucifix which was the nemesis of the evil around them, the expedition team proceeded rather smoothly. Before long, they arrived deep in the Waning Forest. Through the trees, they could vaguely see a cliff and orange-red clouds in the distance.

The damage here wasn't too serious. The branches and leaves remained suspended in midair, blocking the frozen dusk, making the environment darken.

After carefully circling around the place, the area before Derrick's eyes suddenly lit up. He saw two grayish-white, mottled tombstones.

Before he could carefully observe them, the rays of dusk that shone through the gaps of the leaves had produced a strange refraction effect at the same time, interweaving themselves into a gigantic figure that was nearly ten meters tall.

This figure was very blurry and contained an everlasting and imperturbable air to it. It was like a reflection from a mythical era.

Its skin was grayish-blue, and it wore silver-gray armor that seemed to be stained with blood. Its face was glowing like the setting sun, as though it was a manifestation of its eyes. Just its existence alone had caused the surrounding trees and the void to bend, making everything around it to begin waning uncontrollably.

Upon witnessing this scene, a thought surfaced in everyone's

mind without any explanation:

Giant King, Ancient God Aurmir!

Goosebumps appeared on the skins of the members of the expedition team—Joshua, Haim, and Antiona. Bit by bit, the goosebumps emitted grayish-blue colors. At the center of their eyebrows, flesh and blood were squirming, as if a monster was about to bore out.

They had collectively been put into the state of being on the verge of losing control.

They didn't even see the Mythical Creature form. Merely approaching the figure had led to signs of losing control as the severity of it increased.

Derrick Berg was relatively alright because the pure light of the Unshadowed Crucifix had enveloped him, giving him a warm feeling, allowing him to temporarily withstand the waning effect.

At this moment, Colin Iliad had already bent down. He held two swords that were smeared with ointment, and he ran towards that terrifying figure like a hurricane at high speeds.

However, this Demon Hunter didn't charge in a straight line. His footwork was ingenious as he moved left and right, approaching his enemy in a zigzag-like manner.

The gigantic figure that stood in the twilight looked at everything with its sunset-like eyes. It seemed emotionless, like a statue carved out of stone.

Suddenly, the glow on its face flashed.

It then bent down and heavily pounded its fists on the ground.

Boom!

The ground shook violently as a fissure opened up. It made Derrick and the others lose their balance as they staggered and almost fell.

As for Demon Hunter Colin, he had leaped up ahead of time to a height of more than ten meters, and he cleaved downward with his two swords in a domineering manner.

At that moment, the figure that seemed to come from a mythical legend pulled out an illusory sword from the fissure in the ground. The giant sword that seemed like a manifestation of dusk itself was suddenly swung forward.

The orange-red storm of light suddenly took form and swept towards Demon Hunter Colin, as well as Derrick and company who were right behind him.

Wherever the light passed, the trees would wither and the soil would turn to sand. Everything began waning in an irreversible manner as a path was drawn out.

Boom!

The twilight storm was blocked by invisible walls, causing the forest to shake.

At some point in time, Shepherd Elder Lovia had appeared beside Derrick. In front of him was a tall and illusory figure covered in silver armor.

The figure with a dark red glow near its eyes genuflected and stabbed an illusory greatsword into the ground, creating an unusually strong and invisible wall.

Bam!

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin's two swords slashed at the nearly ten-meter-tall figure that possessed the aura of an ancient god, sending off countless sparks.

The silver-white figure didn't suffer any damage. The silver-gray armor that was covered in blood spots only dimmed a little.

With the force of the rebound, Colin once again soared up. He flipped in midair and launched his attack again.

In the Waning Domain, he didn't dare release his Mythical Creature form, because it was very likely that there was no way of reversing it.

Seeing that the phantom that stemmed from a mythical legend had been blocked, Derrick hurriedly followed the sudden tremor and heat from the Unshadowed Crucifix in his palm, and he pressed his finger against a spike.

His blood surged into the cross along with the pain. A vigorous and bright light churned out, flying into the air and turning downwards, instantly enveloping the figure in silver-gray armor. His eyes were like a miniature setting sun.

In the holy, solemn, and pure light, the gigantic and illusory figure stopped moving, as if it had encountered its natural enemy, and the silver-gray armor that was tainted with the light of dusk began to melt.

Seizing this opportunity, the evil spirit knight in front of Shepherd Elder Lovia pulled out the illusory greatsword from the ground. With several silver rifts that oscillated between disappearing and reappearing, they instantly struck the enemy.

Demon Hunter Colin's two swords cleaved downward, as though they were emitting rays of the light of dawn that enveloped the head of the ancient figure.

Joshua, Haim, and the others didn't hesitate to unleash their strongest attacks.

After three rounds, the illusory figure that seemed to have transmigrated from time had finally begun to crumble, being reduced to burning orange dots of light.

When Demon Hunter Colin landed on the ground, he deliberated and said, "That should've been the remnants of the Giant King's will to protect this area. After many years of melding with the environment, it has a certain degree of strength and a form. It's a type of evil spirit.

"What secrets are hidden here..."

Upon hearing the Chief's words, everyone cast their gazes forward, towards the place where the terrifying phantom had barred their way. The atmosphere was rather heavy.

Fortunately, it was only an evil spirit that was restrained by the Unshadowed Crucifix... It was just a tiny portion of its remnant will and had almost no strength left. After thousands of years, it's still as terrifying as ever. What would a real ancient god be like... Uh, why would "He" have such a strong will to protect this? Is it because it's where "His" parents are buried? As Derrick heaved a sigh of relief, he followed the Chief and company towards the tomb while being plagued with puzzlement and curiosity.

Phew... There's no need for me to do anything... I have to say, this Unshadowed Crucifix really is very useful in the Giant King's Court. It's so good that I'm wondering if it's Adam's goal... Above the gray fog, Klein heaved a sigh of relief and lowered the Sea God Scepter that had been raised higher.

He then cast his gaze at the place where the Giant King's remnant will had continued protecting for over thousands of years.

The first thing he saw was two ancient mottled tombstones. On them were the words "Father" and "Mother" in Jotun.

They contained a mysteriousness that could stir the powers of nature. It allowed one to directly feel the mixed emotions of nostalgia, sadness, pain, and guilt without realizing that they were infected and making them feel depressed.

Behind the stone pillar was a grave, but it had already been destroyed, revealing two black coffins underneath.

It was unknown who had opened the lids of the coffins, as though a confirmation had been made. This made the two grayish-white skeletons lying inside become bathed in the light that penetrated through the leaves, dyeing them with an orange-red color that resembled blood.

These two skeletons had the shape of humans. One was less than 1.9 meters tall, while the other was less than 1.8 meters tall.

Chapter 1115: Inside the King's Court

One of the two humanoid skeletons wasn't more than 1.9 meters tall, while the other was less than 1.8 meters tall. It looked ordinary, but it delivered an unimaginable blow to Klein who was above the gray fog.

At that moment, it was as though he had returned to the time when he saw the door of light and the "cocoons." Although the emotions he felt were different, the shock was almost identical.

This... This isn't the corpse of a giant... This definitely belongs to a human... The parents of the Giant King Aurmir were humans? Klein's pupils dilated suddenly, as though they were thirsting to let more light in for him to see it more clearly.

However, no matter how he observed or scrutinized the skeletons, he couldn't find any characteristics of giants from the two grayish-white skeletons.

Their limbs were perfectly proportional, and their bones had two eye sockets. They were definitely not underaged giants!

After a brief moment of silence, Klein lowered his hand with the Sea God Scepter once again as thoughts flashed through his mind:

Perhaps they're parents that aren't related by blood... Maybe, the ancestors of the giants are humans... In the First Epoch where chaos and madness reigned, some humans fused with the Beyonder characteristics, mutating into cruel, irrational, and bloodthirsty giants? On the one hand, their descendants inherited their physical characteristics, and on the other hand, they

gradually recovered mentally. Hence, they stabilized themselves to become a savage and bloodthirsty race. Among them, Giant King Aurmir was the first batch of mutants, but "He" had managed to maintain a certain level of rationality; hence, becoming an ancient god? The source of all of this does resemble the origin myths, the original Creator?

After his thoughts settled into a theory, he began making connections while coming up with more questions:

Why does the Giant King want to label the Waning Forest as a forbidden area and not allow any living creatures to enter?

"He" doesn't wish for the fact of humans being the ancestors of giants to be known?

But if that's really the case, "He" could've just cremated his parents' remains. There's no need to go through so much trouble... Moreover, what's with that strong sense of guilt?

Who opened the tomb? The ancient sun god who killed the Giant King? The God of Dawn, Badheil, or the other subsidiary gods of the Giant King's Court?

Also, since the ancestor of giants was human, what about elves, Sanguine, and other supernatural beings? The ancestors of dragons are actually lizards?

In the middle of the Second Epoch, were there factors regarding their different origins, that led to the conflict between the different factions of the quasi-human and the mutants?"

As Klein didn't have enough clues or information, it was difficult

for him to make any judgment or think of any more possibilities. He could only forcefully rein in his thoughts and focus his attention on the City of Silver's expedition team.

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin led Lovia, Derrick, and company to the stone tablet and saw the remains in the tomb.

They also fell into an indescribable silence for a long time.

Finally, Joshua, who was wearing a scarlet glove, asked hesitantly, "These are the parents of the Giant King?"

From this City of Silver's Dawn Paladin's point of view, the two corpses were indeed not as tall as giants. They were even inferior to him from back when he had just become an adult.

If they were identified as young giants, then the proportions and facial features of their bodies didn't match.

Joshua's question reverberated in the surroundings, but no one answered.

After a few seconds, Demon Hunter Colin slowly said, "That's why it's a secret."

He didn't mention his thoughts or theories.

"...Does this mean that giants are actually a branch of humans, a result of the transformation brought about by Beyonder characteristics?" Upon hearing this, the wine-red-haired Antiona said thoughtfully.

The ancestors of the giants are humans? Derrick felt a little dizzy from the shock. He felt that there was a huge gap between the two.

With this thought in mind, he recalled his companions who had lost control, especially those from the Giant pathway. He slowly and vaguely believed that it wasn't impossible.

Those who lost control usually became abnormally large. Their skin was covered in grayish-blue color, and there was a huge crack in the middle of their brows that sucked in their pair of eyes.

"Perhaps," Demon Hunter Colin answered briefly.

The members of the City of Silver's expedition team fell silent once again.

In this atmosphere, Derrick glanced at Shepherd Elder Lovia and realized that this member of the six-member council had a calm expression. It was neither solemn or confused.

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin looked around and said, "Split up into groups of two to three people and search the surrounding areas. Let's see if there's anything to be found."

The members of the expedition team snapped back to their senses and began carefully exploring the area according to the Chief's instructions.

Unfortunately, this Waning Forest didn't have anything of value other than trees, tomb tablets, or tombs.

Without further delay, Derrick exchanged Sealed Artifacts with Haim to prevent his Beyonder characteristic from being purged by the Unshadowed Crucifix.

Then, they followed Demon Hunter Colin out of the Waning Forest, circled around the protruding boulder along the mountain, and found the gigantic cave that was thirty meters tall.

Outside the cave, a stone stele had already shattered into pieces and was growing weeds.

Under the orange glow of the twilight, there was an indescribable sense of waning death.

After entering the cave, the City of Silver's expedition team followed the weathered stone slabs and the peeling murals. They walked between the withered weeds and rough gravel, and they warily explored the area.

With every step they took, they would feel that their lifespans were weakening and were becoming dehydrated.

After an unknown period of time, the City of Silver's expedition team finally saw a grayish-blue door which was open.

On both sides of the door were pieces of iron-black fragments that seemed to belong to some sort of armor.

"There should've been guards here," Colin said simply. He took out a bottle of medicine and gulped it down.

His light blue eyes were quickly tinged with a layer of dark yellow, and two complex dark-green symbols appeared in his pupils.

After carefully observing the grayish-blue door for a while, he nodded and walked into the dark hall.

All of them passed through the door and came inside. The hall seemed to be held by an invisible hand as it rose up after a loud thud.

More than ten seconds later, the hall stopped moving. Outside the door, a magnificent palace propped up by stone pillars appeared. It looked like the residence of the guards.

Derrick subconsciously looked around and swept his gaze across the various items in the hall. He saw two murals with ancient characteristics.

The main character of a mural was a giant who wore full-body silver armor and emitted an obvious glow. At the location of his eyes, there was a blob condensed from the dawn of light. In the middle of another mural stood a lady with long dark brown hair. She was a female giant in a long leather skirt. She held a wheat head and fruits and was surrounded by fields ready to be harvested, clear lake waters, fruit-bearing trees, and bright mushrooms.

God of Dawn Badheil... *Goddess of Harvest Omebella*... Derrick came to a realization as he nodded slightly.

He then retracted his gaze and saw the Chief staring at the mural that represented the Goddess of Harvest. His expression was still as heavy as before.

Is the Chief hoping that the City of Silver would also have a real "harvest"? As Derrick thought, he followed the orders of Shepherd Elder Lovia, forming a team with the others. They then searched for valuable items and checked if there were any hidden passageways.

About seven to eight minutes later, they gathered together and followed Chief Colin Iliad into the main door of the hall.

Colin Iliad stabbed the two swords into the gap between the stone slabs in front of him. He stretched out his hands and pressed them on both sides of the door. With just a bit of force, it opened its mouth with a heavy rumble.

The orange and splendid light of dusk silently shone in, allowing the City of Silver's expedition team to see palaces and the numerous towers that delivered a strong visual impact.

The scale, magnificence, and epic feeling of a myth felt more obvious and shocking due to the close proximity between them. Everyone subconsciously held their breaths and forgot about anything else, fully immersing themselves in the scenery.

It was the same for Klein above the gray fog.

This was the King's Court of the giants.

This was a real divine kingdom.

After about ten seconds, Demon Hunter Colin pulled out his swords and half-turned his body, saying to Shepherd Lovia, "Try checking out the situation on both sides. I can't see what lies ahead too clearly."

The two dark-green symbols in his eyes slowly dissipated.

Lovia acknowledged his order and took two steps forward to the door.

Outside, there was a platform with staircases on both sides. In front of them stood a railing formed from grayish-white stone pillars that faced the tallest building in the area. There was a huge blue-gray door with countless mysterious symbols carved on both sides of it. It looked extremely dignified.

The corridors, stairs, and other objects connected the multitude of palaces and towers together. They were magnificent and brilliant.

Lovia's silver-gray hair floated up as the stone that was bathed in the light of dusk protruded out, forming a grayish-white doll.

The doll didn't have any spirituality. It was like a strung puppet as it walked to the left.

It followed the staircase and walked down one level after another amidst the rich orange light to help the expedition team confirm the situation.

Suddenly, its body stopped as fine silver light burst out from within, turning it into countless fragments.

Shepherd Lovia wasn't alarmed. She followed the steps from before and created another stone golem, making it head to the right.

This time, the stone golem walked to the end of the staircase and stopped at the entrance of the palace below without anything happening along the way.

Demon Hunter Colin watched intently the entire time before saying, “Let’s go to the right, but we have to be careful as well.”

Although he didn’t find any danger, the fact that he couldn’t discern the actual situation using his Beyonder powers meant that there were many problems.

With such a reminder, Derrick and company became even more and more tense. The groups of three began to slowly walk down as they watched each other’s backs.

As they walked along the high stairs, Joshua, who was wearing a scarlet glove, suddenly heard a series of tapping sounds coming from behind him.

It was as if there was a person following them in silence.

And at this moment, Shepherd Elder Lovia was to his side. From the corner of his eye, he could tell that the footsteps were definitely not coming from her.

A chill ran down Joshua’s spine as he hurriedly said in a deep voice, “There are footsteps behind me.”

Lovia turned her head and allowed the five-meter-tall Silver Knight to appear in front of her. It sized up Joshua’s back with its scarlet fiery eyes.

After a few seconds of silence, the Shepherd Elder shook her head.

“There’s nothing there.”

Chapter 1116: Familiar Gaze

Lovia's response made Joshua even more wary. He looked at the other members of the expedition team and anxiously asked, "Did any of you hear any abnormal footsteps?"

With Thunder God's Roar and a broadsword in hand, Derrick recalled for a few seconds and shook his head in denial. Haim, who held the Unshadowed Crucifix in his hand, looked at the Sealed Artifact that was still glowing and replied, "Perhaps it's your hallucination?"

"No, I heard it very clearly." The scarlet-gloved Joshua frowned and expressed his opinion.

Upon hearing this, Demon Hunter Colin, who was walking right in front, half-turned around and calmly instructed, "Haim, Antiona, check on Joshua's condition."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Haim immediately walked to Joshua and pressed the Unshadowed Crucifix which appeared to be a manifestation of pure light against his teammates' forehead.

However, this Sealed Artifact didn't undergo any changes.

Immediately following that, the wine-red-haired female warrior, Antiona, came to the side of Joshua and raised her left hand.

There was a pale gold bracelet around her wrist. On it were three small bells covered in golden scales.

The tinkling sounds that sounded calmed Joshua's heart. He was no longer as tense and impatient.

"No problem." Antiona cast her gaze towards the Chief, Colin Iliad.

Two complex dark green symbols appeared in Colin's eyes. He looked at Joshua for a few seconds before nodding and saying, "It might not be an illusion, but you have to be careful if any abnormalities arise within you."

Seeing the Chief supporting him, Joshua secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"Alright."

After the doubts were temporarily put away, the City of Silver's expedition team continued down the staircase that was covered in the glow of sunset one level after another.

Suddenly, everyone heard a groan.

From the corner of his eye, Derrick Berg saw Joshua raise his hands and strangle his neck.

As he was a Dawn Paladin, he had immense strength. Just as he let out a grunt, his hands snapped his neck.

With a gloomy and twisted expression, Joshua collapsed, his eyes filled with disbelief.

The person who killed him was himself!

"..."Although Derrick and the others didn't manage to react in time, their years of training and the experience they had gained from exploring the depths of the darkness made them instinctively take up battle positions, wary of any subsequent attacks.

Then, they heard a muffled grunt.

It was from Shepherd Elder Lovia.

The facial muscles of the woman with long silver-gray hair tightened as obvious twitching and squirming appeared, as though another face had grown out.

She plopped to the ground on the wide staircase as she grimaced with indescribable pain.

Her hands moved slowly but uncontrollably as she clenched her neck.

Just as Lovia was about to exert her strength, two swords that were smeared with silver-gray ointment reached out and pried her palms apart.

Demon Hunter Colin, who was already prepared, reacted in time.

Lovia's body twitched as she lowered her head even further. Opening her mouth, she spat out pieces of torn flesh and incomplete organs.

She took a deep breath, as though she had finally recovered. Then, she propped her elbow on the ground and took a step forward, prostrating herself and swallowing the flesh and blood organs that she had just spat out in a pious and humble manner.

Demon Hunter Colin, who had several old scars on his face, quietly watched this scene without stopping her.

Finally, Lovia looked up and said with her unfocused gray eyes, “It was degeneration.

“A form of degeneration that everyone has.”

“Do you have a solution?” Colin asked without any change in his tone.

Lovia nodded without hesitation.

“Yes.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she used her right hand to grab her left index finger. With a loud snap, she pulled it out and stuffed the blood and bones into her mouth. As she chewed, she muttered, “The Lord that created everything;

“The Lord who reigns behind the curtain of shadows;

The degenerate nature of all living things…”

The honorific name of the True Creator… Derrick’s eyelids twitched when he heard that. He suddenly felt that something

subtle was happening around him.

The orange glow became more saturated and closer to the color of blood.

Above the gray fog, The Fool Klein's expression instantly turned solemn.

Although he couldn't see anything through his "true vision," he could vaguely sense that there was a gaze cast over from afar, causing it to interfere with his observations; thus, weakening his clarity and range.

In addition, that gaze gave him a strange sense of familiarity.

It's difficult to not be familiar with it. The first half of my life after I transmigrated was to deal with "Him"—"His" son, "His" Oracle, "His" wish to descend, the items left behind by "Him", "His" crazy ravings, and all sorts of murals related to "Him"... At that moment, Klein was completely certain that the entity who had begun to focus on the City of Silver's expedition team was none other than the True Creator.

Frankly speaking, when Lovia began to recite the honorific name of that entity, Klein wanted to directly smite her with "Lightning Storm" and eliminate the problem before it appeared. However, he ultimately held back the urge because he wasn't confident that he could finish off the Shepherd in one strike. The evil spirit that Lovia had "Grazed" was likely at the level of a Sequence 3. Although it had died a long time ago, its current combined strength was still at the level of Sequence 4. It likely wasn't a problem for her to withstand "Lightning Storm," which was close to but not at the angel level, for some time.

And once The Fool couldn't easily kill Lovia, it would be a sign of

fear in the eyes of Demon Hunter Colin.

In addition, Klein believed that Colin Iliad was happy to see Shepherd Elder Lovia chant the True Creator's honorific name. He wanted to use this to put The Fool in check and achieve some semblance of balance.

This was actually an act of disrespect in front of deities, making it very easy to anger those great existences, but there was nothing that Colin Iliad could do. He couldn't simply trust The Fool and the True Creator, so he could only try his best by probing them while staying on the edge of a cliff.

Only by doing so would the City of Silver not suddenly be destroyed like the cities that had been buried deep in the darkness, covered with the dust of history.

What a pity. If the Unshadowed Crucifix was in my hands now, I'd have the chance to instantly kill that Silver Knight evil spirit by using all my strength to activate the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog… It's a fundamental restraint… Klein sighed silently and could only accept this development.

He hadn't discovered anything unusual with Joshua until this City of Silver warrior with scarlet gloves strangled himself. Only then did he see his spirit turn dark and gloomy.

Just as the Shepherd Elder had said, this was a form of "degeneration" that he originally had. It was no different from losing himself because of money and beauty, making it very difficult for external forces to detect it.

That staircase should have remnant godhood powers that represent degeneration. They're embedded into the environment, making it difficult to discover and resist… Previously, the stone

golem had no spirituality, so it wasn't affected... From the honorific name, the True Creator wields control over degeneration. Just "His" gaze alone is enough to disperse the corresponding powers... Klein adjusted his mental state and continued to observe the subsequent developments.

During this process, he couldn't help but consider a question:

Was the True Creator like him now, watching the movements of the City of Silver's expedition team in "His" divine kingdom?

...On Earth, this is called a fellow viewer watching the same livestream... If I were to send "gifts," would the True Creator "gift" even more? By making this teasing remark, he tried to ease the nervousness and concern that he felt from having the True Creator cast "His" gaze over.

That was a true god. Be it Adam or Amon, they weren't even qualified to be on par with "Him"!

At that moment, Shepherd Lovia had already stood up, and her left index finger had also grown back.

She looked at Chief Colin Iliad and said, "This region will no longer suffer from degeneration."

This meant that the staircase wasn't that dangerous anymore.

Normally, the expedition team would ignore Joshua's corpse. Whether they advanced or retreated, they couldn't afford to waste any time. If they stayed in an extremely dangerous area for too long, the other members would have an accident. However, since the six-member council's Elder Lovia used a tone

of certainty to indicate that there were no problems nearby, they could rest and deal with it.

Derrick put down Haim's broadsword and walked to Joshua's side. After staring for a few seconds, he bent down to pick up his scarlet glove and wore it on his left palm.

He still remembered that Joshua was always bragging about the mystical item he had obtained during an expedition.

He could also clearly recall that when he left the Afternoon Town camp, he had said that he would be forced into a marriage after the expedition, with no idea as to who his wife would be. Yet, an hour later, this teammate had turned into a cold corpse.

To the people of the City of Silver, this was something that happened frequently. No one cried or broke down. However, there was an emotion that had already seeped into their bones and blood. It was heavy and mixed with grief.

They watched as Derrick raised his left hand and aimed it at Joshua's corpse.

A blazing flame flew out, enveloping the teammate who had been fighting alongside them earlier.

After the cremation, Demon Hunter Colin put away the Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out. The rest of the team members grabbed a handful of ashes and placed them into a hidden pocket in their clothes.

Amidst the silence, they continued down the stairs and arrived at the bottom of the staircase. There was a towering palace

bathed in the glow of dusk. Behind it was a corridor and staircase that led to another area.

The palace door was open, and it was pitch-black inside. Not a single ray of light could shine inside.

Demon Hunter Colin carefully observed for a while before saying, “Just like in the outside world.”

What he meant was that the group should use various means to maintain a lit environment and not allow themselves to fall into a state of absolute darkness.

Hence, Haim activated the Unshadowed Crucifix, allowing it to envelop all of his teammates. At the same time, Antiona lit a lantern and held it in her hand, in case the cross suddenly lost its effectiveness.

The group entered the palace and walked through the abnormally empty hall. Their footsteps reverberated into the distance, but there weren’t any echoing sounds.

As he walked, Derrick suddenly felt his eyelids grow heavy as he felt a strong sense of sleepiness.

At this moment, he heard the Chiefs low growl:

“Don’t fall asleep!”

Derrick suddenly woke up, snapping out of his fatigued state of not being able to open his eyes.

At that moment, a female warrior's body went limp and fell to the ground, as though she had fallen into a deep slumber.

Then, she disappeared into thin air and disappeared in front of everyone.

Demon Hunter Colin and Shepherd Lovia exchanged looks for a while before shaking their heads and leading the team forward.

During this process, they would hurt themselves from time to time, using pain to stay awake.

Finally, they passed through a bunch of arches and saw the darkness that couldn't be dispelled up ahead.

With the help of the light from the team, they discovered that it was a hall with countless murals drawn. In the middle of the hall was a long dark red table. Situated around it were high-back chairs with intricate patterns.

This... Derrick felt a baffling sense of familiarity.

He immediately came to a realization that this was somewhat similar to the scene at the Tarot Gathering!

Suddenly, balls of light lit up and murmurs sounded around them.

Around the hall stood stone pillars that didn't support the dome. Scarlet flames were ignited one after another, illuminating the surroundings in an abnormal manner.

The murmurs grew louder, as if they had finally passed through a long and distant space and arrived at their destination. The hall was so lively that it was as if a gathering was held.

Around the dark red table, blurry and illusory figures suddenly appeared. A total of eleven figures sat on different high- back chairs.

Chapter 1117: The Strongest Organization

As the flames flickered, Derrick and company subconsciously looked at the long dark red table. The first thing they noticed was the figure closest to them.

The figure wore a simple linen robe, and had a head of long silver hair and indiscernible facial features. It made Colin, Lovia, and Derrick find the figure oddly familiar.

In an instant, they felt as though a bolt of lightning struck their minds, illuminating their blurry memories.

“Angel of Fate, Ouroboros!”

Just as the pupils of the team from the City of Silver dilated, the figure turned around and looked at them.

A pair of indifferent eyes immediately occupied their vision as extraordinary mysterious rings appeared.

In a daze, Derrick saw a figure in front of him. He was a handsome, radiant, and energetic man. He wore a pure white robe and had short golden hair.

With his appearance, the surroundings became abnormally bright. The warm feeling was like a ray of light, instantly filling every spot.

Derrick felt as though he had seen the “day,” as mentioned in legends, momentarily forgetting where he was or what he was

doing.

The man took a step forward and his blurry figure overlapped with Derrick.

Then, Derrick sat beside the dark red long table, occupying one of the high-back chairs.

He had become the handsome and radiant man who was attending a secret gathering.

At the same time, the grizzled City of Silver Chief, Colin, whose face was covered in old scars, encountered the same blurry and illusory figure.

The figure was seven to eight meters tall. He was wearing silver full-body armor, and his eyes were glowing like the light of dawn.

He raised the long sword in his hand, letting it press against Colin Iliad's forehead like a scepter.

Demon Hunter Colin struggled for a moment, but he quickly calmed down when he was enveloped by the orange light.

With that, he and the giant in front of him merged into one. He strode towards the dark red table and sat on the second seat on the right.

Shepherd Lovia encountered a man in a long black robe. He had black curly hair over his shoulders and a pair of eyes that seemed to be covered in shadows. It was difficult to see his face

clearly, but the silver threads, complicated patterns, and gorgeous accessories were directly reflected in her mind.

Lovia trembled and couldn't help but lower her head, allowing the layers of black wings on the man's back to wrap around her.

She became the man and walked to the end of the dark red table.

There were two high-back chairs with complex patterns placed there. Lovia chose the left one.

The remaining members of the City of Silver's expedition team also encountered similar situations, but the figures they faced were different.

After "they" found their seats on both sides of the dark red table, the area around the empty high-back chair at the seat of honor became darker, outlining a female figure that seemed to be shrouded in fog.

Right on the heels of that, a voice that seemed to transmigrate from ancient times echoed in the ears of the "attendees."

"...We are trying to redeem ourselves, and also maintain the balance of this world..."

"...Dissociation and deviation are undoubtedly the most basic order..."

"...This is also in line with 'His' thoughts..."

"...I can't deny that we all have our own sinister thoughts and desires, but this is very normal..."

"... Death and spilling blood are inevitable. In the name of Rose Redemption..."

Above the gray fog, Klein listened attentively. He couldn't wait to hear more of the content said by the voice.

However, whether it was the scene or the voice, it began to loop. It was as if it had only been fixed at a section lasting less than a minute.

This is the scene of the establishment of the Rose Redemption? Previously, the Red Angel evil spirit said that this was an extremely secretive organization established by a group of corrupted angels. Now, it seems like that isn't the case... The person who said that was probably not Medici, but either Sauron and Einhorn. "They" actually didn't know much about Rose Redemption... Klein mumbled inwardly as he cast his gaze back at the City of Silver team that were repeating the actions like puppets—approaching the table, sitting down, listening, and leaving.

When the torches around the hall lit up one after another, Klein had already found something unusual with his "true vision."

He saw the murals on the wall come alive and rapidly expand, overlapping with the hall. It made the table, chairs, and floor tiles that had been cold for thousands of years warm up once again. It made the figures that had once been in this secret meeting cross the borders of time, "reviving" at their fixed seats, allowing the words from the past to reappear.

Many of those figures were familiar to Klein.

One of them was the Angel of Fate Ouroboros.

This King of Angels, who was still a member of the Rose Redemption, was the most lifelike among all the illusory figures.

Combined with how the scenes were looping, Klein began to suspect the person who left the murals was Tail Devourer Ouroboros.

In the previous temple ruins, there were murals left behind by "Him," likewise for the ruins of the battle of the Gods…

In the Giant King's Court, there are similar murals and signs of those powers. I wouldn't believe it if anyone were to say it's not "Him"… Just how much does this King of Angels like murals? He draws them wherever "He" goes… Klein couldn't help but lampoon Ouroboros in his mind.

The second figure he noticed was sitting beside the Angel of Fate Ouroboros. He was dressed in black armor that seemed to be splashed with blood. He had red hair that resembled fire, looking young and handsome.

The reason why he paid attention to this figure was because he had seen it in his dreams.

In addition, "it" was also the most arrogant person among all the figures. Not only did it sit back in its chair, but it also placed its feet on the dark red long table. It didn't mind that the surrounding people were high-level figures of the same status.

Red Angel, Medici!

These are the Kings of Angels who participated in the secret gathering? Who else is involved… As Klein's thoughts raced, he decided to first rescue the people from the City of Silver who couldn't exit the looping cycles of fate.

He had a lot of experience in this aspect.

Yes, the medium to the loop is the hall itself. However, there's no need to attempt to destroy it. As long as it can temporarily break the cycle of fate, the dusk outside will seep in and dispel any abnormalities… They belong to the divine kingdom itself. In terms of status, they can only be stronger or on par with the power left behind by Ouroboros… After observing for a few seconds, Klein quickly came to a conclusion.

After flipping a gold coin for a divination, he immediately spread his spirituality towards the crimson star representing The Sun.

Derrick Berg's Spirit Body immediately tore through the cycle of fate, creating an invisible crack.

The orange glow from the light of dusk outside the palace immediately surged into the hall from the window up high.

Without waiting for Little Sun to figure out his situation, for fear that the True Creator would lock onto him, Klein didn't hesitate to let him return to the real world.

Derrick snapped out of his daze and realized that he had unknowingly sat down at the side of the dark red table.

He looked up blankly and saw the Chief, Elder Lovia, Haim, Antiona, and the others. He realized that there were still certain

traces of confusion on their faces.

Thinking back to his experience just now, Derrick was alert as he deliberated and said, “The cycle of fate…”

“Indeed.” Colin Iliad, who had experienced this before, nodded slightly and stood up.

He looked around, and his gaze landed on the largest mural that he had seen lately.

The mural depicted the same exact hall. There were similar columns, torches, the dark red table, complicated high- back chairs, and object layout.

As for those high-back chairs, there were eleven figures sitting in them. At the very end were two seats, and along the table, five on the left and four on the right.

The City of Silver team’s eyes also followed the Chiefs and took in the corresponding scene.

The five figures on the left were the beautiful silver-haired man; the red-haired and arrogantly-seated man; an elder wearing a hood that exposed only his mouth, winkles, and beard; a dignified middle-aged man dressed in black armor; and a handsome man dressed in white robes.

The four on the right were a black-robed mummy wrapped in bandages; a middle-aged man with facial features resembling the natives of the Southern Continent; a giant covered in silver armor; and a supple, beautiful, and dignified lady.

The two high-back chairs at the very end were a man with dark black curly hair and a woman shrouded in fog.

At that moment, a Guardian raised his right hand and pointed at the handsome white-robed man.

“His figure is made up of mysterious symbols. These symbols represent:

“White Angel, Aucuses…

Before the Guardian could finish his sentence, he suddenly let out a tragic cry as golden flames spewed out from his body.

He instantly became a charred corpse, as if it would be reduced to ashes the moment it was touched. It made Demon Hunter Colin and Shepherd Lovia incapable of saving him in time.

“Don’t try to distinguish those symbols. They contain immense power,” Colin hurriedly warned the others.

And above the gray fog, Klein was thinking of another matter:

White Angel Aucuses. That’s the Eternal Blazing Sun’s true name?

If not for the fact that the Giant King’s Court itself isolates itself from projected powers, just using Jotun to read this name will attract “His” attention and incur divine punishment…

Amidst his thoughts, Demon Hunter Colin stabbed his swords in

front of him, creating an invisible barrier.

Then, this City of Silver Chief identified the symbols and labels that formed those figures.

He began reading it slowly and firmly from the left.

“Angel of Fate, Ouroboros…

“War Angel, Medici…

“Wisdom Angel, Herabergen…”

At this point, the invisible barrier that was constantly shaking suddenly stopped. This was because this name was no stranger to the people of the City of Silver.

This was the true name of the Dragon of Wisdom!

Could it be that the Dragon of Wisdom later became the Wisdom Angel next to the Lord? Similar questions arose in everyone’s hearts, but Klein discovered something strange.

The history of the City of Silver had records of the name Herabergen. The language they used on a daily basis was Jotun, a language that could mobilize the surrounding forces of nature.

This also meant that, in the past two to three thousand years, someone in the City of Silver had definitely read or written the name “Herabergen” before, but there was no response from the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. The Church of Knowledge and

Wisdom still wasn't able to find the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

At this moment, Colin Iliad controlled his emotions and continued reading, "Wind Angel, Leodero...

"White Angel, Aucuses...

"Dark Angel, Sasrir...

"Evernight Goddess, Amanises...

"God of Combat, Badheil...

"Earth Mother, Omebella

"God of the Dead, Salinger...

"God of Spiritual Creatures, Tolzna",

Although Klein had expected this, he was still somewhat stunned.

The former Rose Redemption was frighteningly powerful!

Amongst the seven deities today, six of them were members. There was also Death, the God of Spiritual Creatures, and three Kings of Angels.

This made him recall what the Red Angel evil spirit had once said:

“Rose Redemption has a close relationship with the birth of the True Creator. It’s impossible for you to imagine that certain people were once members of Rose Redemption, but they’ve since left it…”

Chapter 1118: Klein's Fear

In the past, Rose Redemption could be called the Deity Alliance... But such an organization could only develop itself quietly under the might of the ancient sun god. It had to hide, hide, hide, and secretly scheme in the palace of dusk... How powerful was the ancient sun god in the past... Klein couldn't help but let out a breath as he felt deeply poignant.

He examined his own Tarot Club and realized that, compared to the Rose Redemption, it was like child's play. Even if he counted the auxiliary members, Will Auceptin, Pallez Zoroast, Azik Eggers, and Reinette Tinekerr, there was no way to compare with the Rose Redemption at its peak.

No, even if I compare it with the current watered-down version of Rose Redemption, there's still a huge gap between it and the Tarot Club. After all, its leader and convener is only a Sequence 4 saint... Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he turned his attention to the eleven figures.

Based on their images, titles, and true names, I can confirm that the Wind Angel, Wisdom Angel, and White Angel are the current Lord of Storms, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and the Eternal Blazing Sun. "They" really betrayed the ancient sun god, the City of Silver's Creator, and "They" even feasted on the deity "They" served... The God of Combat and Earth Mother are indeed survivors of the Giant King's Court. One of them is the eldest son of the Giant King, and the other is "His" queen. They're mother and son, so that way, the fact that Feynapotter didn't directly declare war on the Lord of Storms to help Feysac makes things a little odd. It requires some thought...

Also, the Goddess was indeed a former subsidiary god of the Annihilation Demonic Wolf, the Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises. After that ancient god perished, not only did "She"

grasp the authority of the Evernight and successfully ascend to the throne of Sequence 0, she also single-handedly destroyed all the descendants of Flegrea, sealed the Antigonus family's angel within the Nation of the Evernight, and used the Mother of the Sky's body as "Her" vessel for a descent... That's ruthless...

As a Blessed of Evernight, Klein subconsciously raised his head to look around when he thought of this, afraid that his inner thoughts would leak out to the outside world.

After entering the foggy town and learning that Antigonus and the Mother of the Sky were the descendants of the ancient god, Flegrea, Klein had a certain idea as to the true identity of the Evernight Goddess. After all, in the history of the City of Silver, it clearly stated that the Annihilation Demonic Wolf controlled the authority of the Evernight and had many strange powers.

Combined with the Antigonus family's possession of the Seer pathway, and the Mother of the Sky of the Nation of the Night clearly belonging to Evernight, Klein suspected that the Annihilation Demonic Wolf Flegrea was an ancient god that had mixed two non-neighboring pathways' Beyonder characteristics. Therefore, "He" was extremely crazy and almost irrational. "His" goal was to destroy and corrupt everything.

Hence, he guessed that the Evernight Goddess might have something to do with the ancient god, Flegrea. From Groselle's Travels, he learned that one of the two subsidiary gods of the Demonic Wolf King had gone missing after "He" perished, while the other had submitted to the Phoenix Ancestor. Furthermore, that true name corresponded to Death of the Fourth Epoch, Mr. Azik's father. With that, he could vaguely connect the Goddess of Misfortune Amanises to the Evernight Goddess.

However, due to his temporary status as a Blessed of Evernight, he didn't dare think too much about it. Instead, he focused his attention elsewhere.

At this moment, when he saw “Her” real name, he wasn’t too shocked. Instead, he felt relieved and felt as though he were on firm ground. In addition, he was even more fearful of the Evernight Goddess.

Because “She” didn’t want the ancient god, Flegrea, to be revived, the Goddess controlled the various matters of the Seer pathway, preventing Beyonders who aren’t cleared by “Her” to advance further?

That’s right, that ecclesiastic in Afternoon Town mentioned who tempted Dark Angel Sasrir, the left hand of God, and the deputy of the divine kingdom, but he couldn’t say the name, as if it had been “erased.” Isn’t this a demonstration of “Concealment” powers?

Other than a place like the Giant King’s Court, there’s no way to say the names “Evernight Goddess” and “Amanises” together. Even if one did, no one would be able to hear it…

There are two people who convened Rose Redemption, one is Dark Angel Sasrir, and the other is the Goddess…

Apart from the venue where the ploy was conceived, it’s filled with the forces of Concealment…

In other words, the Goddess had single-handedly directed the fall of the ancient sun god, started the Cataclysm, and ended the Third Epoch…

Compared to “Her,” be it Adam or Amon, they are still far from “Her”…

How could such a true deity be so easily trapped by Adam's arrangements and be unable to interfere with matters of the real world?

Although it's not a conspiracy where something the Goddess yearns for the most is used, making "Her" willingly walk into a trap, how can the Goddess, who wields the powers of Concealment and plotted the death of the City of Silver Creator, be unprepared?

Also, what does "This is also in line with 'His' thoughts" mean? Who does "He" refer to?

Uh, after understanding so much hidden history, will I digest the Scholar of Yore potion on the spot once I drink it... With this in mind, Klein raised his right hand and rubbed his temples, forcing himself to focus his thoughts elsewhere. When that ecclesiastic phantom mentioned the fourth King of Angels, it self-destructed. Was it because the remaining three became true gods?

However, the residents of the City of Silver would occasionally use the names Badheil and Herabergen, so why wasn't there an anomaly?

What is the difference?

The strongest among the Kings of Angels, the left hand of God, Sasrir—why did "He" disappear into the rivers of history? Uh, perhaps "He" is one of the present-day evil gods, the True Creator, the Dark Side of the Universe, or the Mother Tree of Desire?

There are remnants of the godhood of degeneracy outside the hall. Was this left behind by "Him"?

Yes, the birth of the True Creator is related to the Rose Redemption. How will “He” react when “He” sees the murals in this hall?

With a thought, Klein cast his gaze at Shepherd Elder Lovia.

The lady looked a little lost. She didn’t seem to understand the titles and names, but she recognized a portion of them. For example, Angel of Fate Ouroboros.

She had become a believer of the True Creator in the temple ruins left behind by Ouroboros.

Derrick also stole a glance at Elder Lovia, but he didn’t notice any obvious changes in her emotions.

As The Sun of the Tarot Club, Derrick was one of the people present who knew the situation of the outside world the most. Furthermore, he had long known who the Kings of Angels were. He suspected that three of them had later become deities. At this moment, he was the least confused and perplexed. He was only slightly shocked at Rose Redemption’s level.

This was more exaggerated than he had imagined!

It’s no wonder the Lord perished… Derrick was first enlightened before he felt his heart turn heavy.

At this moment, he swept his gaze and saw the Chiefs face turn pale and ugly. He even muttered a few words softly, “This is impossible, impossible…”

...As far as I can remember, the Chief has never lost his composure like this... Did he think of the Lord perishing due to Rose Redemption? He can't accept that "He" will never return? However, he had long learned of this from me... Just as Derrick was feeling puzzled, he discovered that, aside from his tightly pursed lips, the Chiefs expression had returned to normal.

In the minds of the other members of the exploration team, the prophecy they had previously learned in Afternoon Town appeared:

"Omnipotent Lord, I repent.... tempted Sasrir. The Kings often came to the palace belonging to the dusk to conspire.

"It was already too late by the time I discovered all of this. Degeneration, bloodshed, darkness, rot, murders, corruption, and shadows had already drowned this piece of land.

"A huge calamity will begin here!"

Haim, who was holding the Unshadowed Crucifix, took a long while to calm his emotions. He said in a slightly hoarse voice, "This is the place belonging to the dusk. These are the subsidiary gods and Kings of Angels during the Second Epoch?

"They plotted everything, causing a huge calamity to happen. They made the Lord forsake this land?"

Colin Iliad pulled out the two swords in front of him and half-turned around, calmly replying, "Most likely."

"If we can figure out what exactly happened back then, do we have a chance to please the Lord and let 'Him' look at this land

again?" Upon hearing the Chiefs answer, Antiona asked anxiously.

At that moment, Derrick seemed to see a trace of pity and sadness in the Chiefs eyes. He heard him acknowledge and say, "Perhaps."

"Then let's continue exploring!" The other team members pleaded with burning eyes.

This was the closest the City of Silver had gotten to having a glimmer of hope over the past two to three thousand years. None of them wished to let it go, even if they had to sacrifice their lives for it.

Colin Iliad slowly surveyed the area and said, "Don't forget the principles to uphold during explorations. Don't act rashly at any time.

"Having confirmed that this place is related to redemption, we can always come a second time, a third time, or even more. There's no need to be so impatient."

Upon hearing his words, the other members of the exploration team calmed down. They replied one after another,

Yes, Your Excellency."

Under the arrangements of Demon Hunter Colin, the remaining members split up into small groups and carefully searched the hall. They didn't discover anything else that was valuable beyond the murals.

Of course, it wasn't that there was no such thing. This was, after all, a divine kingdom of an ancient god. What seemed like an ordinary long table, chairs, stone pillars, and torches might have special effects when taken outside. Furthermore, those effects could last for a very long period of time. Alas, it wasn't convenient for the City of Silver's expedition team to bring them around, as they lacked practical value.

As for the other murals, they were profiled from different angles of the main murals. When combined, they formed a three-dimensional scene.

After completing the search, Derrick and company gathered again and followed the Chief to the exit at the back of the hall.

There was a gray-blue door with a single pane.

With a ten-meter-tall door between the two of them, Colin Iliad carefully observed for a while before finally saying, "There's a powerful guard outside."

Chapter 1119: Tacit Cooperation

Upon hearing the Chiefs words, Shepherd Lovia immediately raised her question:

"Just like the two Silver Knights at the front gate of the King's Court. It won't take the initiative to attack targets outside a certain range?"

Colin Iliad nodded slightly and said, "At least that's how it seems to be at the moment."

They were already near the exit, but the guard outside had no reaction.

This meant that the other party didn't possess real intelligence or spirituality. It was very likely that they were objects that came to life.

Without waiting for the other members to speak, Demon Hunter Colin continued, "Huge, heavy..."

After obtaining the corresponding information, the City of Silver's group formed a tacit understanding. A team opened up a distance from the exit, but they faced towards the door. It was protected by Shepherd Elder Lovia. As the bait to attract the guards, a team took the corresponding holy oil from the Chief and smeared it across the ground at the exit. Haim, who held the Unshadowed Crucifix, and Demon Hunter Colin stood by the side of the door and used the stone columns to hide.

Then, Colin Iliad sheathed one of his swords onto his back and

took out a small metal bottle, gulping down the liquid inside.

His aura rapidly faded away and wasn't obvious anymore. If one didn't look closely, they wouldn't be able to discover his existence.

This was another set up. Haim was in the open, while the Demon Hunter was hidden.

After another ten seconds, Shepherd Lovia stretched out her right hand and grabbed at thin air.

Her silver-gray hair was dyed a deep blue color.

The wind howled as the grayish-blue door opened.

Right on the heels of that, heavy footsteps could be heard, causing the entire hall to shake.

A "giant" covered in iron-colored armor rushed into the hall with a halberd in hand.

Its exposed parts didn't show any flesh or blood, as though they were made of metal. Behind the black mask was a dark red glow.

If it didn't move and stood there, it wouldn't be any different from a statue.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The shaking in the hall became more and more obvious. The giant statue suddenly threw out the halberd in its hand, stirring up a hurricane that tore towards Derrick and company at the door.

Boom!

The halberd struck an invisible barrier as the illusory ripples rapidly spread out.

In front of Shepherd Lovia, an illusory figure that wore silver armor had appeared at some point in time. It stabbed its greatsword into the crack on the floor.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The giant statue didn't stop as it ran into the hall.

At that moment, a whistling sound was heard under its feet as its massive body jerked backward.

It had stepped on the spot that was smeared with holy oil.

As the giant statue fell, the crimson light in its eye suddenly bloomed as an invisible force appeared and held it up. Suddenly, a blinding white light shot out from the Unshadowed Crucifix, accurately hitting the giant statue's only eye. The dark red color dimmed.

Demon Hunter Colin leaped up and held the same sword with both hands, plunging it down like an eagle swooping down at its prey.

Dawn appeared as they converged on the straight sword, making it exceptionally huge. It even exceeded Colin Iliad's height.

With a poof, the bright sword pierced through the gap in the giant statue's armor, stabbing into its eye.

A flood of light from the dawn rushed in.

With his hands still gripping the hilt of his sword, Colin Iliad exerted more force. As the giant statue fell to the ground, he pulled out his sword and leaped to the side.

The giant statue lay at the door as its body emitted cracking sounds until it finally all movement.

Without looking at it again, Colin turned to look outside the door. After a few seconds, he said, "There are no other guards for now. We can handle this statue."

Derrick and company quickly surrounded the giant statue and skillfully searched for materials.

Above the gray fog, Klein watched the entire battle from the sidelines and was deeply impressed by the City of Silver's teamwork.

According to his observation, it was unknown what metal the giant statue was made of. Its surface was covered with armor that had shocking defensive strength. It could completely ignore most attacks in battle, and it was very difficult to deal with.

Furthermore, this giant statue didn't have any "spirit." In other

words, it was immune to the Beyonder powers of the corresponding domain, such as Spirit Body Threads control, Hypnotism, Frenzy, and Nightmare. It was like a walking fortress that made one suspect that it was the work of the Goddess of Harvest.

Klein believed that, if he were in their shoes, with the core powers of a Bizarro Sorcerer being useless, he could only rely on his two marionettes' powers to deal with the giant statue. He had no idea how the battle would develop.

The "Distortion" and "Disorder" powers of an Earl of The Fallen might be effective, but I might not be able to finish it as fast as the City of Silver's expedition team... A team of Beyonders with a tacit understanding would be able to produce the effect of "1 +1 > 2." Yes, that Chiefs confidence in timing, as well as his decisiveness in his attack, was also key... Klein nodded slightly, feeling a sense of admiration.

If this were really a livestream, then he might not be able to help but send a gift as a tip.

Of course, there was a high chance that it was just a thought.

After taking away the most valuable item on the giant statue, the City of Silver's expedition team proceeded forward. They followed the corridor outside and entered another hall.

Just like that, they weaved through the layers of palaces, towers, and different corridors, in an attempt to find more clues, as well as the entrance to the sea as described by the outsider, Jack.

Regardless of whether they believed the boy's words, they couldn't help but look forward to the dark blue sea behind the Giant King's Court. On the other side of the sea, there were

kingdoms where humans flourished. There, there were no monsters hidden in the darkness. The sun rose and set, and lightning only appeared when it rained. People had all sorts of food there.

During this process, the City of Silver's expedition team didn't encounter many enemies. Most of them were statues that had come to life. A small number of them were evil spirits formed by the combination of remnant emotions and the power of dusk. The latter was unable to put up any resistance against the Unshadowed Crucifix.

That's normal... The Fool Klein above the gray fog nodded slightly, expressing his acceptance of the current situation. After the Giant King perished, this place already belonged to the ancient sun god. It's unlikely that there will be a large number of giant powerhouses and mystical items left behind... When the Kings of Angels were conspiring, they definitely eliminated any unnecessary troubles ahead of time... Once the ancient sun god was eaten up, the ownership of this place was a mystery. Perhaps, it was abandoned...

In short, there aren't many foreseeable demigods or items. Well, without the Unshadowed Crucifix, those evil spirits will be very troublesome. The City of Silver's expedition team might not be able to advance so smoothly, making it impossible for them to advance so far unless an angel leads a team or activates a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact...

When the Unshadowed Crucifix returned to Derrick, the City of Silver's expedition team was already very close to the tallest building in the Giant King's Court.

The dusk here was extremely dense, as though it came from that palace.

“Once we leave this hall, we should come to the wing of the Giant King’s residence.” Demon Hunter Colin got his bearings and direction before pointing ahead.

Shepherd Elder Lovia nodded. Finally, there was some irresistible hope in her expression.

Derrick’s heart beat faster, and he could no longer control his excitement. Then, he was “Placated” by Antiona.

After composing themselves, the people from the City of Silver entered the hall in front of them and saw that there were oil paintings hanging on both sides.

These oil paintings depicted different giants. Some held bone flutes, some carried wind chimes, while others carried a seven-stringed guitar that matched their height.

As the City of Silver’s expedition team arrived, the giants in the oil painting suddenly came to life. They began playing their instruments, producing a beautiful tune.

The light of dusk in the hall lit up a little. More and more food appeared on the long tables around them as they glowed with a tempting glisten, effusing a very tempting fragrance.

Roasted chicken… Roasted goose… Fish with honey baste… Is this a dinner banquet for the Giant King’s Court? But aren’t the sizes of those chickens, geese, goats, and fish too large… The work of the Goddess of Harvest? With a glance, Klein confirmed that the food that appeared was an illusion. After all, the Giant King’s Court no longer had any ingredients, nor did it possess anyone who could “envision” or create them.

“This… this is normal food?” Haim, who was holding Thunder God’s Roar, stared straight at one of the long tables. His Adam’s apple bobbed.

“Maybe.” Derrick sniffed and couldn’t help but swallow a mouthful of saliva.

Apart from the black-faced grass, they had never seen normal food. The meat that the monsters roasted was of different colors, but they also tasted equally as bad. It could even poison them.

Demon Hunter Colin stared for a few seconds before sighing.

“They’re all fake. Don’t come into contact with them, or there might be unnecessary accidents.”

Other than Lovia, the team from the City of Silver retracted their gaze with great difficulty. They followed the Chief all the way to the exit of the hall.

After a series of inspections, Colin Iliad inserted his swords into the ground and pushed open the heavy door.

A crack appeared as rich orange light shone inside.

As the gap grew bigger, the towering palace gradually became clear.

Then, the people from the City of Silver heard a crashing sound.

At this moment, Colin drew out a sword and suppressed the

restlessness in his team members' hearts.

He then drew out his other sword and slowly walked out of the hall. Derrick and the others followed cautiously.

After completely bathing in the light of dusk, they looked to the left at the same time. There were railings formed from stone pillars.

Beyond the railings, there was an orange-red cloud that was gently ebbing at the distance. On the endless swath of dark blue, they emitted crashing sounds.

There was no need for anyone to explain. At the same time, the members of the City of Silver's exploration team recalled the records in the book and Jack's description. A term flashed in their minds:

"The sea."

Chapter 1120: Court Chaser

The dark blue, boundless sea that ebbed gently and seemed to contain infinite life was presented to members of the City of Silver's expedition team. It was no longer a record written down in ancient books, nor was it a combination of words spoken by outsiders.

Although it was still very far away, it seemed like contact was possible.

The wine-red-haired Antiona watched in a daze. She opened her mouth, as though she wanted to say something, but in the end, all she said was the words:

"The sea..."

Just as she finished speaking, a silver crack suddenly appeared on her forehead.

The crack shot up rapidly, instantly splitting Antiona into two halves. Warm and bright red blood gushed out, splashing across Derrick's face.

Without a sound, more silvery-white light shot out from her body, splitting her body into countless small pieces of flesh.

The reveling face full of hope was like a puzzle that had fallen to the ground, splattering everywhere.

It was only at this moment that Demon Hunter Colin reacted. He

brandished his two swords and slashed them diagonally outwards, as though he was dealing with invisible enemies.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Silver light flashed, and the sound of metal reverberating echoed. The morning sun around Colin Iliad shattered and scattered in chaos.

At this moment, the silver phantom behind Shepherd Lovia had already taken a step forward and stabbed the blurry giant sword into the ground.

Clang! Clang! Clang! As they surrounded the people of the City of Silver, the streaks of silver light appeared in different spots, trying their best to cut through the invisible barrier around them like insects struggling in amber.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The dense, sometimes thick silver light constantly appeared, causing the defensive powers of the expedition team to tremble, as though it would shatter at any moment. However, be it Demon Hunter Colin, Shepherd Lovia, or Derrick, they couldn't find any traces of the enemy.

The Fool above the gray fog was just about to give a certain reminder when the Chief of the six-member council seemed to realize something and crossed his two swords in front of him.

Clang!

The gigantic silver beam struck the two swords, causing Demon Hunter Colin's feet to sink into a solid stone slab.

He took this opportunity and roared, "Unshadowed domain!"

Upon hearing the Chiefs reminder, Derrick didn't hesitate and stabbed his finger on the thorns of the Unshadowed Crucifix, doing so without any regard for the pain.

As his blood oozed out, clear, bright, pure, and blazing light suddenly exploded, enveloping the entire area between the two buildings.

There wasn't a single shadow in this area that could hide. Nothing else could be hidden. Light had become the ruler of this region.

A huge figure quickly outlined itself on the side of the Giant King's palace. "It" was wearing silver full-body armor and was nearly five meters tall. The flickering light behind the mask was either deep red or orange. And unmistakably, there was a single vertical eye there.

This was a giant, a giant who was still alive.

He didn't wait for the enemy to enter a certain range before attempting to attack, implying that he had sufficient intelligence.

Unlike the other silver-armored knights, the giant's bracer had bright patterns on it. On the right was a blood-red color that circled around his arm, and at the same spot on the left, it was adorned with black spots.

The giant knight raised his broadsword and pointed at everyone in the City of Silver. He said in a thunderous voice, “How dare you barge into the king’s court and disturb Lord Sasrir’s slumber!”

Sasrir? Dark Angel Sasrir? The Fool Klein above the gray fog was alarmed when he heard that. He subconsciously sat up straight.

The former left hand of God, the deputy of the divine kingdom, the leader of the Kings of Angels, one of the two leaders of Rose Redemption, hadn’t disappeared into the river of history. “He” was sleeping deep in the Giant King’s Court, sleeping in the residence of the Giant King? Why did “He” choose to enter a state of slumber? Many thoughts flashed through Klein’s mind as he subconsciously cast his gaze towards the palace that the giant knight was guarding.

It was the tallest and most magnificent building in the Giant King’s Court. The dusk’s light seemed to transform into something corporeal that covered its surface, dyeing it with a clear sense of decline. It gave off the feeling that the sun had set and an eternal eventide was coming.

On both sides were steeples, while on the other side were spires. The front door was a double door that opened outwards, with gray and blue as the main colors. Its height exceeded ten meters, and it was covered with symbols, labels, and patterns. It looked stately and mysterious.

There was a pitch-black socket on the left side of the door at a height of three-to four-meters tall. It was equivalent to an adult’s fist.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly thought of the dream divination he had done in the past. Back then, he had seen the same scene, and the medium he had used for the divination was

the giants' key he had obtained from Vice Admiral Iceberg.

Is that the key to opening the Giant King's residence? As he extended his hand, he tried to use his "true vision" to pass through the obstruction of the building to see the situation inside the palace.

Unfortunately, he failed. The iron-black key which was the size of a seven-string guitar landed in front of him.

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin suddenly said before the giant knight attacked, "You're a Court Chaser?"

The giant knight's broadsword didn't cleave down; instead, he paused for a second and said in a low voice, "After all this time, to think that there's someone who can still remember Court Chasers.

"I'm the leader of all the chasers, the Light Culler Murskogan, and I later followed Lord Sasrir.

"I once hunted powerful dragons, elves, devils, demonic wolves, phoenixes. Today, you are honored to die under my blade."

This Light Culler didn't soften his attitude. He hunched his body slightly and held his sword with both hands. Like a flying meteor, he rushed towards the people from the City of Silver with heavy footsteps at high speeds.

Due to the existence of the Unshadowed domain, he could no longer hide his body like before.

Just as Colin Iliad, Lovia and company determined that Murskogan's attack would arrive in a second, this giant knight suddenly stopped his silver broadsword's slash midway.

Demon Hunter Colin, who wasn't in Lovia's evil spirit's defensive circle, suddenly had a premonition of danger. Without any hesitation, he lunged to the side.

Boom!

A silver ray of light suddenly emerged from the spot where he had been standing, destroying everything from within. This attack was so strange, like it was generated by the void itself.

At the same time, there was also a change in Colin Iliad who had ducked to the ground. His clothes were torn into pieces and cloth by his rapidly expanding muscles.

In just a blink of an eye, this Demon Hunter had turned into a grayish-blue giant with bluish-black lines warped around him. At his forehead was a deep black crack. Every inch of him contained immense power, infinite mystery, and a strange psyche influence.

If a Beyonder under Sequence 4 saw this scene, they would definitely suffer from a strong backlash. Their brains might suffer an excruciating pain that would cause them to lose their minds. Even their spirituality would be corrupted. And if they couldn't withstand such an influence, going crazy, losing control, or even sudden death were certain outcomes.

This was the incomplete Mythical Creature form of a demigod.

Originally, Colin Iliad didn't dare to release this form due to the influence of the "twilight" in the Giant King's Court. But now, he realized that in the Unshadowed domain, the feeling of decline had weakened significantly.

He then raised the two swords that had enlarged in size as well. With them covered in the light of dawn, he fought fiercely with the Light Culler Murskogan in the domain that was enveloped in light and shadows.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The three swords of the "giants" clashed and separated from time to time. Although Colin Iliad was at a disadvantage, he still managed to withstand the barrage of attacks from the King's Court Chaser's leader.

From time to time, he would feel a strong sense of danger. Then, without any warning, he would either duck or roll in another direction.

And at this moment, silver beams of light would always appear from the inside and outside.

Derrick had already closed his eyes. Ignoring the loss of blood, he tried his best to maintain the Unshadowed domain. Haim and another Dawn Paladin similarly didn't dare open their eyes. They helped Shepherd Elder Lovia and slowly moved the group towards the palace without exiting the protective domain.

If not for the help of the silver-armored knight evil spirit, they would've long been diced into small pieces of flesh and blood by the Storm of Light that swept the area.

That Light Culler Murskogan alone had placed the City of Silver's expedition team into a precarious position, with no chance of counterattacking.

As expected of the leader of the King's Court Chasers, this should be the strongest force beneath subsidiary gods, or in other words, angels... Compared to the Demon Hunter, the Silver Knight has several more terrifying Beyonder powers... Above the gray fog, The Fool Klein held the Sea God Scepter and carefully observed the battle.

He quickly figured out the aspect in which Light Culler Murskogan was powerful in.

Firstly, his defensive power can be transformed into a full-body silver armor set. Secondly, it can be used to hide and conceal himself with the light, hiding any malicious intent. Thirdly, the condensed Sword of Dawn isn't something that can be maintained for a short period of time. It can be used as a normal weapon, sufficiently sharp, and good at cleansing. Fourth, it can create some sort of thin silver-white sword. It has the ability to teleport, and it can bypass most barriers to attack the target directly, and even cause it to erupt from within the target's body. Furthermore, this thin silver-white sword condensed without any warning, making it difficult to predict...

This is a saint who's extremely good at fighting head-on. If it wasn't for the rich experience and strong intuition of the City of Silver's Chief, he would've been in danger due to the suppression effect from being of the same pathway when fighting in his Mythical Creature form... If it were me, I might've already been killed. Of course, I wouldn't fight head- on with the leader of the King's Court Chasers...

From the current situation, because the evil spirit needs to protect its Shepherd, there's no way for it to directly participate in the battle. The City of Silver's expedition team has almost no

chance of winning. Yes, they're already slowly retreating. Very rational...If it really doesn't work, perhaps Mr. Fool will have to deliver lightning punishment" However, the True Creator should still be watching... My Lightning Storm might not be able to quickly resolve Murskogan... Klein's thoughts raced when he suddenly thought of a problem:

How did Light Culler Murskogan, who wasn't an angel, survive since the end of the Second Epoch. He's neither a demoness, vampire, nor Undying!

And from him possessing reason, as well as the ability he displays in battle, he doesn't have Beyonder characteristics of other pathways mixed in him.

Chapter 1121: Weakness

Since Light Culler Murskogan didn't gain his long lifespan from his Beyonder characteristic, Klein could only begin considering external factors.

The effects of a mystical item? No, he doesn't have any mystical items on him. Aside from the Giant King's residence, there's nothing in the vicinity either. However, that's the sleeping ground of Dark Angel Sasrir. Furthermore, the key is with me. I don't think Murskogan would dare or have the means to enter...

Who took the key to the Giant King's residence after Sasrir fell into a slumber? Isn't that a bit too wicked? Of course, the palace without the powers of a deity augmenting it wouldn't be able to trap a King of Angels... Or perhaps, this key had long been transported to the Northern Continent during the migration of the giants. Sasrir chose to sleep in the palace because, other than a small number of existences, no one can open the door and affect "His" sleep?

Was Vice Admiral Iceberg's key given to me through a roundabout manner by the God of Knowledge and Wisdom? "He" wants to learn of Sasrir's present state?

If it's not the effects of a mystical item, what could it be? Time given by an angel from the Marauder pathway? Ignoring the possibility of giving stolen illusory items to someone else, there needs to be an angel or a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact from the Marauder pathway. And there aren't any similar existences nearby... Back then, Murskogan was given a lifespan of thousands of years at once? This... Perhaps only Amon is capable of doing that. Clearly, "He" wouldn't help Dark Angel Sasrir...

In addition, this Blasphemer's true body seems to be wandering around the Forsaken Land of the Gods. If there were angels or Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Marauder pathway here, they might've become his food long ago...

The cycle of fate? After Light Culler Murskogan's natural death, everything begins with him guarding Sasrir again? Yes, that's possible. If the current Murskogan is in an aged state, then it's completely understandable how so much time has passed... Furthermore, because the time in this loop seals centuries, it hasn't reached a node yet. It's only normal that I didn't manage to discover any signs above the gray fog in my haste...

With this in mind, he quickly observed his surroundings to find traces of the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros.

However, there was no remnant power like that.

Klein quickly retracted his gaze and continued to observe Light Culler Murskogan's intense battle with Colin Iliad and the silver-armored knight evil spirit.

His Spirit Body Threads are normal, eliminating the possibility of him already becoming a marionette... Under "true vision," his condition isn't abnormal. This means that he isn't a figure summoned from history...

The divine kingdom of the Giant King's Court is slowing down the passing of time or aging? The former can be eliminated because my spirituality is almost unable to support my level of observation. This matches the amount of time the City of Silver's exploration team has spent in this area... There is a certain chance of the latter, with life progressing in the "sunset" state but being solidified during "dusk"?

But the problem is that the ancient god, the Giant King, has already perished. Badheil, who wields the power of dawn and the power of dusk, has brought the divine kingdom to the astral world. It's impossible for this King's Court to still have such a powerful influence remaining within it... Klein went through all the possibilities of extending one's life that he could think of, but none of them matched the situation of the leader of the Court Chasers.

He had no choice but to consider another possibility:

A secret art with a huge defect?

This should be dependent on some kind of power in the Giant King's Court. Otherwise, the range of Murskogan's activities wouldn't be so tiny. It wouldn't take until the City of Silver's expedition team arrived at the Giant King's residence before he took action...

The entity related to life inside the Giant King's Court clearly exists, the former Goddess of Harvest, the present Earth Mother, Giant Queen Omebella.

As this thought flashed through his mind, he cast his gaze at the giant statues outside the palace.

They were no different from the ones the City of Silver expedition team had encountered along the way. They were only slightly larger.

However, after careful inspection, he noticed a small number of abnormalities. These giant statues had the aura of life, and they possessed a certain amount of spirituality. However, behind the mask, it was pitch black without any dark red glow.

This... Light Culler Murskogan had used some sort of secret technique in the life domain to bind his spirit with the living statues. Using them, he obtained a long life, but this results in him being limited to such a tiny region and being unable to leave... This is very similar to the way evil spirits exist... This way, Murskogan might not be able to show his normal Mythical Creature form... Klein conjured a gold coin and flipped it up to make confirmation.

When he received an affirmation, he raised the Sea God Scepter high and prepared to remind Little Sun through the prayer light.

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin, who had avoided Murskogan's first attack, suddenly ducked and circled around him, running straight for the Giant King's residence from the side.

His gaze was locked onto those gigantic statues!

In the intense battle just now, although this City of Silver Chief had always been at a disadvantage, he didn't give up on observing his surroundings, nor did he stop thinking.

He was similarly puzzled as to why the leader of the Court Chasers could live for thousands of years. When he discovered that the living giant statues were only standing outside the palace without participating in the battle, he had arrived at a certain conclusion.

He didn't know what exactly was going on, what principles underlay it, or what domain it belonged to, but his rich experience in exploration, and the intuition as a Demon Hunter, made him believe that the statues were the crux of the problem!

Tap! Tap! Tap!

With two swords in his hands, Colin Iliad dashed forward, taking large strides. However, he didn't run in a straight line as he zigzagged his way forward.

Upon seeing this scene, Light Culler Murskogan let out an angry roar as he held the broadsword in his hands and rapidly slashed forward.

His reaction proved that Colin Iliad's judgment was correct.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Demon Hunter Colin suddenly leaped away and did a roll. And above his original trajectory, silver light appeared out of thin air and exploded, forming a "long snake." It completely lifted the solid ground of the King's Court, tearing open a deep chasm.

With a loud thud, Light Culler Murskogan took a step forward. His nearly five-meter-tall body bent and smashed the silver broadsword in his hand onto the ground.

Clang!

The area shook violently as the pillars snapped and fell into the orange cloud beneath. The ground between the two buildings exploded layer by layer, sending countless gravel flying.

As for Demon Hunter Colin, he had already leaped up ahead of time and was in midair. He crossed his swords, creating an invisible barrier that blocked the rubble that resembled an arrow.

At this moment, Murskogan, who had his back bent, bent his knee and exerted strength into it. His massive body shot out like a meteor, instantly closing the distance between him and Demon Hunter Colin.

During this process, the silver broadsword in his hands moved upwards.

Seeing that Demon Hunter Colin was no longer able to dodge, a bright light suddenly shot over, accurately hitting Murskogan's broadsword.

With a loud clang, Colin Iliad tumbled to the ground and finally approached the giant statues in one swift move.

At the same time, he saw from the corner of his eye that the silver-armored knight phantom in front of Elder Lovia had long drawn out its giant sword. It had condensed the light of dawn into a huge bow as it shot out arrows consecutively.

Light Culler Murskogan's single eye had already been dyed with a layer of red. He didn't care about the arrows of light, and he allowed them to hit his body as they produced clanking sounds.

He kept charging forward and brandished his broadsword, causing silver light to appear from different parts of the void. He chased after the giant-like Demon Hunter Colin, preventing him from attacking those giant statues.

Suddenly, an arrow that was gathered from the lustrous brilliances tore past Murskogan and silently hit the gap in his visor.

This was from the evil spirit that Shepherd Lovia “Grazed.”

Demon Hunter Colin was merely bait. It was the real attacker.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! One arrow after another flew past, but this time, they were all blocked by Murskogan.

But at that moment, the Demon Hunter had already positioned himself well. He aimed at the remaining giant statues and swung his two straight swords that were enveloped by the light of dawn.

Light bloomed as a “Hurricane of Light” blanketed the area.

With continuous cracking sounds, the statues collapsed to the ground. Meanwhile, the aura of the Light Culler Murskogan rapidly declined.

This King’s Court Chaser leader immediately roared, “Let’s die together!”

The silver broadsword in his hand exploded, splintering into countless fragments of light. They formed a terrifying storm that swept everything around them.

The silver-armored knight evil spirit and Demon Hunter Colin simultaneously stabbed their swords into the ground, creating an invisible barrier.

The dazzling white light swept between the two buildings, destroying the grayish-blue door and stone pillars behind Derrick and company. However, when they “swept” into the

Giant King's residence, they failed to affect it completely.

After an unknown period of time, just as Derrick thought that the invisible barrier was about to be torn apart by the Hurricane of Light, the rays of light finally dimmed.

In the ruins, the silver armor on the body of Light Culler Murskogan slowly faded away, revealing his grayish-blue body that was wearing linen clothes.

Not far away from him, Demon Hunter Colin's body was covered in blood. He was transforming from a giant back to his normal state, but his aura was relatively stable. It was just that he had weakened greatly.

With a clang, Murskogan genuflected as his flesh rapidly aged, decomposed, and evaporated.

Under the orange light, he seemed to see the lively King's Court once again. In the frozen dusk, giants came and went, playing the seven-stringed guitar or bone flute, wrestling, or enjoying the delicacies that they could eat at any time. The passing of their lives moved extremely slowly, and their king sat on a high throne, watching everything from above with a stately demeanor.

After that incident, none of that existed, so he chose to follow Dark Angel Sasrir.

A smile appeared on Murskogan's face as he opened his mouth and softly shouted, "King..."

This Court Chaser bowed his head, his flesh and blood

completely evaporated, leaving behind a huge white skeleton and silvery-white light that had condensed together.

Chapter 1122: The Instructions of The Fool

Above the gray fog, when Klein saw Light Culler Murskogan rapidly age and decompose into bones, he suddenly recalled Mobet, Siatas, Frunziar, and Snowman when they left Groselle's Travels.

He didn't have the time to stop it back then, and it was no different this time. This was because the leader of the King's Court Chasers had never chanted the honorific name of The Fool, so he was unable to pull him above the gray fog.

However, compared to before, with the Sea God Scepter in hand, he could now do more things by using the prayer light.

He immediately accommodated the Black Emperor card and activated the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. He made the Paper Angel carry his own words and use the crimson star to enter the real world and land on the remnant spirit of Light Culler Murskogan.

This was one of the methods that wouldn't lower his loftiness as The Fool. After all, the True Creator was still watching the area.

As Murskogan's consciousness was rapidly wiped out of existence, an angel with black wings suddenly appeared in front of him.

The speed at which his Spirit Body collapsed slowed down as he heard a loud and majestic voice:

"What is the advancement ritual and supplementary ingredients

of the Silver Knight potion?

“Is Sasrir really sleeping in the palace of the Giant King?”

Murskogan replied blankly, “The advancement ritual of the Silver Knight comes from the Blasphemy Slate. It needs a complicated altar to be set up, placing the remains of the six powerful creatures one had hunted in the correct positions, and receive the blessings of a deity…

“The supplementary ingredients are…

“I can’t be certain. In short, that door didn’t open after Lord Sasrir entered…”

Amidst the response, the spirit of Murskogan’s spirit slowly but firmly dissipated. Finally, he could no longer hold on as he was reduced to points of light that merged into the still dusk of the Giant King’s Court.

And this conversation happened within the soul domain, so no one else could hear it.

Thankfully, I’m careful enough to not let Murskogan say the main ingredient of the Silver Knight potion. Anyway, the Beyonder characteristic can be used to replace whatever it is. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be able to hear the answer to the second question… The Fool heaved a sigh of relief and praised himself inwardly.

He then focused and seriously thought about what Murskogan had just said.

A deity's blessing? Isn't this advancement ritual a little too difficult? It's only Sequence 3... Uh, I have to consider the circumstances of his timeline. Murskogan is a powerhouse who survived from the Second Epoch. It was a habit to call an angel a subsidiary god, and include "Them" in the ranks of a god. That also means that the blessings of an angel should be sufficient. Yes, I'll use divination to confirm this later... Of course, even if an angel's blessings are sufficient, I'm unable to do anything for the time being. It will depend if the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in the City of Silver have any living characteristics that can also be communicated with...

The act of setting up that altar is actually a little complicated... Must the remains of the six powerful creatures that one has personally killed have to be at the demigod level? It's very difficult for Demon Hunters outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods. How can there be so many demigod-level creatures to be killed? Most of them are protected by their corresponding organizations. From the looks of it, the Church of the God of Combat should have a new substitute method while maintaining the essence of the ritual. Is this the difference between the first and second Blasphemy Slate?

However, for a young Chief like the City of Silver, he must've killed more than six powerful monsters... That's easy.

As he was currently certain that the second Blasphemy Slate had appeared after the ancient sun god's death, he was able to determine that Light Culler Murskogan was referring to the first Blasphemy slate.

He quickly conjured a piece of parchment from his interpretation of the advancement ritual and supplementary ingredients. Then, a divination with a topaz spirit pendulum was performed, to which he received a revelation that there were no mistakes.

Then, he threw this message to the crimson star representing

The Sun.

This is a gift from Mr. Fool. After doing all of this, Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. He increasingly felt that the answer to the second question was worth ruminating.

He didn't say if Sasrir was truly asleep. He only said that the door hadn't opened after the Dark Angel entered.

And the only thing that didn't open was the door.

The God of Knowledge and Wisdom gave me the key, and Adam gave me the Unshadowed Crucifix. Was it done to open the door to confirm the Dark Angel's condition? As his thoughts raced, he suddenly felt lucky. Fortunately, the True Creator wasn't too interested in this. If this entity had sent down "His" will just now and tried to influence Murskogan's dissipating spirit, "He" would've clashed with The Fool's Paper Angel on the spot.

That would be rather awkward.

Only at that moment did Derrick dare to open his eyes. His face was pale from having lost too much blood. In order to maintain the Unshadowed domain, he had allowed the cross to absorb quite a bit of his blood.

He looked around and placed the Unshadowed Crucifix in front of him as he sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

At that moment, Haim put away Thunder God's Roar and his weapon. He removed the leather bag on his back and found a set of clothes to throw to the Chief.

To the City of Silver's exploration team, as long as they weren't wearing clothes and armor that were mystical items, it was inevitable that their clothes would suffer damage during battle. Therefore, they definitely prepared a few additional sets ahead of time.

To them, the purpose of clothing covering their bodies was secondary. The most important thing was to leave space to store materials, ointments, and charms.

Colin Iliad looked around vigilantly, but he didn't find anything unusual. He quickly put on his clothes and found one of the small metal bottles that had fallen all over the ground during the battle. He removed the lid and gulped it down.

His face turned a little green as if he had been poisoned. However, his wounds and the signs of decline were improving.

As for Lovia, she was no longer able to maintain the "Grazing" of the silver-armored knight, and she placed it back inside her body.

By the time Murskogan's Beyonder characteristic condensed into a silvery-white luster that resembled a miniature sun or heart, it was put away by Demon Hunter Colin. This Shepherd Elder looked at the nearby palace with his gray eyes and said, "Chief, the path to the sea might very well be hidden there."

Lovia paused for a moment before adding, "Perhaps there's another way to get to the other side of the sea."

As Colin Iliad watched Derrick, Haim, and the others clean up the battlefield, pick up items, and deal with the mutilated corpse of Antiona, he shook his head and said, "The Dark Angel is sleeping inside, and 'He* is definitely a King of Angels, one we are

currently unable to resist. Even facing ‘Him* will be very difficult.

“Let’s head back first and inform everyone that we have seen the sea before making preparations for entry into the Giant King’s palace.”

Lovia’s silver-gray hair fluttered slightly as she wore a solemn expression.

“But we don’t know anything. We can’t make any targeted preparations.

After saying that, she fell silent for two seconds before saying, “I have a suggestion. You, Derrick, Haim, and the others can head back first. I’ll stay behind and attempt to enter the palace to gather useful information. I can fuse into the shadows and perhaps not disturb that Dark Angel.

“If I don’t return, it means that the danger inside has exceeded the limits we can handle.”

When Lovia mentioned that she might die, her expression didn’t change at all, as if she had long been prepared.

Colin listened quietly and stared at her for a few seconds.

“No.

“We can’t bear such risks.

“If you awaken the Dark Angel, ‘He’ might leave the Giant King’s Court and attack the City of Silver, but we definitely won’t be able to resist against ‘Him.’”

Without waiting for Lovia’s reply, Colin Iliad turned his head and looked at the other three members.

“Derrick, what’s your opinion?”

My opinion? Derrick was somewhat at a loss. He nearly blurted the question back out.

Haim and the other Dawn Paladin were equally shocked. This was because this was an internal conflict among the six-member council. Colin Iliad had actually asked for Derrick Berg’s opinion!

Could it be that the Chief has been nurturing Derrick as the next Elder of the six-member council? The two members of the expedition team looked thoughtfully at their teammates.

…This is him asking for my opinion? The Fool Klein above the gray fog frowned slightly.

His brain immediately began to churn rapidly.

What views can I have?

If they were to open the door and awaken Sasrir, I wouldn’t be able to save any of them. All I can do is get them to ask for the help of the True Creator!

Let's wait until I figure out the situation regarding the Dark Angel from the Red Angel evil spirit and other related existences before beginning the exploration... I don't have to worry about the Dragon of Wisdom and Adam's thoughts for now...

No matter what, there's nothing wrong with choosing to be calm and cautious at such times.

As his thoughts raced, Klein sternly said, "Return."

He then projected this image into the crimson star representing The Sun.

Derrick was stunned for two seconds before calmly answering the Chiefs question.

"I think we should give up for now and wait until we're ready."

Colin Iliad nodded and said to Shepherd Lovia, "This is my decision."

Lovia fell silent for a moment before saying, "I will defer to your decision."

She didn't say anything else as she helped Derrick and company mark the area.

As Antiona wasn't killed by a blood relative, there was a high possibility that an anomaly would happen. Therefore, the expedition team would mark the area, making the ones who arrived later to be more vigilant. However, they didn't need to worry about such effects since they were very far away from the

City of Silver.

While they busied themselves, Lovia suddenly looked up and said to Derrick and Haim, “This is the Giant King’s Court. There might not be any anomalies.”

She didn’t explain as she looked at Antiona’s pile of flesh that had been burned into ashes by the flames. She grabbed a handful of them and placed them inside her leather bag.

After completing these matters, the City of Silver’s expedition team found another passageway, but they obtained a disappointing outcome.

Following that, under the lead of Chief Colin Iliad, they retraced their path back.

After entering the palace that had already lost its main door while having the oil painting band playing their tunes, Derrick couldn’t help but turn his head to look outside at the broken railings again. He looked at the orange-red cloud in the distance, towards the deep blue sea.

After staring at it for a few seconds, he retracted his gaze and realized that the Chiefs light-blue eyes were also silently looking in that direction.

Colin immediately turned his head and said calmly, “Let’s go.”

Then, without turning back, he proceeded steadily.

Chapter 1123: After the Expedition

Above the gray fog, when he saw that the City of Silver's exploration team had begun embarking on their way back as the Giant King's palace remained unchanged, Klein heaved a sigh of relief and leaned back in his chair, exhausted.

After two hours of observation, his spirituality was nearing its limits. At most, he could hold out for another fifteen minutes.

Regardless, the things obtained from this expedition completely exceeded my imagination. It's only right to give the Silver Knight potion formula to the City of Silver. As he rubbed his forehead, his thoughts began to wander. Being aware of these ancient secrets is very helpful to my digestion after my advancement. The problem now is that my Bizarro Sorcerer potion hasn't been fully digested...

From the feedback I've been getting over this period of time, it can be seen that all sorts of strange tales are indeed useful. When Miss Magician completes the script and publishes it, it just needs some time to build up some momentum before it's done.

However, she started writing a few days ago. I don't know when she will finish her manuscript...

Why can't she just write a few more hours every day?

When I went to pick her up this time, I should urge her...

With this in mind, Klein suddenly recalled something. He hadn't

given Anderson a reward for finding Vice Admiral Ailment.

I'll wait until he helps Danitz become a Conspirer. Anyway, this was also part of the agreement... The advancement ritual of an Iron-blooded Knight isn't difficult, but it's not simple either. Especially for a Hunter, it's even more troublesome... It requires a Hunter who is adept at provocation and enjoys coming up with ploys to build a team of at least thirty people, and also nurture a deep sense of friendship amongst them while making them strong. When they act almost as one, they'll set up the ritual... The greater the strength and camaraderie amongst the team, the better the effects of the ritual...

Seeing that the City of Silver's expedition team was returning in an orderly manner without encountering any accidents, he finally felt at ease. He left the world above the gray fog and threw himself into bed, falling into a dream.

After some rest at the Afternoon Town camp, Derrick Berg finally recovered and his face was no longer as pale.

He had just eaten bread made from Black-Faced Grass powder when a figure grew out from the shadows outside and said in a low voice, "Derrick, the Chief is looking for you."

"Yes." Derrick subconsciously stood up. "Thank you."

He was originally prepared to find the Chief and hand over the Silver Knight potion formula.

After watching the messenger retreat into the shadows, he walked out of the room and arrived at the clearing where the bonfire was illuminated.

At a glance, Derrick saw many members who hadn't participated in the expedition gathered in groups of two or three. They were excitedly discussing something.

They already knew that one could see the sea from the Giant King's Court. They knew that it wasn't too far from the coast, and as long as they found the correct path, they would arrive there in no time.

This was an important step for the City of Silver to save themselves after discovering the outsider, Jack.

The residents of the City of Silver, who mainly had the power of Dawn, finally saw the light of dawn.

Their long wait and persistence seemed to have paid off.

Derrick could understand the feelings of his team members because he was the same. However, from The World Gehrman Sparrow, he knew very well that the waters in the ruins of the battle of gods weren't that simple. To head to the other side of the sea would probably be extremely difficult.

Ignoring everything else, just Dark Angel Sasrir, who was sleeping in the Giant King's palace and blocking the vital path outside, was a problem that he couldn't overcome at the moment.

I can only hope that Mr. Fool will bless me. Yes, for that boy to appear in the temple ruins, it means that there are other paths that can bypass the Giant King's palace and reach the sea... Derrick thought optimistically as he circled around the quietly burning bonfire and walked towards the Chiefs room on the other side.

Suddenly, he saw a person sitting silently in the shadow of a boulder.

It was a man in his twenties, and he was much taller than Derrick. He held a pale gold bracelet with three small bells hanging on it as he looked at it with his pupils unfocused.

Derrick was no stranger to this man. He knew that he was the husband of Antiona, Dolores, a Sequence 6 Dawn Paladin.

In the City of Silver, before the age of eighteen, one could date freely until they were married. And if one didn't have a partner at the age of eighteen, they would be arranged to have one. It was the same for widows and widowers after three years.

This was a necessary measure to ensure the necessary population level for the City of Silver's continuation. It seemed like it was against human rights, but for the continuation of the entire city in the dark lands, it could only be done this way. Furthermore, this could ensure that everyone had a certain number of close relatives, preventing the possibility of mutating into a terrifying evil spirit after their death.

As for Dolores and Antiona, they were neighbors who lived on the same street. They had known each other since they were young and had a good impression of each other. In the end, they started dating when they were teammates of a patrol team. Over time, they became husband and wife and had a deep, loving relationship.

In light of how they had a young child, Colin Iliad had deliberately left one of them behind during the expedition to the Giant King's Court.

On the one hand, Derrick felt that there was nothing wrong with

the Chiefs arrangement, and on the other hand, he felt a strong sense of sorrow because of the way Dolores acted. It was as if he had returned to the state when he had to personally stab his parents to death.

From the beginning to the end of the expedition, it only took half a day's time. However, to Dolores, it meant everything had changed.

After a moment of silence, Derrick retracted his gaze and continued forward, subconsciously taking a few heavy steps. At the same time, he thought of a rumor:

Shepherd Elder Lovia once had a husband, but he died in an expedition. This was very common to begin with and wasn't worth discussing. However, other than Lovia, the team that explored the ruins of the temple had all gone "mad." After they were eradicated, there were rumors that gradually spread among the residents of the City of Silver:

During that expedition, Elder Lovia had eaten her husband!

In the "night" with low lightning frequency, the winds were rather cold. Derrick shivered and turned his attention back to the scene before him.

He took a few steps and arrived at his destination. He raised his hand and knocked on the Chiefs door.

"Come in," Colin Iliad said calmly.

Derrick pushed open the door and entered. He saw the chief wearing a linen shirt and dark-colored coat wiping his two

swords with oil.

Colin Iliad didn't stop. He raised his head and looked at Derrick.

"What are your thoughts on this expedition?"

What's the Chiefs motive for asking this? Having been influenced by Alger, Derrick subconsciously had this thought.

Unable to grasp the true intentions of the Chief, he had no choice but to close the door and answer frankly, "There might be other paths to the seaside. The palace of the Giant King should be very important, but that's too dangerous. We need more information."

Colin Iliad nodded and asked, "The Kings of Angels and other existences who call themselves deities secretly plotted together because... because they wanted to resist the Lord?

"And 'Their' success caused this land to be forsaken?"

Although Derrick had never directly heard of such an inference, it wasn't difficult to come up with a similar conclusion based on the various secrets he had learned from the Tarot Club.

"Yes, that should be the case."

Colin fell silent. Even his act of wiping his sword slowed down.

After a few seconds, he put down the items in his hand and took two steps forward.

“Those who participated in the conspiracy are still active on the other side of the sea?”

After a moment of silence, Derrick replied in deliberation, “Mostly.

“But not too much.”

Colin Iliad nodded, indicating that he had nothing else to ask.

Derrick hurriedly said, “Chief, I obtained the incomplete formula of the Silver Knight potion, including the supplementary ingredients and the advancement ritual during Light Culler Murskogan’s death.”

When he said this, Derrick knew that his lie sounded overly fake. It could be seen through right away because he didn’t even dare to open his eyes back then.

However, he just couldn’t think of a better excuse.

If Mr. Hanged Man were here, he would definitely have a better solution… Just as this thought came to his mind, he heard the Chief speak slowly:

“Very good. What is it?”

Derrick was stunned for a second before he hurriedly recounted the corresponding ritual and supplementary ingredients.

Colin listened quietly and let out a long sigh.

“You have contributed greatly this time. This is extremely important to the City of Silver. In the future, our limit will be Sequence 3 and not Sequence 4. Up to a certain range, the risk of the expedition teams will be greatly reduced.”

Why will the risk encountered by the expedition teams be reduced when the upper limit is Sequence 3 within a certain range… As Derrick was happy that he had made such a contribution, he couldn’t understand the Chiefs words.

However, he knew that this was something he didn’t have the right to understand. He planned on asking around at the Tarot Gathering later.

He then bade farewell and opened the door.

“Derrick…” Colin Iliad suddenly called out to him.

Derrick turned his head in puzzlement and found that the Chiefs expression was rather solemn.

Colin fell silent for a while before shaking his head.

“Be careful of Lovia.”

“Yes, Your Excellency,” Derrick replied from the bottom of his heart.

Backlund, North Borough.

Hazel took a carriage back to the city from Moose Manor, and

she was preparing to meet Miss Audrey at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation to discuss matters regarding donations and help.

After many interactions, she had a very good impression of this noble lady. She didn't feel pressured when beside her, and the strange emotions accumulated in her heart had mostly dissipated. She gradually recovered more of her forgotten memories.

I should have a teacher... What exactly happened that day? Every time I think about it, I tremble all over... Hazel cast her gaze out the window, feeling a little depressed.

Her carriage was driving past the vicinity of Boklund Street.

At this moment, a person dressed in the clothes of a mailman rode his bicycle horizontally across the carriage, looking rather relaxed.

Hazel casually sized him up and saw a monocle on his right eye.

Chapter 1124: Enhanced Teammates

Hazel's gaze instantly froze as she felt something rapidly expanding in her mind. It was about to tear apart an invisible barrier and spew out.

She instinctively looked away and curled up slightly.

Then, she felt a ray of light shoot out from the depths of her heart, exploding into countless memory fragments in her mind as it howled, raging back and forth.

She suddenly remembered what had happened at home that day. She recalled her father, mother, maid, and servants wearing monocles or pinching their eye sockets. The indescribable horror was so vivid, as though it had been carved into her bones.

The expression on Hazel's face crumbled as she curled into a ball as she trembled. The maidservant in the carriage was stunned as she hurriedly stood up and reached out her hands in an attempt to help her up.

"No!" Hazel trembled as she shouted with a nearly sharp voice.

The maidservant was shocked and frightened. She stood rooted to the ground, not knowing how to react.

After shouting, Hazel calmed down. She sat up and looked ahead in extreme fear. She saw the monocled postman enter another street, leaving only his back visible.

“I-I wasn’t feeling well just now. I’m feeling much better now,” Hazel turned her head and barely said to the maidservant.

She realized that she wasn’t as afraid as she remembered. It was as if she had already gotten used to the situation after some time.

If not, I might have lost control just now… Why would I use the word “lose control”… Thankfully, I forgot those memories and didn’t do anything eye-catching when I saw the postman. It took me ten seconds to break down. If not, I might’ve been detected, and something terrifying might’ve happened… Her thoughts flashed uncontrollably as her body trembled slightly.

“Miss, do you need to go to the clinic?” the maidservant asked hurriedly.

Hazel instinctively shook her head as her mind turned chaotic as she casually said, “Let’s go to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation first. I remember there’s a private clinic nearby.”

“Alright.” The maidservant turned around and instructed the coachman to speed up.

Hazel kept taking deep breaths in an attempt to regulate her tense emotions, panic, and fear.

It had to be said that it was somewhat effective. She seemed to have calmed down a little instead of breaking down immediately.

At that moment, a sparrow had appeared above the carriage at some point in time. It squeezed its right eye and spat out a

human language with almost no sound.

“She seems to have some unnecessary misunderstanding about me.

“It looks like T had some interactions with her before. Ah, she’s a resident of Boklund Street. Interesting…”

Before long, the carriage arrived at Phelps Street. Seeing that the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation wasn’t far away, Hazel suddenly said, “To the cathedral.

“Turn towards Saint Samuel Cathedral first.”

“I want to pray.”

She wanted to tell the bishops what had happened that day and what she saw today!

In the gap of the carriage, a black ant moved its feeler on its right and whispered in a human voice, “Humans nowadays are really lacking in creativity. They go to cathedrals at the first sight of problems. I thought I would discover something if I followed her. Next time, I’ll steal the cathedral in front of them.”

As he spoke, the other feeler of the ant moved as well.

Hazel immediately forgot what she had just said and what she had just recalled. She had forgotten that she had met a postman wearing a monocle. She got off the carriage at the entrance of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation and headed in with her maidservant in tow.

Clearly, her maidservant and her driver didn't remember the previous order.

In the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, Audrey welcomed Hazel and brought her new friend into the activities needed to help the injured soldiers at the front lines.

As The World Gehrman Sparrow had mentioned that the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul, and other angels were hidden in Backlund, Audrey carefully gave up on the third stage of treatment for Hazel. She hoped that Hazel wouldn't recall what she had experienced for the time being to prevent any accidents from happening.

Her current plan was to busy herself with charity work, helping others to make Hazel gradually brighten up and strengthen her ability to withstand the psychological trauma.

In the pirate's free city, Fors was drinking a high concentration of fruit wine that was locally produced, recording what she had heard and encountered today.

Suddenly, her spiritual perception was triggered as she instinctively looked to the side.

She immediately saw a figure appear in the void, quickly reforming. It was Gehrman Sparrow in a half top hat, black trench coat, and a cold expression.

With a swoosh, Fors stood up with her wine glass and fountain pen. She subconsciously said, "Good afternoon, uh, Mr. Sparrow."

As she spoke, she hurriedly placed the items on the table.

Klein pressed his top hat and looked around.

“Do you want to leave?”

Fors eyes darted to her sides before she said, “Alright.”

Over the past few days, she had already made preliminary records of the traits of the city that were different from other places.

Without saying a word, Klein gestured at the items on the desk with his chin, indicating for Miss Magician to quickly pack up.

Fors didn’t hesitate at all as she hurriedly organized her drafts, as though she had heard an instruction.

As he stood there and watched the other party busy, he suddenly said, “How’s the progress with the horror story?” Fors trembled indiscernibly before replying, “Soon, soon.”

Klein gently nodded his head.

“How much longer?”

“A week—no, five days. Five days, tops,” Fors quickly replied.

Klein didn’t say anything else. After Fors packed up her drafts, fountain pen, half a bottle of wine, and other memorabilia, he took two steps forward and grabbed her shoulder.

Countless indescribable figures flashed past, and Fors felt a little more relaxed than before. She even attempted to “Record” this “Travel.”

Before long, she returned to Backlund and returned to the alley where she had disappeared from before. She heard The World Gehrman Sparrow say, “Rest for a few days before setting off.

Take note of any replies. Also, ask your teacher again if there’s any information related to the Blood Emperor Tudor, mainly about the various ruins.”

“Alright.” Fors quickly agreed and thanked him.

AJFter separating from Gehrman Sparrow, she returned to a street in East Borough and entered an apartment that she shared with Xio.

Xio put down the newspaper and looked at her friend.

“Was it effective?”

“Pretty good. I went to a free city belonging to the pirates this time…” Before Fors could finish speaking, her expression changed slightly. “Give me my coffee beans and cigarettes.”

“Why? Was it lacking there?” Xio asked in puzzlement.

Fors ran straight for the room inside and sat in front of the desk. She opened her drafts and picked up a pen. Without looking back, she said, “For the sake of the new book!

“Remember to make me coffee!”

Xio followed her to the bedroom door. When she heard that, she opened her mouth but didn’t say anything.

In another spot in East Borough, in a rented apartment with a similar layout.

As Zaratul had already arrived in Backlund, it was unknown when Amon would be “baited” over. The Red Angel evil spirit’s true motives were unknown, and he was planning on preventing George III from becoming a Black Emperor. On the one hand, Klein was trying his best to digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion, and on the other hand, he was making various preparations.

At this moment, after handling The Magician, he opened up a piece of paper and wrote:

“Dear Mr. Azik,

“I’ve recently learned quite a bit of ancient history. I believe you will be very interested in it. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have chosen to be a history teacher after losing your memories.

This history involves some concealed secrets, so it’s not convenient to describe them in a letter. When you wake up, I will share it with you in person…

“Also, I can create a charm called ‘Yesterday Once More.’ Once used, you can find your past self through the Historical Void and borrow power from ‘Him.’

“This is actually not something worth paying attention to. What’s most important is that you can retrieve your memories from your past self. There’s no need to use decades to slowly awaken them. I believe you will like it…

“I attached two with this letter. If you wake up, you can try their effects…

“I’m currently in an environment filled with undercurrents. If you come over, please be careful. Please observe the situation in advance…

“…On the matter of George III advancing to a Black Emperor, I will try to do something, but the chances of success are very slim…

“Finally, I wish you well. I also wish that you wake up soon. Your eternal student, Klein Moretti.”

After folding the letter, Klein stuffed two Yesterday Once More charms into the envelope.

Following that, he took out Azik’s copper whistle and blew it.

The huge skeleton messenger immediately emerged from the floor and received the letter with his head at a height lower than Klein.

Klein nodded slightly and watched as the messenger disintegrated into bones before disappearing.

After doing all of this, he used two fingers to pull out Will

Auceptin's paper crane from his wallet. He wrote on it with a pencil:

"I have something to ask you."

He placed the paper crane under his pillow and lay down on it. With the help of "Cogitation," he entered a deep sleep.

In the depths of the pitch-black sharp tower, Klein once again met Will Auceptin, who was sitting in a black baby pram.

Without waiting for the other party to speak, he directly asked, "Do you know who can provide the method needed to accommodate the Uniqueness? What kind of price would it take?"

If the price is too high, then forget it... Klein added inwardly.

Will Auceptin, who was sucking on his thumb, was taken aback.

"You want to help me accommodate the Die of Probability?"

Klein nodded seriously and said, "Regardless of whether it's a success or not, we should try our best."

Just as he finished speaking, Will Auceptin's tears rolled down his cheeks.

The chubby baby pounded his hands to the side and cried sadly. He whimpered and said, "It's useless... It's too late... I've already rebooted, and I still have to spend at least twenty-two years

growing before I can accommodate the Uniqueness... Why didn't you say that earlier...

"I'm really unlucky... It must've been that silly snake, Ouroboros, who took too much of my luck..."

Chapter 1125: Opportunity

As he listened to Will Auceptin's "tearful complaints," Klein was at a loss as to how to react. He could only remain expressionless.

After the baby wrapped in silver silk calmed down, he asked in puzzlement, "Even if I said it earlier, it's useless. When I met you, you were already 'rebooted.'"

"No, I was still Will Auceptin at that time. I didn't have Ceres as my last name, I'd "rebooted" for a long time back then." The chubby baby wiped his tears and said, "Although I'm still quite some time away from becoming an adult, as long as I'm willing to take a certain risk, it's not impossible to accommodate it. With the luck I've accumulated, that risk can be resolved. But, the difference now is just too great. There's no way to make up for it."

With a thought, Klein said after some deliberation, "Perhaps you can find an angel from the Marauder pathway to steal time from you, allowing you to grow up faster."

Will Auceptin was still choking as he shook his head and said, "It's useless... It's impossible for 'Them' to accurately steal my 'childhood' and 'teenage' years. If it's only a matter of time, it won't allow me to grow. It will only reduce the age I can originally live to... When the time comes, Will Auceptin Ceres will die prematurely, having been born June 1350 and dying October 1350, for a ripe old age of four months..."

"But I've seen cases of aging rapidly due to the theft of time," Klein recalled what he had seen in Amon's mausoleum.

The chubby baby still shook his head.

"No, that's just a manifestation of it being symbolized. If it's used on me, it will just be a baby that starts to grow wrinkles while his hair turns white...

"To truly accurately steal the 'childhood' and 'teenage' years, it has to be Amon, and it has to be 'His' true body in person..."

At this point, the baby wrapped in silver silk and Klein fell silent at the same time. No one spoke for a long time.

If he were to get Amon, the years that were possibly robbed wouldn't be limited to just the "childhood" and "teenage" years.

After a while, Klein took a deep breath without hiding anything.

Then there's no need to consider this for now. However, I still want to know where I can find a way to accommodate the Uniqueness. If I have a chance to get it, I definitely can't miss it. Who knows when it might come in handy in the future."

Will Auceptin put down his tear-stained palm and sniffed.

"There's no need to ask others. I've already gotten it long ago, but I can't do it. Otherwise, do you think that me being president of the Life School of Thought was for nothing?"

Klein was surprised and curious. "Why can't you do it?"

Will Auceptin pulled the blanket in the baby's pram and said,

“There are three ways to accommodate the Uniqueness. One is to be born naturally with it, which is equivalent to being a Uniqueness coming to life and imbuing human nature into it. The other is to make the Uniqueness come to life to a certain extent before forcefully putting it into one’s body. By relying on the power of the Creator to suppress it, it will slowly take quite some time to slowly wear it down before one gets used to it and achieve a balance. The third is to concoct the Uniqueness into an incomplete potion and drink it with a simplified apotheosis ritual.

“There’s no need to mention the first method. This is why those brothers are enviable. The second is impossible after the ancient sun god’s death. The third is the only viable option at the moment, but for the Sequence 1 of the Fate pathway, it depends on the machinations of fate.”

The first point was mentioned in Emperor Roselle’s diary. It was said by Mr. Door… Does the second point mean that, after the ancient sun god wielded so many authorities, he was at least half a level higher than the present true deities, or even one full level? The Creator’s level? As if in thought, Klein asked, “What do you mean by only depending on the machinations of fate? What has this got to do with me saying earlier that I can help you accommodate the Uniqueness?”

Will Auceptin’s chubby baby face revealed a look of poignancy.

“The apotheosis ritual for the Fate pathway might be the simplest, or perhaps it’s the most difficult.

“As long as we find the correct opportunity in the torrent of fate, we can directly consume the potion and attempt to advance.

“But the problem lies in the fact that the exact opportunity cannot be divined or predicted. There’s no way to lock onto it. I

can only eliminate certain interferences and patiently search as I experience life. I've already 'rebooted' countless times and I've spent ages, but I still haven't encountered it…"

At this point, the baby's tears flowed down again.

It sounds simple, but in fact, one can only rely on fate. It really depends on how "well" you look… With a sigh, Klein asked in enlightenment, "When I said that I would help you accommodate the Uniqueness, did you vaguely grasp that opportunity?"

The chubby baby cried even harder.

"Although I didn't really find it… I did sense it to a certain extent…"

…Is that so… Back then, when Will Auceptin came into contact with me, other than hoping to receive the help of Yesterday Once More, was it also pushed by luck? What a charlatan… Klein tersely acknowledged.

"Then there's no other way…"

"You can only give me a few more of those charms!" Will Auceptin nodded heavily.

"Alright," replied Klein generously. He then added, "You have to give me a few paper cranes."

With that said, the baby wrapped in silver silk and Klein fell silent.

In the rental apartment, after waking up from his dream, Klein got out of bed and walked to the room outside. He took out pen and paper and began to write to Leonard:

"...I obtained charms that originate from High-Sequence Beyonders of the Seer pathway. It allows someone to borrow power from their former selves..."

Klein didn't mention that it might be something his dear poet needed, as if he was simply describing it.

After folding the letter, he took out a gold coin and a rectangular diamond-like charm and blew into the adventurer's harmonica.

Reinette Tinekerr, who was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, walked out of the void with four blonde, redeyed heads in hand. All eyes were cast towards the Yesterday Once More charm.

The four heads spoke one after another:

"Who..." "To deal..." "With..." "This time..."

So direct... Klein sighed and smiled.

"It's unconfirmed yet.

"I'm going to attempt at foiling George Ill's plans. I might need your help at critical moments."

The four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand spoke one after

another:

“This…” “Sounds…” “Extremely…” “Dangerous…”

“Requires…” “Higher…” “Payment…”

“More of these charms?” The comer of Klein’s forehead twitched as though he had experienced the pain of tearing his soul apart.

“Three…” Reinette Tinekerr’s head who had failed to join in the final sentence shook.

Klein smiled and answered, “No problem, but it will take one to two weeks.”

Firstly, he had recently separated many Worms of Spirit and made quite a number of Yesterday Once More charms. It made him feel like he was nearing his limit and needed some rest. Secondly, he felt that it would be another one to two weeks before he could digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion and attempt to advance to Scholar of Yore once Miss Magician’s new book was published. When the time came, he might have a simpler method.

Reinette Tinekerr’s four heads began to bob with the help of their hair, indicating that that wasn’t a problem.

Klein then pointed at the letter and gold coin.

“Send it to the mailbox at 7 Pinster Street.”

He had previously divined that Leonard wasn't at home. Apparently, he had gone south of the bridge.

One of the heads of Reinette Tinekerr tilted up as she sucked the letter, gold coin, and Yesterday Once More charms into her mouth.

As he watched Miss Messenger enter the void and vanish from his room, Klein pondered for nearly a minute before beginning to set up a sacrificial and bestowment ritual.

Since the Bizarro Sorcerer potion was about to be completely digested, there was no doubt that he had to prepare the various ingredients for Scholar of Yore in advance.

Among them, the Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart and White Frost Crystal could be obtained from the Evernight Goddess.

And with the Demonic Wolfs transformed heart, he could go to the spirit world to "bait" a Hound of Fulgrim.

After a series of tasks, he finished setting up the altar and took two steps back to inspect the surroundings.

It's still considered clean... In addition to the wall of spirituality's seal, it satisfies the requirements of a ritual... I haven't made any contribution recently, so how should I ask for a bestowment? Could it be that I'm telling the Goddess that I plan to take a credit loan and pay it in installments... Will this be a little sacrilegious... Hmm, I'll try to sacrifice something of value. If the Goddess is willing to accept it, "She" will do the corresponding bestowment...

Something of value… As he thought, his thoughts moved to the junk pile above the gray fog.

He really wanted to pack up the items he couldn't sell for the time being, such as the Biological Poison Bottle, the Interrogator Beyonder characteristic, Lunatic Beyonder characteristic, Blatherer's Aura, Thousand-faced Hunter's blood, six-winged gargoyle's eyeball, Spirit World Plunderer powder, and other items to sacrifice to the Goddess to exchange for the materials needed for Scholar of Yore. However, he felt that this would make the Goddess seem like a rag-and-bone man; hence, he could only give up the idea.

It has to be of roughly the same value… I can't use Groselle's Travels; it hides quite a bit of secrets. Perhaps it will be of great use. Yes, the next time Little Sun and the others explore the Giant King's Court, I can give them Groselle's ashes. This time, I wasn't sure how far they could go in the expedition, and was worried that they were unable to return after entering the Groselle's Travels…

Sea God Scepter? That's even more important. Not only is it my most powerful Sealed Artifact, but it also involves the believers of the Sea God. It will be my anchor for some time. When I have other things, more anchors, it can be given to Mr. Hanged Man…

Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic… This has already been promised to Miss Justice… After some thought, he realized that he didn't have many choices left. One was Life's Cane, and the other was the Flaring Sun Charm, the Fate Siphon charm, Yesterday Once More charms and Control Spirit Bullets.

The latter are all disposable items. Even if they're combined, their actual value wouldn't be comparable to the main ingredient of a Sequence 3 potion… Besides, once my ability to "transfer wounds" improves, it can take over a portion of the Life's Cane's effects… After hesitating for a while, he finally made

a decision.

Chapter 1126: "Unexpected"

After bringing the wood-colored cane back to the real world, Klein immediately began the ritual.

He lit the candles and burned the corresponding essential oils and herbal powder, took two steps back, and skillfully recited the honorific name of the Goddess. Finally, he said, "I sacrifice this cane filled with life to you. I'm willing to receive your blessings."

He didn't directly mention the Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart and White Frost Crystal. This was equivalent to making an equivalent exchange, not offering sacrificial items and praying for a bestowment.

There was no need to be too meticulous in other aspects of the ritual, but this was a case of showing his attitude at a fundamental level. He felt that he needed to be careful.

When Klein finished his sentence, two out of the three candle flames swelled and intertwined, forming an illusory and dark mysterious door.

The door slowly opened, creating strong invisible winds.

They swept up the Life's Cane, allowing it to disappear into the seemingly endless cosmos through the gap of the illusory door.

Immediately following that, there was a flash as two items tore through the barrier and landed on the altar without making a single sound.

One of them was a strange heart formed by wisps of white mist, and the other was crystalline frost that emitted cold air.

Klein was delighted as he hurriedly lowered his head to thank the Goddess for her bestowment.

When he raised his head again, the dark and mysterious door had closed. It rapidly faded away, and the altar was completely restored to normal.

Phew, it really succeeded... Klein heaved a sigh of relief and took two steps forward, putting away the Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart and White Frost Crystal.

At this moment, the relaxed him couldn't help but have a thought that he absolutely couldn't say out loud.

If I had known that it would go so smoothly, I wouldn't have had to use my Life's Cane...

That huge junk pile might've been enough...

Perhaps I didn't need to sacrifice anything, and the Goddess would've bestowed them to me. The present situation indicates that "She" is personally supporting me becoming a Scholar of Yore...

Of course, this way, if I receive too many bestowments, who knows what price I'll pay in the future. Using Life's Cane to trade for it makes me feel more at ease...

Well, from the looks of it, before advancing to Sequence 2 and

becoming an angel, the Goddess will still shower “Her” blessings on me. In the future, it will be hard to tell what kind of developments and changes will happen...

With this in mind, he reined in his thoughts, ended the ritual, and tidied up the altar.

Then, he began to plan on how to deal with the Hounds of Fulgrim, the so-called “Sefirah Castle Keepers.”

A Magician never performs unprepared!

South of the Bridge, Rose Street.

Leonard changed into a black-and-white police uniform and wore a “red glove.” He led his team members and the real policemen to the only cathedral of the Church of Earth Mother in Backlund.

The epaulets he was wearing corresponded to a high-ranking inspector. But in fact, with his status as a captain of a Red Gloves team, he should be equivalent to a superintendent or even a chief superintendent. However, officers at that rank wouldn’t involve themselves in such missions. Wearing those epaulets to the Harvest Church would easily arouse the suspicion of the public.

After passing through the door, Leonard scanned the area and realized that it was empty. There were only two figures. One was sitting in the front pew, focused on praying. The second was the handsome man dressed in a priest’s robes.

He had black hair and red eyes.

Emlyn White... Leonard nodded secretly as he walked down the aisle to Bishop Utravsky.

He then coughed twice, making the half-giant bishop open his eyes and look over.

“I’m an inspector from the Backlund Police Department.” Leonard showed his identification and said, “We would like to invite you back to assist in our investigations.”

Father Utravsky stood up slowly and asked in a calm tone despite looking down at him, “What’s the matter?”

The nearby residents reported your abnormal behavior, saying that it’s possible that you’re a spy for Feysac or Feynapotter.” Leonard explained the reason he had long come up with.

At the same time, he was prepared to pull Bishop Utravsky into a dream at any moment. Once he resisted, he would try to control this Blessed in the shortest time possible.

With the Red Gloves team’s distribution, as long as they didn’t directly encounter a true demigod, even if they were to face a Blessed who was in charge of a Holy Artifact, they would have a good chance of taking down their opponent.

Furthermore, before Leonard set off, he had applied for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. This was also the reason why he had delayed taking action until today.

Father Utravsky fell silent for two seconds before turning to look at Emlyn White, who was standing by the candle stand.

Emlyn's slightly complicated expression froze. He opened his mouth, but didn't know what to say.

Father Utravsky retracted his gaze and nodded slightly.

"Okay."

...So cooperative? I thought we would experience an intense battle and that we had to be very careful not to cause any casualties... Leonard was taken aback before he smiled.

Thank you for your cooperation."

If there really was a battle that ended up harming a Blessed of Earth Mother, Leonard suspected that the tense situation would rapidly be aggravated.

Through the ancient history in Groselle's Travels and the various secrets he learned from the Tarot Club, and the corresponding explanations of Old Man Pallez, Leonard knew that the relationship between the Church of Earth Mother and the Church of Evernight was like dried timber. It could be ignited with a tiny spark. When the time came, the history books would record today's events.

The war would go from a localized problem to a fuse that ignited the globe!

Leonard Mitchell had lit a religious gunpowder keg!

Phew... Seeing that Father Utravsky didn't resist and accepted the "protective custody," Emlyn White secretly heaved a sigh of

relief. He was very satisfied with his performance at the Tarot Club.Read more chapter on our vipnovel.com

At this moment, the Red Gloves team member, Cindy, looked at Emlyn, who lacked a level of masculinity due to the gentleness of the soft moonlight. She lowered her voice and said, “Cap, uh, Sir, there’s still a priest. Should we take him with us? Yes, we can temporarily shut down the Harvest Church for some time to prevent any accidents from happening.”

Emlyn:

Leonard:

After a few seconds and repeated deliberation, Leonard finally said, “If the spy case involves Feynapotter, he would also be considered a suspect. Let’s invite him back to assist in our investigations.”

Emlyn was stunned, unsure of what expression to show in response.

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

Fors rubbed her dark eye circles and drank the last mouthful of bitter coffee. She stood up abruptly and began changing her clothes.

“Done writing?” Xio, who was enjoying her breakfast, was taken aback.

It had only been a day and a half!

Fors shook her head and took a deep breath.

“No.

“But I’ve already written the first volume. I can hand it over to the editor of the publisher. If it’s serialized, there’s no need to finish it all now.”

Xio thought and said, “This is indeed a good idea. It can effectively reduce your stress.”

Fors’s expression twisted as she closed her eyes.

“I hope so…”

In another rental apartment a few streets away, after a series of tasks, Klein, who had come up with a plan and made his preparations, put on Creeping Hunger and quickly turned transparent as he entered the spirit world.

Looking up, he saw the seven pure lights that comprised of seven different colors. He released the arms of his two marionettes and took out a box. He removed the wall of spirituality around it, allowing the aura of the Demonic Wolf of Fog’s transformed heart to emanate from it.

Then, he pulled Enuni while Enuni pulled Qonas. Together, the three of them rapidly teleported deep into the spirit world.

Along the way, all kinds of strange spirit world creatures passed by them like oil paintings that depicted hell.

After an unknown period of time, Klein's premonition for danger suddenly stirred as a scene quickly appeared in his mind:

Red, black, white, blue, and other colors saturated and overlapped as a slender figure suddenly appeared.

It looked like a hound. Its entire body was covered in black short fur, and its eye sockets were two balls of dark-red burning flames. The ends of its mouth extended to the back of its head. It clearly existed there in its corporal form, but it gave off an illusory feeling that felt surreal.

Hound of Fulgrim!

Klein immediately turned around and faced it.

He released his two marionettes at the same time, allowing them to wander in different directions.

In the blink of an eye, the Hound of Fulgrim appeared.

The two dark red flames, which weren't too deformed but were absolutely terrifying, turned and looked at Klein.

Right on the heels of that, its figure became more and more illusory. It instantly disappeared, as though it was a projection from history.

...It ran away just like that? As Klein muttered to himself in shock, he became even more wary of the possibility of a surprise attack.

More than ten seconds later, two figures phased into existence. They were covered in black fur, their eyes burning, and the corners of their lips extended to the back of their heads.

However, there was only one dark red flame left in the eye sockets of each of the two monsters. The remaining fireballs were in their paws.

Without waiting for Klein to react, the two Hounds of Fulgrim lay down in the void of the spirit world and wagged their tails.

They wagged their tails.

Klein's mouth was agape, wondering if he was dreaming.

Chapter 1127: Sefirah Castle

Only after the two burning dark-red fireballs floated over from the Hounds of Fulgrim and landed in front of him did Klein snap back to his senses. He felt puzzled and relieved.

Why did they harm themselves to come up with a pair of eyes for me? There seems to be thick and sticky blood surrounding them...

If this is their trap, I would've already stepped into it. To think that I fell into a daze for a few seconds. This is a fatal mistake for a Bizarro Sorcerer in battle...

However, no matter who it is, it's inevitable that they will have similar reactions when encountering something like this the first time—the terrifying enemy who they had meticulously planned to deal with had ended up kneeling down and wagging their tails the moment they see them; this is like a dream...

This performance is very similar to Arrodes's. Could the great existence above the spirit world be able to showcase special traits in the spirit world?

As this thought flashed through his mind, he looked at the two dogs that were prostrating themselves in the void and wagging their tails. He stretched out his left hand and grabbed the two dark red flames and large amounts of thick, dark red blood.

The moment he came into contact with these things, he suddenly heard familiar ravings and roars. They were sometimes shrill, sometimes dull, sometimes maniacal, sometimes seductive, sometimes crazy, and sometimes ethereal.

Immediately following that, an illusory, grayish-white fog appeared in front of him.

The fog spread out in all directions. Above them, there was a towering and majestic palace that looked like a god's residence.

This was a very familiar scene, because every time he entered the mysterious space above the gray fog, he would pass through it.

In the beginning, it was difficult for him to notice his surroundings after he took four steps counterclockwise.

However, as he got used to it, and with the advancements of his Sequence, he was able to easily take the opportunity to observe the phenomenon.

And at that moment, Klein hadn't chanted the honorific name of "Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings" or taken four steps counterclockwise.

This made him extremely wary. Then, he saw a few figures appear in the endless gray fog. They overlapped with the gray fog at times while separating at other times. They were none other than Hounds of Fulgrim with their eyes burning with dark red flames, and their bodies covered in short black fur.

The two Hounds of Fulgrim that had lost one eye each returned to their companions' side and blended into the dark spots in the gray fog.

The entire phenomenon vanished as well. In the depths of the spirit world, Klein realized that there were no longer any Hounds

of Fulgrim around him. Only his two marionettes and strange spirit world creatures remained.

Klein lowered his head and looked at the “eyeballs” and blood in his hand. With their presence, he confirmed that what he had just experienced was not an illusion.

The Hounds of Fulgrim are also known as Sefirah Castle Keepers… They live in the Historical Void… I saw them active within the gray fog before fusing with the dark spots… Combining what he had seen and heard, Klein gradually came to a bold conclusion:

Perhaps Sefirah Castle is referring to the mysterious space above the gray fog. It’s referring to that strange door of light”

As for the gray fog, it’s a symbolic object formed from all the history in the spirit world. There are void gaps present in it…

Every time I enter the mysterious space through the gray fog, I leave certain traces there, making the Hounds of Fulgrim no longer feel unfamiliar with me. They see me as the owner of Sefirah Castle, so when they saw me, they immediately offered me what I needed and shook their tails to gain my favor?

After a day of planning, asking about the situation, and inviting helpers, I ended up targeting my own guards?

As he thought of this, he inexplicably felt a sense of absurdity at the situation. It felt like The Fool above the gray fog was reaching out “His” hands to fleece someone, only to end up fleecing “Himself.”

Phew… Sefirah Castle… Although this development makes me even more afraid, in any case, I still have some understanding of the owner of the gray fog and that mysterious space. The unknown is the most terrifying thing…

After standing silently in the depths of the spirit world for a moment, Klein slowly exhaled and summoned his two marionettes back.

He planned on waiting for the Bizarro Sorcerer potion to be completely digested before attempting to seek out relevant knowledge about Sefirah Castle from Arrodes and other places. When the time came, if anything were to happen, he could use his advancement to fight it.

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

With her dark eye circles, Fors returned and retrieved the day's newspaper and letters in passing.

"How was it?" Xio, who had just returned home for lunch, asked.

Fors covered her mouth and yawned.

"Not bad. The editor I know is very satisfied with my new book's topic and writing style. He decided to arrange for its serialization as soon as possible.

"You might not be aware, but the horror stories of Backlund's hospitals have been very popular recently. A best-selling author had gained inspiration from it and is beginning to serialize similar stories. I'm actually not the first to do so!"

"...This is a good thing." Xio thought about it and nodded seriously.

This meant that Fors, who had also written the horror stories of Backlund's hospitals, wouldn't attract too much attention. Her new pen name wouldn't be tested either.

"I know." Fors threw the newspaper aside and took out a few letters that were stuffed in it before quickly flipping through them.

Soon, she found the reply letter from her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham.

Fors's expression immediately turned solemn as she quickly tore open the envelope. She spread open the letter and began reading.

"...Benjamin Abraham is from Intis. He lived in Roselle's era... Apart from mysticism knowledge and a small amount of inheritance, he didn't leave anything of value behind... Later on, everything was destroyed by the Aurora Order. I'm unable to provide the corresponding information..."

Mr. Gehrman Sparrow is about to be disappointed... Fors pursed her lips and pulled off a magic trick, burning the letter in her hand to ashes.

Then, she began writing a reply, asking her teacher if she knew of the secret ruins of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor.

Klein went above the gray fog and listened to Miss Magician's prayers. The trail of clues for Benjamin Abraham have come to an end... It's all the fault of those lunatics from the Aurora

Order...

At the same time, he learned of the serialization of the horror stories of Backlund's hospitals.

After returning to the real world, and just as he was about to head out for a meal, he suddenly saw Miss Messenger walk out of the void with four heads in her hand. One of them had a letter in its mouth.

"Who sent it?" asked Klein in puzzlement.

Reinette Tinekerr's remaining three heads replied, "A..." "Seduced..." "Idiot..."

Who is that... Klein grew confused as he took the letter and opened it.

"The mastermind behind those matters is George III. His goal is to become the Black Emperor. Are you interested in stopping this matter?

"Trissy."

Trissy? This Demoness actually dares to write me a letter. Isn't she afraid of being caught by Miss Messenger on the spot? Oh right, Miss Messenger just said that the sender was a "seduced idiot"... Trissy seduced a man and got him to help her summon the messenger while she hid far away and waited for the other party to contact her through a mirror? She's pretty smart... Hmm, she really is very persistent in investigating this matter. Isn't she afraid that she'll be killed by either me or George III? That man should be a Beyonder. It would be quite difficult for an

ordinary person to hold a summoning ritual. After all, it relies on one's spirit and spirituality... Klein was first puzzled before he came to a realization.

Immediately following that, he began to wonder why Trissy managed to guess that George III wanted to become the Black Emperor.

Without sufficient mysticism knowledge, and without knowing the Black Emperor's apotheosis ritual or the corresponding history, even a demigod would find it difficult to guess. It definitely wasn't as easy as the Red Angel evil spirit had said!

Could it be that Trissy has other helpers? Or could it be that she has obtained more power from the Primordial Demoness, including all sorts of knowledge and secrets? Klein frowned slightly as he felt that there was something amiss.

If there was a chance, he would definitely get rid of Demoness Trissy.

After thinking for more than ten seconds, he took out a piece of paper and pen from his pocket and scribbled a reply: "I'm interested, but I don't know what you want to do."

In the Backlund Bridge area, a man in his thirties looked in horror as the headless woman—no, the four-headed demoness reappeared before him and dropped a letter.

Are all the messengers in the mysterious world so terrifying? Only about five minutes after Reinette Tinekerr left did the man catch his breath. He picked up the letter and opened it to take a look.

During this process, his gaze gradually burned because it meant that he could meet that beautiful woman again.

According to her instructions, he waited until the evening before he took out the black sticky lump. He separated them and applied them evenly onto a mirror.

A few seconds later, the mirror turned dark, as if it was connected to another world.

In the blink of an eye, the mirror presented a room that was completely different from the present environment. There was a young girl dressed in a dark black dress. She was none other than Demoness Trissy.

The man who finished the ritual immediately revealed an infatuated expression as he subconsciously whispered, “The reply said that he s interested.”

The light dimples on the sides of Trissy’s cheeks slowly bloomed, making the mirror appear brighter.

Her eyebrows relaxed as she said, “I’ll send you a letter. Forward it to Gehrman Sparrow. You absolutely cannot read its contents.”

After obtaining the man’s unhesitant promise, Trissy stretched out her right hand and swiped it across the mirror, causing the dark aqueous light to disappear.

She immediately found pen and paper and deliberated for a few seconds before quickly writing:

“The secret mausoleums needed for the George Ill’s ritual should be from Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, and there is an existence who understands it very well. It might be able to help us successfully infiltrate and cause damage during the ritual.

“I have a way to contact that existence, but we have to wait until the next full moon. What you need to do is provide me with some blood, hair, flesh, or bones from a descendant of the Abraham family.

“Trissy.”

Chapter 1128: Finally An Outcome

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

After receiving the reply from Demoness Trissy from Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr, he pulled a chair to sit down and began reading.

This means she knows of Mr. Door's existence, and she has a way to use the bloodline of the Abraham family to communicate with that entity... Trissy can already withstand Mr. Door's cry for help. Isn't she afraid of losing control because of this? Besides, she seems to be very sure of Mr. Door's identity... She really has obtained more knowledge and secrets from the Primordial Demoness... But in such a situation, why would the Demoness of White Katarina be pursuing her? Questions arose in Katarina's mind as he read the short letter.

As Trissy's vague mention of the matter was within his understanding, he believed that she wasn't lying in this aspect. Furthermore, she had provided a very feasible solution.

Of course, the prerequisite for this method to succeed was to obtain the correct ritual and have a descendant of the Abraham family be willing to take a huge risk, as they used something related to their bloodline as a medium.

Of these three points, he was missing the first point. He still had some doubts about the third point. He attempted to find a safer and more concealed method, but Demoness Trissy seemed to only lack the second point.

To me, it's easy to find the descendants of the Abraham family. I

can directly contact them through Miss Magician. However, once I hand over their hair, blood, flesh, and bones to Demoness Trissy, this will put them at risk of being hexed… Klein understood the Demoness pathway rather well and knew that they were very good at hexes.

As his thoughts raced, he gradually came up with a countermeasure. It was to use the hair, flesh, or bones of the deceased.

He remembered that Miss Magician had mentioned to The Fool that she had once buried an old man named Lawrence. He was undoubtedly a descendant of the Abraham family.

I hope it wasn't a cremation… Although this is somewhat sacrilegious to a corpse, speaking to Mr. Door is a necessary procedure to dispel the Abraham family's ancient curse. It's better to use the dead rather than implicate the living… When the time comes, I'll add this in Trissy's reply. I'll claim that this is a requirement stipulated by the descendant of the Abraham family for the ritual's medium…

Also, I have to first confirm that Trissy is going to speak to Mr. Door, and not attempt to pull "Him" back to the real world… They are either of a high-level or are involved in high-level situations. It will be difficult to obtain any effective revelations using divination, but Emperor Roselle said that the ritual required to facilitate Mr. Door's return is very complicated. It definitely can't be set up by a small number of descendants. I can get Queen Mystic and Miss Sharron to monitor Backlund's underground market and see if there are any abnormal trades of materials and personnel… Klein nodded slightly and decided to find Miss Magician in a while. He could also rush her writing.

North Borough, Phelps Street.

On a bench, a young man in a black trench coat and silk top hat was sitting there with a thin face and a broad forehead. He looked at the withered and yellow Intis parasol trees in a daze.

He wore a crystal-carved monocle on his right eye, looking rather refined.

At that moment, an elder who was heading to Saint Samuel Cathedral stopped in his tracks when he saw that something was amiss. He asked gently, “Young man, what are you worried about? You lost something in this war?”

He suspected that the young man’s relatives, lover, or friends had died in the air raid or during intense battles at the front lines. That was why he was sitting alone by the side of the street, looking lost.

The young man raised his hand and pinched his monocle. He sighed and shook his head.

“I’m just thinking about some rather complicated questions.”

“Are you a philosopher?” The old man was taken aback as he blurted out.

“No, but I often bring up philosophical problems for others, just like who I am, where I am, and what’s my future.” The young man smiled calmly as he continued to ponder. From time to time, he would purse his lips and whisper silently.

The elder couldn’t understand him and could only shake his head. Under the gaze of the stray dogs, sparrows, ants, and microbes in the air, he slowly left.

The young man didn't turn his head. His monocle reflected yellow leaves that were floating down as he muttered to himself, "To Parasite ..."To not Parasite ..."To Parasite ..."To not Parasite ...

"See the bait..." "Devour the bait..." "See the bait..." "Devour the bait..."

After getting the hair from Lawrence's remains from Fors, and seeing the horror stories of Backlund hospitals being serialized in the Tussock Times, Klein entered a patient state. He also promised to send Miss Magician to a new place next week to record new sights and customs.

Soon, a new week had arrived. After having his lunch, he planned to take a short nap to prepare for the three o'clock Tarot Gathering.

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr, who was holding four blonde, red-eyed heads, walked out from the depths of the void. One of them had a linen bag in its mouth.

"Who sent it?" Klein suddenly had an inexplicable feeling. He had a complicated premonition as he didn't immediately reach out to receive the bag Miss Messenger was holding.

Reinette Tinekerr's three free heads spoke one after another:

"The..." "Real..." "Mutated..."

"King..." "Of..." "Mushrooms..."

This string of words... I roughly understand what's going on...

Klein controlled his expression of not baring his teeth as he slowly took the bag.

When he opened the bag, he wasn't surprised to see copious amounts of demons—no, mushrooms.

Some of them were white and full, as though they would spurt out milk with a single poke. Some of them were black at the bottom and were embedded with thin blood-colored lines and markings. Some of them were covered in golden stars, and the mushroom cap was as large as a palm…

At that moment, the mushrooms were still squirming slightly, as though they wanted to spread their hyphae and spores.

After swallowing his saliva, he picked up a letter that was surrounded by mushrooms, and he started reading:

"My dear friend, Gehrman,

"I've finally completed your request. I've invented mushrooms that can be planted in dark and harsh environments. They can grow by devouring the flesh and blood of monsters, without any other conditions…

"Their descendants will be divided into two categories. The first type will accumulate various kinds of poisons that cannot be eaten. However, they can be used as a source of poison. The other type can be used for food after being cooked at high temperatures through boiling, stewing, and frying. You must remember not to eat it raw or before it's cooked. Otherwise, they will proliferate in your body, using your flesh and blood as a hotbed…

“In consideration of having a variety of flavors, I’ve invented eleven kinds of mushrooms—some are rich in milk. This can be directly drunk. Some are like beef. Heh heh, when frying them, there’s no need to provide any extra oil. Some are as delicate as fish meat but without the bones. My suggestion is to roast or boil it…

“All of these wouldn’t have been possible without your help. If I hadn’t already advanced and become a Druid, I might’ve taken a few years, or even more than a decade to resolve all the problems I encountered during the experimentation process…

“If you have any other ideas that are suitable for me, please share them with me.

Your friend forever,

Frank Lee.”

With the letter in hand, Klein fell silent for a long time. He looked up and realized that Miss Messenger was still waiting.

He sighed silently and walked to the desk. He took out a piece of paper and a pen and slowly wrote:

“…I’m very happy that you’ve succeeded. These mushrooms will help me greatly. They will effectively reduce famine in certain areas…

“…I’m currently busy with some matters, so I don’t have any new ideas for now…

“...Your friend,

Gehrman Sparrow...”

After folding the letter, he looked at Miss Messenger and hesitantly asked, “How’s Frank Lee’s condition like now?”

The head that Reinette Tinekerr had previously failed to say anything spoke first:

“Excited...”

The other three added, “Animated...” “Happy...”“ Satisfied...”

Following that, the four heads said, “No longer...” “Afraid...” “Of being buried...” “In soil...”

“Why?” Klein subconsciously asked.

The four blonde, red-eyed heads in Reinette Tinekerr’s hand spat out word by word:

“He...” “Can...” “Extract...” “The...”

“Soil’s...” “Nutrients...” “And...” “Oxygen...”

Frank has really evolved quite a bit after becoming a Druid... For a moment, Klein wasn’t sure if he should be happy for his friend, or if he should grieve for the crew of the Future.

As he watched Miss Messenger leave, Klein forced himself to sleep through Cogitation. Then, he woke up at 2:30 p.m. to prepare for this week's Tarot Gathering.

At three o'clock, dark red beams of light rose up from the ancient palace above the gray fog and solidified into their corresponding figures.

Audrey immediately stood up, curtsied, and bowed towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool–"

As a senior Psychiatrist, she had great control over her emotions. Furthermore, she hadn't encountered any problems this week. She was mainly seeking out donations, contacting pharmaceutical factories, and organizing medical volunteers.

However, compared to the past, the cheerfulness and happiness she had when making her greeting had decreased significantly.

The Fool Klein nodded slightly in response to the greetings from the members of the Tarot Club. Following that, he cast his gaze at The Hermit.

He still owed this lady eight questions.

Cattleya bowed her head and said with an unfaultable attitude, "Honorable Mr. Fool, there are still two questions this time."

After obtaining approval, she continued, "The first question is, what is the state of the devils in the Abyss?'

Queen Mystic's first suspicion is that the emperor's mausoleum is hidden in the Abyss... This is identical to the emperor's train of thought. She is indeed his biological daughter... Unfortunately, there are no "citizens" that can be controlled there... The Fool Klein muttered to himself inwardly as he answered with an unchanging expression, "The current Abyss is a place most Devils are unable to live in."

Chapter 1129: Pressure

The current Abyss is a place most Devils are unable to live in? Upon hearing Mr. Fool's reply, Cattleya and company inevitably felt a deep sense of shock.

In mysticism, the Abyss was considered by all to be the most corrupted and most disorderly place. It was where the Devils lived. But now, most of the "natives" were unable to survive in there!

Is the environment in the Abyss worsening, causing the Devils to be unable to adapt to it, or is it because the situation regarding the corruption, chaos, and degeneration has improved, making the Abyss no longer suitable for the Devils to live in? Alger quickly had two theories, but he didn't know which one it was.

The Hermit Cattleya shared the same thoughts as him, but she was even more puzzled as to why the Queen would ask such a question. Regarding Mr. Fool's answer, it seemed to have a deeper meaning to it, one that could help the Queen's in understanding whatever agenda she had, and it's secrets.

As for Justice, she suddenly thought of the Church of Knowledge's Prophet demigod. He had once said that the end of the world would arrive in 1368 of the Fifth Epoch. This was publicly acknowledged by all Beyonders who were good at making prophecies. Even the deities had agreed with it.

It's 1350 this year; we're only 18 years from the apocalypse... Hence, there are signs of the Abyss appearing. The chaotic and degenerate environment that is originally filled with abstract meanings has broken past its limits, becoming even worse? Audrey had a rough idea of the situation, and this added to her

slight anxiety and unease.

As there weren't any signs of the apocalypse in the beginning, she didn't put much weight on the matter. She usually paid more attention to the current wars, casualties, and the victims of suffering. But now, the anomaly within the Abyss had left her inexplicably horrified. She desperately wanted to improve herself. She wanted to finish digesting the potion and obtain the Beyonder characteristic left behind by Hvin Rambis to advance to become a demigod.

Only then could she have the ability to interfere and resist certain things that she didn't want to see happen.

Mr. World, entrust me with more tasks... Audrey silently prayed in her heart and secretly placated her restless emotions.

The members such as Leonard, Fors, and Xio actually had some doubts about whether the Abyss really existed. This was because, after the Second Epoch, the Abyss had never revealed itself to the world again. The most active Devils in the real world had come from the Blood Sanctify Sect. Even the high-level Devils and evil existences that the rituals pointed to were highly likely to be the highest echelons of the Blood Sanctify Sect.

Of course, the evil god, the Dark Side of the Universe, was widely regarded as the embodiment of the Abyss, but "His" presence was extremely low. If "He" hadn't occasionally responded to the ritual and showed the characteristics of the Devil, "He" would probably be considered a pure legend, just like Giant King Aurmir.

But even so, the secrets of the Church of Evernight that Leonard could come into contact with had also shown that it was possible that the Dark Side of the Universe was a disguise used by other evil gods and hidden existences.

This wasn't surprising to Derrick. In certain places some distance away from the City of Silver, deep in the endless darkness, there were many Devils that were unable to maintain their calm states. There was no lack of demigods like the demons that weren't too different from the Abyss.

If not for the fact that the Giant King's Court and other iconic items existed, the City of Silver citizens would definitely have suspected that the truth behind them being abandoned was that they had been thrown into the Abyss.

As the thoughts flashed through the members' minds, Cattleya restrained her doubts and continued asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, the second question is: Did the things that Emperor Roselle do in his later years have any external, unnecessary influence?"

This question reminded Klein of the shocking details in Roselle's later diary entries. Immediately, he sighed.

With the posture of The Fool, he slowly shook his head.

No... Those things were what the emperor wanted to do... Just as Cattleya felt an uncontrollable sense of disappointment and sadness when she heard Mr. Fool smile with a sigh.

"It wasn't due to an external influence or influencer, but due to corruption. It's very difficult to detect, even for him."

Corruption... Emperor Roselle was corrupted in his later years? At that time, he was already "He," a Grounded Angel. How could he be corrupted? Is this from a particular true god or the underground corruption that even the ancient gods feared? Amidst the shock, Audrey came up with a guess based on the secrets she knew.

Alger and the other members of the Tarot Club also didn't expect such a thing to happen to Emperor Roselle in his later years. They began to suspect his purpose behind him creating the Cards of Blasphemy.

At the same time, they believed that Mr. Fool's search of the Cards of Blasphemy might contain deeper motives, much more than what they had originally deduced.

In this game that involves the entire world, only important figures like Mr. Fool have the right to become a "player." And we are only a card or some chips... The Kings of Angels and Sequence 1 angels might be qualified to participate... Alger sighed as he had the desire to become a "player."

The story of the emperor's later years went from being a tyrant to an evil god? A book that starts off with romance, motivation, passion, love, adventure, and even the decadent lifestyle of Intis high society later turns into a horror story? I wouldn't even dare write something like that! If it were me writing it, I would make the emperor's final tragic end stem from a betrayal in one's love, a marriage betrayal, or betraying an oath... Fors couldn't help but let her thoughts go wild. She even had the urge to start writing a set of chronicles for Emperor Roselle.

Of course, there were quite a number of Roselle's chronicles on the market. Some of them were even prohibited items.

Corrupted... So it's because of corruption... Cattleya sighed and felt sorrowful.

She sighed with emotion. In the end, the emperor didn't end up like the story of the dragon-slaying warrior he had spoken of. From being a hero, he turned into an evil dragon. He was still a legend worthy of worship, but the sad thing was that, up to today, this misunderstanding was finally beginning to be

resolved.

After her emotions settled down, Cattleya recalled the matter of being corrupted. The more she thought about it, the more horrified she became.

She believed that she was one of the members of the Tarot Club who knew Roselle the best. She knew very well what height this emperor had reached in his later years. Of course, Mr. Fool was the convener, a witness, and not a member.

However, a Sequence 1 angel such as "Him," someone who made the throne of divinity a target, had been silently corrupted. "He" and the people around "Him" didn't notice it at all!

This is much more terrifying than it is horrific… Cattleya secretly took a deep breath before slowly exhaling to regulate her emotions.

Then, she bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table.

"Thank you for your answer, honorable Mr. Fool."

…I'm also thankful that you didn't ask anything beyond my means… The Fool Klein, gave a self-deprecating laugh as he leaned back into his chair and nodded slightly.

"You may begin."

Just like the previous gathering, the members of the Tarot Club had either just advanced or were still digesting. They didn't have any trades to do, and they didn't need anything for the time

being. After exchanging a few looks, they decided to directly enter the free exchange segment.

Of course, Emlyn was a special exception. He really wanted to make a request to get someone to start a jailbreak to free him from the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral. Yes, to this day, he was still under “protective custody” behind Chanis Gate at the Backlund headquarters of the Church of Evernight. In his neighboring cell was Bishop Utravsky, and during this period of time, no Nighthawk had come to interrogate him.

If not for the people in charge of guarding the sealed area bringing them water and food every day, Emlyn definitely would’ve believed that he and Father Utravsky had already been forgotten.

The dark, silent environment is still alright, but it’s just a little cold… But without dolls, newspapers, books, and historical documents, this life is meaningless… Besides, the Nighthawks provide me with cow blood, and it tastes nasty. The effects aren’t too good either. I’m already becoming weak… Emlyn opened his mouth, but he didn’t say a word because he felt that this was a very embarrassing matter. After all, he was the one who asked The Star and had pushed for “protective custody.” Yet, he ended up also being brought into “protective custody.”

I hope that fellow hasn’t forgotten me and is thinking of a way to get me out… Emlyn glanced at The Star Leonard and maintained his silence.

Leonard maintained his posture and didn’t respond to The Moon’s gaze.

There was nothing he could do for the time being. This was because he was the one who had raised the term “protective custody” in front of the archbishop. As for Emlyn White, he was

a vampire viscount, equivalent to a Sequence 5 Beyonder. He was a mobile humanoid bomb that also believed in the Earth Mother. There was no reason for him to be released immediately.

I can only wait for the Sanguine to protest through other channels before I have the authority to handle this matter… The Star Leonard decided to apply for a private exchange later and get Emlyn to think of a way to get the upper echelons of the Sanguine to contact the Church of Evernight.

Their interaction had been noticed by Justice. She immediately thought of the question Mr. Moon had asked her last time. She suspected that something had gone wrong during the "protective custody" operation, but it didn't seem too serious.

I heard that the priest of the Harvest Church saved quite a number of people during the Great Smog of Backlund. I hope nothing bad happens… Audrey nodded slightly and cast her gaze at Little Sun.

The other members of the Tarot Club also cast their gaze towards The Sun Derrick.

They knew that the City of Silver had planned on exploring the Giant King's Court last week, so it was likely that the results were out.

The Sun Derrick sat up straight and glanced at Mr. Hanged Man before saying in a very natural manner, "We've completed our first exploration of the Giant King's Court. Three dead, one missing, five survivors… We first arrived at the front door of the King's Court and saw two Silver Knights in an unknown state standing guard there. This is the name of the Giant pathway's Sequence 3…"

Chapter 1130: News Storm

Two Sequence 3 demigods were guarding the main door... As expected of the Giant King's Court. The divine kingdom of an ancient god... The members of the Tarot Club suddenly felt a similar feeling. As for The Sun Derrick, he didn't pause as he continued his recount.

To him, he was shocked when he first discovered the two Silver Knights guarding the main door of the Giant King's Court. However, the series of events that followed made it seem extremely ordinary, making it difficult to stir up his emotions.

"...According to what Mr. World shared, we followed a rather hidden path to the back of the Giant King's Court... The monsters we encountered were mainly wraiths. They were restrained by the Unshadowed Crucifix...

"After we arrived at the Waning Forest, we tried to explore it, and we discovered that the remnants of the Giant King's will and the divine kingdom's powers had formed an evil spirit. It was protecting its parents' mausoleum..." Derrick skillfully recalled his experiences during the expedition, and the members of the Tarot Club—Audrey, Alger, and the others—quickly reined in their thoughts of the Silver Knight guards and listened attentively.

They were all very interested in the secret hidden in the Waning Forest. They wanted to know what the ancient god, the Giant King, had tried to keep from "His" queen and child.

Thinking back to the scene he had seen, Derrick paused for a moment before saying, "After purging that evil spirit, we came to the mausoleum of the Giant King's parents. There was a stone

stele erected there, indicating the identity of the tomb's owner. As for the tomb and coffin, it had long been opened by someone, revealing the corpses inside. They were the corpses of two humans…"

Corpses of humans? The tomb of the Giant King's parents had corpses of humans buried in it? Godfather and godmother? No, there wasn't any religion back then… As a demigod who knew plenty of mysteries, The Hermit Cattleya's first reaction was that the two corpses had another identity.

Immediately following that, she recalled what the Queen had mentioned. It was a question that Emperor Roselle had asked as though he had been talking to himself when he was alive:

Why did the ancient documents and historical records refer to giants, elves, vampires as humanoid creatures or anthropoid creatures?

Why didn't they refer humans as giant-like, elf-like, or vampire-like creatures?

Could it be that all humanoid creatures had descended from humans? The giants, elves, and vampires were the mutations brought by the Beyonder characteristics that could eventually become inherited? Cattleya instantly calmed her emotions as she seriously considered the possible reasons.

At this moment, she felt that her potion would be digested to a certain degree once she returned to the real world.

This was because the Sequence 4 of the Mystery Pryer pathway was called "Mysticologist," and the origins of the giants and humanoid creatures were without a doubt of extremely great value. They were mysticism knowledge that most ordinary

demigods had no way of knowing!

The Giant King's parents were humans? That must be fake... Alger immediately suspected that someone had fabricated the scene.

However, on second thought, this act not only required the real remains to be taken away and replaced with human remains, but one had to prepare a suitable coffin to make the tomb look like it didn't belong to a giant. Furthermore, fabricating it was pointless and wouldn't affect reality too much. Alger felt that no one would be so bored as to do something like that.

To be able to enter the Giant King's Court and suppress a powerful evil spirit, the "person" that approached the two graves was at least a saint, meaning that they had long passed the age of pulling pranks!

Could it be that... the ancestors of all creatures were humans? This includes the elves? As he had seen too many shocking things at the Tarot Club, as well as suffer a religious breakdown from the mural on that primitive island, Alger didn't have overly intense emotions run through him. He just couldn't help but raise his hand and touch his dark blue hair.

Mr. Hanged Man connected himself to this matter? The Giant King's parents are actually humans... From the looks of it, most of the creation myths are fake. They were all fabricated by future generations. However, there are also hidden meanings in them... Mr. Moon seems to find it unacceptable... Mr. World seems to have known about it long ago... With the help of Placate and other psychological techniques, Audrey was able to compose herself the fastest, and she instinctively observed the reactions of the other members.

At that moment, Emlyn was the most restless. His mind was

filled with thoughts of “impossible” and “it’s impossible.”

If the original ancestor of giants were human, then what about the Sanguine? Could it be that we were just monsters that had mutated because of Beyonder characteristics? Impossible. We were clearly created by the Ancestor. “She” has the authority of “life” and “creation.” It’s completely different from the barbaric deities like the Giant King and Elf King who only knew how to fight! As Emlyn’s thoughts churned, he felt a baffling feeling that his pride was cracking apart.

His intuition, his rationality, and brain told him that The Sun Derrick didn’t have any reason to lie about this matter.

The possibility of other existences fabricating the scene was also very low. Hence, he subconsciously expelled the giant and elves from the ranks of humanoid creatures, and he viewed them as a branch of humanity.

Leonard, Fors, and Xio quickly accepted the possibility that The Sun revealed. To them, regardless of whether the giant ancestor was giant or human, or even a curly-haired baboon, it was no big deal. At most, it just meant that many supernatural creatures were a result of Beyonder characteristics in the bodies of ordinary creatures, but this didn’t cause any meaningful changes to their concept of reality.

The Sun Derrick calmed himself down and continued in the strange silence, “After leaving the Waning Forest, we entered the Giant King’s Court through the Barren Tunnel…

“…On the way, there were remnant powers of corruption and concealment. We had to make the correct response in order to pass…

"...That palace contains a mural that possesses powers related to the cycle of fate. As such, we were affected and transformed into the people who participated in a gathering. We repeated a very short process, and this process was the establishment of Rose Redemption..."

At this point, Derrick looked around and saw that all the members had temporarily jolted out of their previous states. They were extremely interested in the organization called Rose Redemption.

They all knew that this was an extremely secretive and ancient organization that followed and believed in the True Creator. It was the origins of the Aurora Order, and its members were Kings of Angels like Ouroboros, Medici, and Sasrir.

Derrick retracted his gaze and exhaled silently.

"The two people who convened the Rose Redemption are Dark Angel Sasrir and Evernight Goddess Amanises..."

Ah? Audrey, Leonard, and Xio began to doubt their ears.

They were all believers of Evernight. They never expected that the Goddess would be a member of Rose Redemption, and even be one of its conveners.

This was akin to saying that the Evernight Goddess was a member of the Tarot Club!

If not for the fact that they knew what kind of person Little Sun was—knowing that he wouldn't lie—they definitely would've suspected the truth of this matter. But now, they were left

temporarily speechless. They didn't even dare to think too deeply about it.

Alger subconsciously turned his body to look at The Sun, listening to his slow and heavy tone.

"The participants included: White Angel Aucuses, Wind Angel Leodero…"

Alger's eyelids twitched. He didn't even dare think.

"…God of Combat Badheil, Earth Mother Omebella…"

Emlyn, who was leaning against the back of the chair, unknowingly sat up straight. There was only one message echoing in his mind: the Goddess of Harvest, Giant Queen Omebella…

"God of the Dead Salinger, God of Spiritual Creatures Tolzna…"

The Sun Derrick's voice echoed in the ancient and magnificent palace. It made Cattleya, Fors, and the other members exchange looks. No one dared to say a word. It was as though they would suffer from divine punishment if they learned any deeper.

After Derrick finished speaking, they remained silent. The scene was strangely quiet.

Finally, Cattleya sighed and said, "Rose Redemption truly is powerful and terrifying. Before this, I couldn't even imagine that those existences were members…"

Just as she said that, The World Gehrman Sparrow said with a deep, hoarse voice, “That was an organization formed to resist the ancient sun god. Later on, only a few Kings of Angels remained.”

Upon hearing their conversation, it was as if Audrey and the other members had just snapped out of their dreams. All of them subconsciously cast their gaze to the end of the long, mottled table, at the figure shrouded in gray fog. It was as though they were waiting for the ruling of the entity of authority there.

The Fool Klein, who had long expected such a scene, didn’t respond directly. He nodded slightly and sighed.

“The Fallen Creator was born because of this.”

It’s real… It’s real… The Rose Redemption which Mr. Fool hinted back then actually has such a deeper meaning… What is “His” identity in ancient times, and what position does “He” take in this matter… All these thoughts instantly formed a storm that swept through the minds of the Tarot Club members.

Derrick looked at everyone, and seeing that no one was speaking, he could only talk about the subsequent exploration:

“…We met the leader of the King’s Court’s Chasers outside the palace, Light Culler Murskogan. He said that Dark Angel Sasrir was in a state of slumber in that palace…”

Compared to the matter regarding Rose Redemption, news of the mysterious Dark Angel currently in slumber inside the Giant King’s palace didn’t stir up the emotions of Leonard, Emlyn, and the other members of the Tarot Club much. Only some of their curiosities had been satisfied.

Of course, as a Mysticologist, Cattleya only hoped that The Sun could speak a little more.

“After that, we returned. Mr. Fool has bestowed us with the formula for the Silver Knight potion.” Towards the end of his explanation, Derrick concluded honestly.

Audrey and the others were still deep in thought over what had just happened. There was still a fear of being blasphemous, and no one responded. Only Alger thought for a moment and said, “Since the birth of the True Creator originated from Rose Redemption, then ‘He’ isn’t unfamiliar with what happened to the Giant King’s Court. Why is it that Shepherd Elder Lovia was completely unprepared for this?”

Chapter 1131: An Indescribable Transaction

This is also a question I wanted to ask... The Fool Klein, who was seated at the end of the long, mottled table, echoed Mr. Hanged Man in his heart.

Leonard thought for a moment and tried to find a possible reason:

“Although the birth of the True Creator originates from Rose Redemption, it doesn’t mean that ‘He’ knows everything about Rose Redemption. Perhaps figuring out the truth back then is one of ‘His’ motives...”

Just as he said that, Justice Audrey objected:

“The Angel of Fate, Ouroboros, who was drawing that mural, is still in Rose Redemption and follows the True Creator. If ‘He1 had any questions, ‘He* could’ve just asked ‘Him’ directly.”

“Perhaps the True Creator’s goal is to confirm Dark Angel Sasrir’s condition. From Shepherd Lovia’s strong desire to enter the palace of the Giant King, we can preliminary determine that.” Cattleya gave her own opinion.

“I share similar thoughts.” Alger glanced at The Sun and said, “Of course, we can’t eliminate the possibility that The Star suggested. Perhaps the Angel of Fate Ouroboros’s condition isn’t right, and ‘He’ has lost most of ‘His1 memories. ‘He1 can only rely on the murals ‘He’ left behind in the past to find ‘His’ lost past. The odds are very low, but it doesn’t mean that it’s impossible. We aren’t aware of what’s special or problematic with the Kings of Angels.”

As he spoke, Alger glanced at Mr. Fool, as if hoping to get some hints from this existence. Unfortunately, he failed to get any feedback.

It wasn't that The Fool Klein didn't have any ideas, but that he had too many ideas and was unable to list them out.

Tail Devourer Ouroboros grows up by the True Creator's side every time he "reboots." No one knows what "His" current state is... After muttering in his heart and seeing that no one had any more ideas, Klein controlled The World to look at The Sun.

"I recently obtained a batch of mushrooms that can be grown in the darkness when feeding them the flesh of monsters. I wonder if your City of Silver is interested?"

Mushrooms that can devour the flesh and blood of monsters? Xio and company were surprised and curious. They didn't know how such a creature could exist.

Indeed, there are many things in the world that we have yet to understand... This is what a Scribe should record down... Fors sighed and came to a realization.

Cattleya's eyes suddenly darkened. She sat there without saying a word or moving, like a statue.

Upon hearing this, Derrick was delighted. His thoughts raced as he blurted out, "Can those mushrooms automatically attack monsters?"

If that was possible, then they could be used as food and also be used as the perimeter defense system for the City of Silver.

I thought Little Sun would be afraid of those mushrooms... In the end, his "request" is even more excessive... The World's mouth twitched slightly.

"No, if the mushrooms can automatically attack monsters, it will be no exception for any of you."

Derrick immediately felt a little ashamed as he hurriedly nodded.

"I understand, Mr. World."

Following that, he let the fake World make a further description:

"Some of those mushrooms can be ground into flour, others can produce milk or are rich in oil. They're equivalent to beef. Some have a flavor that's close to fish, but there are no bones... Other than milk which can be drunk directly, the rest must be cooked through steaming, boiling, frying, and roasting. Otherwise, the mushrooms will absorb your flesh and blood while inside your body, regaining their vitality, turning a person into countless mushrooms..."

Audrey, Alger, and the other members of the Tarot Club originally listened on with interest as though it was an exciting story, but as they listened in, they subconsciously shrank back, becoming unusually silent.

Only The Hermit Cattleya's eyelids twitched. She decided to have a good "talk" with Frank when she returned to the real world.

She was very worried that, one day, when the Star Pirates were to hold a vote, a large number of mushrooms would be amongst

those casting that sacred vote.

At this moment, after listening attentively, Derrick couldn't hide his anticipation and curiosity.

"Mr. World, what is flour? Is it like black-faced grass powder?

"Also, what is milk, what is beef, what is fish?"

In fact, he had seen fish before, but he didn't think that they were fish. In a swamp in the southwest region of the City of Silver, there were quite a number of strange fish-shaped monsters that contained venom. They had boils all over their bodies, while others had teeth growing out of spots where their eyes were. Some of their heads had split open, revealing a white membrane layer that could be used to hunt other creatures.

...No matter how strange those mushrooms are, to the City of Silver, they're all good things that are worth looking forward to... The first thing they need to solve is to be in possession of something, rather than whether it's good or not... When The Fool Klein heard that, he cast The World's gaze toward Justice Audrey.

Giving detailed descriptions of flour, milk, beef, and fish didn't match The World Gehrman Sparrow's persona.

As a senior Spectator and Gehrman Sparrow's psychiatrist, Justice instantly understood what he meant. She deliberated for a moment before saying, "The milk is the liquid that cows use to rear its young..."

She believed that Little Sun could understand this easily. After all, the City of Silver had pregnant women and babies.

Seeing The Sun nod in acknowledgment, she continued' "Milk can provide you with a lot of nutrition and help you grow taller and stronger..."

Audrey didn't finish her sentence because Little Sun, who was sitting in his seat, was very muscular.

After Miss Justice finished explaining the concepts, The Sun Derrick looked eagerly at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"Thank you, Mr. World. This is exactly what our City of Silver needs. When I return, I'll immediately inform the Chief. He'll definitely be very happy.

"What would you like in exchange?"

The Fool Klein hesitated for a moment before controlling The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"The formula for Classical Metallurgist."

No! Cattleya subconsciously tried to stop him, but she ultimately held back her urge.

She secretly looked at Mr. Fool, and seeing that the great existence was silent, she immediately felt a lot more at ease. "Alright." Derrick happily agreed.

After the exchange, Leonard applied to have a private conversation with Emlyn.

The moment the other members of the Tarot Club were screened from them, Emlyn asked, “When are you letting me out?”

Leonard maintained his posture and said, “This isn’t something I can decide on. My suggestion is to get someone to contact the upper echelons of the Sanguine as soon as possible and get them to think of a way to get you out.”

These two fellows created such an accident with the simple term “protective custody”? The Fool Klein, who was listening by the side, felt the urge to laugh, but he held back.

Emlyn’s expression darkened. After a few seconds, he said, “Will it be useful finding the upper echelons of the Sanguine?”

“The Goddess is the Lady of Crimson. She still cares a lot about you guys from the Moon domain. Although you do not believe in ‘Her,’” Leonard said perfunctorily.

The real explanation in his heart was that an ancient race like the Sanguine, who had lived for several years, definitely had some connections with the various Churches, especially when the Sanguine Queen was still the Night Emperor’s queen. At that time, the Church of Evemight had supported the Night Emperor.

Emlyn also thought of this and nodded slightly.

“I’ll try to entrust this to Mr. World.”

This was the most reliable person he could think of.

Just as he said that, Emlyn and Leonard suddenly spoke at the

same time:

“That won’t work.”

You also realized it?” The Moon Emlyn immediately glanced at The Star beside him.

Leonard scoffed.

“It’s such a simple problem.”

Emlyn returned with a scoff.

“But you just suggested that I contact the upper echelons of the Sanguine.

“I’ve been locked up in the Church of Evernight for days. They must’ve known about it long ago. They probably didn’t attempt to rescue me because they’re observing, wanting to know who would rescue me; thus, finding my partners,

Leonard looked elsewhere.

“That’s probably the case. So, you can only continue staying behind Chanis Gate. Perhaps in a few more days, they’ll lose their patience and get you out.”

Emlyn didn’t know what expression to show.

After a private exchange between the human and Sanguine, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked at Fors and said, “Give me the venue and time for the meeting. After the gathering, I’ll look for you and bring you to a new place.”

“Alright.” Fors hurriedly applied to Mr. Fool and conjured a parchment.

While handing it over, she hesitated for a moment before asking, “Mr. World, what needs to be taken note of this time?”

“Keep warm,” The World Gehrman Sparrow simply replied.

Keep warm… Fors was momentarily stunned, unsure of what he was trying to get at.

After looking at the parchment, The World Gehrman Sparrow surveyed the area and said, “Everyone in Backlund, please pay close attention to your surroundings for anything abnormal.”

Firstly, it was very likely that Zaratul would “fish” out Amon. Secondly, Demoness Trissy might be able to help Mr. Door prepare a ritual. Thirdly, George III might take the final step to becoming the Black Emperor at some point in time.

“Alright.” Audrey and the other members of the Tarot Club who were in Backlund nodded one after another. They recalled the recent situation and didn’t find anything out of the ordinary.

After another exchange, the other members requested Miss Justice to use hypnosis to help them forget a portion of their memories. After this gathering ended, one figure after another vanished above the gray fog, leaving only The Fool Klein.

After sitting in silence for more than ten minutes, he thought of other questions before returning to the real world. He “Teleported” to the agreed-upon location and waited for Miss Magician to meet him.

It was almost winter, and the sky had turned dark at four in the afternoon. Under the heavy black clouds, the street lamps hadn’t been lit, as coal and gas resources were controlled due to the war.

Chapter 1132: Interlude

In the alley where few people visited, the environment grew darker as a cold wind wafted through it. Although it wasn't like a blade that could slice a person's face with its coldness, it seemed to possess magic as it slowly but firmly seeped into the clothes of people.

As Gehrman Sparrow, Klein raised his hand and pressed down on his top hat. He saw Miss Magician wearing a dark- colored scarf and a thick coat. She carried a rather heavy suitcase and walked into the alley, looking extremely wary.

In the Loen Kingdom, due to the Church of Evernight's influence, many of the clothes that were deemed only male also had lady versions of them. Just like in Intis, the ladies of high society often sat sideways while on horseback, thanks to a special saddle. However, Loen didn't do the same. The ladies had their own horseback attire.

Klein pulled out his left hand that was wearing Creeping Hunger from his pocket and spread open his fingers.

"Do you have a stockpile prepared?"

Fors suddenly felt a cold wind blow down her neck as she subconsciously shrank back.

"Enough for at least two weeks of being serialized.

"I've already handed it over to the editor of the newspaper."

Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow to ask further, she hurriedly added, “I brought a fountain pen, ink, and paper.”

Klein nodded slightly, took two steps forward, and reached out to grab Miss Magician’s shoulder.

Fors immediately focused as an illusory book appeared in her eyes as it slowly flipped through.

Her surroundings immediately became dark and colorful—the reds were redder, the blacks were blacker, and the browns were browner—as they overlapped each other, making her feel like she was in a trance.

Fors was already used to this state and had successfully “Recorded” during this “Traveling” process. She also carefully observed the scenery of her “trip,” as well as the strange and indescribable spirit world creatures that branded themselves in her mind.

After a few breaths, her vision went black, and she felt a cold she had never experienced before. Her body couldn’t help but tremble.

Fors instinctively used a magic trick to illuminate her surroundings. Looking around, she realized that she was in a wooden hut. The World Gehrman Sparrow had already vanished.

Where ami... Fors looked at the window and saw that there was a thick layer covering it, preventing any light from shining inside.

This made her even more puzzled. She came to the door,

stretched out her right hand, and pulled the door behind her. With a creaking sound, she saw the snow blocking the exit.

Fors was stunned as Gehrman Sparrow's warning echoed in her mind:

"Keep warm..."

In just one or two minutes, Klein had already circled the sea once. He used his prey that he had long selected to placate Creeping Hunger, and he returned to his rental apartment in Backlund, awaiting Queen Mystic and Miss Sharron to gather information about any anomalies.

In fact, with Klein's style, he would've personally taken action in this area and conducted an additional investigation at the same time. He wanted to ensure that Demoness Trissy had no plans to help Mr. Door escape, but considering that Zaratul was already in Backlund, he decided to be cautious and give up the idea of loitering around.

Under the influence of the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, he felt that if he were to wander around Backlund, it was only a matter of time before he ran into Zaratul or even Amon.

Sigh, I'd already thought of how to disguise myself. Buying a bicycle, getting a uniform, and riding it across different streets as a postman... This is the easiest way to avoid suspicion... After taking a sip of Gurney Sap he brought back from the sea, he leaned back into his chair and allowed his marionette, Enuni and Qonas, to individually massage his shoulders and legs.

The Forsaken Land of the Gods, in the Afternoon Town camp.

After Derrick Berg opened his eyes, he immediately stood up, opened the door, and walked around the bonfire to the Chiefs room.

Suppressing his excitement, he took a deep breath and raised his hand to lightly knock on the thick wooden door. “Please come in.” Amidst the sounds of knocking, Colin Iliad’s deep voice sounded.

Derrick turned the doorknob and pushed open the door. As he looked at Demon Hunter Colin, whose hair was white and had old scars on his face, he blurted out, “Your Excellency, I found some strange mushrooms. They can be eaten!’

Colin Iliad fell silent for a moment before slowly asking, “Mushrooms?”

Hearing the puzzlement in the Chiefs words, Derrick instantly recalled a mushroom he had seen before.

It came from the abandoned temple of the Fallen Creator. It looked especially bright and appetizing, but it was essentially extremely dangerous.

His mood instantly calmed down. He nodded and said, “Yes, mushrooms, different breeds of mushrooms. They can devour the flesh and blood of monsters to grow…”

Derrick described the unique traits of the mushrooms in detail, and he explained what milk, beef, fish, and flour were.

In the end, he emphasized that the mushrooms had to be fully cooked before they could be eaten. He also had to take note of the

species which were rich in poison.

Colin Iliad listened quietly without showing any change in emotions. After some thought, he said, “What other dangers do they have? Or should I say, points that require taking note of?”

“Uh…” Derrick’s face suddenly flushed red. “I’ll study it again.”

Without waiting for the Chief to speak, he turned around, opened the door, and ran out.

Returning to his room, he took a deep breath and sat down. He began to pray to Mr. Fool, asking him to forward the questions to Mr. World.

Above the gray fog, Klein sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool. He tapped the armrest with his index finger and silently muttered, What other dangers are there?

Although Frank’s imagination, actions, and creativity make me a little fearful, he’s still a Sequence 5 Druid after all. No matter how dangerous the mushrooms are, how dangerous can they be? With the years of experience the City of Silver has experienced in the dark environment, it’s easy to deal with those mushrooms.

In the ruins of the battle of gods, the Future’s producing of milk, the pirate’s head growing a watermelon, and other shocking phenomena were due to the remnant aura and divine power of Earth Mother in that area. The real “murderer” was a deity rather than Frank…

Man, if the formation of the Forsaken Land of the Gods

happened due to the betrayal of the ancient sun god, the things left behind in that intense battle are definitely not limited to the powers of Evernight, Concealment, Degeneration, and Storm. Perhaps there are some areas that have the influence of the Sun and the Earth...

This...

After some thought, he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him tell the truth:

"...If they encounter divine powers of the Earth domain, those mushrooms might experience an unknown mutation..." After receiving a response, Derrick rushed out of his room and ran to the Chiefs door.

This time, the door opened without him knocking.

Derrick turned back to look at his teammates by the bonfire. He entered the room and casually closed the heavy wooden door.

The divine power of the Earth domain might cause the mushrooms to undergo an unknown mutation," he said frankly without explaining how he had figured that out.

Demon Hunter Colin's expression remained unchanged as he repeated the key phrase softly, "The divine power of the Earth domain..."

He lowered his voice and finally fell silent. Ten seconds later, he said, "After we return, we can set up a region to plant them to see the effects.

Then, what's the price?"

Derrick immediately replied, "The formula for Classical Metallurgist."

Colin Iliad nodded slowly.

This has to be decided by the six-member council. When we return to the city, I will push for this matter as soon as possible."

Their expedition team would be returning to the City of Silver in the next two days. Firstly, after the exploration, the few who survived, as well as those who had lost their loved ones, needed time to adjust their mental states. Secondly, there was a limited amount of food left in the camp, and there was no way to plant any Black-Faced Grass around Afternoon Town. They could only rely on hunting monsters to replenish themselves. Therefore, one of the responsibilities of the expedition team was to deliver safe food. Switching out teams would happen at fixed intervals.

Yes, Your Excellency." Derrick didn't rush him.

He had long gotten used to this process.

After he left the room, Colin Iliad came to the window and looked at the bonfire in the middle of the camp.

That flame burned quietly. In the deep darkness, the faint yellow light scattered across the entire camp. Roasting over the fire was a disgusting vampire covered in puss.

A few days later, Klein separately received the corresponding

feedback from Queen Mystic Bernadette, the Numinous Sect's Patrick Bryan, and Miss Sharron. He confirmed that there were no anomalies regarding material or personnel flow in Backlund recently.

From the looks of it, Demoness Trissy only wishes to speak to Mr. Door for the time being… Furthermore, this seems to be the first time they will establish a connection… Regardless, I still need to give a warning beforehand. This requires finesse. The more I say, the more likely a mistake will be made. Furthermore, I cannot reveal my trump card… After some thought, he found the hair of the deceased that Miss Magician had provided. He unfolded the piece of paper and wrote:

"…This is what you need. It's a lock of hair from a descendant of the Abraham family… The person who provided it has a request; that is to help ask the existence one question: The problem regarding how they get rid of the curse… "…Finally, let me remind you to be careful of Mr. Door."

Klein folded the letter and tucked the lock of hair into it. He took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew on it. After a brief silence, Reinette Tinekerr walked out of the void with four beautiful heads in hand.

"Give this letter to the seduced idiot," he instructed as he handed over the letter.

Just as he said that, his heart skipped a beat, and he hurriedly added another question:

"Can you locate him?"

"Yes…" One of the heads of Reinette Tinekerr answered the question before biting the letter.

Klein narrowed his eyes.

Chapter 1133: Chant

In the Backlund Bridge area, according to the information provided by Miss Messenger, he found the man who had been seduced by Trissy and ended up helping her “send” the letter.

However, Klein didn’t enter the apartment, nor did he disturb his target. He stuck both hands into his black trench coat pocket and continued walking forward.

Under the illumination of the street lamps, he walked all the way to the crossroads and turned into another street.

During this process, a rat that was stealing food in a particular building suddenly shivered.

It then gave up on the piece of cheese and followed the usual “tunnel” that it used to pass through, and it moved towards the target area.

Then, the rat opened its mouth and let out a human’s voice:

“Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua…”

The moment the rat finished its sentence, Klein, who had already turned into another street, vanished. There was only a spark left on the spot that quickly dissipated.

He had used Flaming Jump, but he wasn’t using it to travel.

Instead, he had entered a hotel room that he had booked to rendezvous with one of his marionettes, so he didn't need to worry too much about being sensed by Zaratul and meet with an accident. After all, the destination was clear, the journey was short, and there was protection.

In the room, with Enuni watching, he took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog.

As he sat at the end of the long bronze table, he held the Sea God Scepter. With the help of the prayer light, he observed the target through his "true vision"—the man who helped Demoness Trissy relay the news.

A few minutes later, Reinette Tinekerr appeared in the apartment as promised. She took the gold coin and left the envelope on the table.

The man trembled in fear again, but in the end, he overcame his own fear. He picked up the letter and weighed it.

Fifteen minutes later, he carefully took out the black sticky paste, separated a small blob, and applied it on the surface of a mirror.

Soon, he saw the young girl who had occupied all of his dreams in the dark mirror and hurriedly said, "That crazy adventurer just sent a letter. It seems to contain something else. I didn't open it as per your instructions."

At that moment, above the gray fog, the scene Klein saw began to show a strange phenomenon.

In his vision, the mirror's condition had already turned blurry. It was closer to being a dark and illusory passageway that didn't look realistic enough. It was connected to something similar in the surrounding area, forming a complicated and abstract "spider web" that was interwoven into a profound and strange "world."

Through the gray fog's "true vision," he could barely make out the general situation, but he was unable to make out the details. He didn't know what strange and terrifying creatures hid within that world.

In mysticism, mirrors are often given the symbolic meaning of leading to another "kingdom," and are mostly related to terrifying horrors… Is this the mirror world? My Beyonder powers are completely unrelated to this domain… That's not true. If someone prays to me and attempts magic mirror divination, then there will naturally be an illusory passageway that points towards me, towards the gray fog…

Strictly speaking, the mirror world isn't a real world. It's closer to the collective manifestation of doors. By connecting to different mirrors and different mysterious kingdoms, if one becomes lost in there, they might directly appear in the Abyss, or even the cosmos… Of course, demigods with this ability should be able to create a "reflection world" and hide inside …

The collective manifestation of doors… High-Sequence Beyonders of the Demoness, Wraith, and Apprentice pathways also have similar powers? Does the "secret" in Secrets Sorcerer represent the mirror world to some extent? This is sufficiently mysterious and secretive… Under normal circumstances, even through "true vision," there's no way to directly see the mirror world unless someone triggers it… Klein nodded in thought as he heard Demoness Trissy's melodic voice reply:

"Throw the letter into the mirror."

“Can it be thrown in?” As a Low-Sequence Beyonder, the man had never seen such a miraculous thing before. After some hesitation, he held the letter and pressed it against the mirror.

On the surface of the mirror, the darkness suddenly spread out like ripples of aqueous light.

The man felt his firm touch lighten, and he saw the letter magically pass through the glass surface and enter the illusionary, swirling interior.

Right on the heels of that, the letter seemed to be attracted by a huge whirlpool as it continued to sink deeper into the room where Trissy was.

Above the gray fog, Klein raised the Sea God Scepter high and focused on tracking the letter, attempting to lock onto the location of the Demoness.

At this moment, in his “true vision,” the dark and deep mirror world began to quake violently, turning everything into a blur.

By the time the quaking calmed down, Klein had already lost traces of the letter and Demoness Trissy.

The aura of the Primordial Demon Girl can even interfere with observations like this... After a moment of silence, Klein let out a sigh.

It was precisely because of the various peculiarities related to Trissy that he didn’t take the risk to mix his hair into the materials to locate her. It was easy for him to suffer from a terrible hex. He might even die on the spot.

To Klein, death didn't really matter. After all, as long as his corpse wasn't pulverized, it was likely the case that he could be revived. But that would mean that he couldn't seize the opportunity to lock onto Trissy. She would definitely change locations quickly. Wouldn't that be equivalent to wasting a precious chance to revive?

After suffering the setback, Klein quickly returned to the real world and left the Backlund Bridge area.

The next morning, with an ordinary face, Klein rode a carriage to Saint Samuel Cathedral.

He planned on chanting the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess to inform "Her" of Demoness Trissy. When the time came, if an accident were to happen on the night of the full moon, there would at least be a deity watching over Backlund, and would also be prepared ahead of time.

Back then, the Evernight Goddess was one of the ones who had exiled and sealed Mr. Door. "She" definitely knew the other party's tricks very well.

In such aspects, Klein had never put on a strong front. He had a very clear understanding of himself.

Since he couldn't solve the problem himself, he would find someone who could solve the problem to help out!

As for why he wasn't doing this at home and had to go to Saint Samuel Cathedral, it was because he wanted to observe the situation in the areas around Boklund Street and search for any tiny traces that spelled Amon's arrival.

Hazel and her family had once been involved with Amon, and she herself belonged to the Marauder pathway. Be it her fate or the convergence of characteristics, she was among the high-risk group of people who could meet Amon by chance. With regards to this, Klein didn't dare to be too careless or negligent. He reminded himself, and he made arrangements to do a self-examination every once in a while.

Similarly, due to Miss Justice's follow-up treatment of Hazel's psychological trauma, anything that happened to Hazel could easily lead to her. Therefore, Klein was also very worried about the safety of this noble lady. He believed that it was necessary to check her condition through the crimson star from time to time. Of course, he would avoid relatively awkward periods of time.

As his thoughts raced, Klein, who was already close to Phelps Street, got off the carriage in advance. He allowed his marionette, Enuni, to secretly recite the honorific name of Sea God.

He and his marionette, Qonas, switched positions. In a sealed space that he had "Distorted," he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog.

Then, with the help of the Sea God Scepter to widen his "true vision", he carefully observed the situation in Boklund Street and the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

Hazel isn't Parasitized... Neither is Miss Justice... Same for their maidservants, pets, and bodyguards... The residents and staff of the Charity Bursary Foundation don't show signs either... There are no traces of any Amon-related activity in the various streets in the area... Klein heaved a sigh of relief and returned to the real world.

Following that, he approached Saint Samuel Cathedral and

passed through the door, finding a seat in the dark and quiet prayer hall.

After chanting the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess in a low voice, Klein described simply, "...Demoness Trissy has obtained the hair of an Abraham family descendant. She plans to contact a hidden existence on the night of the full moon. I cannot be sure of her exact purpose..."

After sitting quietly for a while and seeing that the Goddess didn't respond, nor did the archbishop appear, Klein wore his silk top hat and slowly walked out of the cathedral.

At night, he switched positions and controlled a rat as a marionette as recited another honorific name:

"The great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife, I wish to meet you..."

Just like before, the rat lost its life the moment it finished praying. Following that, Klein pulled away from the area.

He wanted to meet the Red Angel and talk about Mr. Door and Dark Angel Sasrir.

After waiting for a few minutes, with the help of another rat marionette, he saw that the other rat burst into flames, emitting a burning white flame.

The flame quickly formed a short line on the ground:

"I don't want to see you."

The muscles on Klein's face twitched indiscernibly.

After some thought, he gave up and left the area.

After a few seconds, the remaining burning-white flames formed a new sentence:

"Come on, beg me."

By then, Klein had already left.

In a house somewhere in Backlund, a pale-faced Sauron Einhorn Medici stood up from the sofa in a black, red-lined robe.

He frowned and muttered to himself, "Who's disturbing me…'

In the blink of an eye, a full moon had dawned its light on Backlund.

In a room illuminated by the crimson light, Demoness Trissy stood at an altar. Around her were ritual materials— rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, pearls, and lazurite.

After some complicated preparations, she lit the hair in her hand and placed it into a cauldron.

When the fire was tainted with a layer of darkness, Trissy took two steps back and solemnly chanted in Jotun, "Great Door of All Doors;

“Guide of the endless cosmos;

“Key to all mysterious worlds…”

Chapter 1134: Mr. Door

As Trissy recited the words, the gems around her emitted cracking sounds as they shattered into powder and floated up.

They shimmered with red, blue, green, or resplendent light before rapidly gathering into a torrent that surged towards the candlelight on the altar.

At the same time, strands of hair that had been burnt inside the cauldron joined the process.

The fire began to expand and interweave with each other, turning increasingly dark, as if it was an illusory door that led to other worlds.

Trissy immediately felt the surrounding temperature drop rapidly, as though countless dangers were seeping out of the fire.

A sentence flashed across her mind. It was a reminder from Gehrman Sparrow:

"Be careful of Mr. Door."

As expected of someone with a messenger of that level... His understanding of Mr. Door, and his confidence in knowing about my plans, might be deeper and more precise than I imagined... Trissy slowly took a deep breath and patiently waited for the subsequent changes.

In just a blink of an eye, she felt that the void in the room

thinned significantly. Many of the places were covered with shadows, as though there were large amounts of indescribable creatures hiding behind them.

The dim, expanding flame slowly turned into a gigantic, deep crimson vortex.

As the vortex spun, an ethereal voice that could pierce through one's Spirit Body finally sounded from the bottom: "...Cheek?"

Upon hearing this voice, the blood vessels in Trissy's forehead throbbed. It was as if her head had been pierced by countless steel needles as they crazily stabbed and twisted.

Her black hair flared up despite the lack of wind. Every strand grew slightly thicker, and the skin on her face became transparent. Her blood vessels protruded out one after another, densely packed like a spider's web.

After spending a great deal of effort, Trissy finally managed to control herself. She then heard the voice that could make most Beyonders lose control, chuckling and saying, "It looks like it's Cheek's Blessed...

"Back then, we had seen the second Blasphemy Slate together... and we were able to surpass Sequence 1... and live to this day... Now, the only ones left are likely the Artisan, Cheek, and me..."

Trissy ignored Mr. Door's poignant sigh and said with a twisted expression:

"Honorable Mr. Door, I have something to ask you."

“Speak… The time spent being lost and trapped in the darkness and the storm is just too boring… It’s rare for someone to have a chat with me…” The terrifying voice replied without much change from the slowly rotating dark vortex.

Trissy’s facial muscles twitched involuntarily, still unable to get used to the ravings of this evil god’s equal.

She paused for a few seconds before saying, “…I want to know if there are any unorthodox ways to enter the nine secret mausoleums built by Blood Emperor Tudor for becoming the Black Emperor,

It was unknown where he was, but Mr. Door’s ethereal laughter sounded through the endless void:

“So it’s because of this…

“This isn’t difficult… I’ll give you a symbol… You can gather the blood of Beyonders from different pathways and mix them together… Mixing it with your spirituality, draw the symbol in front of the mausoleum. Then, you can open the secret passage that leads into it…”

As the existence spoke, sparks separated from the dark vortex, forming a rather complicated symbol in midair.

It was like doors that were stacked in decreasing sizes as they randomly extended without end.

Trissy held back the excruciating pain of her Spirit Body tearing apart. She memorized the symbol and sought confirmation:

“There must be blood from all twenty-two Beyonder pathways?

“Each pathway only requires the blood of a Beyonder, regardless of his Sequence?

“How much blood of each pathway is required?”

Mr. Door replied in the same way that he had been raving in earlier, “Right… there’s no need for too much… Just a small tube will do… Just guarantee that the symbol drawing can be finished…”

Although Trissy wore a painful grimace, she couldn’t help but smile when she received the critical information.

This, combined with her overall expression, made her appear odd, as though she was a lunatic.

After completing her main goal, Trissy asked again to ensure smooth cooperation with Gehrman Sparrow in the future, “The Abraham family wants to know how to get rid of the ancient curse.”

The dark vortex was silent for a few seconds before sighing.

“Set up such a ritual… Sacrifice one of the demigods of the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathway… Once I leave the storm and penetrate the darkness… the curse will no longer exist…”

Trissy wasn’t interested in how the Abraham family could escape the ancient curse. After receiving the answer, she couldn’t take it any longer. As she thanked Mr. Door, she began to stop

the ritual.

As for Mr. Door, he didn't attempt to bewitch, threaten, or corrupt her.

After the dark fire vortex disintegrated and the ritual ended, Trissy began to Cogitate, spending nearly an hour to calm the effects of Mr. Door's ravings.

After doing all of this, Trissy took out a pen and paper and copied the symbol provided by Mr. Door. She described the two answers in detail.

She knew that she was being pursued by Saintess of White Katarina, and there seemed to be even more terrifying hunters that would follow her wake. It was very difficult for her to find the blood of Beyonders of different pathways that quickly, so she planned on leaving this matter to Gehrman Sparrow.

In addition, she believed that even if George III and the others believed that there was no problem with the secret mausoleum and that it was safe enough; thus, not leaving too many guards, there were still precautions inside. It wasn't something that a Sequence 4 could quickly force their way through and cause damage. That way, they would be stopped by the reinforcements and lose their best chance.

As for Gehrman Sparrow, even his messenger was at the level of an angel. The strength of the organization behind him was obvious, so they had the ability to destroy the mausoleum at the critical moment, causing the Black Emperor ritual to fail.

She couldn't complete it herself, so of course she had to find assistance from someone with the ability to accomplish it!

After throwing the letter into a mailbox on a nearby street, the black-haired, black-coated Trissy slowly walked down in the cold and lonely road. On the dim road, she looked at the light from the gas lamps and laughed self-deprecatingly.

“For the sake of a little indignation, I’ve actually gone this far…

“You’re lucky. At least I’ll avenge you…

“And if I die, apart from those who hate me, no one will remember me…”

After receiving the letter from Miss Messenger, Klein sat on the chair and read it several times.

Before he went above the gray fog to divine the authenticity of Mr. Door’s method, he subconsciously thought about how quickly he could gather the blood from the twenty-two Beyonder pathways.

This symbol is very similar to the symbol behind Miss Magician’s chair… I can use my own for Seer… For Apprentice, I can find Miss Magician, and also give her some pressure to write… There are three choices for the Marauder pathway:

Transform a marionette into a mosquito and send a mosquito to bite Hazel; obtain it from Vice Admiral Iceberg’s third mate named Flowery Bow Tie, and lastly, get it from Leonard’s grandpa…

The Spectator pathway, Miss Justice… The Bard pathway, Little Sun… The Storm pathway, Mr. Hanged Man… the Reader pathway, Vice Admiral Iceberg, or that demigod named Lucca…

Secrets Suppliant, get the second mate of Ma'am Hermit, Bloodless Heath Doyle...

The Corpse Collector pathway, Numinous Episcopate's Patrick Bryan... The Sleepless pathway, my dear poet... the Warrior pathway, most of the citizens of the City of Silver or Father Utravsky...

Planter, Frank... Apothecary, Emlyn...

Arbiter, Miss Xio... Lawyer, Marionette Qonas...

Hunter, Danitz or Anderson... Demoness, get Trissy to provide it herself...

Prisoner, Miss Sharron or Marie... Criminal, I temporarily have no targets...

Mystery Pryer, Ma'am Hermit... Savant, Frank's experiment assistant...

Monster, Marionette EnunL"

From the looks of it, most of them can be obtained in a very short period of time. The corresponding channels have sufficient trust in me and believe that I wouldn't curse them with their blood... This Demoness Trissy definitely has a way to eliminate the connection between the blood and the actual body. She won't object... Only Devil. Although I've encountered a few, they have either died or fled. Currently, I have no target in mind...

Yes, I can ask Little Sun if the City of Silver has any Devil flesh

and blood left in its inventory. They will encounter some from time to time...

If he hadn't thought about it, Klein wouldn't have realized that, in less than two years of his transmigration, he had actually established a deeper connection with most of the Beyonder pathways.

He immediately retracted his thoughts and seriously considered Mr. Door's escape ritual.

Sacrifice one of each: Marauder, Apprentice, and Seer demigods... These are the three pathways that can be interchanged... Mr. Door wants to temporarily reconcile the three pathways, and use an ingenious method to open the passage to return?

...The demigods of these three pathways aren't that easy to capture. It's possible for the Abraham family to do so at its peak. After the death of the High-Sequence Beyonders in the War of the Four Emperors and the corresponding setbacks, it's pretty much hopeless...

If Mr. Door could be more patient and give the descendants more time to grow, it wouldn't be impossible. However, "He" still constantly cries for help, causing the deaths of promising descendants...

Is "He" crazy? A lunatic who looks like a normal person?

After some thought, he burned the letter and went above the gray fog to do two divinations.

The revelations he received was that the method to enter the

secret mausoleum was real. Mr. Door's return ritual was also true.

Looking at the spirit pendulum in his hand, he sat silently in the high-back chair for a long time.

After a few minutes, he clenched his left hand and gripped the topaz pendant tightly. He muttered to himself, All there is left is to wait for the Bizarro Sorcerer potion to be completely digested, and for George III to hold the ritual.

Chapter 1135: Fragrant

On the Sonia Sea, Pasu Island.

The Blue Avenger, which had been summoned, finally arrived at the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms. It was docked at a port.

Alger removed the cloth wrapped around his head and jumped off the shipboard, landing firmly on the dock thanks to the wind.

The Wind-blessed potion he had consumed had long been digested. The reason why he had done so was to make himself appear more like the other members of the Church, making them feel a sense of kinship.

Years of experience told Alger that it was best to maintain uniformity with the people around him most of the time. He didn't want to appear out of the ordinary. Under the circumstances where he had plenty of secrets, it was even more imperative to do so!

"Haha, Alger, control your impatience." A man who had been waiting at the dock came forward with a smile.

He had a head of soft yellow hair and a long robe embroidered with lightning patterns. He was Alger's former partner, but later on, one chose to be the captain of a ghost ship and continue floating out at sea, while the other returned to be a clergyman.

Alger smiled as he raised his right hand and struck his left breast.

“May the Storm be with you.”

“May the Storm be with you.” The yellow-haired man, who was in his prime, replied with a smile.

He immediately lowered his voice and said, “I heard that you’ve already adapted to the Wind-blessed potion?”

Yes, it’s very simple. I fly every day and maintain the state of floating. I often use the wind to travel back and forth in different places to quickly adapt. I’ve already sent a telegram to report this matter.” Alger arched his brows to look proud.

The yellow-haired man looked around and maintained his volume from before.

“It’s no wonder you were summoned back.

“I heard that, because of the ongoing war, there’s a lack of manpower on all sides. The Council of Cardinals has decided to organize a group of Wind-blesseds to advance to Sequence 5 as soon as possible. You should be within those ranks. How enviable. I just became a Wind-blessed, so I don’t have the chance.”

Organize a group of Wind-blesseds to advance as soon as possible… After knowing that there might be a world war ahead of time, Alger Wilson wasn’t surprised. A word suddenly appeared in his mind: cannon fodder!

In fact, just from his contributions for the Bansy Harbor incident, Alger, who was only a Seafarer back then, could’ve advanced to Ocean Songster without any obstacles. Furthermore, he was

usually hard at work, having completed countless missions. In the end, he had only become a Wind-blessed. He had to join the queue for an opportunity to advance to Sequence 5.

And now, there was no need for him to do anything. He was suddenly placed on the list of candidates, and he would soon enter the ranks of the quasi-upper echelons of the Church. He couldn't help but feel suspicious.

Indeed, once a full-scale war begins, the order that prevents people like us from rising will split apart... However, the most important thing is to survive the war. Only by surviving will everything be meaningful... As Alger's thoughts raced, he asked in surprise, "Sainz, is that true?"

"I can't be sure. In short, that's what I heard. Let's go and catch up. If you have the chance to become a high-ranking deacon or a cardinal, don't you forget us!" The yellow-haired man named Sainz reached out his hand and patted Alger on the shoulder.

Alger dodged without a trace and replied with a smile, "Definitely.1

In the City of Silver, the expedition team brought back news that there was a sea on the other side of the Giant King's Court. All the citizens temporarily entered a state of excitement.

After two days of waiting, Derrick Berg finally received a notice from the six-member council, permitting him to receive the Classical Metallurgist's potion formula.

This meant that the upper echelons of the City of Silver had agreed to exchange for the special mushrooms.

The advancement ritual is to personally refine a Stone of Life… What's a Stone of Life? There's no explanation here… Derrick glanced at the parchment in his hand and began preparing a ritual without much thought.

In his opinion, Mr. Fool definitely knew what the Stone of Life was. He didn't need to worry about Mr. World.

After setting up the altar, he took out two metal tubes, each containing the blood of him and a Dawn Paladin from the City of Silver.

The Dawn Paladin had reached a certain age, and his body could no longer withstand the corrosive effects of the poison in most foods. In the foreseeable future, he would gradually reach the end of his life. Two days ago, his granddaughter had personally delivered the final stab with a sword.

As for Derrick, he had previously obtained the Chiefs approval and found an opportunity to extract some of the deceased's blood.

As for the Devil's blood that Mr. World needed, the City of Silver's inventory temporarily didn't have one. However, Chief Colin Iliad said that, as long as the mushrooms could satisfy the needs of the City of Silver's food requirements, he would organize a small hunting team and go to a region where Devils appeared.

After placing the two metal tubes and goatskin parchment onto the altar, Derrick took two steps back and faced the lit candles as he began the sacrificial ritual.

After a series of tasks, the illusory door that was formed from flames and spiritual materials opened heavily. After the sacrificial items were taken away, a dark glow was left behind.

The brilliance slowly faded as large numbers of mushrooms of different shapes appeared before Derrick's eyes.

As for whether they "looked" strange, Derrick didn't even think about it. This was because he had seen mushrooms once—abnormal ones. Therefore, he lacked a point of reference for comparison.

After recalling Mr. World's description of different breeds of mushrooms and effects, Derrick quickly categorized them and placed them into different leather handbags.

Immediately after, he picked up the Unshadowed Crucifix excitedly and prepared to head for the spire.

However, just as his hand touched the bronze cross, he felt it burn and feel prickly. It was as if a light was seeping out of the rust and shining at the mushrooms.

"They're evil and need to be purified..." Derrick was confused, but he eventually decided to believe in Mr. World.

He hid the Unshadowed Crucifix and carried Thunder God's Roar. He walked all the way to the spire and met Chief Colin Iliad.

"Are these the mushrooms?" As he spoke, Demon Hunter Colin's eyes reflected two complex dark green symbols. His gaze swept across the different mushrooms that were either pure white and full, or filled with flesh.

Yes..." Derrick began introducing them, one by one.

Colin returned to normal and remained silent for a few seconds.

“There’s an evil and tainted aura emitted from them, but they’re in minute amounts and can be tolerated.

“This must’ve settled down after they devoured the flesh and blood of monsters.”

He paused for a moment before saying, “Let’s first test their proliferation ability.”

Following this sentence, a number of City of Silver personnel, who were prepared to “usher in” the mushrooms, carried a few monster corpses into the Chiefs room and scattered them over the different kinds of mushrooms.

The moment those mushrooms came into contact with the flesh, they immediately grew hyphae and burrowed into them.

About twenty to thirty seconds later, they began to rapidly expand and spit out spores.

After a while, the corpses of those monsters were densely covered with mushrooms.

However, the mushrooms didn’t stop growing. They kept growing upwards, and in the end, some of them were even taller than Derrick Berg, facing him as if they were “looking down” at him.

…Mr. World didn’t say that they would grow this large… Besides, the speed at which it grows is way too fast… Derrick looked at it

in a daze, but he didn't think it was a problem.

There wasn't much of a change in Colin Iliad's expression. Only after the monsters were left with skeleton and dregs did he look around.

"It's better than I expected. Next, who wants to try the effects of eating it?"

Without hesitation, Derrick took a step forward and said, "Your Excellency, I'll do it."

He was in charge of "importing" the mushrooms, so he definitely had to personally confirm its safety.

Colin Iliad nodded slightly and said, "Okay."

He then turned his head and said to another City of Silver resident, "Invite Elder Lovia over to prevent any accidents." As a Beyonder who controlled flesh and blood, Lovia could resolve most of the changes in the human body.

Of course, whether the mutated individual could survive was another matter.

Everyone waited for a few minutes before Shepherd Lovia, who was wearing a deep purple robe, arrived in the Chiefs room.

She had just passed through the door when her light gray eyes suddenly narrowed. She instinctively looked at the mushrooms that occupied most of the space.

After staring at it for a while, Lovia looked at Colin Iliad and nodded slightly, indicating that she was ready to provide any help.

Without any hesitation, Derrick Berg chose a black mushroom that was embedded with blood-red threads and marbling, standing at half his height. He tore off the mushroom that had wrapped around the skeleton, and he produced a bonfire and began roasting it.

Gradually, a fragrance that seemed to be able to drill into one's stomach emanated out. This was a smell that the residents of the City of Silver had never smelled before.

Their throats bobbed as they instinctively swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

The bonfire emitted a sizzling sound before the fragrance grew stronger.

This wasn't the usual sound. It was as if it could make one's soul yearn for this strange smell. It was the type that everyone was rather familiar with. It was the natural desire for Black-Faced Grass food after returning to the City of Silver, having not eaten them for a long time.

As the sizzling sounds grew louder and frequent, they felt as though a hand had reached out from their stomachs, eager to grab the food back.

Unknowingly, the other City of Silver residents who had been doing something else in the spire had followed the fragrance and gathered at the door.

It took Derrick a great deal of effort to control himself from tasting the mushroom midway. He waited until it was completely charred yellow on the outside before he took it back and blew at it.

At that moment, everyone's eyes were on him, including Colin Iliad and Shepherd Lovia.

With his faith in Mr. World and Mr. Fool, Derrick didn't speak. He lowered his head and bit the mushroom.

"Ssss..." He let out a sound of being scalded before chewing and gulping it down.

After nearly half of the mushrooms were gone, Derrick raised his head, his face slightly red. His mouth was glistening with oil as he mumbled, "It's such a weird... taste... I can't help it... I can't stop..."

Colin Iliad sized up Derrick for a few seconds before turning his head to look at Shepherd Lovia.

Lovia slowly shook her head and said, "No problem."

The surrounding people of the City of Silver immediately let out cheers as they rushed forward and surrounded Derrick. They either wanted to share a piece or ask him what to do with the other mushrooms.

When Colin saw this, his expression gradually relaxed. He slowly closed his eyes and lifted his chin.

He took a deep breath of the fragrance that had filled the room.

The City of Silver held a mushroom ritual? Isn't this a little strange... Also, what's a Stone of Life? Yes, the people from the Church of Earth Mother definitely know, and Frank is no exception... Above the gray fog, as Klein listened to Little Sun's latest report, he opened the parchment that he had received but hadn't had the chance to read in detail.

The reason why he had rushed back to the real world after the sacrificial and bestowment ceremony was because the serialized horror stories of Backlund's hospitals in several newspapers had reached its climax. Hence, he received a lot of feedback over the past few days. He was at the critical moment of having his Bizarro Sorcerer potion digested.

And now, he had already completed this step.

He was already prepared to advance to Scholar of Yore.

Chapter 1136: Rumors from Ancient Times

Putting down the Classical Alchemist potion formula, Klein cast his gaze towards the two tubes of blood Little Sun had sacrificed.

Then, he beckoned for a ceramic jar wrapped in layers of paper figurines.

This was the Beyonder blood from different pathways that he had previously gathered. It had been placed above the gray fog and sealed with the Paper Angel in order to slowly integrate it into this mysterious space's aura, removing the connection between the blood and the individual. This was to prevent any accidents from happening to the provider when the door of the symbols was opened.

To him, it was fine if he suffered backlash. After all, there was at least one more chance of him reviving. If it would affect those who trusted him and gave their blood, he would rather not do it.

After peeling off the paper figurines at the mouth of the jar and pouring the two tubes of blood into it, he conjured a glass stick and reached in to stir it.

Right on the heels of that, he used Paper Angel and sealed it again.

I'm just short of Prisoner, Devil, and Demoness... After I complete the ritual, I'll personally pay Miss Sharron a visit. It's better to make a request in person regarding such matters. It's too rude to do it by writing letters... Only Miss Magician is a little special. Clearly, she would prefer it if I wrote a letter rather than meet Gehrman Sparrow in person. Heh, she actually used the excuse

that the ink had frozen due to the low temperatures to delay her writing. Heh, are her magic tricks just for show? Thankfully, my potion has already digested, so there's no need for me to push her anymore... Klein mumbled inwardly as he threw the ceramic jar covered in paper figurine back into the junk pile.

After leaving the world above the gray fog, he didn't immediately prepare to advance to Scholar of Yore. Instead, he took out a pen and paper and drew the symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

This was something he had planned to do before he consumed the potion—to ask Arrodes about Sefirah Castle.

As the symbol took form, the light in the originally badly-lit room became darker, as if clouds were drifting past, blocking out the sun.

After more than ten seconds, the full-body mirror with cracks suddenly rippled with aqueous light and silver words quickly appeared:

"Exalted Great Master, your devoted, loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning.

"I-I am still the servant that you trust the most, the closest and most favorite, right?"

This question... I seem to be able to read the panic and anxiety of this magic mirror... Does it feel a sense of danger? After some thought, he nodded in amusement.

"Yes."

Actually, that has never been the case… I'm just comforting you… After answering, he silently added in his heart.

The surface of the mirror lit up and the silver words were dyed golden.

They squirmed and formed a new sentence:

"Great Master, do you have any questions for me?"

"Yes." Klein secretly tensed up. "What do you know about Sefirah Castle?"

Arrodes fell silent for a few seconds before the pale golden words changed:

"I don't know much about this. I've only heard some rumors. In the early days of the Second Epoch, the ancient gods believed that the original Creator left some things behind. That might be a 'kingdom' formed from a certain part of 'His' body or something created by 'Him.' And Sefirah Castle is one of them.

"This was the name that the King of Demonic Wolves, Flegrea, gave. 'He' calls the Hounds of Fulgrim as Sefirah Castle Keepers. However, 'He' failed to enter Sefirah Castle even to 'His' death. Therefore, many powerful creatures suspect that Sefirah Castle doesn't actually exist, but is just an abstract concept."

It had something to do with the original Creator? After pondering for a while, he said, "One of them… How many other entities like Sefirah Castle are there?"

“Eight. There are detailed records on the second Blasphemy Slate. Unfortunately, I haven’t seen it.” On the surface of the mirror, lines of words appeared one after another. However, the pale gold color faded away, becoming silver once again. “The ancient gods suspect that the source of the underground corruption comes from a place similar to Sefirah Castle. They call it the Chaos Sea. Also, there are rumors that deep in the spirit world city, Calderón City, there are clues to the River of Eternal Darkness. This comes from the ancient god, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace. As for the others, I’ve heard of some names, but it’s not a complete list. There’s Tenebrous World, Knowledge Moor, as well as the Brood Hive that’s related to the moon.”

There are a total of eight. Chaos Sea, *River of Eternal Darkness*, *Knowledge Moor*, *Tenebrous World*, *and Brood Hive… Brood Hive is related to the moon; it sounds very dangerous… I wonder if it has anything to do with the Mother Tree of Desire…* Klein silently repeated the key information in Arrodes’s response. He had a nagging feeling that he should be able to grasp something, but he didn’t gain much from it. He even lacked the ability to piece together the clues.

When he saw that Arrodes had only heard rumors and didn’t have any actual understanding of them, he organized his thoughts and said with a smile, “From the looks of it, you might come from the Chaos Sea.”

“That’s not important. What’s important is that I’m your loyal, lowly, and obedient servant.” Arrodes said the entire sentence at once.

Obedient, *this use of words…* Klein silently lampooned before asking, “What are the origins of Dark Angel Sasrir?”

On the surface of the mirror, silver words formed one after another:

“I similarly can’t see it, but at that time, there was a myth that said that, when the ancient sun god was born, ‘He’ was light and darkness combined. After all, ‘He’ calls himself the Creator, so ‘He’ must be well-rounded and not lacking anything.

“Later, ‘He’ separated the darkness in his body and used it to create the first angel with one of his ribs, Dark Angel Sasrir.”

This… rib… I can totally imagine it. Back then, it was the ancient sun god who personally fabricated and spread this myth… Amon’s brother, your wife has become the Dark Angel! Klein was first alarmed before many strange ideas arose in his mind.

As his thoughts settled, he began to analyze the truth behind this myth.

With such a myth spreading, it will cause the believers to believe that Dark Angel Sasrir is the dark side of the ancient sun god. They would worship “Him” in the same way as the Lord. No one objected or forbade this myth. As for Dark Angel, “He” was ultimately the deputy of the divine kingdom, god’s left hand. So this implies that this was very likely true…

What happened afterward can be summarized as the dark side of the ancient sun god colluding with foreign enemies, bewitching the Kings of Angels and assassinating the main body?

This can explain why Ouroboros and Medici joined Rose Redemption. “They” were only following the orders of the “Lord”…

From this angle, isn’t the position of Dark Angel Sasrir, in the ancient sun god’s divine kingdom, equivalent to The World of the Tarot Club? Hmm…

Thankfully, The World is a fake person. He doesn't have his own spirituality and thoughts...

As he thought about it, he suddenly felt drenched with sweat. He was glad that he was a Seer and not some other pathway.

Based on his previous reasoning, he quickly guessed the reason why Dark Angel was sleeping in the Giant King's Court.

Perhaps it has something to do with the fall of the ancient sun god...

Therefore, the brother of Amon, the Dragon of Wisdom, and the True Creator wish to confirm the state of Dark Angel Sasrir...

However, there are many other problems... In the twenty-two Beyonder pathways, which pathway is this King of Angels, the left hand of God?

The Marauder has Amon, Apprentice has Mr. Door, Spectator, Reader, Bard, Sailor, Secrets Suppliant, Warrior, Sleepless, Planter, Savant, Monster, Hunter, and Arbiter are obviously impossible... Corpse Collector is also impossible due to the existence of Death in the Fourth Epoch. It's impossible for there to be a King of Angels to exist at the same time—unless the Dark Angel had already fallen to Sequence 2... By the same logic, the Seer and Lawyer pathways can be eliminated for now. It can then be confirmed that the Dark Angel is no longer a King of Angels...

Mystery Pryer, Moon, and Devil are all certain possibilities. I cannot eliminate the possibility that the Hidden Sage, Primordial Moon, and the Dark Side of the Universe are the Dark Angel's "alt"... Yes, there might still be the Mother Tree of Desire hidden within...

It's also possible with Prisoner. There's no clear evidence that this pathway has produced a true deity. Back then, the Chained God might not even be a King of Angels.

After some thought, he said to Arrodes, "It's your turn to ask."

On the cracked full-body mirror's surface, silver words twisted together and formed a new sentence:

"Great Master, may I guess what you want to ask next?"

"..." Klein nodded slightly and answered, "Sure."

"You wish to ask about Sasrir's current state. My answer is, I don't know, as I can't see." Behind the silver words was a smiley face with a simple drawing.

"Not bad," Klein praised. "That's all for today. I will summon you again in the near future at any time."

"Yes, Great Master. Your loyal servant, Arrodes, is constantly preparing to serve you!" On the surface of the mirror, the simple smile on his face turned into a waving cat's paw.

When the mirror returned to normal, Klein took out a pen and paper and wrote down what he had just learned.

This was one of the documents he had prepared for the Scholar of Yore ritual.

In the past few days, he had written a lot of documents on

ancient history.

Following that, with the information and two marionettes, he “Teleported” to the Southern Continent.

He didn’t dare to advance in Backlund. If anything were to happen to him, Amon and Zaratul would definitely be able to detect it and come straight for him!

Chapter 1137: Amidst History

On a barren island in the Berserk Sea.

This place wasn't far from the Southern Continent, but it didn't belong there geographically. The reason why Klein had chosen this island as a place for himself to advance to Scholar of Yore was, firstly, because he wanted to avoid Amon and Zaratul to the best of his ability. He also didn't want to enter the region where the Mother Tree of Desire had a wide range of influence. Secondly, because the Berserk Sea was enveloped by the power left behind by Death, this was, in a way, a part of the Evernight Goddess's kingdom. If the ritual were to create a huge commotion, it was possible for some effective screening.

Furthermore, this place is very desolate. There aren't many creatures here, so there's no need to worry about any accidents affecting the innocent... Klein surveyed the area and began to set up a ritual. He brought the corresponding materials back from above the gray fog to the real world.

Following that, he flipped through the thick ancient history documents and pulled out some records that he couldn't be certain of. Those that couldn't be confirmed with divination were also removed.

Pa!

With a shake of his hand, the scarlet flames rose and devoured the stack of paper.

The supplementary ingredients needed for the Scholar of Yore potion were a large amount of real ancient historical records.

Therefore, he didn't want to take the risk of using things he couldn't be sure of. He would rather have fewer of them.

After making his selection, he poured the Hound of Fulgrim's blood into a huge cauldron and placed the few White Frost Crystals that he had weighed beforehand into it.

The moment the two supplementary ingredients came into contact with each other, a thin mist immediately rose up. It enveloped the container and was about half the height of a person and an arm wide.

With a glance, Klein followed his spiritual intuition and temporarily gave up on adding the last supplementary material. He first got his marionette, Enuni, to grab the Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart and threw the item that seemed condensed from white mist into the cauldron.

As white frost condensed across Enuni's arm, the mist that emanated from the vessel became extremely dense. It began to contract and expand, as though it was alive, like a slowly-beating heart.

Without any hesitation, Klein controlled his marionette, Enuni, to pick up the pair of eyes from the Hounds of Fulgrim. He stuffed the two dark red flame-like objects into the seemingly corporeal mist.

The mist's color quickly darkened, making it impossible for him to see the huge cauldron at its core.

He didn't panic. Instead, he calmly got his other marionette to throw page after page of the ancient historical records into the blob of thick, dark mist.

The thick mist slowly collapsed. After “digesting” the historical records, it finally fell back into the cauldron, like water vapor, turning into something that coexisted as both a liquid and a gas. Its color was dark red, almost the size of a baby’s head.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist and used divination to determine if the potion was successfully concocted.

He received a revelation that it was rather dangerous, but one that he could barely withstand.

And this meant that the potion was successfully concocted.

Even if it were strictly concocted according to the formula, a Sequence 3 potion is equivalent to poison. If I can withstand it, I’ll advance. Otherwise, I’ll go crazy, lose control, or even die… After staring at the topaz pendant spinning rapidly in a counterclockwise direction for a few seconds, he pulled up the silver chain and wrapped it around his left wrist.

He cast his gaze at the potion floating in the cauldron as thoughts flashed across his mind:

A Bizarro Sorcerer’s acting not only has the key terms of “fear,” “horror,” “directing,” and “inexplicable,” there’s also some level of mystery, unknown, complicated, and unpredictable aspects of fate. The two aspects combine to form a complete Bizarro Sorcerer… This is a behavioral style, while the other is the attributes…

And to me, my origins are such a mystery that I haven’t even figured out the truth. I’ve experienced so many complicated matters that I’ve already stopped a true god from descending, scared a King of Angels. Even my fate is so unpredictable that a

Snake of Mercury is unable to discern. Therefore, I've already acted in advance and naturally digested that portion of the potion. There's no need to summarize the principles...

This truly reflects the single word "bizarro"...

Yes, the ritual requirements for Scholar of Yore requires me to be completely separated from reality for at least 300 years. Only after I become history and no longer belong to the present era do I consume the potion. My life while I was sealed within a cocoon and hung above the gray fog is more than enough. But after becoming Klein, I've experienced too many things in the past year. I've already left a mark in the present era. Would it affect the effects of the ritual?

It should be... Fortunately, it hasn't even been two years. The mark won't be too deep and can barely be accepted. After all, it's impossible for me to hang myself up for 300 years again before I consume the potion... There's another decade or so until the apocalypse!

Furthermore, the ancient history I grasp is definitely far superior to any Bizarro Sorcerer. It can be considered as me effectively acting ahead of time. I can definitely avoid many dangers...

As his thoughts raced, Klein took a deep breath and stopped thinking about it.

Wearing a silk top hat and a double-breasted coat, his skin suddenly turned transparent as maggots that contained three-dimensional symbols crawled out.

The transparent maggots were itching to move, as if they were going to crawl into the dense mist in the cauldron, leaving behind only empty clothes and hats.

Klein managed to barely control his state as he calmly extended his right hand and picked up the potion that was wrapped in mist.

The potion didn't seem to have any weight as it floated in front of his face.

Klein opened his mouth and took a deep breath.

The potion instantly transformed and extended into Klein's mouth, making him feel like he was devouring a dark red glow.

The transparent maggots swarmed back into his body, tearing down the parts of the potion and swallowing them.

As his Mythical Creature form was special—both a full body and also separated into many small parts—Klein could only consume the potion in such a manner.

Of course, if he could control his incomplete Mythical Creature form, it would be much simpler.

Without a sound, he felt a cold feeling spread through every Worm of Spirit, with a searing pain.

A familiar, boundless grayish-white fog appeared in front of him. It enveloped the entire world, revealing some of his past experiences.

This included the terrifying legends he created, his conversation with the Red Angel evil spirit; the treatment of the demigod, Lucca, with the help of Miss Justice; hunting Hvin Rambis;

dealing with Amon's avatars; revenge on Ince Zangwill; exploring Calderón City; infiltrating Saint Samuel Cathedral; dominating the seas; stopping the True Creator's descent; saving Tingen; and various other details of his daily life.

They made conflicts with different people and things, becoming extremely complicated as they merged into a sea. As he "flew" through it, he was unable to find a clear and accurate sense of self. He felt like he was about to be lost in this area. The cold, burning pain constantly drove him forward, so as to expel the influence on him. This made it difficult to return to the real world.

With great difficulty, Klein managed to control this feeling. As he gradually lost consciousness and his body slowly descended, he tried his best to find something that could confirm his identity.

Finally, he saw the deep depths of the gray fog. At the end of the sea was a shattered spot of light. With a thought, he followed his intuition and flew over in a manner that seemed to travel the cosmos.

There was a figure hanging from the blurry door of light in the spot of light. He was stored in a transparent cocoon as he swayed gently. He looked like the original Zhou Mingrui. This had nothing to do with his surroundings. He was alone and easily grasped.

I couldn't see this before when I used the Yesterday Once More charm, but I can actually do so now... In other words, during the advancement process, I can indirectly influence the Sefirah Castle above the gray fog? Wait, my ability to think has been restored... Klein's consciousness instantly cleared up as he finally understood the essence of the ritual.

By eliminating the interference, he could provide a clear

definition of himself to become a Scholar of Yore. This prevented him from getting lost!

Following a similar spot of light, Klein began to fly deeper into the grayish-white fog. Along the way, he discovered that the surrounding fog was scattered with fragments of light. They had colonial phases, times when Roselle ruled, the Battle of the Violated Oath, the White Rose War, the Twenty Year War… These were all bits of history that Klein knew of the Fifth Epoch.

As he passed through them, he naturally split his consciousness and completed an invisible connection, making his definition of his own identity even clearer.

In the Pale Era, during the War of the Four Emperors, the Trunsoest Empire, the Tudor Dynasty, the United Empire, Solomon's first and second Empire, the fall of Red Angel, the Blood Emperor's apotheosis, the Black Emperor's return, and other historical fragments continued to surface as Klein kept rushing forward. They appeared in different spots in the endless gray fog, like the stars in the night sky, they illuminated the path to return.

In such a manner, Klein felt that he was becoming more and more lucid. Every Worm of Spirit's coldness and burning sensation became milder.

He could've turned around a long time ago and returned to the real world. However, he didn't stop and continued flying forward.

Scenes of the fatal attack of the Rose Redemption; the three great angels, White, Storm, Wisdom sharing in the body of the ancient sun god; and the plotting in the Giant King's Court with the Church of Evernight, Earth, and Combat hiding as secret organizations flashed across the grayish-white fog. The more he

proceeded forward, the more relaxed he felt. He felt like he was about to fly up from running down a runway.

At some point in time, a group of terrifying canine-like creatures with dark red eye sockets appeared beside him. They ran around the indiscernible bottom of the gray fog as they followed him by his side as if they were accompanying and guarding him.

Among them, two of them only had one eye.

Klein looked around and smiled. He didn't stop and continued proceeding deeper into the gray fog.

The history of the Dual Era and the Early Era of Fire swept past him from behind, pointing out the path that led forward. Finally, Klein stopped in front of a lonely fragment of light. Inside was a withered forest and a normal-sized tomb.

He went forward and saw that the grayish-white fog was silently enveloping everything. It was unknown where the other fragments of light were floating.

Feeling his spirituality depleting, Klein didn't continue the search. He connected his consciousness to his origin, and he suddenly plummeted.

As the gray fog rapidly faded away, Klein felt his body and saw the cauldron in front of him.

He didn't care about his current state, and he subconsciously looked up into the sky.

He directly saw the gray fog and the ancient majestic palace above the gray fog.

The mysterious space was trembling slightly.

...

In Backlund, a postman who was riding a bicycle stopped. He turned his head slightly and adjusted the monocle on his right eye.

He then muttered to himself, “Sefirah Castle...”

After a few seconds of hesitation, the thin-faced young man curled his lips and laughed. His expression was filled with anticipation.

In a rental apartment at East Borough of the same city, figures hanging in the air swayed gently. At the same time, they simultaneously made a sound:

“Sefirah Castle...”

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard Mitchell, who was assigning missions to his team, suddenly heard an elderly voice in his mind:

“Sefirah Castle...”

Chapter 1138: "Scholar of Yore"

In the highlands, on an altar with eyes, arms, heads, and organs embedded in it.

Dark red blood-red light surged out like a tidal wave, distorting into the shape of a deformed tree.

Amidst a buzzing sound, the human bones, candles, silver plates, and gold boxes trembled, as though they could slice through one's Spirit Body.

The surrounding supplicants instinctively bowed their heads and prostrated.

Then, they simultaneously came to a realization:

"The Berserk Sea, reef island..."

When he saw the ancient palace above the gray fog and sensed the slight tremble of the mysterious space, Klein felt that he had a deeper connection with the so-called "Sefirah Castle," one that was hard to accurately grasp.

At this moment, he truly felt that place would gradually belong to him.

In just a few seconds, all the abnormalities disappeared. Without any delay, Klein got the two marionettes to put away the items that were still of value, and destroy the rest. He took out a paper figurine and shook it.

With a smacking sound, the paper figurine ignited with a scarlet flame as dense illusory wings appeared behind his back.

When he saw this, Klein was stunned. He never expected that the simple Paper Figurine Substitutes would have hints of Angel's Embrace.

He then grabbed Qonas and Enuni, using "Teleport" to vanish from the island formed by reefs.

After using several islands in the Sonia Sea as waypoints, he took a huge detour before finally returning to his residence in Backlund's East Borough.

During this process, he repeatedly used Paper Figurine Substitutes, which had undergone several qualitative changes, to disrupt divination, prophecy powers, tracking, and observation.

Phew, I didn't expect it to really trigger the changes in Sefirah Castle, resulting in an unconcealable phenomenon... Fortunately, I was sufficiently careful and cautious. I wasn't careless. If I had advanced in Backlund or the surrounding areas, I'm certain that Amon and Zaratul would've already "seen" me... Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he hurriedly took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog to do a divination.

After confirming that he was in a safe situation, he didn't stay for long. He immediately returned to the real world, and with the help of Cogitation, he began to restrain his diverging spirituality.

After doing this, he took off his clothes, threw himself into bed, and fell into a deep sleep.

Normally, a Bizarro Sorcerer wouldn't be as exhausted as he was after successfully advancing to Scholar of Yore. He would definitely have energy left to check his physical condition. However, while traveling through history, he relied on his mark to travel a very far distance. He relied on his own mastery of ancient secrets, that far exceeded his current level, to reach the establishment of the Giant King's CourUn the early of the Second Epoch or the end of the Epoch.

This was equivalent to digesting the potion.

After a few hours of deep sleep, Klein woke up as he slowly opened his eyes.

He sat up, pulled a pillow to prop him up from behind, and rubbed his temples.

After ten minutes of regulating himself, he was completely awake and began to inspect himself.

Indeed, I've digested most of the potion right after I consumed it. At least eighty percent... This is roughly what I expected... but I wonder how much more ancient history I'll have to obtain before I can digest it completely...

From the looks of it, the acting of a Scholar of Yore has two main directions: One is a scholar from ancient times, and the other is a scholar who studies ancient history. Both of them are required. The first is relatively easy because the ritual itself contains the key point of making one a person from ancient times. Once the advancement is successful, one can naturally act as a scholar from ancient times.

The second point is extremely difficult. It would be alright in normal society, but in this world with true gods, devils, and evil

existences, just gathering ancient information is a very risky matter. If I endeavor to gather the truth of history, I might die a horrible death at any moment without any reason. The more I understand, the greater the danger…

The reason why I know so much is mostly thanks to the arrangements of a few existences, as well as the complicated fate that Sefirah Castle brings me. This makes me encounter all sorts of things. Of course, even so, I've already died once despite being a true deity's Blessed; what's more, other Scholars of Yore?

Changing the spot of Miracle Invoker and Scholar of Yore will make acting relatively simple. Unfortunately, there's no such thing…

In addition, the previous two meanings have an inclination towards ancient times. I have to pay attention to the word "scholar." What must I figure out from history before I can be considered a "scholar"?

Next, there are a few directions towards my digestion. First, I need to figure out Dark Angel Sasrir's current state and truly replicate the actual process of the Cataclysm. Second, I need to spend some effort to connect the history of the Fourth Epoch together, and not just be fine with having them in disconnected segments. Third, I need to go deep into the details from a macroscopic view. For example, the rise and fall of the Antigonus family…

After confirming that prior acting was effective, and considering his future path ahead of time, Klein combined the mysticism knowledge he had gained from his advancement and his observation of his godhood's divinity, and he had a trial run of his powers to slowly figure out the powers of a Scholar of Yore.

Worms of Spirit can be split into six hundred pieces. The

godhood patterns have also changed to a certain degree; it's even more complicated, and it can showcase concepts of strength, strangeness, and supematuralness...

The changes in my godhood patterns firstly originate from the newly obtained characteristic, and secondly, it comes from the mysticism knowledge contained within the potion. This is both a result of the Beyonder characteristic and also something obtained from a higher level... After becoming a true High-Sequence Beyonder, is it possible to directly change the knowledge at a higher dimension to affect Beyonders at other Sequences?

Deciphering a potion formula from the godhood patterns seems like an actual example...

Also, at the level of Sequence 3, the changes in godhood patterns have a personal effect. This is closely related to prayer and responses. As a Scholar of Yore, the corresponding honorific names will be different in nature. This is because of different personalities, experiences, and traits.

Yes, I can allow different Worms of Spirit to instinctively listen to prayers and respond to them when it's a relatively uncomplicated matter. It doesn't affect my other actions... The specially marked ones and more complicated matters will be handed over to my actual body...

A Scholar of Yore can use a Worm of Spirit to act as a god, but what about other Sequence 3 Beyonders from other pathways? It's impossible for them to respond while sleeping, right...

Heh heh, I'll think of my honorific name as a Scholar of Yore later. I'll first study the specific abilities.

Uh... A Scholar of Yore's main ability is to obtain help from history. This is split into two parts. One is to borrow strength from my past self.

This is rather embarrassing for me. It's currently useless because the past me is definitely weaker than the present me. Yes, when I was hanging above the door of light above the gray fog, I was just an ordinary person... Compared to those who were important figures in the past but are now weak due to all kinds of reasons, this is a godly skill. One can be a baby crying for ice cream while engaging in a Sequence 1 battle. It would be impossible to find any weaknesses... The only problem is that it's not long-lasting...

Of course, as more time passes after I become a Scholar of Yore, this will begin to show its effects. I can often borrow strength from my past Scholar of Yore self so that I wouldn't have any moment of weakness. Even if I were to suffer serious injuries... To a certain extent, this is something that's self-perpetuating, preventing myself from ever being in a nadir until my spirituality is completely drained.

Yes, before my spirituality is drained, I can always borrow energy from my past self. There's no limit to the number of times. As for my current spirituality, even without the process of recovering, I can borrow power nearly ten times a day, maintaining it for five minutes each time.

The second part is to summon images from the Historical Void. It can be humans or objects. The more detailed and the better the understanding I have of the corresponding piece of history and matters, the higher the chance of success is and the longer it will last.

Similarly, the lower the target's level is, relative to me, the higher the chance of success and the longer it can be maintained.

In addition, increasing my affinity with the target will increase the chances of success and the time it can be maintained.

These are the three conditions to succeed. Furthermore, when summoning someone of a higher level than myself, or an item, even if I barely succeed, the final projection will only have a portion of the strength and quality of the original. It can't be one who's at full strength. Also, I can only maintain three images summoned from the Historical Void at any point in time, including those summoned by my marionettes…

Currently, even if it's the most ordinary item or something that was once mine, I can maintain its availability for a maximum of fifteen minutes.

The fact that the target has a close relationship with me is worth rumination. In essence, borrowing power from one's own body is also a form of summoning. It's just that one's relationship with oneself is extremely close, so there's no possibility of failure. It's an extreme example.

In other words, if I were to summon the important figures from the Historical Void, it would be best to establish a friendly relationship with "Them" and maintain it for a long time. Yes, if I were to summon Mr. Azik's projection, the chances of success will definitely be higher than projecting other angels…

How is this a Beyonder power? This is obviously studies related to EQ, Relationships, and Interpersonal Communication!

As he sighed with emotion, Klein sincerely felt that the core powers of a Scholar of Yore were godly. After all, those that involved history and time were most likely extremely magical.

However, in order to put it to use to its fullest potential, one had

to have sufficient intelligence, and also make the necessary preparations.

This was an unchanging requirement of the Seer pathway.

Yes, when summoning images from the Historical Void, there's no way to communicate with them. That is to say that a Scholar of Yore can't interfere with history and change the past. From the angle of acting, this can be summarized as "witnessing fate, affecting the present, and the inability to reverse the past…"

Apart from the ability to transfer a certain part of ailments, wounds, curses, attacks, prophecies, and observations to Paper Figurine Substitutes, there's another power. It can transfer a certain part to the target. Before one discovers that it's fake, things can continue proceeding as per normal. Heh heh, if anyone loses their heart while their brain remains active, I can give them a paper heart for a short period of time. He will be able to obtain strength from history to beat and circulate blood…

The time it takes to attain initial control of Spirit Body Threads has shortened to two seconds, and completely transforming into a marionette takes ten seconds. The maximum range for the two is 500 meters… By controlling a marionette, the limit to swapping positions is five kilometers…

Flame Jump is also five kilometers… I can freely control the might of Air Cannon, and at its maximum might, it's equivalent to a coastal defensive cannon…

A creature that can transform into a physical form whose characteristics have a difference that does not exceed a certain level. Some of the organs created can be used, while others are only decorations…

Phew, this is a Scholar of Yore who has digested most of the potion... After examining himself, Klein slowly stood up.

He planned on entering the world above the gray fog to check on the changes in Sefirah Castle.

Chapter 1139: A Different Form of Companionship

Above the endless grayish-white fog, Klein's figure appeared in the ancient palace.

He only looked around briefly, and he realized that there were a few changes.

The most obvious point was that the state of the mysterious space and its layout had been fully projected into his Spirit Body. Even at a great distance, he could still see the grayish-white clouds and that strange door of light.

Apart from the palace that I conjured and the door of light that originally existed, there's nothing here. It's empty, boundless, and full of power of a high level... As he murmured, he sat down, raised his right hand, and gently lifted it up.

In the blink of an eye, the entire gray fog boiled. The mysterious space it carried quaked as beams of slightly dark light emitted.

When the light gathered together, it condensed into a translucent angel with illusory wings on its back, as per Klein's will. It had the same level and power as an angel. It was majestic and sacred, with an oppressive aura.

There's no need to add the Black Emperor card, the Tyrant card, or the Red Priest card. There's no need to use the Sea God Scepter either. With my power alone, I can stir most of the powers of this mysterious space to its fullest potential, allowing The Fool's angel to become a true Sequence 2 angel. Of course, this angel is unable to respond to prayers or be maintained for too long. It only exists in the "embrace" form and within a few attacks,

having some powers in the domain of miracles...

Indeed, being able to revive is a gift from Sefirah Castle. As for how many more times I can be resurrected, I can't come to a conclusion now. If I can obtain a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and use its level to observe it, I should be able to see it more clearly... I'll just treat it as one more time. It's not a bad thing to err while being cautious. This reminds me to be careful and cautious... This is the way for Beyonders of the Seer pathway to survive...

Unfortunately, this "miracle" can only be used for myself for now...

Yes, at most, in order to truly possess and control this mysterious space, I have to become an angel or even a Sequence 1 angel at least. It lives up to its name as Sefirah Castle. As for that strange door of light, its requirements are even higher. It's impossible to tell if there are any hidden dangers at the moment...

What's the meaning of the existence of Sefirah Castle? "Baiting" transmigrators to revive the original Creator? With a flick of his right hand, the holy and powerful angel dissipated in midair.

The entire Sefirah Castle calmed down.

Following that, Klein stood up and took a step towards the grayish-white cloud in midair. He stood in front of the strange door of light formed from countless spherical lights.

The door of light was tainted with some bluish-black color. Each spherical light's essence was a transparent and translucent worm that formed into a ball.

As he stared at the transparent “cocoons” hanging by the black threads, Klein extended his right hand and slowly reached out to the door of light in an attempt to touch it.

One inch, two inches, three inches. His hand finally touched the edge of the door of light, but it passed right through as if it was just an illusion.

However, compared to his previous attempt, the illusory door of light was clearly a little stickier, as though it was about to turn corporeal.

This is an item that represents the essence of Sefirah Castle? After pondering for a few seconds, he turned and returned to the ancient palace.

Without any delay, he left the world above the gray fog and began experimenting with the various powers he had just acquired.

I have to first get an honorific name… The prayer response range for a Sequence 3 Beyonder is a region. This range is different depending on the authority that one wields. Clearly, a Sea King’s range is a relatively far-reaching type… Therefore, this honorific name of mine also has its limits. The protector of all the poor children in Backlund? It feels odd…

Yes, other people might have a limitation, but it’s not necessarily the case for me. I can use the spirit world and the Blessed of Sefirah Castle as a replacement. I should be the only one who is Blessed in both regions. It’s unique enough. This way, as long as someone is in the same city or district as me, they can use this honorific name to pray to me.

There’s nothing I can do if we’re not in the same area. I can’t

possibly do the same as throwing the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog, splitting a few Worms of Spirit to the world above the gray fog, and using Sefirah Castle's level to respond throughout the entire world… Although I can't confirm the relationship between the Dark Angel and the ancient sun god, this is enough to remind me to be careful with my avatars and marionettes. Also, it's not as simple as splitting a few worms. A large number of Worms of Spirit have to be left in Sefirah Castle to achieve the desired effect. I'm currently unable to do that…

Right, my mental state isn't too bad. I don't have a dissociative disorder, nor do I have the irresistible urge to become cold and terrifying. This means that the mark of a Scholar of Yore in history is his anchor… Also, the emperor's situation worsened only after he became an angel, causing him to have no choice but to rely on his believers as anchors to "anchor" him in place. I'm still one huge level away… I need to find out what else can be used as anchors, apart from believers, to ensure that nothing goes wrong… Amidst his thoughts, Klein picked up pen and paper.

He wrote the first line of his honorific name:

"The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle."

After some thought, he began writing the second and third lines based on his rich experience and knowledge he got from his godhood patterns:

The Mystery stemming from ancient times;

The witness of an extended history."

Since a Sequence 3 Beyonder wasn't a true deity, he couldn't use a three-line description. After some thought, he added two more

lines:

“Protector of magic and drama performers;

“The great Gehrman Sparrow.”

In fact, non-true deities could also use three-line descriptions, but one of them had to rely on the level of a true god. For example, Klein could use “Blessed of the Evernight Goddess.” Under such circumstances, it was essentially similar to a type of summoning incantation, not an honorific name for prayers, similar to that of messengers. And if the messenger was a spirit world creature, the restriction of being the Blessed of a particular true deity was unnecessary. Therefore, it was often unknown what would be summoned, making it rather dangerous.

After repeatedly deliberating for a while, Klein controlled his marionette, Enuni, and recited the honorific name in ancient Hermes.

A few seconds later, Klein raised his right hand and rubbed his temples with an odd expression.

He didn’t “hear” the prayer.

What’s wrong with this honorific name? Klein carefully deliberated over it a few times and gradually came up with an idea. I might not be the only Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle. The Hounds of Fulgrim also count… I have to add a limitation…

After some modifications, Enuni once again recited in ancient Hermes, “The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle;

The Mystery stemming from ancient times;

“The witness of an extended history;

“Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers;

“The great Gehrman Sparrow.”

“I pray for your blessings. I hope you can light up the darkness in front of me.”

Just as Enuni’s voice faded, Klein heard his prayer. Furthermore, it was only heard by a few Worms of Spirit. It didn’t affect his actual body at all.

This is very different from the prayer coming from Sefirah Castle. It’s very clear… With a thought, his Worm of Spirit gave a response based on the rules he had made ahead of time.

With a whoosh, a ball of fire appeared in front of Enuni. It floated in midair, illuminating the entire room.

Not bad… If I use Hermes to pray, I have to set up a ritual and draw symbols… As for essential oils and herbs, it doesn’t matter if they’re provided or not. Am I someone who will be pleased by these things? The symbols are formed from the scrolls representing history, the complete eye that represents witness, and the lines symbolizing change… For the time being, Klein had no intention of spreading his honorific name. After all, letting others know that Gehrman Sparrow had reached Sequence 3 would be a case of him losing a trump card. Furthermore, he had the alternate identity as Sea God and The Fool. There was no need for a new honorific name.

Pa!

With a snap of his fingers, he lit the paper with the honorific name of Gehrman Sparrow on the table.

A Scholar of Yore also has the means to create a fog to lower the temperature, but it's not a core power... Next, I have to try to summon a projection from the Historical Void. Who shall be my first volunteer? As he muttered silently to himself, Klein suddenly sighed.

He then half-closed his eyes and used his godhood to allow a portion of his spirit to enter the gray fog and roam amidst history.

Following the various locations that he had previously established, he instantly arrived in front of a spot made of light.

There was a spacious and bright room with two rows of floor-to-ceiling windows in the spot of light. In the room, a man wearing a dark red coat embroidered with golden lines was standing by the window, looking at the place where the sun had set.

He looked to be in his thirties, with long chestnut curly hair, blue eyes, high nose bridge, and thin lips. He had a neat mustache and looked rather good.

Roselle Gustav.

In a street in North Borough, a thin-faced young man with a wide forehead and a monocle was sitting in a coffee shop by the side of the road. He held a fountain pen and thought seriously.

He raised his other hand and pinched his monocle. Finally, he wrote down a sentence:

“The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle…”

Then, the fountain pen stopped moving, as if he had not thought of what to write next.

In a rented two-bedroom apartment at East Borough, Klein took out his golden pocket watch and opened it.

He had already made an appointment with Miss Sharron and Marie to meet in an uninhabited house tonight.

After some thought, he raised his right hand and grabbed at the space in front of him.

A simple, ancient brass key appeared in his palm.

This was the Master Key that had once helped him defeat Wraith Steve and prevent the True Creator from descending. It allowed one to hear Mr. Door’s ravings on the night of the full moon.

Now, by summoning it back from the Historical Void, it could be used for ten minutes.

Heh heh, to a Scholar of Yore, anything that they once possessed, regardless if they were eventually sold, returned, destroyed, or lost for all sorts of reasons, can never really be considered lost. They just exist alongside the Scholar of Yore in a different form of companionship… Looking at the Master Key in his hand, Klein sighed in satisfaction.

With this item, if he could grasp the corresponding ritual, he could directly speak to Mr. Door as well.

After putting away the Master Key, he put on his double-breasted frock coat and silk top hat, picked up his golden cane, and walked out of the room.

Chapter 1140: Plans

Backlund, East Borough, 7 Pinster Street-

After a busy day, Leonard finally had the chance to ask his questions:

“Old man, what is Sefirah Castle?”

The slightly-aged voice in his mind fell silent for a few seconds. He chuckled and said, “The place where you meet every Monday is most likely Sefirah Castle.”

Leonard never expected to hear such an answer. His mind went blank for a moment. He was surprised, shocked, and confused, mixed together with the thoughts of it being impossible for to pop out of nowhere and the poignant feelings of how complicated things were.

After a while, he pressed in a low voice, “What kind of place is Sefirah Castle?”

As though sighing and laughing self-deprecatingly, Pallez Zoroast said, “Actually, I’m not too sure. I’ve only heard some rumors.

“It’s different from the creation myth you know. Rumor has it that the original Creator left behind nine different entities. They were kingdoms, cities, rivers, oceans, and keys. Sefirah Castle was one of them.

“It might not actually be a castle, but something else. As for what its exact form is, you might know it better than me.

“The reason why I’m certain of its existence is because I sensed it when I became an angel, but I was unable to see it and establish a connection with it.

“My great-grandfather mentioned a theory that the nine entities might have something to do with the sefirot of the second Blasphemy slate. Unfortunately, because of various reasons, ‘He’ was unable to decipher the details related to the sefirot.”

Leonard calmed down. Leaning back against the sofa, he asked thoughtfully, “Old Man, do you suspect that Mr. Fool is the embodiment of sefirot?”

Based on what he had seen and heard from the Tarot Club and Old Man’s occasional lecture, he had a certain understanding of matters regarding the deities.

After a long silence, Pallez Zoroast replied, “Perhaps…”

Under the strict curfew at night, there were almost no pedestrians on the streets of Backlund. Occasionally, there would be carriages passing by, carrying people of status.

After arriving at the agreed-upon house, Klein wasn’t in a hurry to enter. He half-closed his eyes, raised his right hand, and grabbed at something in front of him. He pulled out another Sherlock Moriarty wearing a black double-breasted frock coat and a silk half top hat while holding a gold-inlaid cane.

This was the image of him from the Historical Void when he left

his residence earlier.

As Klein was right in front of him, this image appeared stiff, like a prop on-stage.

According to his previous experiments, Klein knew that this was the mysticism principle of “a unique shared consciousness in time.” To put it simply, everyone was essentially unique. If one’s true body remained sentient, the projection wouldn’t remain sentient.

It was the same when summoning projections of the deceased from the Historical Void, a result Klein suspected to be attributed to his insufficient level. In short, his projections could only engage in more mechanical and instinctive battles. Something that was unknown to the Scholars of Yore had prevented them from giving a corresponding answer even if they experienced it for themselves.

This confirmed one of Klein’s guesses. Those fragments a Scholar of Yore could see in the historical fog was something he had learned in real life and had studied. Simply put, the fog needed a Scholar of Yore to light it up, bit by bit.

Of course, Klein also suspected that if the historical fragments of the same matter had been mostly lit up, the rest would very likely be presented naturally.

At least the corresponding ability won’t be lost just because I don’t understand it well enough. As long as there’s a projection in the Historical Void, that state will be a complete snapshot… That’s enough… Klein looked at the projection that could only act on instinct. His body suddenly vanished and entered the grayish-white fog.

Since Hounds of Fulgrim, who weren't full Scholars of Yore, could live in the Historical Void, there was no reason that a true Scholar of Yore couldn't. The only problem was that there was a time limit. In addition, if time dragged on, the marionettes in the real world would definitely die. However, this was only changing the form of companionship it had with a Scholar of Yore.

As Klein's body entered the grayish-white fog, his consciousness suddenly came alive in the projection.

He raised his hand and pressed down on his top hat. Wearing the face of Sherlock Moretti, he came outside of the house. Following their agreement, he took out the Master Key and placed it against the door, turning it gently.

His figure appeared in the room, and under the crimson moonlight, he quickly surveyed his surroundings.

The sofas, cupboards, high-back chairs, coffee tables, and other furniture were evidently old. They seemed to come from the previous century.

In the dark environment, in a gothic regal dress and a matching bonnet, Sharron suddenly appeared on a high-back chair.

"Good evening," this Puppet lady nodded slightly and greeted him.

If she hadn't spoken, she would be a classic and most exquisite doll.

At the same time, Marie, who was wearing a white shirt and

black vest, also phased into existence on the sofa.

...Sir, it's already winter. Aren't you cold wearing just this? Ah right, you're "dead," one who isn't afraid of the cold... After lampooning inwardly, Klein took off his hat and bowed at the blonde, blue-eyed, pale-faced Sharron.

"Good evening, Miss Sharron."

He then turned around and said to Marie, "Good evening."

To this Wraith who was formerly a Zombie, the deepest impression Klein had of him was his card game with the zombies he controlled.

We should play cards when we have the time... He sighed silently.

The reason why he suddenly thought of playing cards was because he had previously analyzed the combat styles of Scholar of Yore, and he realized that if he were to encounter Zaratul, both sides would very likely end up playing a card game.

You throw a Consul Roselle card, I'll throw an Emperor Roselle card. You throw a Bernadette card, I'll throw a Benoit. If you throw The Half-Fool card, I'll match it with Amon...

I didn't expect that the battle between a Seer would one day become "playing cards." It's a realistic, abnormally harrowing "game of cards"... Sigh, but Zaratul is a Sequence 1 angel, and he wouldn't give me a chance to play cards. Besides, my success rate at summoning the important figures in the Historical Void is rather low... Klein retracted his gaze and took the initiative to

say to Sharron, “I’ve recently needed to do something. It’s rather difficult and dangerous. One of the steps is to collect Beyonder blood from the twenty-two different pathways. As for the Wraith pathway, the only person I can ask for help is you and Marie. You should be skilled at hexes, and you should have a way to remove the connection between your blood and yourself.”

In fact, he could’ve attempted to summon Admiral of Blood Senor on the spot and mix his blood into the porcelain jar. However, he didn’t know if it would be effective, nor could he divine it. After all, this involved a level that exceeded Sequence 1, and he lacked information. The only thing he could confirm was that drawing that symbol didn’t bring him and the suppliers any danger.

Due to the fact that a Scholar of Yore had many means at their disposal, he had even tried to summon the former Witch Trissy. He easily subdued her and smeared her blood onto Groselle’s Travels.

However, it was useless.

After some thought, Klein believed that a logical contradiction on the timeline had happened, preventing him from success. That blood was formerly provided by Trissy of the past. The person Groselle’s Travels pulled in would undoubtedly be the former Trissy, so it was equivalent to changing history.

Since history couldn’t be changed, the experiment failed.

After listening to Sherlock Moriarty’s request quietly, Sharron said without any change in expression, “Okay.

“How much do you want?”

Miss Sharron's reaction is exactly as I imagined... Klein took out a glass tube.

"One tube would suffice."

Dressed in a gothic regal dress, Sharron raised her right hand slightly. The glass tube seemed to possess a life of its own as it left Klein's palm and flew over.

Right on the heels of that, the doll-like lady's right hand landed on her left wrist. Her nails suddenly grew long and became unusually sharp.

With just a light stroke, a wound opened up at her wrist. Blood seeped out, but it didn't drip down. Instead, it floated up and entered the glass tube.

By the time the tube was filled, Sharron's wound had healed instantly, leaving no scar behind. The stopper jumped into the tube and spun a few times to automatically seal the tube.

During this process, the pale-faced Sharron wore an impassive expression, as if she had suppressed all the feelings in her heart.

Looking at the tube of blood in her hand, Sharron reached out with her left hand and touched it, slowly sliding from top to bottom.

This was done to remove her connection to the blood.

After doing all of this, the blood tube leaped up and flew back into Klein's hands.

“Is there anything else I can help you with?” Sharron sat on a high-back chair and said calmly.

“Not for now. Thank you.” Klein shook his head and snapped his fingers, igniting a scarlet flame in his palm.

The flame quickly rose and enveloped the glass tube.

By the time the redness dissipated, the blood was gone.

This was a new change in “Flaming Jump.” It could transfer the items on him to his marionette or body.

Apart from this, all sorts of Beyonder powers from before had been enhanced and modified.

Having used his new powers skillfully, he looked at Sharron and asked casually, “How’s the digestion of your Puppet potion?”

When he first met Miss Sharron, he felt that she was like a doll. He believed that, regardless of her nature, or it being a result of the temperance principle, it would’ve been a form of “prior acting.” It would be of great help to the digestion of the Puppet potion.

“Not bad,” Sharron replied calmly. “I should be able to digest everything in another one to two years.”

One to two years… Indeed, no matter how fast it is, it’s counted in years. But for me, it’s been less than half a year…

This isn't something to be proud of. It was all arranged... Of course, if you count the time I was hung above the door of light, it's counted in millennia... Miracle Invoker... If I can escape this fate, I might be able to create a miracle... Klein sighed inwardly and gently nodded.

"What are your plans for the time being?"

Sharron said, "I hope to restore Teacher's body."

Marie, who was sitting on the sofa, added, "But didn't you say that the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul, is in Backlund and is closely related to the Rose School of Thought?"

"Yes," Klein said with a smile. "Wait patiently. There will be a chance."

This was actually a form of consolation. Even though he had become a Scholar of Yore and had found many helpers, he had no intention of dealing with Zaratul at the moment. A Sequence 1 in full would definitely be unimaginably terrifying!

Furthermore, the more he exposed himself to the path of Seer, the more Klein could understand how terrifying and difficult it was to kill Zaratul.

After stopping George Ill's apotheosis, Klein planned on leaving Backlund and giving himself more time to grow.

Chapter 1141: Deep Winter

Sonia Sea, Pasu Island, Chasm of Storm Cathedral.

This was the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms, the holiest of holy temples, a place blessed by a god.

The murals that were painted in blue, silver, green, and golden colors seemed rough, but they had a sacred and majestic vibe to them. Coupled with the dome that stood at a height with an excess of a hundred meters, it made all who stood there feel how puny they were. It made one unable to resist bowing their head.

Alger Wilson had already undergone the ritual and had “truly” become a Sequence 5 Ocean Songster. At this moment, he had come here with the same batch of recently advanced Beyonders, awaiting the preaching of Pontiff Gaard II.

Indeed, it’s really easy to lose control when consuming excess potions. I’ve already digested all the past potions, but I nearly succumbed this time… After I leave Pasu Island, I’ll borrow the Unshadowed Crucifix from The Sun and purge the excess characteristic. This can both be exchanged for money, and it can also be used to secretly nurture some Beyonders who are loyal to me… Alger used the reflection of the blue stone tiles on the ground to see that his hair had darkened and thickened.

At this moment, the sound of a booming musical instrument exploded in the hearts of every Beyonder, spreading extreme fear.

Pontiff Gaard II walked out with a scepter in hand, went up a dais, and faced the crowd. He said in a deep, rumbling voice,

“Congratulations, everyone. You are one step closer to the Lord.”

He was wearing a papal tiara with sapphires, emeralds, and other gems. He wore a dark blue robe that was nearly black. On top of it was silver and gold silk embroidered with symbols of lightning, storms, and oceans. His aura was deep and majestic, as though a tempest was about to strike.

This Grounded Angel, the spokesperson of the Lord of Storms, was a middle-aged man who looked to be in his forties. However, everyone knew that Gaard II had been helming the Council of Cardinals for nearly a century.

As a Blessed of the Gods, this level of longevity wasn’t strange in the eyes of the believers. It was normal to not have anything to fear.

Upon hearing the pontiffs praise, Alger didn’t have any thoughts. He clenched his right fist and struck his left breast, shouting, “Holy Lord of Storms!”

In the next fifteen minutes, they quietly listened to Gaard II’s preachings.

After completing this process, Alger received his mission from a high-ranking deacon. He was to head to Sonia Island and lay an ambush in the surrounding waters, in search for opportunities to attack the port, or supply ships and Feysac merchant ships.

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family’s luxurious mansion.

Just as Audrey put on her blue cloak in preparation to bring her

golden retriever, Susie; her maidservant, Annie; and the others to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation at Phelps Street, she saw her father, Earl Hall, enter through the main door.

“Father, good morning. Did you… not come home last night?” Audrey looked him up and down in puzzlement.

You could tell?” Earl Hall stroked his lovely mustache and asked with a smile.

Realizing that her father was in a good mood, Audrey turned her green eyes and said with a faint smile, “Your coat reeks of cigarettes. It implies that you haven’t taken it off for some time. Not to mention that’s an outdoor set of clothing.”

Apart from this, there were many other details that could lead to the same conclusion, but Audrey deliberately didn’t mention it.

As Earl Hall took off his coat and handed it to his valet, he chuckled and said, “Not bad at all. You’re very observant. It looks like your work at the bursary foundation has greatly benefited you.

“I was at the Prime Minister’s the entire night, waiting for news.”

Having said that, Earl Hall sighed and said, “Winter County and Midseashire’s front line has once again repelled the Feysacian attack. With the onset of the harsh winter, we can finally catch our breaths.”

Audrey blinked, perfectly expressing her surprise.

Earl Hall immediately smiled.

“I understand your puzzlement. The newspaper only mentions what we want the people to know.

“The defense lines at the Amantha mountain range and the various cities along Midseashire’s coast aren’t as robust as you think. In the first round of the attacks, our fleet and soldiers suffered a tremendous loss. In order to not cause any panic, we announced that there were wins on both sides. We also made all the large shipyards and factories work like mad to contribute to the war machine.

“In this period of time, the two lines were almost breached several times. Many critical areas were lost and recovered. These repeated “see-saws” was apparently a human meat grinder.

“Luckily, we’ve finally lasted to this point. This winter will be the turning point of the war.”

Actually, I know… The number of people who died, went missing, and the casualty numbers might be concealed, but it still presents quite a few problems… Besides, winter might not necessarily be a good thing. Feysac’s Weather Warlocks are very good at using such situations… Audrey’s heart sank as she hurriedly controlled her emotions and smiled.

“That’s great. I hope we can quickly have peace restored.”

Earl Hall was taken aback as he said, “His Majesty plans to give a speech to everyone in the kingdom on Saturday and tell them that we will prevail.

“When the time comes, the cities and villages will be gathered at their respective squares. The latest technology will be used to allow everyone to hear his speech.”

The latest technology… Gather the entire kingdom in various squares to listen to the king’s speech… Audrey suddenly thought of Mr. World’s reminder and decided to inform him of this matter.

Organize a large number of people to listen to a speech… This must be the corresponding ritual, right? George III is about to hold the Black Emperor ritual? After receiving the latest news from Miss Justice, Klein returned to the real world with a solemn expression.

He paced back and forth in the rental apartment and didn’t delay any further. He took out a pen and paper and quickly wrote:

“I’ve already gathered the Beyonder blood of twenty pathways. I’m just short of Assassin and Criminal.

“George III will be holding a speech for most of the kingdom’s citizens this Saturday. You should know what this might mean.

“In addition, I need the ritual to communicate with Mr. Door.”

After folding the letter and getting Reinette Tinekerr to send it out, Klein slowly exhaled as he couldn’t help but think of all sorts of thoughts.

The Demoness’s blood shouldn’t be a problem. Trissy seems very determined to foil George Ill’s scheme…

I can reveal something to Queen Mystic, that I'm able to enter the secret mausoleum... Although her main goal is to revive the emperor and she is unwilling to make an enemy out of George III, the emperor might not be able to return if George III succeeds...

I'm waiting for the Chief of the City of Silver to return to provide the Devil's blood... The hunting team that he led has set off for more than ten days. They should be returning soon... In theory, there's still time. There's no problem... If not, I'll use the two contingencies. First, I'll use the Blatherer's aura to replace the blood. Second, I'll summon the Devils that I've encountered in the past from the Historical Void and extract their blood...

In a room in the Backlund Bridge area that didn't look anything special.

The lustrous black-haired Trissy reached out and retrieved a letter from the mirror.

She opened it and her brows gradually frowned. It was especially endearing.

Is it finally happening...? Trissy's expression changed a few times. She seemed hesitant, resistant, afraid, and confused.

Finally, she smiled and muttered in a twisted voice, "I've killed so many people and caused so many tragedies. Even if I were to die this time, it wouldn't be a total loss..."

After a few seconds of silence, Trissy took out a glass test tube from her black dress's pocket.

It wasn't her blood, but another Demoness's. Her original name was Sherman, who had later called herself Shermane.

As a qualified, senior Demoness, Trissy had found an opportunity to take some of Shermane's blood while nurturing her. A necessary component for curses; it might not have been of use most of the time, but it could effectively prevent any accidents.

After Shermane's death, Trissy didn't abandon the tube of blood. This was because there were many occasions when Demonesses needed such materials, just like now.

City of Silver, in a particular residence.

As soon as the lightning frequency increased, Derrick got out of bed, lit the stove, and quickly grilled some mushroom bread.

This bread was even more exquisite and delicious than the original Black-Faced Grass. He loved it very much, and he looked forward to his three daily meals.

The only problem was that the yield of mushrooms that could make bread wasn't too high.

Due to the limited number of monster corpses, every resident was only limited to one claim a week, enough for four to five meals.

After thousands of years of hard work, the area around the City of Silver was relatively safe, with relatively few monsters.

Derrick heard that someone had deliberately placed himself in

the darkness to hunt monsters for the nurturing of mushrooms, hoping to be bait.

Then, he was eaten.

Those mushrooms have made everyone feel optimistic." That s not good." Derrick thought of the wistfulness before the Chief left and shook his head. He picked up a jar he obtained from another city ruin and poured out some white milk.

Frankly speaking, he didn't like milk, but it was described by Miss Justice as something that could help humans grow taller and stronger. This was enough to move him.

As a resident of the City of Silver, Derrick knew that, as he hadn't chosen the Giant pathway, the chances of him growing taller and bulkier in the future were low. However, he secretly hoped to reduce the gap between him and his friends. Milk gave him that opportunity.

Gulp. Gulp. With a serious expression, Derrick drank today's milk rations.

Just as he was about to get some mushroom bread, he suddenly sensed something and looked out the window.

A person grew out of the shadows outside the door and said from afar, "Derrick, the Chief wants me to give you this bottle of blood."

The Chief is back? Derrick suddenly stood up and said, "Alright, thank you."

The moment he finished speaking, he saw the shadow in the gap come alive, pushing out a small metal bottle.

Derrick knew very well that it contained the Devil blood that Mr. World wanted.

Chapter 1142: Warning

After removing the Paper Angel wrapping the ceramic jar, Klein poured the bottle of Devil's blood into it, and he stirred it with a glass stick he conjured for some time.

Phew, I've finally gathered everything. He looked for a few seconds and sighed.

This way, he still had enough time to prepare before George III's ceremony.

As for whether the Assassin and Devil blood had enough time to be rid of the connection with its original host, he wasn't concerned, as he had confirmed that the original owners of the two sets of blood were dead.

He divined the origins of the Assassin blood to figure out if it belonged to Demoness Trissy. If it did, he considered leaving some and smearing it on the surface of Groselle's Travels after everything was over.

He was left in disappointment, but he wasn't surprised. He had long realized that Trissy was as cautious as he was.

The Demoness pathway also has the Instigator Sequence. It requires a high level of intelligence... Yes, the Instigator and Conspirer potions should have the effect of increasing one's intelligence. Otherwise, Danitz's future would be bleak... As he thought, he threw the ceramic jar into the junk pile.

He then returned to the real world and began to browse through

the detailed ritual Trissy had provided.

This was a ritual that could help him speak to Mr. Door during the full moon.

“A total of nine gems… Isn’t this too extravagant?” he casually muttered as he read it.

As a tycoon who had donated quite a bit of money, he still had nearly 30,000 pounds in liquid assets (14,000 pounds in cash, 15,000 pounds worth of gold bars, 35 pounds of gold coins, and some change). It wasn’t that he couldn’t afford gems, but it was too wasteful.

After thinking for more than ten seconds, he decided to try using the images in the Historical Void as stand-ins. After all, he had no intention of pleasing Mr. Door. Once the ritual ended and the gems disappeared, Mr. Door wouldn’t be able to do anything to him.

If it doesn’t work, I’ll consider purchasing it at the jewelry store… Klein stood up and set up a ritual in the room outside the rental flat.

After finishing his other preparations, he stretched out his right hand and slowly and heavily grabbed at the thin air in front of him.

He pulled out an ancient brass key from the air.

This was the key tool to summon Mr. Door, the Master Key.

Right after that, Klein grabbed at the air in front of him solemnly again and pulled out an object from thin air.

The item emitted a tranquil glow that was in the shape of the full moon. Embedded around it were a row of scarlet gems. In the middle was a symbol representing the moon and many mysterious patterns.

Scarlet Lunar Corona!

It was the Scarlet Lunar Corona that currently belonged to Sharron!

It could create the effects of a full moon, allowing the person holding the Master Key to hear Mr. Door's ravings.

If he only wanted to hear what Mr. Door was shouting, this would've been sufficient. There was no need to hold any more rituals, but his goal was to speak to the King of Angels. Therefore, he had to follow the procedure.

After placing the Master Key and the Scarlet Lunar Corona on the altar, he recalled for a moment and reached out his right hand again, pulling out a handful from thin air.

This time, he took out a gorgeous necklace made studded with diamonds and jadeite.

Hmm... My experiences as Dwayne Dantès are rather useful after all. Otherwise, how could I have come into contact with so many female members of high society and dance with them, allowing me to see accessories of different styles and materials? And without such close proximity for observation, how could I easily

summon the corresponding Historical Void images? This can last fifteen minutes. That's enough... Having met his simple goal, Klein sighed in satisfaction.

Then, he continued to extend his right hand, preparing to gather the nine gems he needed from the ladies and madams he knew in the past.

In a second, his hand stopped in mid-air and his expression turned odd.

I forgot that I can only maintain three Historical Void images... What should I do? Swap this necklace and find an accessory that has at least nine gems? Hmm, let me think about whether I've seen anything like that before. Yes, I can use dream divination to recall... This... Is dream divination meant for times like this? Seer and Scholar of Yore are quite compatible after all. Well, this is also an extreme form of magic... Amidst his thoughts, Klein was just about to find a chair and do the divination when he suddenly frowned.

He realized that something was amiss.

Under normal circumstances, it was impossible for him to forget that he could only summon three Historical Void images at the same time.

This is a subtle warning from my spirituality? Looking at the Master Key and the Scarlet Lunar Corona on the altar, he waved his right hand gently, causing them to vanish.

Then, he took four steps counterclockwise and recited the honorific name. He went above the gray fog and sat at the seat belonging to The Fool.

He conjured a pen and paper and carefully wrote:

"Speaking to Mr. Door now is dangerous."

This divination was clearly directed at Mr. Door, so Klein was bound to suffer a certain backlash effect. However, he had already obtained basic ownership over Sefirah Castle, allowing him to use the power of an angel, so he believed that he could withstand Mr. Door. After all, "He" was exiled and sealed.

He removed the spirit pendulum on his left wrist and held it with his left hand, allowing it to hang over the surface of the paper.

He closed his eyes and recited the divination statement seven times in a high-strung manner.

Without a sound, a shadow suddenly flashed across his mind. It seemed to completely screen his spiritual perception.

He hurriedly opened his eyes and saw that the topaz pendant had shattered into powder.

After my initial grasp of Sefirah Castle, some divinations are more concealed. It won't cause any accidents?

Yes, is it because my safety is involved in the matter that this has happened, or is it because the gap between me and Mr. Door has been narrowed to a certain extent? Of course, this is referring to the Mr. Door who is in a sealed state... Or perhaps, the effects of the two combined?

The present result shows that speaking to Mr. Door holds untenable danger... Why though? Klein frowned, unable to come up with any effective speculations or reasonable explanations.

After a while, he leaned back against the high-back chair and shook his head with a sigh. He gave up on his original plan.

I can only make more preparations in other areas... With his left hand pressed down, the topaz pendant instantly recovered. After all, it was only a projection above the gray fog.

Because of the changes in the divination earlier, Klein made some connections. Perhaps prying into the secrets of the twisted and translucent maggots on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range might not be as dangerous as before.

That's highly likely to be a Sequence 1 angel of the Antigonus family. It might even be The Half-Fool that Leonard mentioned to me... If my prying can hold on for a while longer, I can directly discern the formulas of the Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker or Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. Hmm, there's only one chance. I don't know what sort of developments would happen when dealing with a crazy monster... I'll wait till I'm completely accustomed to the Scholar of Yore potion before making the attempt... Klein rubbed his temples before disappearing from above the gray fog.

After returning to the real world, he wasn't in a hurry to clean up the altar. Instead, he sat down and seriously considered what other abnormal preparations he could make.

The so-called normal ones were: meeting Queen Mystic once to discuss the details of the cooperation; give Will Auceptin, Reinette Tinekerr, Pallez Zoroast more gifts; pray to the Evernight Goddess and increase the chances of summoning the ascetic, Arianna's Historical Void image; familiarizing himself with the core powers of Scholar of Yore...

As for the abnormal ones, it was purely based on Klein's own imagination.

After some thought, Klein's expression turned solemn. He frowned slightly and reached out his right hand to grab the air.

This time, he didn't drag anything out.

Klein did it another ten times, but all of them met with failure. He had no choice but to accept a fact:

It was impossible to succeed purely by relying on himself!

He then took out his wallet and took out a paper crane. On the surface, he wrote with a pencil:

"Give me some luck. I'll bring you some ice-cream from the Srenzo Restaurant."

After folding the paper crane, he entered the room and lay down on the bed. He restored his spirituality by sleeping.

In his hazy dream, he saw thin, silver snakes forming a response:

"Five!"

"No problem." Klein smiled and made a promise.

At the next moment, he woke up.

He sat up and reached out his right hand again, grabbing a total of ten times.

He still met with complete failure!

I can't do it even if I'm lucky enough... It's too difficult... Klein subconsciously wanted to use his finger to rap the edge of the bed, but he instantly restrained himself. It was a habit of his above the gray fog, so it wasn't suitable for him to bring it to the real world.

After pacing back and forth for a long time, he seriously considered all kinds of connections. Finally, he left the bedroom and went to the altar outside which had yet been tidied up. He brought an item back to the real world.

It was an ancient book made of goatskin with a dark brown cover.

Groselle's Travels.

Picking up the book, he took a deep breath, half-closed his eyes as if sensing something.

Slowly, he reached out his right hand and grabbed very lightly.

Failure.

Another grab.

It was still a failure.

After five consecutive failures, Klein's actions became even slower, as though he was taking out a piece of charcoal from a glowing-red stove.

Suddenly, the muscles on his arm tightened and he carefully pulled back.

His right hand slowly retracted, slowly dragging out a rather dull, ancient-looking quill.

This came from Revival Square of the Southern Continent's West Balam's Northern State, right beside Ince Zangwill's corpse.

This was 0-08 before Amon's brother picked it up.

Chapter 1143: Reasonable Development

I can only maintain it for about a minute or so... That's way too short, isn't it? A thought flashed through Klein's mind. Without thinking about anything else, he took two steps to the desk.

He put down Groselle's Travels and quickly wrote on a piece of paper with 0-08:

"George III plans to use this speech to bait out all his enemies who want to sabotage his ritual. However, if everything goes smoothly and nothing happens, he'll take the opportunity to consume the potion and reveal his trump card to aim for divinity. After all, there are too many unknowns in the future, making it unsafe. Furthermore, he has made appropriate preparations for the ritual, they're already prepared to an adequate level.

"This is a very reasonable development."

After Klein wrote the last sentence, and before he could check if there was anything wrong with the written content, the dim quill in his hand disappeared without a trace, as though it had never existed.

And those few words seemed to drain all of his energy, making him feel dizzy. He took a few steps back and collapsed into his chair.

It doesn't make sense... It wasn't exhausting for Ince Zangwill back then... Uh, it should be because I forcefully summoned it, and I didn't dare let 0-08 weave a story on its own. When I wrote on the piece of paper, I had to rely on my own spirituality to

support it. As for Ince Zangwill, he could get 0-08's cooperation, so it wasn't that draining... Klein closed his eyes and used Cogitation for a while before feeling better.

Under normal circumstances, having had no physical contact with 0-08 and merely meeting it once had made it impossible for him to summon this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. However, on the one hand, he had the Snake of Fate to personally augment his luck, and on the other hand, he had Groselle's Travels. This was the item left behind by the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt. Inside it was the City of Miracles, Liveseyd. It had a connection to a certain degree to an existence like 0-08. If it wasn't for some high-level existence's disruption, these two items would've long been reunited.

Klein didn't know if this fate and particular connection could increase the chances of a successful summoning. He only wanted to give it a try since he didn't stand to lose anything. To his surprise, he really succeeded.

And it was precisely because of this that he didn't dare to use Groselle's Travels to bear the contents of 0-08's projection. He didn't even dare to let them come close, afraid that something irreversible would happen.

This was Backlund, which had an extremely dense population!

Yes, logically speaking, there shouldn't be any accidents. After all, 0-08 is a Historical Void projection. It's fake. Groselle's Travels was conjured by the Dragon of Imagination, and it's also fake. A fake combination can't be real in any way. They lack the foundation of a Beyonder characteristic... I can go back to the uninhabited reef island to test it... Klein rubbed his temples and returned to the desk. There, he began reading what he had just written.

He didn't directly write that George III would be unsuccessful in his advancement and die on the spot. He believed that if he interfered with a Sequence 1 angel, the projection of 0-08 wouldn't be able to be so direct. He had to be more tactful.

Furthermore, there was also the Psychology Alchemists and Amon's brother. Overly obvious effects would definitely be detected and easily made use of. All he could do was beat about the bush to mitigate the unknown.

I hope it works... After staring at it for a while, he folded the piece of paper and stuffed it into his pocket.

Then, he sacrificed Groselle's Travels back above the gray fog.

After doing all of this, Klein began to consider another problem. It was when he would head out to buy some ice-cream for Will Auceptin.

Backlund has Zaratul, and it's very possible that Amon is there. If I head out too frequently, we might run into each other. It's a little dangerous... Why don't I summon some ice-cream for Will from the Historical Void? It's very real when eating it, and it'll disappear in fifteen minutes. There's no need to worry about gaining weight at all. It's just splendid... Klein couldn't help but mumble inwardly.

In the end, he decided to change his clothes and leave the house because he had to keep his promise!

...

Saturday morning, the sky was gray and misty. It made one feel

inexplicably stifled.

This was a common scene in Backlund's deep winter. Although the smog wasn't as thick and pungent like last year, the geographical environment and climate characteristics had determined that such situations would definitely exist for a long period of time. Furthermore, victory over environmental pollution was never something that could be declared in a year or two.

After putting on a black coat that covered her knees, and a black veil hat, Melissa quickly walked to the door.

Benson held his hat and shook his head.

"A young girl who isn't even twenty years old should be dressed like a teenager. You look overly mature and old-fashioned in that, understand? Old-fashioned."

Melissa glanced at her brother and simply replied, "The price of a pound of bread has risen by a quarter-pence."

"This price..." Benson tsked.

He then took out a silver pocket watch covered in vine-leaf patterns and snapped it open.

"Let's go. There's still a long way to go to the municipal square."

Melissa tersely responded and went out into the streets with her brother.

“Good morning, Mrs. Daniel.” After taking a few steps forward, Benson saw a neighbor leaving. He greeted her with a smile.

He was good at chatting and had long established a good relationship with his neighbors.

The lady named Mrs. Daniel wore a pure black dress. She was in her forties and had a thin face. Her face was covered in a thin black veil that hung down from her hat. When she heard the greeting, she nodded and replied simply, “Good morning, the two of you.”

She didn’t make any small talk, and she coldly walked away.

As he watched her back, Benson deliberately slowed down his pace. When they finally opened up a distance, he turned to ask his sister, “What happened to Mrs. Daniel?

“I’ve been too busy recently, so I haven’t visited the neighbors in a long time.”

Melissa pursed her lips and said, “Mrs. Daniel’s eldest son was confirmed to have died on the front line at the Amantha mountain range. News from yesterday.”

“That tall, bashful, but thoughtful, kind, and sincere young lad? When he came back the last time, he said that he was promoted in the army and became an officer…” Benson asked in surprise.

Melissa nodded.

“I couldn’t imagine that Larry would die just like that…”

Just like how she couldn't imagine the tragic deaths of her classmates at school.

In just a few seconds, some people could no longer speak, communicate, or study.

Benson was silent for a moment before sighing.

"I've been busy lately. Actually, I've been dealing with bereavement payments, but perhaps the list I received didn't include Larry, so I'm not sure.

"There's a lot of information on that list. Some are cheerful, others are humorous, others are the only child within a family. Some are determined, while others are the leaders of the soldiers around them. Some just got married and don't have children. Some are preparing presents for their youngest daughter, while others had love letters with them. They planned on sending it at the post office after the battle... But, they're all dead."

Melissa and Benson fell silent at the same time, and neither of them spoke for a long time.

When they were almost at the intersection, Melissa looked at the road ahead and said in a low voice, "What do you think His Majesty will be talking about in his speech today?"

"Perhaps it's a form of musters, or perhaps it's to convey the faith that we will prevail," Benson said in passing.

Melissa turned to look at her brother.

“This isn’t like you, Benson. Shouldn’t you be making some snarky remarks?”

“It should wait till the speech is heard and the specific content is understood. The most basic principle of being a person is to not make comment on things that one doesn’t know enough of. Otherwise, they would be worse than a curly-haired baboon,” Benson said with a smile.

At this moment, he saw another neighbor.

The other party’s hair was white, and his face was half-covered with a scarf. He was wearing a thick jacket and was holding a cloth bag in his hand as he hurried past the siblings.

“Mr. Thomas’s dressing is so strange… Does he still need to do something else?” Benson looked at the back of the man and asked in puzzlement.

Melissa replied in a low voice, “Mrs. Thomas is sick, and that spent quite a bit of their family’s savings. Recently, with food prices sharply increasing while Mr. Thomas’s income remains the same, he has to queue up at the soup kitchen every few days to get some bread. He’s a decent gentleman, so he probably doesn’t want others to recognize him.

“Also, the food at the soup kitchen is always limited. If one’s late, there might not be any left. They’ll have to go to the cathedral, the workhouse, and other places. The handouts just happen to start after His Majesty’s speech, so Mr. Thomas probably wants to go there directly.”

Benson nodded slowly and asked in concern, “What’s wrong with Mrs. Thomas? I know a few good doctors.”

“A disease caused by anxiety,” Melissa explained what she had heard. “Mrs. Thomas is very worried about her youngest child who’s serving in the army.”

“You mean Thomas Jr.?” Benson frowned slightly.

After receiving his sister’s confirmation, he fell silent, as if recalling something.

After a while, when they approached the nearest municipal square, Benson looked ahead and whispered, “Thomas Jr. is already dead…”

“…” Melissa didn’t respond, but her expression was a little dazed.

They walked forward silently, as if they were relying on inertia.

More and more people appeared in front of them. These people were either dressed in formal attire or holding canes, dressed up as gentlemen. Otherwise, they were dressed in blue, green, yellow, and red-colored skirts; sweaters and leather jackets matched with pants; or dark-colored petticoats. Their colors were dull.

They came out of their houses and from the streets they were on, like water droplets splashing upward. They merged together at the intersection, forming a tiny stream.

The stream surged ahead, combining with other tributaries, and flowed into the square’s entrance, interweaving into a majestic torrent.

The torrents slowly surged forward, flooding the square.

Amidst this torrent of humans, Melissa felt like she was as puny as a water droplet.

Chapter 1144: Narrowly

Due to the fact that they had arrived early, the seats that Melissa and Benson could choose from weren't too bad. They could directly see something strange on the grayish-white stone pillars in the middle of the square. Its two heads dramatically differed in size and were painted with dark blue paint. It was connected to some cables.

At the foot of the object was a troop of soldiers in red shirts and white pants. They were carrying grayish-white metal backpacks, as well as complicated structures and small-caliber rifles. They were watching their surroundings in high alert.

As more and more citizens gathered, the square began bustling with activity.

At nine o'clock sharp, the strange object on the stone pillar suddenly produced sizzling sounds. Finally, it changed into a deep and thick voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm your emperor, ruler of Loen, East Balam, and Rorsted Archipelago, George Augustus III."

...That thing can talk? It's using the principles behind the telegram? Melissa's eyes widened as her attention shifted from the speech to the strange thing.

...

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm your emperor, ruler of Loen, East Balam, and Rorsted Archipelago, George Augustus III."

At Memorial Square in West Borough, Audrey accompanied her father, mother, and elder brother near the platform. She looked at the king in his formal attire as she attentively listened to his speech.

As she knew in advance what George III would be focusing on today, and the mood that would be created, Audrey didn't wear anything that she was fond of. Be it the colors or style, they were nothing a girl would wear. It was the same as the Earl's wife, Caitlyn. The dress was simple and conservative. It was black in color without any traces of accessories.

"...I'm very happy but also feel heavy-hearted to tell everyone that we've finally stopped the first stage of the Feysacian attacks. We've foiled their plans of annihilating Loen within three months...

"...But many outstanding young people have already died at the front lines and died in this war. They had a better future ahead of them. They should've accompanied their parents in growing up, aging together with their spouses, and allowing their children to grow up in a loving environment and have a good childhood...

"...The Feysacians have destroyed everything..."

Knowing why this war had started, Audrey wasn't incited by the King's speech. She only felt that he definitely had talent in inciting drama.

She heard slight sobbing sounds coming from the crowd around her. She could feel the sadness rising bit by bit as they intertwined and brewed.

Her eyes reddened uncontrollably.

The king's speech was very fake, but the sorrow of the people was real. In particular, Audrey had seen many family members who had been killed, having helped those who had lost their children, husbands, and father overnight.

This is a great resonance of emotions, the best place to consume the Manipulator potion... Audrey suddenly came to a realization, but she was unable to make use of it because, not only had she not digested the Dreamwalker potion, but she had yet to provide enough contributions to Mr. World.

She slowly took a deep breath and controlled her emotions. She shifted her gaze away from King George III and let her thoughts wander.

Mr. World is very concerned about today's speech. I wonder how he's going to exploit this...

I hope it won't lead to a serious accident...

That thing called a "radio broadcast" is based on the principles of wireless radio transmission? Mr. World mentioned that certain factions at sea have already put such technology to use... Compared to the sea which is constantly affected by storms, something like this is clearly more suitable for use on land...

As the thoughts flashed through her mind, the stern and old-fashioned George III finished the first part of his speech and solemnly said, "Let us mourn for our heroes here. Ladies and gentlemen, recite this together with me in your hearts:

"In the name of Emperor George III, I wish for the dead heroes to be at peace. I hope they will become eternal in the kingdom of the deity they believe in."

This sentence carried an indescribable sense of dignity, making everyone, including Audrey, involuntarily lower their heads, clasp their hands, and silently recite, In the name of Emperor George III...

...

In the name of Emperor George III... On the other side of Memorial Square, Klein, who was wearing a black coat and an ordinary face, stood and prayed with the crowd around him at the same time. He appeared completely normal.

After three minutes of silence, he used an avian marionette standing on the roof of a nearby building to carefully observe George III's every move in an attempt to find a sign that the king was about to quietly leave and enter the mausoleum to consume the potion.

According to Klein's understanding, the "in the name of Emperor George III" segment was core to the entire Black Emperor ritual. If one were to consume the potion, it would definitely happen at this moment, or within two to three minutes after the collective mourning. The effects would likely be lacking if there was any delay.

Eh, George III is also silently mourning. He isn't doing anything else... Klein held back his impatience and puzzlement as he patiently waited.

Tears streamed down many people's faces as the mourning gradually came to an end. Everyone opened their eyes one after another. At this moment, George III didn't do anything. He spoke again and continued his speech.

"We've already endured through the most difficult part. We'll

definitely defeat this evil and brutality. This is the power of justice. This is the power of every soldier at the front lines. This is the power of every factory worker…"

This… The arrangement by 0-08 wasn't successful. George III has no intention of becoming a god today. He's just trying to "bait" any enemies who want to destroy his ritual. In any case, he can still give many more speeches like this in the future? Klein frowned slightly as thoughts flashed through his mind.

Suddenly, his expression turned solemn as he thought of a possibility.

In the blink of an eye, Klein switched places with Enuni, who was hiding in the sewers. The latter was dressed the same as him, and his external appearance looked identical to him.

Following that, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog. With the help of the crimson star representing Miss Justice, he used his "true vision" to observe the situation in the square.

He was already a Sequence 3 Beyonder, so there was no need for him to use the Sea God Scepter to widen his field of view. Of course, compared to a Scholar of Yore, a Sea King's "true vision" was obviously much larger. However, there was no need for that.

The moment his gaze landed on the stage where King George III was giving his speech, his gaze froze. There was no one there, or rather, there was only a fake "phantom"!

It was an "imagined" George III giving the speech!

Before the speech, Klein had been wary of this problem. He had specially observed and confirmed that it was the real George III. Who knew that, within a few minutes, the real George III would become an imaginary George III.

In the midst of his silence, he had used the Black Emperor pathway's powers to distort and silently swap himself with a substitute? George III should've already entered a secret mausoleum and is consuming a potion in an attempt to advance! With a thought, he quickly checked the surrounding area and discovered that there was something abnormal beneath the platform. Boundless black energy was secretly emanating from there.

He then picked up the Black Emperor card on the surface of the long bronze table and tried sensing it. Using the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, he confirmed that the power belonged to the Black Emperor pathway and came from "Distortion" powers.

Impressive. While using a speech to "bait" the enemy, he disguised himself as a fake person and secretly left to consume the potion... There's not much time left... Klein's heart tightened as he immediately returned to the real world. In the sewers, he recited in Jotun, "The sacred spirit that pursues knowledge;

"The mysterious world's lighthouse;

"Eyes that pry into fate;

"The royalty above the sea;

"The pure and holy Bernadette Gustav..."

This was the honorific name of Queen Mystic, but it was somewhat different from a normal Sequence 3's. Its range was very large and was effective all across Backlund. With regards to this, Klein suspected that the eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle had used a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to achieve this effect.

Bernadette rarely told her honorific name to anyone, afraid that some enemies would use the prayer and automatic response property to lock onto her position before she reached Sequence 2. This was very similar to what Klein had thought of.

Klein had come to an agreement with her that, as long as he recited her honorific name, she would choose any secret mausoleum and open the door with the symbol drawn by the blood in an attempt to destroy it.

Both of them didn't have any hopes of success, because the guards in the mausoleum would definitely chant the honorific names of the angels every once in a while, causing a situation that allows "Them" to see the corresponding areas through the prayer point of light. Once "They" discovered something amiss, "They" would immediately rush over to help.

Bernadette's main purpose was to attract attention!

Of course, if those angels were to arrive at a slower pace, Queen Mystic could also go from providing support to being the main offensive force.

After doing this, Klein immediately stretched out his right hand to grab the air.

As his arm pulled back, a figure appeared in front of him.

It was a woman with average facial features and dark eyes. She wore a simple robe and a tree bark belt. Her raven-black hair hung down as she stood bare feet without any shoes or socks.

The Evernight cloister's matron, the ascetic leader, the Servant of Concealment, the Grounded Angel, Arianna.

I succeeded in one try... Klein was shocked, but he didn't think too much about it. He quickly said, "Keep my existence concealed and protect the people of Backlund."

He was worried that after George III lost control due to the destruction of his ritual, he would rush out of the mausoleum and harm the people of this city.

"Alright," Arianna replied with a calm expression. She wasn't rigid or stiff at all.

...It can't be "Her" in person, right... Actually, my summoning wasn't successful, but the Goddess had already gotten Ma'am Arianna to secretly return to Backlund. The moment "She" sensed that "She" had been summoned, "She" came over... An angel of the concealment domain also has a certain degree of control over "Their" Historical Void image? As a thought flashed through his mind, he realized that he had entered a special state, no longer being sensed by the outside world.

Chapter 1145: Three Arrows At The Same Time

Klein didn't have the time to think about such trivial matters. After having his existence "concealed," he immediately got Enuni to switch places with a new marionette who was formerly a pirate.

Immediately following that, he activated Creeping Hunger and brought Enuni and Qonas to the secret mausoleum in Awwa County.

As he could only maintain three images from the Historical Void at the same time, it was impossible for him to abandon his marionette and directly come over by using a summoned projection. It would occupy a crucial spot. As for the remaining marionettes in Memorial Square, they wouldn't die on the spot in half an hour. They would only appear to be in a daze. However, this wasn't something that would attract too much attention while listening to a speech. Finally, if he didn't return, the Red Gloves team from the Church of Evernight would clean up his tracks.

At the same time, outside the secret mausoleum in East Chester County, there was a young lady in a yellow layered dress and a black, old-fashioned bonnet. Pea vines grew out of nowhere as they appeared.

Her chestnut hair cascaded down naturally. Her eyebrows were long and straight, and her eyes appeared as though they were filled with a blue sea.

Looking at the mountain wall in front of her, Queen Mystic extended her right hand and quickly formed a symbol in the void.

Following the movement of her fingertips, drops of bright red blood that resembled shattered gems seeped out and froze in midair.

Soon, a complicated symbol formed from layers of “doors” appeared. They trembled slightly and seemed to resonate with something somewhere else.

In the blink of an eye, the blood-colored symbol extended into an illusory translucent door. Through it, one could vaguely see a gigantic mausoleum formed from black rocks.

Bernadette immediately walked through the illusory door and arrived inside a dim and dark area.

The light here came from the lights of stone pillars and strange underground moss growing on the cliff walls. Together, they illuminated the secret mausoleum in the light fog at the bottom.

The symbol provided by Mr. Door was really useful!

At this moment, as a ritual was being held deep underground, faint lights gathered, forming a figure midair in the darkness.

The figure had a square face, black hair and blue eyes, a high nose bridge, and a thick beard. He looked rather solemn.

His appearance and image wasn’t unfamiliar to many citizens of the Loen Kingdom. This was because he had been printed on the front side of ten-pound notes. Of course, people who had never touched ten-pound notes in their entire lives could also see his statue or portraits at Memorial Square.

He was the Loen Kingdom's Founder and Protector, the first king, William Augustus I.

This was an entity referred to as "He"!

With the help of the ritual, "He" had come here directly from Backlund!

Bernadette remained impassive. With a flip of her hand, a new item appeared.

The item was golden in color, like a miniaturized water flask. However, a candlewick extended out from the mouth of the flask.

As Bernadette caressed the surface of the item with her right hand—one that was covered in mysterious and complicated symbols—the candlewick silently ignited.

The light it emitted was like a sticky water stream that sprayed upwards, forming a blurry and twisted golden figure.

"Eternal Genie of the Lamp, my second wish is to obtain the strength of a Knowledge Emperor for one day." Seizing the opportunity when William Augustus I had yet to fully descend, Bernadette spoke in a solemn voice.

The item in her hand was called "Magic Wishing Lamp." It might've come as early as the First Epoch. Although it had never been obtained by the seven Churches, it had the corresponding Grade 0 Sealed Artifact number.

“0-05”!

This item could grant its owner any ten wishes, but this was either done in a distorted form, or it came with unpredictable and terrifying outcomes.

None of its previous owners had a good ending, including Roselle Gustav.

This emperor had warned his daughter that she could use the proper choice of words and make preparations to avoid the harm brought about by the first two wishes, but she absolutely couldn’t make the third wish. Absolutely not!

…

Meanwhile, the concealed Klein arrived near the secret mausoleum in Awwa County without alerting anyone.

Although time was tight, he didn’t rashly approach the mausoleum by drawing the symbol and opening the door. Instead, he reached out his right hand and grabbed at the air in front of him.

After five consecutive attempts, the muscles on his arm suddenly tightened, as if he was pulling something extremely heavy.

As he retracted his right hand, a figure quickly appeared.

The figure’s skin was bronze in color. He had a medium build, black hair, brown eyes, and soft facial features. Beneath his right

ear was a very thin mole. It was none other than Azik Eggers.

However, unlike the Mr. Azik that he knew, the figure's gaze was cold. He wore a deep black robe embroidered with golden threads. He wore a golden bird-shaped crown, as though he was looking down on all living creatures.

This was the former Death Consul, a former Sequence 2 angel!

Without sizing him up further, Klein reached out again and "grabbed" into the void.

This time, he didn't seem to have pulled anything out, but in fact, he had summoned the former him from ten seconds ago, the him who was in a concealed state!

Then, Klein threw a small metal bottle at his projection and made himself enter the gray fog's Historical Void.

In his past self, his consciousness suddenly came alive and became extremely agile.

This concealed Klein brought the projection of Death Consul Azik and came to the secret mausoleum where the entrance couldn't be seen. He took out a small metal bottle and used his spirituality to draw with the blood that shimmered like gems. In midair, he quickly outlined the symbol that Mr. Door had given.

The symbol rapidly formed and resonated with a particular point in the mausoleum, expanding into an illusory door.

In a concealed state, Klein and Death Consul Azik passed through

the door and entered the corresponding secret mausoleum.

At that moment, the guards inside had already discovered that there was an intruder and had activated the ritual they had prepared in advance. However, all they could see was the lofty Death Consul.

Somewhere in Backlund, the former, former Duke of Southville, Dlink Augustus, was just about to use a ritual to open a passageway and descend into that secret mausoleum when a man beside him suddenly frowned and said, “That’s Azik Eggers. No, ‘He’ is very rigid. It’s like a historical projection summoned by the Secret Order’s Scholar of Yore.

“Your Highness, let me go over. Stay here and be wary of the Scholar of Yore who’s lurking in the dark. Although they aren’t angels, they’re quite troublesome.”

Dlink Augustus was a slightly arrogant elder. His black hair was mixed with silver threads, and he was clean-shaved. Upon hearing that, “He” laughed and said, “Isn’t the Scholar of Yore just beside ‘Him’? Although he’s in a concealed state, I’ve already discovered him through the disorder of the surrounding area.

“He’s misleading us, making us think that he’s deliberately attacking with a historical projection while his true body has gone elsewhere. In fact, he’s hidden beside Azik’s projection. Once this Death Consul attracts the attention he wants, and when we place our main forces elsewhere, he’ll use the concealed state to approach the mausoleum to cause destruction.

“Besides, regardless of the reason, since he’s summoned an angel’s projection, you won’t be able to kill the target in a short period of time even if you carry a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. If this implicates the mausoleum, our efforts and persistence would’ve

been in vain.

“If that Scholar of Yore has done three levels of misdirection and really went to another mausoleum, he won’t be able to summon an angel from the Historical Void. You can easily eliminate him.”

While he said his first sentence, Dlink Augustus had already entered the passage through the ritual’s activation. The rest of “His” words were spoken by the phantoms that “He” had left behind.

Inside the secret mausoleum in Awwa County, Azik Eggers scanned the area with an indifferent expression. “His” body suddenly swelled and transformed into a giant serpent that covered the area above the mausoleum.

This giant serpent was both illusory and real, as though it was formed by something incomprehensible to humans. Its entire body was covered with huge dark-green scales. White feathers grew out from the gaps, and each scale and feather had strange symbols of different shapes. Just the mere sight of them made one’s flesh decompose, turning them into zombies.

This was “Quetzalcoatl,” the serpent spoken of in Southern Continent myth. “His” eye sockets were burning with pale-white flames as an exaggerated, thick pair of wings spread from “His” back.

Amidst the howling wind, the feathered serpent in midair lunged forward with its upper body and spat out a pale-white flame that covered the entire mausoleum.

...Mr. Azik’s Historical Void projection is definitely much weaker than before, but it’s still very powerful... As expected of the biological son of Death, the consul of the Balam Empire...

Although the concealed Klein had done a summoning experiment previously at sea, he never expected that Azik's projection would be so powerful.

At that moment, points of faint, gloomy glows flew out of the mausoleum, putting an end to the tidal-like pale-white flames' advancement.

Following that, they formed a figure. It was none other than the Sequence 2 Balancer, Dlink Augustus.

The moment the concealed Klein saw "Him," he suddenly turned rigid and stiff. He began acting based on instinct—a result of him returning to the Historical Void and being outside the secret mausoleum.

Then, he teleported to a secret mausoleum under the Tussock River and took out another small metal bottle. In a concealed state, he used his spirituality to draw the blood out to outline the symbol.

A few seconds later, the symbol resonated and turned into a door. With his marionettes, Qonas and Enuni, he walked in.

Of course, in the river and forest outside, he still had marionettes he just converted.

...

A figure appeared near the Ruins No. 1 in the outskirts of Backlund.

Her raven hair was radiant, and her face was slightly round. She looked beautiful, with a hint of sweetness and an outstanding bearing. She was none other than Demoness Trissy.

After Trissy approached Ruins No. 1, she also took out a small metal bottle and drew the symbol provided by Mr. Door with the blood.

An illusory door rapidly took shape.

Chapter 1146: A Real Charlatan

As she passed through the illusory door, Trissy hid herself and jumped down from the cliff at the entrance, towards the dark valley below.

The secret mausoleum that originated from Blood Emperor Tudor was hidden here.

During the descent, Trissy's body was as light as a feather. She lost most of her weight, but her speed was in no way slow.

None of the remaining guards noticed that she had sneaked in.

Just as Trissy was approaching her target, she heard a voice say, "Concealment is prohibited here."

Trissy's figure instantly appeared out of nowhere. And in the area above the towering mausoleum in the dark valley, there was a man who had appeared at some point in time.

This man had a long, rectangular face with a white hairband on his head. He had a mustache that curled up around his mouth, and his brows were extremely thick, setting off his relatively large eyes.

He was dressed in formal attire and wore a cloak. The tips of his shoes were extremely long, and his attire didn't seem to match the times. He was the demigod who supported George III, Prince Grove.

On the head of this Sequence 3 Chaos Hunter, there was a crown made of thorns. Pure light constantly gathered into the crown, interweaving into a “sea.”

Sealed Artifact 0-36.

…

Klein swam beneath the Tussock River when an image suddenly appeared in his mind just as he led his marionette, Qonas and Enuni, through the illusory door.

A black cathedral stood in front of them with its spacious door opened, revealing a man in a pair of dungarees, a gentleman in a formal suit and top hat, a lady with frilly designs along her sleeves, and a lady whose dress formed flowers with laces…

They were suspended in midair, motionless.

“Caw!” “Caw!” “Caw!”

Black ravens circled the top of the cathedral, letting out heart-stopping cries.

Without making any guesses, Klein felt like he had fallen into a crack on a frozen lake. His body turned cold as his hair stood on end.

Countless thoughts surged in his mind as they collectively shouted out a name:

Zaratul!

In the blink of an eye, Klein instinctively made a decision. He planned to switch locations with his marionettes from the outside world, and directly leave the “cathedral” in front of him.

Clearly, he had encountered a “miracle.” He didn’t enter George III’s secret mausoleum after passing through the illusory door; instead, he had come to a baffling place.

In the next second, he discovered that the Spirit Body Threads that were connected to his marionettes had been severed. They were rapidly floating upwards towards the interior of the pitch-black cathedral.

If it wasn’t for his intuition that exceeded his own level, allowing him to detect danger ahead of time, he definitely wouldn’t have been able to react in time. He definitely would’ve been hung up and become a member of the marionettes.

He didn’t have time to think too much about it. He quickly controlled his Spirit Body Threads and collected them all, connecting them to himself, forming one “circle” after another.

This allowed him to temporarily extricate himself from the danger, but it also made him lose his marionettes, Qonas, and Enuni, in just a second.

The two marionettes’ necks suddenly tightened as they were lifted up by an invisible hand before being hung up in the cathedral’s interior.

Together with the original corpses, they swayed in the wind and

produced voices that were different but said the exact same thing:

“Welcome back…”

…

In Memorial Square, the “imagined” King George III was still giving a speech.

“…I will further lower the wealth requirements needed for election eligibility. I will hand over even more rights to the House of Commons…”

Although the people didn’t understand why there was such a development in the speech, it sounded good to them.

These are all bills that have been approved by the House of Lords, but there’s no need to tell the public during this speech… It’s like the King is emphasizing that he will definitely follow these bills in the future… Audrey was puzzled, but she couldn’t come up with a convincing explanation.

In the dark and majestic secret Ruins No. 1 in the outskirts of Backlund.

The real George III had already worn a black crown and consumed the potion.

“His” body was transforming towards the shadow of order, extending in a magical state. As for the nine mausoleums, they were the islands in the sea of nothingness. They were the

components of his entire rule. As for the people who were chanting “Emperor George III” at the same time during the ritual, there were like countless numbers of lighthouses. Together, they “anchored” this ruler of Loen, East Balam, and the Rorsted Archipelago, making “Him” completely transcend reality and become a part of the shadow of order.

During this process, George III’s thoughts wandered uncontrollably as though they were being torn apart:

The Secret Order’s Zaratul actually contacted me directly, hoping to provide me with help…

“He” said that “He” saw some of Gehrman Sparrow’s thoughts from the Capim case, the attack on Ailment Maiden, the silencing of Crazy Captain, and Qonas Kilgor’s disappearance. And “His” divination results made “Him” cooperate with me, offering to help me guard a mausoleum. There, “He” waited for Gehrman Sparrow to take the initiative to walk to “Him,” because of his own goals and the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics…

“He” also said that the most important thing to do when dealing with a qualified demigod of the Seer pathway is to be patient and determined…

What a charlatan…

“He” even brought Abomination Suah…

I used my powers to sign a contract with “Them”…

Together with the helpers I invited from the Twilight Hermit

Order, as well as Grove, who wields a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, even if most of the demigods of the military and royal family are fighting at the front lines or protecting Backlund, I don't have to worry about the ritual being destroyed. Unless a true deity descends into the real world...

And that's impossible... So, I originally wanted to use this opportunity to lure out any resistance, but in the end, I decided to use this opportunity to directly advance...

Heh heh, since Grove still doesn't know about these hidden cards. Well, he has no right to know...

In less than two minutes, I'll become an eternal god, the Black Emperor who rules over reality...

...

"Caw!" "Caw!" "Caw!"

In the dark world with the ravens' cawing, the corpses hanging from the black top of the church descended and passed through the main door.

Their eyes were locked onto Klein, who was outside.

Almost at the same time, a figure slowly but firmly outlined itself in midair.

Without caring about what it was, Klein quickly snapped his fingers while maintaining the special state of his Spirit Body Threads.

Pa!

A red flame surged out from his wallet and instantly enveloped him.

The flame was quickly extinguished, and Klein remained where he was, unable to leap out.

He didn't show any signs of being depressed as he immediately activated Creeping Hunger to attempt to teleport.

Klein instantly turned transparent as he appeared again, unable to take a single step.

His origin and destination had strangely been connected.

At that moment, the figure in midair had already taken form. He was dressed in gorgeous clothes, with long chestnut-colored curly hair, blue eyes, high nose bridge, and thin lips. He was none other than the Roselle Gustav from when he was an emperor.

"He" looked down at Klein as countless illusory symbols appeared in his eyes.

Klein's mind instantly swelled as he was injected with a large amount of unknown knowledge.

His head felt like it was exploding in an instant while his other thoughts were completely occupied, so much so that he couldn't even lift a finger.

Instinctively, he allowed that knowledge to split up and become injected into hundreds of Worms of Spirit.

This allowed him to regain his ability to control his body as he quickly grabbed the space ahead of him with his right hand.

His arm suddenly sank, and then he suddenly pulled back. When the marionettes passed through the cathedral's door and began their attacks, another two figures appeared in midair, dragging out a scaleless, silvery-white tail.

As he released his right hand, a giant serpent appeared in this dark kingdom.

"His" eyes were bright red and cold, and his body was covered in patterns and symbols. There were countless wheels in the details.

Snake of Fate!

Actually, this wasn't something that Klein could summon out from the Historical Void. Instead, it was Will Auceptin descending with the burning of the paper crane after using the Yesterday Once More charm.

Klein had just used Flaming Jump moments ago to seek help from the Snake of Fate.

And the reason why he wanted to "grab" at something was to conceal his true intentions. It was to prevent the opposing angel from discovering the location of the Snake of Fate, putting Dr. Aaron's family in danger.

This wasn't like how he had previously dealt with Amon's avatar back then, as he had no confidence in eliminating all the clues. Therefore, he had discussed with Will in advance on how to deal with such situations.

Fortunately, the intent Will Auceptin expressed indicated that the truth of the "summoning" from before hadn't been exposed.

At that moment, the gigantic Snake of Mercury rose up and bit its tail, turning into a mysterious and exaggerated wheel.

In midair, two figures appeared on both sides of Roselle's projection. One of them was Queen Mystic Bernadette, whose real body was in an intense battle with Sequence 1 Hand of Order William Augustus I. The other was formed from pure light, and a pair of shining wings grew on his back. It was obviously at the level of an angel!

Suddenly, the two angel projections that appeared quickly vanished. The attacks they directed at Klein, and the controlled marionettes, retreated back into the cathedral and were hung up again.

Qonas and Enuni walked out one after another. With him, they passed backward through the illusory door and left the world with resonating cawing, appearing beneath the Tussock River.

Snake of Fate. Reboot!

The giant serpent's figure vanished as well. Without any hesitation, Klein activated "Teleportation" and passed through countless spirit world creatures to another secret mausoleum. He used the remaining blood to outline the symbol and opened the illusory door.

This time, he entered the interior and saw a solemn and dark mausoleum. He summoned the Sea God Scepter and released a terrifying “Lightning Storm,” again and again, destroying the target.

Then, he turned around and left the scene.

Everything went so smoothly, just like a dream.

Yes, a beautiful dream.

Klein, who could always maintain his lucidity in dreams, had realized that he was in a real dream created by someone else the moment he entered the ruins where the secret mausoleum was!

Chapter 1147: Chaos

Klein pretended not to notice the real dream. As he tried to stop his projection of the Death Consul, he tried to summon another version of "himself" from the Historical Void to fool the guards of the Tudor ruins, allowing his body to escape the dream and sneak into the secret mausoleum to achieve his goal of destroying it.

At the moment, he could only maintain three Historical Void projections. Death Consul Azik Eggers was one, his self-projection in a concealed state was another. He couldn't be certain if the leader of the ascetics, Arianna, was considered one. However, to be safe, he had to disperse one of them before he made another summoning attempt.

Regarding Arianna's state, apart from suspecting that "She" had descended in person due to "Her" state, Klein had other theories. Perhaps the leader of the Evernight cloister had deliberately entered a concealed state after sensing that "Her" projection from the past had been summoned while being located in the Amantha mountain range. "She" had vanished from the real world, allowing the projection to gain sentience. This was completely feasible, especially since the authority of "concealment" likely gave "Her" a certain degree of control over "Her" historical projections.

When it came to a concealment angel like this, Klein was unable to use the feedback from Scholar of Yore's maintenance of the historical projection to confirm "Her" true situation. Therefore, he didn't make any changes, so as to prevent any accidents from happening.

Just as he was about to summon his past self, the real dream silently disappeared. Everything around him returned to normal.

He was standing on a cliff at the entrance. Below him was a dark and majestic mausoleum.

An old man with an ordinary appearance was levitating in midair. Under the glow from the moss and the light from the stone pillars inside the cliff, he calmly looked at Klein and sighed in ancient Feysac.

“You weren’t actually fooled by the dream I crafted.”

This old man’s hair was completely white, but it was thick enough. There weren’t many wrinkles on his face, and his appearance wasn’t anything special.

The Spectator pathway’s Sequence 3 Dreamweaver? No, at least, he’s not an angel… Klein tensed up and didn’t respond. He immediately took out his silver adventurer’s harmonica and blew into it.

No sound was produced, but Reinette Tinekerr, who was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, walked out.

One of the blonde, red-eyed heads in “Her” hands immediately spat out a rectangular diamond-like charm. Another head chanted in ancient Hermes, “Yesterday!”

Yesterday Once More!

Miss Messenger was borrowing strength from “Her” past self!

Compared to a Sequence 1 Snake of Fate, the power “She” borrowed could last longer.

However, the charm didn't change at all.

In midair, the elder in the gray robe gently chuckled and kindly reminded them, "Don't use ancient Hermes in front of me."

...Hermes... This is Hermes, the one who lived since the Second Epoch and created ancient Hermes? An angel of the Spectator pathway... The origin of the Psychology Alchemists... Klein was first shocked before he realized something.

Hermes was participating in the battle, so it was unlikely "He" had a strong desire to stop him!

No, perhaps "He" is deliberately acting to lower our guard... Beyonders of the Spectator pathway are the best at manipulating the hearts of others... Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Reinette Tinekerr's other two heads began chanting in Jotun and Elvish:

"Yesterday!"

The rectangular diamond-like charm was instantly ignited by a transparent flame before fusing with the void.

Reinette Tinekerr's body began to rapidly expand as the four heads in her hands flew up and landed on "Her" neck.

The four heads became illusory one after another.

In an instant, Reinette Tinekerr transformed into a huge cloth doll that resembled a castle. "She" was dressed in a black gothic dress with countless mysterious symbols and sinister vines.

“Her” eyes were blood-red.

“She” swept his gaze across ancient Hermes. “She” opened “Her” tightly shut mouth but didn’t make a single sound.

The “Spectator” pathway’s angel flashed with a faint light, turning into a plump, white rabbit.

Ancient Bane, Transformation Curse!

The rabbit didn’t panic at all. Its body began to swell, becoming half the size of a mountain. One stomp was sufficient to trample him to death.

To an angel of the Spectator pathway, merely believing in “Their” strength allowed “Them” to be powerful enough without being at a disadvantage due to “Their” appearance!

As the rabbit turned into a monster, a subtle change happened in the ruins. Reality and illusion intertwined, making Reinette Tinekerr a little confused as to whether “She” was in a dream or in the real world.

Klein could differentiate between the two. While he had noticed that, not only was Miss Messenger in a Mythical Creature form, but the surface of the rabbit’s body was covered in grayish-white scales. All sorts of patterns intertwined together, forming three-dimensional symbols that seemed to connect to the mind.

Angels are truly terrifying. They use their complete Mythical Creature form right at the start… As Klein sighed, he didn’t even dare take a second look to gain more knowledge. Firstly, he didn’t have the time to do so, and secondly, his level wasn’t high

enough. Seeing a complete Mythical Creature form would definitely lead to being affected and receiving some negative effects. This was something he had to avoid in a dangerous battlefield.

Taking advantage of the battle between Miss Messenger and the gigantic rabbit that had transformed into a dragon, Klein used the strong winds to head for the secret mausoleum. As he recited a particular honorific name in Jotun, he reached out to grab at the air.

First time, failure; second time, failure; third time, still a failure!

Just as one fat, white rabbit after another appeared in Klein's island of consciousness, causing him to elevate his consciousness to fight back and be unable to take multiple things into consideration, he instinctively reached out his right hand and finally touched a particular image in the Historical Void.

As he pulled back his arm, the image quickly outlined itself. She was a woman wearing a dark-colored robe and a wide hood. She had a beautiful face and slightly dull black eyes.

This was the concealment angel of the Church of Evernight that he had met before.

Later, he found out in the foggy town that this was Mother of the Sky, the daughter of the ancient god, Flegrea, and suspected to be the vessel for the Goddess's descent.

Since he was able to successfully summon the ascetic leader, Arianna, from the Historical Void in one try, Klein definitely thought of trying to see if he could summon "Her."

He had been chanting the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess!

The employing of Historical Void projections by Scholars of Yore had a difficult-to-overcome restriction. It was that he was unable to summon something that involved the Uniqueness. However, objects that were merely a vessel of a deity's descent depended on how much of the deity's power was carried by the corresponding Historical Void projection or if it involved the Uniqueness. Similarly, if he wanted to summon Amon, it was impossible to summon the actual body, but an avatar would work.

To be safe, the person who he summoned was the one who had smiled at him during the Great Smog of Backlund, and he succeeded after three attempts!

Of course, if it wasn't for the Goddess's tacit approval, or perhaps providing some level of help, he might not have succeeded given a hundred attempts, a thousand attempts, or even ten thousand attempts.

The beautiful lady didn't look at him, the summoner. Instead "She" turned "Her" head and looked down at the secret mausoleum.

The entire underground ruin quaked as the dark and majestic mausoleum began to shake. Ripples appeared as though it was about to be moved into a concealed world.

At this moment, two arms extended out from the outside world. One was pressed towards the gigantic doll, Reinette Tinekerr, while the other spread out its fingers to grab at Klein.

These two arms were more than ten meters long. They were

pitch-black on the surface, flowing with sticky liquids. Some of them were strangely protruding, some had skulls as heads, three-dimensional eyes, or barbed tongues.

Abomination Suah!

The remaining guards in the underground ruins went crazy. Some raised their swords to kill their companions; or they raised their guns, aimed at themselves, and pulled the trigger.

Klein's skin began to crack, and his consciousness was disturbed by a sensation of madness. He was unable to respond effectively.

The concealment angel he summoned retracted "Her" gaze through pure instinct, and "She" looked up at the two arms that seemed to come from the depths of a nightmare.

Tremendous fear caused Suah's arm to tremble slightly. Not only did "He" fail to grab hold of Klein, "He" was even cursed by Reinette Tinekerr, causing "Him" to be covered in green fur.

Immediately following that, they began to fade as they struggled with all their might, trying to escape their concealed states.

And at this moment, three figures appeared in midair in the underground ruins. They were Emperor Roselle; the first Loen king, William Augustus; and the abstract angel formed from pure light.

The Historical Void projections summoned by Zaratul followed closely behind!

With so many angels descending at the same time, just the effects from “Their” auras alone caused the entire space to quake, not to mention the intense battle “They” were engaged in.

In an instant, the pitch-black mausoleum shook even more vigorously. There was even an obvious crack on its surface.

Klein wasn’t surprised at all, because this was his last contingency plan.

When the enemy was too powerful and prepared, preventing him from creating an opportunity, then it was best to draw everyone together while destroying the mausoleum; thus, creating chaos!

This was the inspiration he got from the encounter outside Bayam City.

Back then, Abomination Suah and the byproduct of the Artificial Death project attacked remotely while Sea King Kottman, Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr, and a demigod from the Rose School of Thought had participated in it, resulting in the collapse of an innocent mountain.

At that moment, Klein wanted the secret mausoleum in this ruin to be like that mountain.

He didn’t believe that angels could control the damage to “Their” surroundings when in an intense battle!

And the lineup this time far exceeded the previous one!

It's still not enough... Then let's make it a little more chaotic... As he controlled his Spirit Body Threads to prevent them from floating upwards, he dodged and sensed the mysterious space above the gray fog. Using his basic control over it, he made it tremble slightly.

In midair, a grayish-white fog appeared as the majestic palace appeared faintly.

Sefirah Castle!

In an instant, the sky above the Holy Wind Cathedral in Backlund turned dark, as if a storm was brewing.

A bird with dark eye circles watching over the Tussock River downstream moved its gaze.

...

In the outskirts of Backlund where Ruins No. 1 was, Demoness Trissy had been robbed of several powers and suffered serious injuries. She was on the brink of death.

Bang!

She slammed against the cliff, almost embedding herself into it. Blood was everywhere.

At this moment, she took out an item. It was a rectangular diamond-shaped charm.

Yesterday Once More!

Chapter 1148: Not Late

There were very few chances to use charms in high-level battles. No one would take the initiative to leave an opening for their opponent while they chanted the incantation. The reason Trissy was able to complete the corresponding action was because she had ignited wicked black flames from the inside out. As for the black flames, they seemed to absorb all the heat in the surrounding areas, causing thick ice crystals to form. Beyond the ice crystals, there were almost invisible spider webs that wrapped around them, forming huge cocoons.

Relying on the three layers of defense, Trissy managed to buy almost two seconds, so she took out the rectangular diamond-shaped charm and chanted, “Yesterday!”

The transparent flame ignited amidst the wicked black flames. The diamond-like charm silently disintegrated before merging with the void.

This was something Klein had specially provided to the Demoness, so as to allow the damage from the three prongs to become the main assault point at any time.

Trissy immediately saw the grayish-white fog and realized that the scenes in the past were like stars, densely packed together.

There were scenes of the young him wandering the streets, coming under the control of the mafia, swindling, cheating, and stealing from others. He later joined the Theosophy Order and became an Assassin. There, he enjoyed ending lives and the bloodshed, instigating others to tear off their masks and reveal their true bestial nature. Due to various reasons, he had no choice but to become a Witch. She began creating catastrophes

and it was arranged by the Demoness of Pleasure that she would become Prince Edessak's mistress. Realizing that she was becoming less and less like herself and that she was slowly losing herself to the pleasure, she felt extreme fear and yearned to escape. However, having fallen deeper into hell, she experienced immense pain and chose to be extreme.

With a thought, the scenes magnified and occupied her entire vision.

Under the light, the lawn outside the window was bright, and the horses were walking slowly. The holes of the golf course could still be vaguely seen, and inside the house, there was an antique cabinet blocking the view from the door.

The past Trissy stood at the edge and looked out, wearing a sapphire ring on her left hand.

At that time, she wasn't even a Sequence 5, and she didn't have the strength the current her needed to borrow. However, she had a ring from the Demoness Sect that was closely related to the Primordial Demoness.

This ring was the thing that Trissy wanted to borrow!

All of a sudden, the intricate ring that was inlaid with a sapphire gem appeared on Trissy's pinky. And unlike in the past, the present Trissy had fused with the mark and submitted to the Primordial Demoness. She had been greatly enhanced as a Sequence 4 demigod.

In other words, even though she wasn't a robust deity's descent "vessel," she already had the qualifications to be one.

And that sapphire ring allowed her to temporarily grasp a certain amount of initiative.

Looking at the scenes in the past, the cocoon formed by Trissy's spider silk cracked inch by inch. The thick ice crystals silently melted as the wicked black flames corroded. She raised her left hand, closed her eyes, and smiled as she placed the sapphire ring between her eyebrows.

The ring melted like metal as it flowed into Trissy's head in a surreal manner.

At that moment, the wicked black flames were completely deprived by Prince Grove as a burning white spear of light shot out.

At the front of the spear, two pure white wings spread out as they embraced the tip of the spear, like an angel, sealing off the surrounding space, and preventing the target from escaping.

At that moment, Trissy opened her eyes. They were a deep black color.

Her hair flared up one by one, each becoming as thick as a snake. The outer layer was slippery and diabolical, with clear black and white eyes embedded at the ends, or heads that looked like venomous snakes. Their mouths were slightly open as they flicked their tongues.

The spear that was condensed from pure light stopped in front of Trissy, as though it was being pressed down by an invisible hand, making it difficult for it to advance even an inch further.

It quickly turned grayish-white in color, turning from incorporeal to corporeal, as if it was carved out of stone.

With a whoosh, the spear rapidly plummeted to the edge of the cliff, shattering into countless tiny pieces.

The grayish-white color around Trissy rapidly spread out in every direction as if it had a life of its own. Wherever it passed, the stones became hard while everything else turned to stone.

The various rituals that had been set up in Ruins No. 1 were now tainted with grayish-white colors, preventing the angels guarding the other secret mausoleums from discovering the changes and coming over immediately.

Prince Grove was instantly surrounded by a grayish-white aura that emanated out of the void. With him only being capable of using the crown of thorns to maintain a small safe zone, there was no way for him to use any “Prohibition” powers.

Trissy, whose eyes had no borders marking her whites from blacks, didn’t even look at her opponent. With her snake-like hair blotting out the sky, she took a step towards the secret mausoleum at the bottom of the dark valley.

Boom!

The ground began to shake violently as a dull thud sounded from deep within. Red asteroids with fiery tails appeared out of nowhere as they flew past Demoness Trissy and smashed at the mausoleum.

In an instant, this ruin was inundated with catastrophes.

George III, who was at the critical moment of “His” advancement, sensed this and immediately felt a strong sense of confusion and anger.

With great difficulty, “He” split off some of “His” strength, and with the help of the preparations he had put in place, he forcefully distorted the surrounding area and isolated the dark and solemn secret mausoleum from the real world, preventing earthquakes and meteors from approaching the target.

Boom! Boom!

Amidst all kinds of catastrophes, the cliffs crumbled one by one as the ruins began to collapse. George III’s angry voice sounded from the secret mausoleum that formed a world of its own:

“Are you mad?”

For a Sequence 4 to forcefully accept the power of a true deity, the only outcome was death!

Trissy laughed. The skin on her face had been pushed to its limits. Inch by inch, they crumbled, revealing the blood and flesh that was squirming wildly underneath.

This extremely terrifying Demoness scoffed and said, “Isn’t the ending of a lovely story supposed to have all the bad guys die?

“For example, you, or me…”

Before Trissy could finish her sentence, she wore that tragic smile on her face as the asteroid plummeted into the twisted

secret mausoleum in a bid to destroy it.

...

In another mausoleum, Klein didn't put on a strong front. He quickly ended the connection with Sefirah Castle as though he was praying to The Fool for help.

The commotion from before had nearly caused all the angels present to stop. Unfortunately, the concealment angel Klein had summoned was a Historical Void projection. It only continued fighting based on instinct, turning the situation even more chaotic.

At this moment, William Augustus I's projection pulled out a silver sword and pointed ahead before slicing downward.

There was no need for "Him" to say anything else. The chaos in the ruins came to a stop as the battlefield was divided into different sections.

Hermes faced the beautiful and impassive lady. Abomination Suah suppressed Reinette Tinekerr; the Historical Void projections of Emperor Roselle and the Angel of Light surrounded Klein; William I stood at an isolated spot, ensuring that none of the aftershocks attacked the mausoleum below.

As expected of the Hand of Order... Klein's pupils dilated. Without thinking, he reached his right hand into the inner pocket of his clothes, and he stretched out his left hand to borrow strength from his past self.

The Death Consul, the Evernight cloister's matron, and the

concealment angel were figures that exceeded Klein's own level. Be it summoning or maintaining "Them," it was a terrible burden on his spirituality. He had no choice but to borrow some power from his past self before his spirituality completely dried up.

This way, he was filled with fake spirituality once more. For the next five minutes, it was no different from real spirituality.

Then, Klein saw light.

The angel formed from pure light, which also had illusory wings on "His" back, made the layers of light surge towards him like a tidal wave, drowning him.

In the bright white sea of light, something suddenly appeared. It rapidly plummeted and approached the secret mausoleum.

It was a dark-colored book that consisted of goatskin.

Groselle's Travels!

Using his ability to split into Worms of Spirit, and his enhanced ability to shapeshift, he shrank into bookmarks made of flesh, embedding themselves into the book, using it to block the endless light's purification and melting effect.

But even so, he was still severely injured because the light still could illuminate part of his body.

This wasn't the end. Standing right beneath Groselle's Travels was Emperor Roselle, dressed in gorgeous clothes, waiting there

with his hands raised.

"..." Without second thoughts, Klein could only activate the first method he knew of to protect himself:

Hiding in the Historical Void!

Boom!

A loud thunderclap boomed outside the ruin.

It rumbled in the distance in the beginning, but by the end of it, it was ringing in one's ears.

Klein, together with the projections in the Historical Void, and all the living beings in the ruins were awed and turned stiff. Instantly, the "sea of light" dimmed.

But no, there was a figure that wasn't affected—the concealment angel of the Church of Evernight. The beautiful but dull-looking lady took the opportunity to phase her body, transforming into many symbols that symbolized concealment and terror. She extended the strange world, enveloping Hermes, Reinette Tinekerr, Suah's arm, the Angel of Light, and William Augustus I within.

Although Klein had summoned a Historical Void projection—a watered-down version—some essential parts remained!

The chaos that Klein was anticipating was finally here!

As for George III's other helpers, such as that King of Angels, they were still in other mausoleums.

The moment the nearly transparent world took form, the angels inside began to resist.

Amidst the chaos, the strange world easily tore apart.

However, with the remnants of the angel's power being directed, the lady rushed out and headed for the secret mausoleum at the bottom.

Boom!

An even louder clap of thunder rang out. Emperor Roselle, who had attempted to stop them, was once again awed, unable to make any further attempts.

In an instant, the dark and majestic secret mausoleum was hit. The cracks on its surface sank deep, causing its dark interior to present itself.

In these rifts, blood appeared out of nowhere. Some were bright red, and some were dark.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Having restored his human form, Klein held Groselle's Travels while collectively launching Air Cannon with his scattered Worms of Spirit.

The mausoleum which was already on the verge of collapse had finally collapsed, and even more blood gushed out.

...

With the destruction of a mausoleum, George III's advancement ritual was no longer stable. "He" lacked the key pillar of support.

If only one mausoleum was under attack, "He" might've been able to rely on his tenuous connection with them to put up a resistance to a certain degree. But now, "He" had suffered too intense of an attack.

"His" already incorporeal body suddenly boiled, unable to maintain the "Distortion" outside. The mausoleum that was isolated from reality finally appeared in front of Trissy.

On Trissy's tendril-squirming face, the corners of her mouth curled up.

...

Backlund City, Memorial Square.

"My subjects..." The stern and old-fashioned George III with his mustache was finishing his speech when there was a loud explosion.

His flesh and blood transformed into a flurry of fireworks that sprayed into the air.

Chapter 1149: Escape

When Audrey and company below the platform saw this scene, it was as if they were admiring a large magic show. For a moment, no one realized what had happened.

A few seconds later, the scene started to turn disorderly. Amidst screams, the king's guards all rushed up the platform.

The Cabinet ministers and the House of Lords nobles subconsciously sought a place to hide, or they mustered their courage to follow the guards to check the scene.

Audrey looked on in a daze. She wasn't too surprised, but she felt that it was surreal.

If Mr. World paid strong attention to someone, it meant that they were being watched by Mr. Fool. And to date, none of Mr. Fool's goals had failed.

This was the will of a deity.

In the other municipal square in Backlund, Melissa, Benson, and company also heard the explosion before realizing that the king's speech had come to an abrupt stop.

After a moment of silence, people began to turn rowdy as they began breaking out into a discussion amidst hushed whispers.

Fear of the unknown and fear of the future slowly occupied their hearts.

...

In the outskirts of Backlund, inside Ruins No. 1.

George III's mind was a blur. "He" felt something that couldn't be resisted inside "His" body as a volcano of extreme madness erupted in his mind. It was changing "His" body while distorting everything around "Him."

Indistinctly, "He" saw a huge black throne, one which "He" was sitting on. "He" wore an emperor's crown, looking down upon the real world with great pride. "He" had rein over his subjects, and "He" was equal to the deities.

"He" reached out "His" hand in an attempt to grab this future, but countless curses and attacks of unknown origins kept striking "Him." It prevented "Him" from touching that future.

"No..."

George III's hand, which had faded, hung in midair as "His" consciousness tore apart as "His" body mutated completely.

Trissy, who had been reduced to a blob of flesh and blood, enveloped that shadow of order using her countless thick snake hair.

Boom!

In the outside world, in the area corresponding to Ruins No. 1, large amounts of dust were stirred up into the sky like the thickest of smog.

Boom!

The area became a humongous crater that was connected to the Tussock River, opening up an inlet for the river water to rush in.

Rumble!

High up in the sky, lights dimmed as a storm containing immense horror enveloped the area.

Further away on a mountain peak, two figures watched this scene without anyone speaking a word.

They were the Demoness of Unaging Katarina, who was wearing a pure white robe, and the pale, hooded Red Angel evil spirit.

After two seconds, Saintess of White Katarina sighed softly and said, “The reason we wanted to find her was because Primordial told us that she has strong inclinations towards self-destructing.”

The Red Angel evil spirit listened silently as “His” expression twisted slightly.

“I know who interfered with my response.”

Katarina thought of various answers, but she couldn’t be sure. Ultimately, she chose to remain silent.

The Red Angel evil spirit slowly said a word, “Evernight.”

After a pause, “He” suppressed “His” emotions and added, “Otherwise, I would’ve long found Trissy Cheek.”

Without waiting for Katarina to respond, the Red Angel evil spirit turned around and left.

…

In another ruin, a hint of joy flashed past Klein’s eyes when he saw the secret mausoleum collapse and spill out copious amounts of blood. But it was ephemeral because he had to turn his attention back to his situation.

With George III’s ritual failing and him not becoming Black Emperor, it meant that his goal had been achieved. What followed next was to escape!

At that moment, while the mausoleum’s destruction didn’t have any significant impact, Reinette Tinekerr followed “Her” agreement with Klein, and she didn’t stay any longer. “She” first entered the spirit world and fled deep inside it.

The power “She” borrowed from “Herself” was coming to an end!

The maintenance of the beautiful, concealment angel had already reached Klein’s limits. After it transformed into a strange world, it naturally disappeared.

Inside the half-collapsed ruin, Klein faced the arm of Abomination Suah, Hermes from an ancient time, Emperor Roselle’s projection, William Augustus I’s projection, and the Angel of Light projection, as well as the thunder that pointed at an unknown location. Anyone of them had the ability to easily

kill him.

And for him to summon a Historical Void projection at the angel level wasn't something that could succeed within a few attempts.

Without any hesitation, Klein's body turned incorporeal as he attempted to hide in the Historical Void.

At this moment, a vortex suddenly appeared in the grayish-white fog in his vision. It was made up of countless transparent maggots that extended out transparent and slippery tentacles.

Zaratul!

Zaratul's actual body had appeared!

"He" had been waiting in the Historical Void for Klein!

At that moment, Klein's action of entering the Historical Void could no longer be reversed. All he could do was watch helplessly as he was pulled in by the vortex and thrown into the center!

He wanted to snap his fingers and ignite another paper crane, but he realized that no flames could rise up there.

Having probed him once, Zaratul was confident of "His" trump card. By relying on "His" level suppressing him, and the authority of bizarreness, "He" made Klein unable to control the flames anymore!

In addition, Klein's intuition told him that the destination after making a "Teleportation" attempt was mysteriously connected to the vortex formed by the transparent maggots.

He was unable to escape, nor could he summon enough helpers.

However, Beyonders of the Seer pathway never perform unprepared.

The vortex formed by the transparent maggots slowly spun as it received a "visit" initiated by Klein. The transparent and slippery tentacles swam over in an unstoppable manner.

They reached towards him, but they only wrapped around the ancient book covered in dark-colored skin.

The blood on the book's surface hadn't completely faded.

Groselle's Travels!

At the most dangerous moment, Klein pricked his fingers, allowing his blood to flow onto the surface of Groselle's Travels. Then, with a whoosh, he entered the book world and temporarily escaped the fatal trap set up by Zaratul.

The moment he entered the book world, he immediately stretched out his hand and grabbed forward, pulling out a marionette that he had temporarily possessed from the Historical Void.

Hvin Rambis!

He had once tested that he could summon the projections of true history here. After all, it belonged to Sefirah Castle, and praying to The Fool in the book world wasn't obstructed. Of course, if that didn't work, he had other ways to resolve it. He could summon Justice Audrey who existed in the book world's history!

In short, he needed a Mid- or High-Sequence Beyonder from the Spectator pathway to bring him into the sea of collective subconscious, into the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, and into the Hall of Truth.

Time was of the essence, so the faster, the better. This was because he had no idea how long before this Sequence 1 would be able to grasp the secret of Groselle's Travels, much less whether the other party would forcibly descend into the book world.

He could only race against time!

Hvin Rambis, who was wearing a formal suit and a dark red bow tie, held onto him with a stiff expression. He directly entered the sea of collective subconscious formed by countless shadows.

With the power of a Manipulator, they quickly shuttled through and arrived at the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, in seconds, appearing before the entrance of the Hall of Truth.

Klein released his control over his marionette, Hvin Rambis, and under the nudge from the strong winds, he "ran" through the door.

As he passed by the colorful murals, his inner voice resounded in the hall:

The chances of summoning 0-08 here should be higher…

Using it to draw or write at the end of the mural on the left side can affect the real world…

Through its arrangements, I can make Zaratul make a mistake, allowing me to find a safe escape route…

No, it's still easier to let Amon's avatar join the battle royale and implicate Zaratul. That will be easier to fulfill…

It's no wonder the Goddess wants to "bait" Amon into Backlund…

The mural on the right represents the book world. I can use 0-08 to draw another temporary door for me to leave…

While "flying", Klein's right hand kept grabbing at the void ahead.

Five times, ten times, twenty times. When Klein borrowed strength from his former self, his right hand suddenly sank as he dragged out a dull classic quill.

0-08!

In the next second, Klein arrived in front of the huge pillar that was multiple arm spans wide.

This had a clear sense of being worn down by time. It was the throne of the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt.

Klein circled around the stone pillar and arrived at the end of the mural. He raised the quill, 0-08, and was about to write.

He had never tested for any changes when using 0-08 in here before. He was afraid that it would result in an excessive accident and alert Amon's brother, making his ploy of preventing George III from becoming the Black Emperor to be detected in advance.

At this moment, he no longer needed to bother about such matters. He could wholeheartedly weave the development that he needed.

Suddenly, 0-08, which was about to begin writing, disappeared. It disappeared before it reached the time limit!

What's happening... Klein felt alarmed.

He then realized that his words in the Hall of Truth hadn't been projected. There was silence all around him.

With his spiritual perception triggered, Klein slowly turned around and saw that the time-worn rock had turned into a hundred-meter-tall cross at some point in time.

In front of the cross was a huge, blurry figure standing there. Facing everything with its back, it was observing all life with compassion.

Inside the Hall of Truth, there were rows of black, high-back pews, but only one supplicant.

The supplicant had his eyes closed as he sat in the middle of the first row. He wore a rather simple white robe with a pale gold beard that covered half his face. His hands were clasping a silver cross in front of his chest as he wore a genial and calm look.

Adam.

Twilight Hermit Order's Chair, King of Angels Adam.

Klein didn't even know when "He" had arrived.

At this moment, Adam looked up, revealing his clear, limpid eyes that resembled a child's.

He slowly stood up, speaking with a calm expression:

"George III's death causes Loen to suffer a heavy blow. Unable to sit idle any further, Intis decides to take this opportunity to launch an attack. This war officially develops into a war that sweeps through the world.

"Can you accept such an outcome?"

Chapter 1150: Mad Dash

Although there was no concept of temperature in the Hall of Truth, Klein still felt a chill down his spine when he heard that. He felt a wave of heat, and he wanted to defend himself, but when he opened his mouth, he didn't know what to say.

For a few silent seconds, his figure was reflected in Adam's limpid eyes before he said with some difficulty, "I accept it...

"But I will try my best to minimize the damage caused by the war in the future, so long as I'm still alive."

He paused and asked in a deep voice, "Is this the price you exacted for the bestowment?

"Back when a certain ascetic here mentioned your true name, you had already noticed this book and secretly made arrangements?"

Adam, who was dressed in simple white robes, didn't respond. He walked towards the mural on his left and stopped in front of one of the murals. He looked up slightly and quietly admired it.

On the mural, a book consisting of goatskin flew up into the clouds and landed in a gigantic claw.

After watching for a while, Adam said with a warm voice, "You may leave."

He immediately felt that he had been rejected by the Hall of

Truth, the sea of collective subconscious of the City of Miracles, and the book world. He involuntarily floated up and flew out of the area.

During this process, he saw Adam return to the front of the black pews. Holding the silver cross pendant, he closed his eyes and prayed sincerely to the huge and blurry figure.

Outside the sea of collective subconscious, an illusory door silently appeared. It stood in midair and was connected to the outside world.

The book world also began to ostracize him, “squeezing” him out of the huge door.

Suddenly, Klein returned to the real world and returned to the grayish-white fog. He was in the state he was in prior to entering the Historical Void.

Unlike before, he hadn’t been locked down by the whirlpool formed by countless transparent maggots. As for the slippery tentacles that were almost invisible, they wrapped around Groselle’s Travels slightly and disappeared into thin air.

Without having time to lament over the loss, Klein’s thoughts raced, and he made a choice almost purely on instinct.

He leaped into the grayish-white fog in another direction and hid in a shattered spot of light. This was the so-called Historical Void.

Klein regretted it the next second because Zaratul’s slippery and terrifying tentacles had extended out from the grayish-white fog.

The countless translucent maggots were no longer formed a spinning whirlpool as they disintegrated into a tidal wave that surged towards him.

Zaratul could actually fight in the Historical Void!

This was the suppression effect that high-level members of the same pathway had against lower-level ones.

A demigod of the same Seer pathway was always the best choice for dealing with a Seer demigod of a lower Sequence.

Without any hesitation, he “ran” through the spots of light and into the depths of the fog of history, just like his advancement.

Scenes of the secret mausoleum collapsing, Backlund suffering an air raid, and the tragic Great Smog flew behind him. However, the dangerous premonition in his heart didn’t weaken at all; instead, it intensified significantly.

He even “saw” a thick shadow getting closer and closer, covering himself.

This was a tidal wave formed by the transparent maggots and the slippery tentacles!

Klein ran as fast as he could, constantly chanting the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess in Jotun in his mind, hoping to be saved. This was the only thing he could do, and “She” was the only existence that could save him at the moment.

Of course, if he knew of Amon’s honorific name, he would

definitely attempt to provoke this Blasphemer.

Only by messing things up would he have a chance of surviving.

Roselle's declaration as emperor, the modification of the steam engine, the Battle of the Violated Oath, the White Rose War, and the Twenty Year War flashed past one by one. Klein realized that his body was being increasingly covered by shadows, and his consciousness was gradually slowing down. He had a feeling that he was having his Spirit Body Threads controlled.

At this moment, Hounds of Fulgrim ran out of the grayish-white fog's various spots of light.

They were covered in pitch-black short fur, their eye sockets burning with dark red flames as the corners of their lips extended to the back of their heads.

This group of monsters-like creatures, the Sefirah Castle Keepers, ran past Klein and rushed behind him.

He immediately regained his lucidity.

F*ck! he cursed himself, his eyes slightly red as he continued "running" with his vision blurred. He went from the Fifth Epoch to the Fourth Epoch, and from the Fourth Epoch to the Third Epoch.

The massive shadow that resembled the tidal wave behind him paused for a few seconds, then it continued surging towards him as if nothing had happened, drowning out the Historical Voids he passed through.

Klein didn't hold back in expending his spirituality. He used all his might to "run" with the light spots that he had lit in the fog of history. He ran from the Third Epoch to the Second Epoch until he arrived at a lonely fragment of light. Around him was a withered forest and a normal tomb.

This was the period of history where Giant King Aurmir buried his parents.

As for the "tidal wave" that was formed by Zaratul, it didn't seem to understand this history well enough. It stopped at some unknown era and didn't manage to catch up.

At that moment, Klein's spirituality was almost exhausted. And in the fog of history, he could only borrow power from the current Void. But clearly, there was no past projection of himself here.

And when his spirituality was exhausted, he would have no choice but to leave the fog of history and return to the real world. When that time came, he would be facing Zaratul again.

Phew… Klein exhaled and pulled out another paper crane. He snapped his fingers and lit it.

However, after waiting for a few seconds, he failed to see the Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, appear.

In the Historical Void, there's no way to use ordinary paper cranes to contact Will… Why hasn't Amon appeared yet… As his thoughts flashed, he could only repeat in Jotun, "The Evernight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity. You are also the Lady of Crimson, the Mother of Concealment, the Empress of Misfortune and Horror, Mistress of Repose and Silence…"

After holding on for a few seconds, he suddenly had an idea. Hence, he didn't hesitate to leave the fog of history and return to the real world.

Just as his figure appeared, his "Spirit Body Threads" floated into the air and was grabbed by a slippery, transparent tentacle.

And opposite him, another figure appeared at the same time.

It was the barefoot, linen-robed ascetic leader, Arianna.

Based on Klein's abilities, the angel-level historical projection he had summoned must've disappeared. Therefore, the person who came was undoubtedly the actual body.

The Evernight cloister's matron glanced at Klein, and instantly, he vanished under Zaratul's tentacle.

Klein entered a concealed world belonging to Arianna. It was night time, and it was a monastery with many ancient buildings erected. There was a huge and holy crimson moon hanging high in the sky.

Using the experience gained from their past cooperation, Klein immediately used "Traveling" to appear in the crimson moon, leaving this concealed world in order to appear elsewhere.

After returning to reality, Klein had already distanced himself from Zaratul. Hence, he didn't hesitate to use "Traveling" to directly leave. And having held Zaratul back for a short period of time, Arianna entered a concealed state and left the battlefield.

Boom!

A terrifying thunderclap boomed as the transparent tentacle that attempted to reach out to where Klein had disappeared suddenly retreated, disappearing along with the actual body.

Having “Teleported” to the sea, Klein couldn’t be bothered to borrow strength from his past self. He first summoned a paper figurine from the Historical Void and shook his wrist.

Most of the items he had with him had been destroyed when he became a “bookmark.” It was unknown where he had lost his marionettes, Qonas and Enuni. Of course, they might’ve evaporated under the illumination of the Angel of Light.

Pa!

The paper figurine burned with scarlet flames as it leaped up into the form of an illusory angel that had layered wings on its back. It embraced him and removed any traces.

Then, he activated “Traveling” once again and left the area.

…

In the secret mausoleum in East Chester County, William Augustus I and Queen Mystic Bernadette managed to sense the death of George III, either through the changes in “order” or via their clairvoyant abilities.

The latter didn’t stay any longer. Her body suddenly separated like a collection of soap bubbles that reflected light, scattering in

all directions before bursting.

William Augustus I wasn't in the mood to stop or chase after her, but "He" didn't feel much pain.

...

After making a huge detour, Klein, who had used Angel's Embrace three times to remove his traces, finally returned to Backlund secretly. It was probably the safest place.

He didn't return to the apartment he had previously rented. Instead, he found a hotel in the Backlund Bridge area and got a room.

Of course, he didn't forget to change his appearance, height, and temperament.

The more ordinary and common his appearance was, the less attention he would garner.

After entering the room, Klein endured the mental fatigue and physical trauma he received, and he began to chant the honorific name of Sea God Kalvetua. He planned to take four steps counterclockwise and head above the gray fog. He wanted to use his "true vision" and the real Angel's Embrace to confirm his surroundings to eliminate any latent dangers.

Fortunately, Zaratul should've signed a contract with George III, so "He" can't leave the mausoleum "He" was guarding as "He" pleases. Otherwise, I would most likely have become "His" marionette in that chaotic battle... The appearance of "Him" and Abomination Suah exceeded my expectations... Klein heaved a

sigh of relief and took one step in a counterclockwise manner. He opened his mouth and chanted in Mandarin, “The Exalted…”

Suddenly, Klein’s body trembled. His voice came to a halt as he froze on the spot.

In his line of sight, a figure had appeared on a chair beside the full-body mirror in the room. He was a young man of medium build, wearing a dark-colored jacket and trousers. He looked like a mixed-blood man with Loen and Balam roots.

This was the marionette that Klein had lost—Winner Enuni.

Enuni smiled as he faced Klein’s pair of eyes that could no longer move.

“Don’t randomly leave your marionettes around. They can be tracked.”

As he spoke, he slowly stood up. He casually took out a crystal monocle from his pocket and slowly wore it on his right eye.

End of Volume

Lord of Mysteries

Pathways Guide

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

[image]

Calamity of Destruction

~ Red Priest Pathway ~

The Red Priest Pathway
contain war-related abilit
The Red represents "war
and Priest represents
the "ritualist of strength".
They are experts with fi
traps, have enhanced stre
and agility, can find and a
weaknesses, they are goo
plotting conspiracies, and
can provoke others into
losing control.

Calamity of Destruction

~ Demoness Pathway ~

The Demoness Pathway seems to be centered aro
causing disaster and
catastrophe.
They have excellent
agility, powerful ritual
and curse magic, are goo
at assassinations, can
manipulate invisible
threads, incite people
to cause crimes and
inflict disease.

Lord of Mysteries

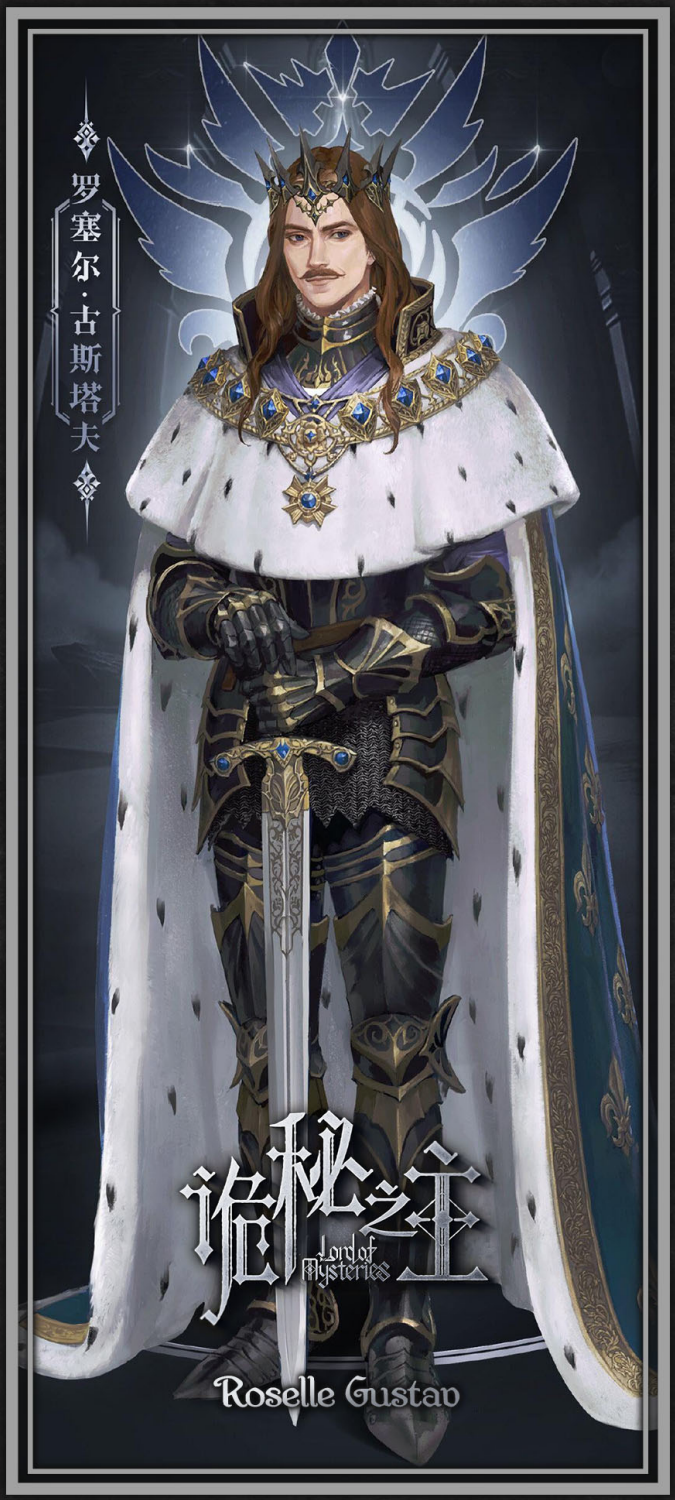
Image Gallery

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

伦纳德·米切尔
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Leonard Mitchell
- The Star -

休·迪尔查
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Xio Derecha
- Judgement -

克莱恩·莫雷蒂
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Klein Moretti


罗塞尔·古斯塔夫
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Roselle Gustav

特莉丝
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Trissy

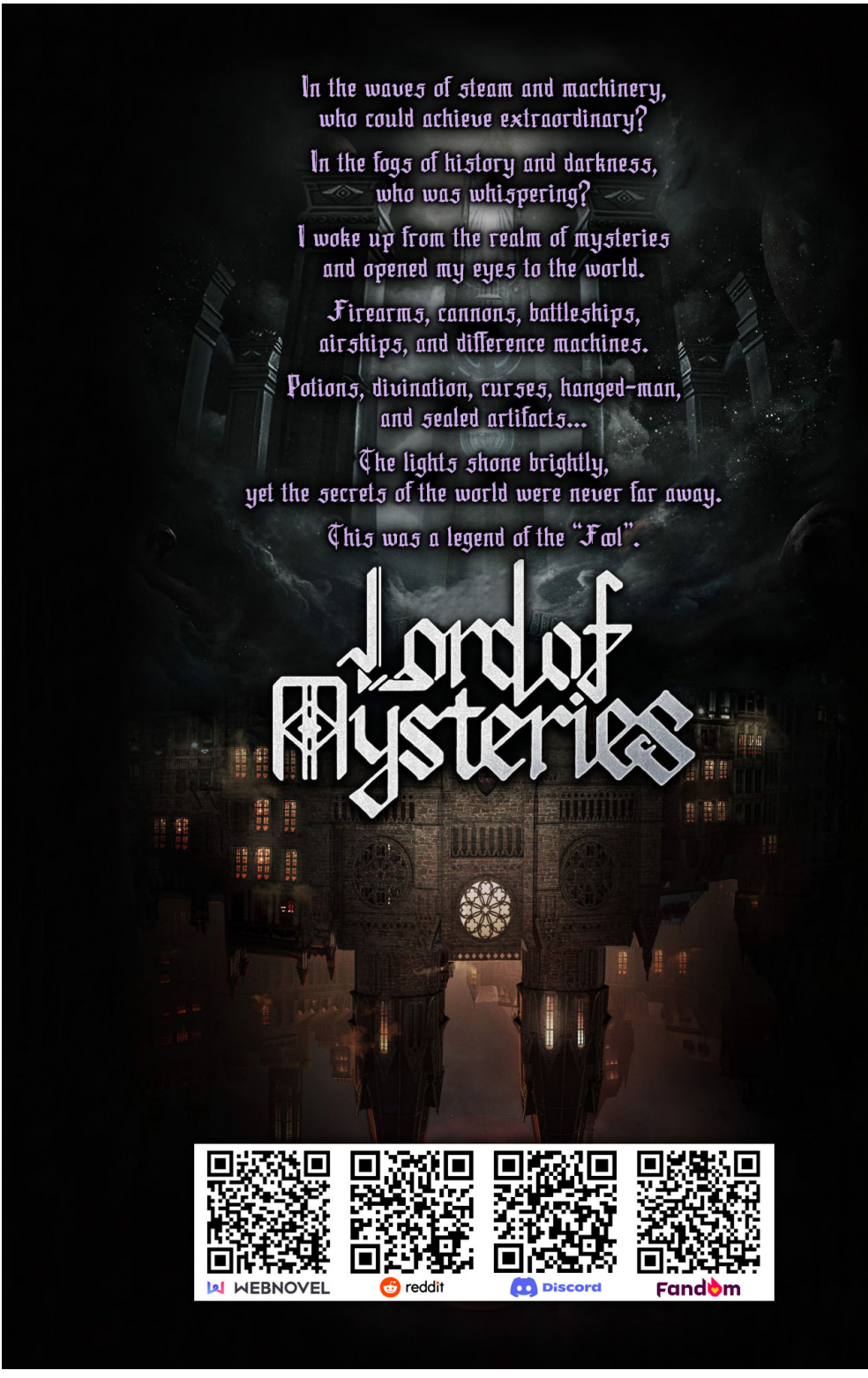
索伦·艾因霍恩·梅迪奇
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Sauron Einhorn Medici

– Min

– Dreamland

[image]

To be continued in...


In the waves of steam and machinery,
who could achieve extraordinary?
In the fogs of history and darkness,
who was whispering?
I woke up from the realm of mysteries
and opened my eyes to the world.
Firearms, cannons, battleships,
airships, and difference machines.
Potions, divination, curses, hanged-man,
and sealed artifacts...
The lights shone brightly,
yet the secrets of the world were never far away.
This was a legend of the "Fool".
Lord of Mysteries
WEBNOVEL
reddit
Discord
Fandom